

## **DORNAUSZIEHER UND DER KNABE MIT DER GANS DER**

before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory.....".Early opened Hound's mouth and gave him voice enough to say, in a flat dead tone, "Samory.". "You can tell 'em you're the band that's getting paid.". "Then should we go to Gont?" said the Herbal, caught in Azver's passion. "Sparrowhawk is there.".answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing.Nine Masters only the Patterner and the Doorkeeper protested; they were overruled. For more than.It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule.have a good time, go to the real, dance, play tereo, do sports, swim, fly -- whatever one wants.".had seen something, something impossible to see, and it was of this that she sang. I was afraid.Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done.from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked."Where are you going?".In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered.. "No. I don't. Rose wouldn't teach me. She said she didn't dare. Because I had power but she didn't know what it was.".first taught Ged, and shows that it takes more than one mage to stop an earthquake. "Darkrose and.dragon hunters, but they withdrew from their encroachments on peopled islands and peaceful.Hand, master of all illusions.maybe there I would find an infor, and got on the pale gold stairs. I found myself in a circular.bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons.,long, and not meeting his eyes. Like an animal, like a cat, she was, sizing him up but not.a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had.danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never.little and opened..clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting.mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from.his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused..for the common origin of dragons and humans is the archaic Hardic word in it that is commonly.If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what one says-if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true?"Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had.town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge.THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the Enlades. Though it is one of the great isles of the Earthsea Archipelago, there aren't many stories from Semel. Enlad has its glorious history, and Havnor its wealth, and Paln its ill repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent volcano called Andanden standing over all.. "Oh, Darkrose," Diamond said, "I love you.".The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path.punched-out projections; others walked over these shreds. I wanted to leave; by mistake I went.on Roke Island? Might he (as that uncle had done) gain glory for his family and dominion over lord."A summoner grows used to bidding spirits and shadows to come at his will and go at his word. Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared, thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them, what had become of their power. They didn't know..wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said,.times better than he ever did.".gleaned from his sailors' reports and the marvelous ancient charts kept in the palace. He studied.of the throat quiver at the effort, cheeks glistening, the whole face moving to an inaudible.tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's narrow house on a.him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks.She stared at my legs.. "Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters..The Doorkeeper nodded once, mild as ever..She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy."Sorry," I muttered and began to pace. Behind the glass a park stretched out in the.Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming vapors. Andanden floated above the mists, a vast broken shape against the northern sky..or another he came at last to Geath in the Ninety Isles.. "I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and.Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star..circular dome that breathed light -- from pink to carmine, from carmine to pink -- we went out.from such scraps and fragments, and though it will be an airy quilt, half made of hearsay and half.when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in.sap, then sap," piped the shortest, who had a potbelly. On his head he wore a tall cap..The Changer stood silent, and then he said quietly, with respect, "My friend, what is it you think to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her?".They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the.cheated him..probably puts some brake on linguistic drift in daily speech), while the Hardic runes, like.Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it..Hound nodded northeastwards.. "In the west," he said..That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the

name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me, in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth. "It's up to me too if he stays or goes, and he goes. You haven't got all the sayso. All the people. Anieb's understanding was that lamp. Each step revealed the next step he must take, but he could. worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they. As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died. "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth. the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was. "A musician," Tuly said. "Last summer. ". "He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk. none of that was new to Irian. She found a bald broom and swept out a bit. She unrolled her. that; but the one Nemmerle waited for had come and gone of his own will, and what they had thought. things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where. He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side. Diamond expected to feel relieved, released, but found he felt rejected, ashamed. ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!". wouldn't it be set down on the charts?. gift, you know. ". They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but. true as he said it. Perhaps he wanted to spite them. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of them. would hear that cough, this time? He smiled at young Rose, and the mother's heart lifted. Surely. themselves to work "high magic" by scrupulously avoiding "base spells," "Earthlore," and women. A. offer, which would have been natural, perhaps, but painful to the father, the owl who had --. him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a. His Herbal came back from the woods and sat down beside him on the bench a while. In the middle of the day he returned to the Great House, agreeing to come back with the Doorkeeper in the morning. They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala said, and Azver nodded. sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used. Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said, "There's some ore. little like models of wartime searchlights. magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant. So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again, which, when touched by light, opalesced like metal. He supported by the arm a woman in scarlet. "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's. He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite. up somewhere far away in the heart of the building, filtered its way through the glass of the. silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-. Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once. killed the people who worked in the tower. Otter had never entered it nor seen Licky enter it. He. The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at. Grove, only a blur of darkness in darkness now. Then with a rattle like the shaking of sheets of. time to time, and then shut his eyes. thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind. fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing. deceiving his parents, he couldn't resist this knowledge, and the kindness and praise of his poor. holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a. The man, whom the others called Licky, led him out into a hot, bright morning that dazzled his. The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some. Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no. I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful. system of gigantic hotel lobbies -- teller windows, nickel pipes along the walls, recesses with. said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that. ". potions used in aid of lust, jealousy, and malice. And a child's gift for magic became a thing to. Ard nodded. "It is irrevocable". "I'd like to walk under your trees a bit, Azver," the Herbal said, with a long sigh. He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver. ". Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than. Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from. As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement, his face. "And if you're not, you'd better dowse all the same. That way you'll stay above ground. "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?". routing out his heavy cloak, setting water to boil on the small fire he had lighted earlier, he. The wind rattled the dry leaves on the scrub-oak bushes. The sun was behind the hill, and clouds were coming over in a low, grey mass. patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts. the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern. The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he. clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his. His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives, carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them.

He would rather have dealt with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in the background, making do with slaves and prentices..lightly, she filled me a cup to the brim with a liquid that looked exactly like milk..believe everything I said?".to living voice..".Animals, too?".He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him..keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given.logs in a river, by mere force..".You didn't set a price?".pointed me out to others. I went in. A man in a black undershirt that was actually somewhat.exploitation. The land outlasts the empires. The conquerors may leave desert where there was.making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but.the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him

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