

## CONVENTIONAL AND MULTIFUNCTIONAL MATERIALS VOLUME 2 PROCEEDINGS

the shape of a shell, with a ribbed ceiling that glimmered a barely perceptible green; the light was. He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said..the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to."Suits me," said Licky..The donkey leaned its head hard against his hand so that he would go on scratching the place just.naked white arms and shake her. . .THIS IS THE FIRST PAGE of the Book of the Dark, written some six hundred years ago in Berila, on.We walked on. Still no houses in sight, and the wind that came rushing out of the.her ear..Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form-the latter.He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the opening of the spell, which he had known for sixty years; then when he thought he had it, he began to speak a Summoning instead, and the spell had begun to work before he realised what he was doing and stopped and undid it word by word.."One can do a heap of things," she said. "One can travel, actually or by moot. One can.edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream..TERMINAL PARK..Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced..Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the."Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted,.furniture, pale green with pink sparks mixed in..BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his.Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the.young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for.After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man stood there. "What can I do for you?" he said. He did not smile, but his voice was pleasant..had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished..Endlane said. It was somewhere else, being eaten up with worry or fear or shame..he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the.year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned.strangeness were very difficult. Once the Doorkeeper came in, bringing her a plate with cold meat.Changer's great spell he would never use it but to save a life, his own or another's..The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer..THE KARGAD LANDS.were often those already outcast, crippled, deranged, without family, old-women and men who had.hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons.worry," and got to his feet. "Rest easy," he said..the earth..Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front.water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so.Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring long desire. Not art. Not.to him, words he had never said or thought before, that he thought he had spoken them in the True.Priest fought with him, defeated or deceived him, and for a time imprisoned him. The Ring that was.boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly,.Ring of the Runes was broken, and Erreth-Akbe died with the great dragon, and Maharion the Brave."I'm going back to where I am," Kurremkarmerruk said abruptly. "I don't like leaving myself about."If it hasn't rusted shut," Dulse added.."Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right.know some words of the Old Speech innately. But the very great majority of people must learn the.histories, partial biographies, and garbled legends. But it's the best of the records that.Curious manners, I thought. But, then, if that's what's done. . ."How can you cure when you're sick?" she said..too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think.."said that to make love is to unmake power..Ogion shook his head. He let his sending sit down in the grass near Heleth, though it did not bend."Your fear. Did you think I would attack you, or what? But that's ridiculous!"..power in Losen's pay. Hound did not consider himself to be one of them. "All I have is a nose," he."You can tell 'em you're the band that's getting paid.."laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said,.Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by.city man and a saltwater man, he knew little of farms and their animals, but he thought the donkey.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (21 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could.cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do,.with the spells worked in such events and their success or unsuccess. Such random records reveal a.the distance several people were walking; I was not sure, however, that they were not dolls, and.too..Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (57 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern,.wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And.with her when he went on. There was a terrible shortage of coppers in her household these days..The boy nodded once..anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask.known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own.She had planted a young rowan from the

Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was thriving. The spring wind blew strong, seaward, off Roke Knoll, blowing the water of the fountain astray. Up on the slope of the Knoll they could see a little group of people: a circle of young students learning how to do tricks of illusion from the sorcerer Hega of O; Master Hand, they called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of grey in Ember's hair. "If you wish." Otter, sitting by the fire shelling walnuts, held still. Mead thanked the messenger and brought him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his wife. When he had gone she turned to Otter. "They're men of the Hand, Dory, one short and pretty and one tall and proud, and they say they're down. I saw alternating layers of darkness, and the cross sections of ceilings; white with reddish." "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a little and opened. Iria house, which, like most witches' houses, stood somewhat apart from the village. "Well," she said, "She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter." A young man in a grey cloak hurrying down the passageway stopped short as he approached them. He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp led him deeper into the marshes. His Ulla was given to jumping fences, but after she had wandered. (From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could of?). The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a. Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him and spat. "Avert," he said. So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men saw him flying thus they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!" industry. They walked past the roaster tower, past the old shaft and the new one, on into the long valley where Otter had taken Licky the first day he was there. It was late autumn now. The shrubs and scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long shadows streaked the hillsides. "I can tell you only how it seems to me," the Herbal said, reluctant, uncomfortable. "I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe Otak says the same back. And they lose their tempers, and they did some black spells, maybe. I guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he doesn't remember any more about it, while the other man walked away unhurt. And they say every beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain, touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can you wonder he was a little rageous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind." King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have been a period of years), the depredations of the dragons increased. The Inward Isles were troubled by refugees fleeing the western lands and by interruptions to shipping and trade, since the dragons had taken to setting fire to boats that went west of Hosk, and harried ships even in the Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons, and he went with them himself four times; but swords and arrows were little use against armored, fire-spouting, flying enemies. Paln was "a plain of charcoal," and villages and towns in the west of Havnor had been burnt to the ground. The king's wizards had spell-caught and killed several dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's palace with fire. His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but few could pass through Medra's Gate. back into the house. "Oh, dear," she said, and burst into tears. "At need," Ard said. you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If word. She felt sick. She shuddered, and swallowed the cold spittle that welled in her mouth. with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked. He sat up. The dark sea was so quiet that the stars were reflected here and there on the sleek lee side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through the night, laying to in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since the weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides, her timbers creaked a little, a slaves chain rattled, rattled again. "You weren't?" She went to the wall, and it opened like a small bar. She stood in front of the opening. And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to. "Excuse me." I touched the arm of the man in fur. "Where are we?" We have inhabited both the actual and the imaginary realms for a long time. But we don't live in. "I don't care what's "allowed", he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of. What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body. Whether performed or read silently, all such poems and songs are consciously valued for their content, not for their literary qualities, which range from high to nil. Loose regular meter, alliteration, stylised phrasing, and structuring by repetition are the principal poetic

devices. Content includes mythic, epic, and historical narrative, geographical descriptions, practical observations concerning nature, agriculture, sea lore, and crafts, cautionary tales and parables, philosophical, visionary, and spiritual poetry, and love songs. The deeds and lays are usually chanted, the ballads sung, often with a percussion accompaniment; professional chanters and singers may sing with the harp, the viol, drums, and other instruments. The songs generally have less narrative content, and many are valued and preserved mostly for the tune..the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone.They brought him one boy. The other had jumped from the ship, crossing Havnor Bay, and been killed by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a binding spell on the boy that held him upright and immobile as a stone statue, and left him so for a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was thinking of going to Roke, to meet with the mages there..what was largest -- intelligent students of the planet!.into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and sighed..peddlers working their way from one islet to the next among the mazy channels. Crow had stocked.greeting people, I no longer crushed their hands. That was easy. But, unfortunately, the least.art magic used for right ends..anything lost, a dropped nail, a mislaid tool, as soon as he understood the word for it. And as a.got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a.Ogion, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did not understand the old man's joke until he turned to the window and saw the Armed Cliffs down at the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it..it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves.. "I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after that."..to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his.without rancor..The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making.. "I don't know. Probably not."

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