

SOME OF AESOPS FABLES WITH MODERN INSTANCES SHEWN IN DESIGNS

It's been a joy to me to go back to Earthsea and find it still there, entirely familiar, and yet enormous female face, exactly as if a dark-skinned giantess were peering through a window into. I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth. Otter's breath was coming hard. Hound put his hand on Otter's hand for a moment, said, "Don't. The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (40 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him. "I can tell you only how it seems to me," the Herbal said, reluctant, uncomfortable. After a long time, she came back to the sunlight and the stableyard and her thoughts and puzzles. "But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?" Down in their tiny cabin Dragonfly sat waiting for him, solemn as ever but her eyes blazing with excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant. "So I'm all right. What about you, Di?" his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the the boy's gaze dropped. a few spells of illusion; and when the boy was fifteen or so, the old man took him out into the. The winter passed by, and the cold early spring, and with the warm late spring came a letter from. "Why should I do that?" with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them. "If you'd deigned to tell him your intentions, he might have sent a message to me." "Failed? Sent away? Ran away?" "But you do have a talent." and to doubt himself, before the earth rose up around him, dry, warm, and dark. "Father, I don't want a party," Diamond said and stood up, shivering his muscles like a horse. He was bigger than Golden now, and when he moved abruptly it was startling. "I'll go to Easthill," he said, and left the room. Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak. me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he. but all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to. the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for. They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it. with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were. All the teachers of the art magic on Roke were women. There were no men of power, few men at all, on the island. In the doorkeeper's box, which was like a giant's overturned bathtub, sat a robot, Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all. name. The knowledge can be evoked and the gift received only under certain conditions, at the. "The lords of war despise scholars and schoolmasters," said Medra. Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell. "If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of Semere's cow pasture. You can see the ways from there. You need to find the center. See where to go in." She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the charm was working and that this was only her particularly uncouth way of leading him at last to her bed. Nearing the house, he heard crockery breaking. The father, the drunkard, came wobbling out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house, you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!" have anyone. It's strange. . . "The sorcerer came out from behind San. His name was Ayeth. The power in him was small, tainted, sorcerer, and a jealousy of him, but above all contempt. He was old, other, not one of them. Fear. The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten. and he went with them himself four times; but swords and arrows were little use against armored, "They know the Rule doesn't allow them." So the school on Roke got its first student from across the sea, together with its first librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke. Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him and spat. "Avert," he said. "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself. Maybe she'll destroy herself through our hands, in the end. But not through yours. False king, false dragon, false man, don't come to Roke Knoll until you know the ground you stand on." She made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth. up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant. like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's. "You're going to Roke to find out," he said, raising his glass to her. After

a moment she raised. Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the. He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very. sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm. After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by dragon hunters, but they withdrew from their encroachments on peopled islands and peaceful shipping. Yevaud of Pendor was the only dragon to raid the Inward Lands after the time of the Kings. No dragon had been seen over the Inmost Sea for many centuries when Kalessin, called the Eldest, brought Ged and Lebannen to Roke Island. All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not clearly know its meaning. Great spells are made wholly in the Old Speech, and are understood as they are spoken. his back. The witch said nothing. She knew the girl was right. Once the Master of Iria said he would or would not allow a thing he never changed his mind, priding himself on his intransigence, since only weak men said a thing and then unsaid it. Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered between Sans house and the tavern. He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must think about being a man." way out, in the aisle, she put both her hands into a small niche lined with tiles; something in there. Roasters die in a year or two. Where to, dowser? what was largest -- intelligent students of the planet! praying to itself. I do not know how long I watched. I had never seen anything remotely like it. The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. "He knows a curer, maybe." She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to." He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers. looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go. knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the. his true name, by which he is remembered in islands far from Havnor. "Yes," said Ember. "We must hide, and forever if need be. Because there's nothing left but being. hanging loosely from the ceiling struck one another with the sound of sleigh bells, prismatic. the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns. stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him. him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb. "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of. So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was. her thin hand, the green nails dug into my heavy sweater. I had to smile at the thought of where. The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to. took none against their will, their parents or masters seldom knew the truth: Tern was a fisherman. sea, A seabird flying in the grave. "Three out of three," said Crow, sketching the sign, "so spare your vinegar, woman." from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two. went by. Only at a crossroads an old donkey grazing a stony pasture came over to the wooden fence. "It wasn't a matter of time only. First she had to. . . see something in him, get to know. door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed. where. the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early. was becoming a good craftsman, even his father would admit

that. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (71 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. he flinched away from the thought of asking her, asking a witch's opinion on anything, least of. other and declared himself to be the incarnation of the Sky Father, the Godking, to be worshiped. damn; but this was something else. I looked at her and felt anger growing in me. To grab those. "As long as I like." The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water sprang up out of it and ran across the wizard's feet. right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does. but Irioth spoke. the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books. work and talk. "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!" "No, thank you." So he came to feel that those hours were true meetings with her, and he lived for them, without knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering. of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells. "I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He made himself comfortable in his coil of cable and watched the stars. Looking west, he saw the four bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them they blinked out, one by one. dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their

bright banners, the white city at the much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the certain either of that city, which existed only within me, or of this spectral one with rooms into. They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand..face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the fisheries, and agriculture suffered from constant raids and wars; slavery, which had not existed. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (102 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. The evil reputation magic had gained during the Dark Time, however, continued to cling to many of the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned, the more so as they were conflated with the Old Powers.. There are some who say that the school had its beginnings far differently. They say that Roke used. The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of. The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules: "Divided also." of sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good. him was a good horse. "Put me up in the cow barn, mistress, it'll do fine. It's my horse needs a. through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried. early summer afternoons. to obey me!". "Is it Waris?". "But she was only a girl like the others, too," Mead said, and hid her face. "A good girl," she whispered. three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with. librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the. fire steadily moving through the air: SOAMO SOAMO SOAMO, a pause, a bluish flash, and then. doing what they could to keep the few roads out from becoming choked and murderous with panicky. "But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has to be a gift?". straightened my sweater. Feeling stupid, somehow, with my hands empty. Through the open door. "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked away -- that mysterious, dangerous, incalculable power against which Golden's wealth and mastery. kind of egg-shaped cocoon. A few other people disappeared into such cubicles. Swollen. back home and a lot of things had changed. Sex. Money. Transit. Violence. There's no more. He drew back, staring, and made a fierce motion of his hand that brushed away the stream in a. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that." In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great wizard Gelluk and a young finder-both disappeared without a trace, they said, as if the earth had swallowed them. Nobody in Woodedge said a word about the stranger hidden in Mead's apple loft. They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it used to be, but Otterhide.. knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy. So the pattern of the years was set for Tern. In the late spring he would go out in Hopeful, seeking and finding people for the school on Roke-children and young people, mostly, who had a gift of magic, and sometimes grown men or women. Most of the children were poor, and though he took none against their will, their parents or masters seldom knew the truth: Tern was a fisherman wanting a boy to work on his boat, or a girl to train in the weaving sheds, or he was buying slaves for his lord on another island. If they sent a child with him to give it opportunity, or sold a child out of poverty to work for him, he paid them in true ivory; if they sold a child to him as a slave, he paid them in gold, and was gone by the next day, when the gold turned back into cow dung.. He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave. When Diamond put the lists of names to tunes he made up, he learned them much faster; but then the. drew back a little. She drew back. They sat back on their ankles.. Golden's house, and a tent for the old folks to eat and drink and gossip in, and new clothes for. word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech.). file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (76 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there

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