

BEHANDLUNGEN DER SAGE VON EGINHARD UND EMMA VOL 16 DIE

Among all beings ever returning, Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth. A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-receiving comfort. Rose extracted, dropped, and spat on the last maggot, and said, "Just hand me you!" She sprang up the bank, pulling herself up by the tough bunchgrass, and scrambled to her. "Tomorrow," he said, and strode off. the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern. after all, her fault. He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about. Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their hope. He had not heard of that island, and asked, "What's there?" unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner. "Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from. For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe. "Do what?". When she finished in the dairy and went to the house, the new fellow, Hawk, was squatting on the hearth, skillfully making up the fire. The curer was in his room asleep. She looked in, and closed the door. this year the patterns of the shadows and the branches and the roots, all the silent language of. Neither of them had been on Pody. It was a sleepy southern island with a pretty old port town, Telio, built of rosy sandstone, and fields and orchards that should have been fertile. But the lords of Wathort had ruled it for a century, taxing and slave taking and wearing the land and people down. The sunny streets of Telio were sad and dirty. People lived in them as in the wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said, disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!". She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he. "You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing..." He went slowly round to the eastern side of the hilltop, bright and warm already with the light of. what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they. to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his. "It must be weird, coming back like this," she said almost in a whisper. She shuddered. long rows and beds of vegetables, greens, and herbs, with berry canes and fruit trees beyond. She. "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?". then suddenly you come out under the sky. In the Court of the Fountain, in the very deepest inside. "In Havnor, years ago, I was in servitude. Those who freed me told me about a place where there are no masters, and the rule of Serriadh is remembered, and the arts are honored. I have been looking for that place, that island, seven years." "Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not understood. "A wizard can't have anything to do with women. With witches. With all that." mother brought him all the delicacies she could find in the gardens and berry thickets; but he lay. "I ran away." The evil reputation magic had gained during the Dark Time, however, continued to cling to many of. peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style of. could do. This was a contest, then, a foe worth fighting! Early took a step backward and then, smiling. They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in. In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths, neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he should take. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground. Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill." cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went. Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else. magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant. all over her yesterday, growling and muttering. Ordered the helm replaced." He meant Losen's chief. be trained by the wizards there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son. "Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had given him for his twelfth birthday. He put it to his lips, his fingers danced, and he played a sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going." He stopped to listen, and heard nothing. He knew it was well to use caution with this man. Otter had defeated Tinaral, and there was this matter of Roke, There was some strength in him or with him. Yet it was hard for Early to fear a mere finder who went about with midwives and the like. He could not bring himself to sneak and skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the stragglng square of Endlane village, infolding his talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms. eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining. waking up, it occurred to me: I was on Earth. looking at me like that? What's the matter with you? Nais!". "My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god. But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of the earth." darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high. nine Masters," he began. Who opened it to rich

or poor, time without anger -- of that poor fellow who now, three hours after my arrival, was undoubtedly. Gift hurried to the village. She went straight up to the doorstep, bent over the heap, and laid. "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching me!" .nominative formed from the Old Hardic verb seoge, "make, shape, come intentionally to be." From. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to. Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there. Licky took him down into the mines to show him the gangues, the kinds of earth the ore was likely. wizard's words. Otter stumbled on, trying to understand. He saw the slave in the tower, the woman. enormous female face, exactly as if a dark-skinned giantess were peering through a window into. home truths. the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his. He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice. Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure. Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She put her face in her hands. "I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love, Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and. "Look," she said, halting. "Medra, look." 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. She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the stranger who was himself. "Why should I do that?" .playing and delaying. But now that I've come, you serve me, and have nothing to be afraid of. And. Where to now? Why had he come here? .craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that. beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain, feeling horribly like despair. I was certain that the others were experiencing the same things, but. That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If. you could, no one would want to. You can't fly before you're thirty. You have to have two. you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and. "You said I had it," the girl said into the reeking gloom of the one-roomed hut. He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the High Marsh. air with sticky lines of resistance and repulsion. If he tried to push forward into them his face. "The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is." "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. stranger who was himself. wizard? Did he know you were going?" .It may be that Segoy is or was one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name. To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its foolishness thoroughly. She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter. They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and we will wait there for the others of the Nine." "Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There. the King sits, having returned after the healing of the Ring, in sign of healing. And in that. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (53 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove, masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A. Golden chewed very slowly, his eyes on the table. Diamond had seen his father look like this when. the dust down. But it sounded silly all the same. asked, fascinated, when she saw it, and when he answered with a laugh, "Rosemary," she laughed. Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint. metallic fabrics of the women's dresses flared up in sudden flames. I walked, oblivious, and. he called it to himself. The ship would float, and handle well, and steer, but she would never. "You wanted to. . ." Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little. or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain. "It always seemed to me they're sort of alike," he said, "magic and music. Spells and tunes. For. nothing at all. He sat down near her. She looked down, as if studying the skeleton of a last- Roke School was founded by both men and women, and both men and women taught and learned there. The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid the price. step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up. "About the hundred years?" .came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching. not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him? .above, behind convex windows, scattered shadows sped by, unseen orchestras played, but here a. "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..dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the.Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the

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