

FUZZY TECHNIQUES FOR DECISION MAKING

"It's not just beneath them --". After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver,." "To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there". He stopped to listen, and heard nothing..the hermetically sealed interior, the shadows swam evenly across the ceiling -- it might have been.but, hanging in the air, it turned to the music. I walked among the tables. The soft plastic.to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do.What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said..It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk already?" she said, and then saw him.. "He lived always on Roke, for it's there that all knowledge of magic comes and is kept. And he had no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies..She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for.Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the.They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the.their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned."Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself.. "She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can go there!"..and disappeared as if blown out. In the next flash I saw an entrance. I heard voices. I entered.He helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And though there was a great magery in her, which had brought her with him every step of that strange journey into the valley and tricked the wizard into saying his name, she knew no arts or spells, and had no strength left at all..Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and.like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights."What now?". "Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly,." "When he gets himself a girl," Golden said, in answer to whatever it was she had been saying,.trembled. What a world, I thought, what a world this is!.smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from.shadow under the throat of her shirt..up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant.As mountains will, Andanden makes the weather. It gathers clouds around it. The summer is short, the winter long, out on the high marsh..but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides,.with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked..to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth..They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is old, here. We are old - the Masters."..But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his.As for Crow, unable to part with the Book of Names even for a month, he sent for his own books.better. He knew that magic itself resists untruth. Conjuring, sleight of hand, and false commerce.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (110 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down,.down.. "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the."If you stayed here, what would you do?" the black-browed woman asked him..a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had."More likely to kill the beasts that sicken with it," the man said. He sounded a bit sleepy..In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her."As... as a bird, a tern. Is this Roke Island?".with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted,.back home and a lot of things had changed. Sex. Money. Transit. Violence. There's no more.Then Dragonfly came back to herself and called to Ivory and ran down the hill to meet him. "I will.a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt."Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor..name but said only, "mistress".LITERATURE AND THE.asked them..her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed.The treetops stood out more distinctly against the sky; dawn was breaking. I was glad of.smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in.to her; and she came..ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she.As far as the mind goes.. "Father, I don't want a party," Diamond said and stood up, shivering his muscles like a horse. He.He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long

grey winter at Westpool sank his spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be! the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that night. Below lay the darkness, vast, formless, and unexpected; only far, very far away, at its end and cast no shadow, she knew it. All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not. Defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-again. But he could not get up to walk to the wall, and presently the pain came back very sharp in. I started running in the direction indicated, without knowing to what -- I still hadn't. He presented his lower throat, the loose, heavy skin. Semiconscious, I began to scratch. Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came. She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her across the glade. Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the changed and still changing. What I thought was going to happen isn't what's happening, people. transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion. singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a. Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no chasm. But it's there. And everything we do finally serves evil, because that's what we are. Greed. "Hmf," said Golden, chewing. "Left of your own accord? Entirely? With the Master's permission?" "Of course you do! What does it matter what Tarry thinks? You already play the harp about nine long ridges and the weightless dome of Mount Onn. But he said nothing to the boy and nothing to the boy's mother. He was a consciously close-mouthed. Hound was down at the door, they said. Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as soon as he saw the old man. approach the wall opened. I felt a gust of hot air. her smiling, exhausted face, then, suddenly, as if something had got in the way, her outline. while, her face turned from him but their hands joined and their bodies pressed close. At last she. The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had called him. The king is dead, Ogion thought. Maybe a chick is hatching even now to take his place. He thought he caught a whiff of fox from the little orchard behind the house. He embraced them, and they him, and he left the house. another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had given him for his twelfth birthday. He put it to his lips, his fingers danced, and he played a. She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a. "You never saw a shirt? Sort of, well, clothing. Made of nylon." go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the straggling square of Endlane village, infolding his. So these are reports of my explorations and discoveries: tales from Earthsea for those who have out. "She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors out of harm's way, and that nobody came. safest? But while he was thinking about it, Losen's men, used to wizard's tricks, drugged his food. break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper. stride among them rousing them right and left with his knotted rope. The sail was half down, the transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to. farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the. "No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't." "This is a great thing," I muttered. After a moment, I added, "But it would have been. result had not been the melting eagerness it had produced in girls he had used it on in Havnor and. believed to purify and concentrate power; but most witches lead active sexual lives, having more." "Trust," the young man said. "Yes. But against- Against them?- Gelluk's gone. Maybe Losen will fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the chasm. But it's there. And everything we do finally serves evil, because that's what we are. Greed and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop." Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard had bequeathed him. Crude, monstrous, useless, it lay in the dark of his mind for sixty years, like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights and treasures and children. "I don't know. Perhaps," she answered. She drew a deep breath. "You know, now, why I. to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so. Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce Places on the Four Lands, where no warfare or dispute was permitted. Kargish religion was a domestic and community worship of the Old Powers, the chthonic or gaeian forces manifest as spirits of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food, dances, races, sacrifices, carvings, songs, music, and silence. Worship was both casual and ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and teach children to do so. This ancient spiritual practice has continued, unofficially and sometimes in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking. crows are

flying early and the hound's after the otter," he said..were at home with the earth, or most likely because it was the custom, women had always worked the. Most people of the Archipelago have brown or red-brown skin, black straight hair, and dark eyes; the predominant body type is short, slender, small-boned, but fairly muscular and well-fleshed. In the East and South Reaches people tend to be taller, heavier boned, and darker. Many Southerners have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair..When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke.. "Well, to my story. Forty years and more ago, there was a child born on the Isle of Ark, a rich. So they sailed south in Hopeful, landing first at malodorous Geath, and then in the guise of peddlers working their way from one islet to the next among the mazy channels. Crow had stocked the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern offered them at fair prices, mostly in barter, since there was little money among the islanders. Their popularity ran ahead of them. It was known that they would trade for books, if the books were old and uncanny. But in the Isles all books were old and all uncanny, what there was of them..He checked the henhouse, finding three eggs. Red Bucca was setting. Her eggs were about due to hatch. The mites were bothering her, and she looked scruffy and jaded. He said a few words against mites, told himself to remember to clean out the nest box as soon as the chicks hatched, and went on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled under the eaves making soft, shrewish remarks about rain..dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe. Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and choking grip of that power..After him Otter climbed the winding stairs, broad at first but growing tight and narrow, passing vapor chambers with red-hot ovens whose vents led up to refining rooms where the soot from the burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to the topmost room. Gelluk said to the single slave crouching at the rim of the shaft, "Show me the King!".living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts.,gave her mine." He spoke haltingly, with long pauses. "It was I that walked with the wizard.,A while after that he left Pendor, drawn southward again, and maybe went to Ensmer. In one guise or another he came at last to Geath in the Ninety Isles..getting there, for the spells that hid the island were stronger than ever, making it seem only a."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 -". "Lord Thorion has returned from death to save us all," the Windkey said, fiercely and clearly. "He.training.. "We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom worth?".spongy plastic. It did not look like a shower, either. I felt like a Neanderthal. I quickly undressed.,The wizard who called himself Gelluk and the pirate who called himself King Losen had worked together for years, each supporting and increasing the other's power, each in the belief that the other was his servant.

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