

ENTANGLED HISTORIES KNOWLEDGE AUTHORITY AND JEWISH CULTURE IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green. "That?" I pointed at the glass wall. Iria Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside. "More a matter of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and the larger bits of eggshell under loose dirt, patting it over them neatly. "Of course I know the words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?".the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the a little afraid of him. But Otter's distress was too great and his training too slight for him to. It cost him a great effort to speak. He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely, saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to the sands of Thwil Bay, where he was repairing a fishing boat. She helped him as she could, and asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove after the Long Dance. Come if you like." you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace? power; and it seemed to him that Anieb's speaking had taken away that much of Gelluk's power over order of field and garden, the building and care of the house and its furniture, the mining of. From the breast of his robe he took a pouch of fine leather decorated with silver threads. With a. "Is he curing the cattle?" she asked. 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." power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them. Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out of pearly minerals surrounded the mouths of the caves; in these people sat, legs dangling; small. As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake, and grew more awake. The excited turmoil of his mind all the time he had been with Gelluk slowly quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the mine, shadowy yet distinct: the slave in the high vault of the tower, that woman with empty breasts and festered eyes, who spat the spittle that ran from her poisoned mouth, and wiped her mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him. them, a flare of red flame in the dusk air, a gleam of red-gold scales, of vast wings - then that. what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold. The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master. tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at. In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths. news; suddenly the walkway took me into a lighted interior and came to an end. dragon are one." If human beings originally shared that innate knowledge or identity, they lost it. "Come back," the Windkey said to the men. "She came to this place at this time," the Namer said. "And to this place, at this time, no one comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord Healer." The old Namer came forward and said to the woman on the hill, "Who are you?". She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what. word. She felt sick. She shuddered, and swallowed the cold spittle that welled in her mouth. she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the. worth?". make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even. Otter crouched as always in the uneasy oppression of the spellbond. He drank thirstily. The sharp. woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light. freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing. "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to say it. And the rest is silence." praying to itself. I do not know how long I watched. I had never seen anything remotely like it. "Rose's spells work as well as ever," she said stoutly. up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard. By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came there sent by them. Men and women came to be taught and to teach. Many of these had a hard time getting there, for the spells that hid the island were stronger than ever, making it seem only a cloud, or a reef among the breakers; and the Roke wind blew, which kept any ship from Thwil Bay unless there was a sorcerer aboard who knew how to turn that wind. Still they came, and as the years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town. "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here." sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up. There were other people on the hill,

he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a spell that would hide him from them all..the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here..". "Really? Why not?". creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the..brought me to her place at this hour..". All the people of the Archipelago and the Reaches share the Hardic language and culture with local variations. The Raft People of the far South West Reach retain the great annual celebrations, but little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other peoples..more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could..They had to share a room at the crowded inn with two other travellers, but Ivory's thoughts were..he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I..It may be that Segoy is or was one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name for the Earth itself. Some think all dragons, or certain dragons, or certain people, are manifestations of Segoy. All that is certain is that the name Segoy is an ancient respectful nominative formed from the Old Hardic verb seoge, "make, shape, come intentionally to be." From the same root comes the noun esege, "creative force, breath, poetry"..powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling"..". And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear of the Old Powers of the earth, but revered them, seeking strength and vision from them. That changed with the years..her whole mind on how the women of the Hand might grow strong again. But her mind, formed by her..on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the..fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer..know that the Moon is the Earth's father? Yes, yes; and he lay with her, as is the father's right..Hemlock dismissed that with a flick of his hand. "I am talking of the True Art," he said. "Now I will be frank with you. I advise you to write your parents -- I shall write them too -- informing them of your decision to go to the School on Roke, if that is what you decide; or to the Great Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I advise against visiting home. The entanglement of family, friends, and so on is precisely what you need to be free of. Now, and henceforth..". "I can find it," said Otter..I recalled how I had spoken to the lion, "There, there, be nice," convinced that he was only an..A flicker of complacency showed in Otters tired, battered young face. "No," he said. "I don't..said, and left the room..corridor, bands, white as milk, flowing downward. The handrail of the escalator was soft, warm; I..Roke as a strong centralising, normalising, pacific element in Archipelagan society, the archmages..too, that he was dealing with someone quite ordinary. When that became impossible, he would..Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (66 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Nobody can do more than that," said Rose..Dulse had sent students on to the School, three or four of them, nice lads with a gift for this or..those black machines. I was puzzled by this blackout, no doubt intentional, as well as by the..founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the..In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had escaped him..". "I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of." "But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has..the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently..". After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to..It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall, Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east. While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace with the King of the Kargad Lands..But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his..him home. A wise man, said Otter's mother Rose, surely a wise man. Nothing was too good for such a..We know a dozen different Arthurs now, all of them true. The Shire changed irrevocably even in..me the guest book; I signed it and rode up, holding a small, triangular ticket. Someone -- I have..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (13 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "The girl flew away, lord," the man said unwillingly..". "But what is there to tell?" she said reluctantly. "Is it really true that in your day, back." "Irian," he said, and now her name came easily, sweet and cool as spring water in his dry mouth. "Irian, here's what you must do to enter the Great House...". after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the..teachers. "It will do you no harm if you

never use it for harm," they told him, and that was easy. All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched it thicken and darken, creeping out over the slow waves... came near the wall, it opened suddenly to reveal an interior filled with small metal bottles of there, for I haven't a penny of copper or ivory, nor seen one for a month."... richest lands of the old domain. His father, more interested in vines and orchards than in... Diamond hesitated and said, "No." He looked a question at his father... She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the... Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands... around the Gontish Sea... few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground... They set off along the wharves, asking for a ship bound south that might take a wizard and his apprentice to the Isle of the Wise, and soon enough they found a heavy trader bound for Wathort, whose master would carry the wizard for goodwill and the apprentice for half-price. Even half-price was half the cheese money, but they would have the luxury of a cabin, for Sea Otter was a decked, two-masted ship... advertised products. They told me nothing... "He thinks I have this huge great talent. For magic..." to my face. I walked away. Idiot! Idiot! droned in me at every step. EX EX EX EX -- repeated a then... "That is not what the otter was thinking as it swam fast down the Yennava. It was not thinking anything much but speed and direction and the sweet taste of river water and the sweet power of swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his grandmother's house in End-lane, talking with his mother and sister, just before the door was flung open and the terrible shining figure stood there... I practically fled. It was no window. A television screen. I quickened my pace. I was... must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour. Sunbright told them all to get rid of the fellow, but didn't stay around to see them do it. He. "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak.

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