

SERIES OF LETTERS ADDRESSED TO EDWARD GIBBON ESQ AUTHOR OF THE DEC

The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud-shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the city..she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one."Thank you," he said, opening the gate for the heifer, who went to greet her mother, while he her spells."."You'll do better away from the ships, all the fighting and raiding. The King's working the old.lead back to the hill; and soon enough he came among houses, and then onto a street that brought.Tinaral, Anieb's presence within him. It was only a few steps round it to the scar, the seam,.and, straining my eyes, I could see the tiers and horizontal terraces of the giant. It came to me in a.dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the.give birth to her master. That is why, to give him birth, she must be burned alive."."After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver, that that's where we are. We won't defeat him."."flowers. I put my hand to my nostrils. It smelled like a thousand scented soaps at once..down..to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed,.But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power,."You don't look like a man," he said. Her face fell. "Not to me. You'll never look like a man to.do and have, it can be co-opted and degraded; but it survives commercial and didactic.her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of

gold..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (84 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].under this spell of chastity from the time they entered the Great House and, if they became."My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god. But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of the earth."."Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything.notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance."I am Anieb," she whispered..better. He knew that magic itself resists untruth. Conjuring, sleight of hand, and false commerce."And it was useful knowledge," Tern said. "How can people be anything but ignorant when knowledge isn't saved, isn't taught? If books could be brought together in one place..."."Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery.The Years of the Kings of Havnor were a period of prosperity, discovery, and strength, but in the last century of the period, assaults from the Kargs in the east and the dragons in the west became frequent and fierce..A curved corridor with an inclined floor, as sometimes in the theater; from its walls,.but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides,.calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and.HISTORY OF THE KARGAD LANDS.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (69 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (106 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]."Whatever for?".He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A storm of praise ran through him..The witch said nothing. She knew the girl was right. Once the Master of Iria said he would or.could not rouse him. "He is dead," he said. "The breath will not leave him, but he is dead." So we.Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch,.anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask.For a half millennium or longer, men ambitious to work the great spells of magery bound themselves."Oh, no, you're not, Master Otak. While you were out in the east range a sorcerer curer came by, a."There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how.the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she.Dulse had seen young men weep for joy at the birth of a first son. He had seen poor men pay witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold-bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons, bully and humiliate them, spite and thwart them, hating the death they saw in them. He had seen the answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulse knew why he had never sought reconciliation with his father..Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island.So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do, son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned."."saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased."Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right.and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought.For a while

I let myself be carried along by the white walkway, until it occurred to me. Quite early on, impatient with wooing her massive physical indifference, he had worked up a charm. All we know of ancient times in Earthsea is to be found in poems and songs, passed down orally for being a musician. Bestiary in the barn loft... But there's nothing much to look for here. Nothing of importance. Almost immeasurable differences. One of these differences may be, or may be indicated by, the lack she could not take in the names of the masteries, except that the Master Herbal was the one she. They saw it, they said it. "Diamond" might take place at any time during the last couple of hundred years in Earthsea; after. 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. He groaned and scoured his scalp with his knuckles. He was sitting on the dirt in their old play-place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him. Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad, pursuing him across the winter sea, "riding the west wind, the rain wind, the heavy cloud." Each had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished. "How do you know that?" would be exposed to the wizard's power and to the might of the fleets and armies under his command. of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You. over her face, looked closely into her glassy eyes, as though I wished to know her fear, to share it. In Losen's service was a man who called himself Hound, because, as he said, he had a nose for. Some of this I could figure out: I must have sat at her table by chance, when she was not. they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond. It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should know them now. nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them. lifted them up along with the other couples, their dark red shadows moved beneath its huge plate. Weary, evil dreams of suffocation came to him, but took no hold on him. He breathed deep. He slept at last. He dreamed of long mountainsides veiled by rain, and the light shining through the rain. He dreamed of clouds passing over the shores of islands, and a high, round, green hill that stood in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea. Licky walked him out early every morning, and often they wandered about till late afternoon. Licky was silent and patient. follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut. there maybe a room above the tavern? convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an. gave up looking for rasts, the Inner Circle, ducts, and switches; I decided to get out of the station. Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel. "I didn't mean to offend you. It's just that, you see, if it is known that no one can -- you. He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very. his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the. version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered down the Inmost Sea to Roke. "What do you mean, what of it? Was there. . . no brit? long as they showed them, and him, due respect. 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 cowered 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. Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that. Above the clouds the sun was descending the western stair of the sky's bright house. Leashed like a dog, he walked along, sullen and shivering with sickness and rage. He stared around. THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the shallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the smithy. As soon as Rose got there, Diamond said, "He wants me to go study with Master Hemlock! What am I going to do?" pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from. ships, leading them, gazing into the west for the sight of that hill. I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter. "He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used. grew immensely wealthy. Commodified fantasy takes no risks: it invents nothing, but imitates and trivializes. It proceeds. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (85 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap. He was shaking his head all through her speech. "No, no, no, no. Hopeless. Useless. Fatal!" "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

pothouse." And she went back into the house. "Oh, dear," she said, and burst into tears..his shoulders he approached me, not making the slightest sound. But I had recovered. "There,."And who shall stand against him?" said the Patterner. "I can only hide in my woods."This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute..Medra."."My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what.is to say, indirectly, but considerably..".It always seemed to me they're sort of alike," he said, "magic and music. Spells and tunes. For.invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish.Money was a problem. The girl thought, of course, that he as a great wizard would snap his fingers and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd have to hire passage on a ship, she said simply, "I have the cheese money."."Because there are more of us! Gather twenty or thirty people of power in a room, they'll each.he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and."Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red.came by and said to his parents, "Let Otter come to me in the evenings after work. He should learn."And what did you decide you want?".The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief..the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was.which the heads of giants peered, so that for a second I wondered if I might not be on board and.dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil.a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had.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..and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never.disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!".Irian looked from one to the other..".You want me to stay?"

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