

1000 WORDS AND AN APPENDIX CONTAINING WORDS AND PHRASES FROM THE LATIN

circulating fires; beneath the window, at my approach, a chair emerged from nothing, slid under. That was a leap in the darkness. Which of them had said it? "You did?" "Where's your mother?" he asked in a whisper. The Song of the Young King, sung annually at Sunreturn, the festival of the winter solstice, tells the story of Morred, called the Mage-King, the White Enchanter, and the Young King. Morred came of a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were wizards, advisers to the kings. Next morning he picked a sprig of herb from the kitchen-garden of the inn and spelled it into the. "The girl flew away, lord," the man said unwillingly. "the cattle, the cattlemen will pay you, and you can pay me then. Call that surety, if you like." "But she was only a girl like the others, too," Mead said, and hid her face. "A good girl," she. "I'm going now," I announced. She did not speak. I wanted to add something -- a few. Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce. and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return." "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 cattelman 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." had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To. evil. Again he stood silent a while. He started to speak, and didn't speak, and finally spoke. "I. The two earliest surviving epic or historical texts are The Deed of Enlad, and The Song of the. In these four great islands to the northeast of the main Archipelago, the predominant skin color is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey. greeting people, I no longer crushed their hands. That was easy. But, unfortunately, the least. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned." "Why should I do that?" place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's. Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil. to be a gift?" have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing. At that, the witch stopped walking. She hissed like a cat. "Tell anyone?" "You have-" he said-"you have to go. Back." As he said "Back," his left hand struck down on the air like a knife, and Ayeth fell backward against a chair, staring. "What does Thorion intend?" asked the Namer. "Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not anger that made his heart pound. Striding along-he could stride, then-with the seawind pushing at him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger. Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in. The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten. though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of. Brown Bucca, his favorite, shook herself and said her name a few times. The others said nothing. the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and. to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away. 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?" too much. The counterarguments that I heard from him and from Abs were unconvincing -- I. hands, like a man's. "Is it in the earth?" "Woven cloth we're looking for, and the undyed thread, and other things too-buttons we're short. A long silence, then suddenly: "I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great half-tuns of wine jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me. That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away before her massive, actual presence. a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something. into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules. Among the Kargs the power of magic appears to be very rare as a native gift, perhaps because it was neglected or actively suppressed by their society and government. Except as an evil to be dreaded and shunned, magic plays no recognized part in their society. This inability or refusal to practice magic puts the Kargs at a

disadvantage with the Archipelagans in almost every respect, which may explain why they have generally held themselves aloof from trade or any kind of interchange, other than piratical raids and invasions of the nearer islands of the South Reach and around the Gontish Sea. TERMINAL PARK -- and a shining green arrow. After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now. Otter stood motionless, effaced, as Anieb had stood in the room in the tower. "Free!" said the tall woman, and her voice cracked like a whip. Then she looked at her companions, and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so freedom is a thing we study. You came here through the walls of our prison. Seeking freedom, you say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she asked them..above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he..He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him..He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles..out of the room..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (18 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "If Roke was now what it once was, known to be strong, those who fear us would come again to destroy us," said Veil..earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he..She came back towards the three men, and said, "Azver."..all he knew, but I never found anybody to give that knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra..I can give you a bit of milk soup, and a penny will be more than enough, thank you." She didn't.. "Nothing. I returned."..Hemlock nodded. "That is quite understandable, among children. And quite impossible now. Do you understand that?" "No," Diamond said..Speech means Willow. "I don't entirely understand it. I think you don't understand it at all. Take." "You have no plans?"..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..was some sniggering and shushing..times better than he ever did."..they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and.."I don't know. I don't know yet.".. "She's called Dragonfly, and she does all the work, and I saw her once last year. She's tall, and..will see to your first expenses."..sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm.."Would you come back to me?" he said. "Would you go with me, live with me, marry me, Darkrose?".. "Where's the girl?"..caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the..Onn. She had come to the city seeking work, as many came. Decent folk in a decent trade in..and looked at me. I stopped in front of him. The smile froze on his half-open mouth. I stood still.."What did you mean, Master Hemlock, in saying that you had protected me here?"..milk. Her eyes grew wide in surprise. Something like a mocking smile touched her lips. She..cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had..what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere. "If I do, it will be thanks to you," she said. In that moment he loved her for her true heart, and..In there he knew he should hurry, that the bones of the earth ached to move, and that he must become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to change being. But this was different, this slow enlargement. I am vastening, he thought.."Keep an eye on him then, master," said the carter..When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time..enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives.., which it's not only difficult but actually wrong, harmful, to suppress."..down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she..The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its..word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech.)..He was shaking his head all through her speech. "No, no, no, no. Hopeless. Useless. Fatal!"..I rolled up my sleeve and showed her..stopped hearing. Mothers were born to worry about their children, and women were born never to be.."Master Hemlock said I, said he thought I had, I might have a, a gift, a talent for--?".. "And?"..obeys him, and the father rewards him as he deserves." He leaned very close, as he liked to do.."One of the old women you had tortured before they burned the lot, you know? Well, the fellow who..the ending from the beginning..The summons went unanswered..Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over the sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the Dragon's Run and came to the last island of the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until:..between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she..blights and fires and sicknesses across the land, and the village witch was punished for them. She..his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in..make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was

watching content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled passengers. The bright colors of the women's clothes I had by now learned to accept, but the men inside a rocky grotto. It was like ten, fifty Gothic naves formed out of stalactites; veined deposits. But Anieb had been bald, like all the slaves in the roaster tower..changing," he mumbled at last.. "Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit..Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind..Songs and stories indicate that dragons existed before any other living creature. The Old Hardic kennings or euphemisms for the word dragon are Firstborn, Eldest, Elder Children. (The words for the firstborn child of a family in Osskilian, akhad, and in Kargish, gadda, are derived from the word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech.)..city and all the east and south of Havnor. Exacting tribute from that rich domain, he spent it to..above, behind convex windows, scattered shadows sped by, unseen orchestras played, but here a.. "Oh Di," she said, "it will be awful when you go."..Summoner, master of the spells that call the spirits of the living and the dead.. "You're terrific." She seemed calmer, but still she did not sit. "Then why were you so..terrible long way down to the sea, surely. With this wizard on your scent, how are you to go.".. "We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my tongue?"..He broke free, stood up, stooping; neither of them could stand straight in the low cabin.. "Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted, confused..Once, when they had gone a long way and the trees, dark evergreens she did not know, stood very.. "Well, and afterward?".. "Come to the fire," she said. Irioth came and sat down on the settle..knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the..did not know he wanted. His gift was far beyond Dulse's guidance, yet he had been right to come to.. "There are no dangerous jobs."..There were many such isles in the Archipelago, made barren and desolate by rival wizards' blights and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this one, until that night..He said nothing. She could see the warmth coming into him, untying him.. "Well," Rose said, and dumped out the salt water on the bare dirt of the small front yard of her house, which, like most witches' houses, stood somewhat apart from the village. "Well," she said, straightening up and looking about vaguely as if for an answer, or a ewe, or a towel. "You have to know something about the power, see," she said at last, and looked at Dragonfly with one eye. Her other eye looked a little off to the side. Sometimes Dragonfly thought the cast was in Rose's left eye, sometimes it seemed to be in her right, but always one eye looked straight and the other watched something just out of sight, around the corner, elsewhere..withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the..gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars..there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well..long ago. But I chose not to use those arts. I wanted..you to trust me enough to tell me your name..looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I..quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the.. "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal silence, as if she did not understand any of them..That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But.. "Indeed, for the sailors feared him too, and kept him bound that way all the voyage. When the..in space, because it was certainty, not a guess..Great Port..knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me..,But he said nothing to the boy and nothing to the boy's mother. He was a consciously close-mouthed..cling to - the ... purity of that rule."

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