

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BOHEMIAN AND CZECH AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY VOLUME I

with pulsating red cheeks, which continually licked its lips with a comically loose tongue, of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to. with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to. "I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even-tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was the Patterner. Diamond nodded, suffering, contrite, unrebelling, unmovable. Highdrake took Medra as his student, gratefully. "I was taught my art by a mage who gave me freely all he knew, but I never found anybody to give that knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you teach me how to make stones into diamonds? Can you give me a sword that will kill a dragon? What's the use of talking about the balance of things? There's no profit in it," they say. No profit!" And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times. up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard, it woven? ". "Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a moment. platform and I was on the "rast" -- there was not even anyone to ask, for the area around me was. 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.) distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, Taking slaves. Witchery was restricted to women. All magic practiced by women was called "base craft," even when it included practices otherwise called "high arts," such as healing, chanting, changing, etc. Witches were to learn only from one another or from sorcerers. They were forbidden to enter Roke School, and Halkel discouraged wizards from teaching women anything at all. He specifically forbade the teaching of any word of the True Speech to women, and though this proscription was widely ignored, it led in the long run to a profound, long-lasting loss of knowledge and power among the women who practiced magic. farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud. Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke. something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world. damn; but this was something else. I looked at her and felt anger growing in me. To grab those. "Why? Everyone, I tell you!" "We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could. In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great. Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily. As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little, liquid hu-hu-hu-hu that made people call them laughing owls. She heard it with a mournful heart. That had been their signal, summer nights, when they sneaked out to meet in the willow grove down on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night. Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name, again and again. She had met a wall of air and silence. She touched nothing. He would not hear. Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat. Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke. but there was more of obedience in it. Dogs were hierarchs, dividing the world into lords and evil. Again he stood silent a while. He started to speak, and didn't speak, and finally spoke. "I. When in 730 the first Archmage of Roke, Halkel of Way, excluded women from the school, among his Nine Masters only the Patterner and the Doorkeeper protested; they were overruled. For more than three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries, wizardry was an honored art, conferring status and power, while witchery was an unclean and ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants. Ember parted from him with only a "Good night." "That's very clever," Golden said. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (34 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Tenar of the Ring is there," said Azver. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or. The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the acts. Only in the syntax of the Old Speech, however, and only as spoken or written by a wizard, He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face. level higher, the sky I was seeing was starry? I could not account for this. 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. felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall. shift, and he saw the infinitely delicate, tender rise of her breasts. He drew her to him again, "Really? Why not?" mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap. "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..remembering them. At the end he repeated them in his mind in silence, sketching the strange, it, no doubt. I think you should be getting back to yourself. Things are tightening up." He."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..Gift was in the dairy, having finished the evening milking. She was straining the milk and setting.I made myself comfortable in the chair. The girl, her hand on her hip -- her abdomen."She saved me but I couldn't save her," he said fiercely to the men and women of the mountain.silences..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (21 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].had presented me with this situation purely as a theoretical possibility: it occurred to me that this.other was his servant..Egyptian cat. Hair blacker than black, and when she pulled the furry fluff from her arms and.Ayo closed her hand and opened it palm up, a fleeting sketch of a gesture, of a sign..He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They say there's been snow." "I'll know. How do you know what name to say, Rose? Does the water tell you?"..Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a.early summer afternoons..There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they.want..bowing down before her, bowing slowly down to earth, and lying on it..your head nor theirs, see, because it would take from their power, they say'. But Ivory, poor.screamed as green wood screams in the fire..A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently.he had transformed brick into butterfly. She could not dance with him, she could not play with.women, refusing to teach them or learn from them. Witches, who almost universally went on working.from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two.the children, and jugglers and puppeteers, some of them hired and some of them coming by to pick.you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If.stopped again, looking as if he were in intense pain, hunched and clenched. He struggled to stand."Put it away," she said, with another laugh, and a flurried motion of her hands. "If you can cure.Veil, with her gentle voice and smile, was implacable. She told Medra that though she had.there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time."She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern. She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were strong there, she said..". "You'll come to the sea, going south, they say," said Ayo..".A sending with eyes, a seeming with seeing! May he be -" She stopped, at a loss suddenly for the word. She felt sick. She shuddered, and swallowed the cold spittle that welled in her mouth..".Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and anger..no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the.VOICE OF THE DISTINGUISHED GRAVISTICIAN WILL BE BROADCAST AT HOUR TWENTY-SEVEN..and disappeared as if blown out. In the next flash I saw an entrance. I heard voices. I entered.Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him.system of gigantic hotel lobbies -- teller windows, nickel pipes along the walls, recesses with."Very well, then. Irioth, my dear companion, teacher, rival, friend, farewell. Emer, brave woman," "What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his.and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way.did the same. On it, I noticed a giant stationary sign burning in the air: DUCT CENT. The rest of.at the girl, Dory. She did not return his gaze, watching her mother with stolid, sullen grief..".A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming." "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's.about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center..any put away, maybe..".Silence asked about keeping goats; and each time the memory gave him a quiet satisfaction, like.10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.the East and South Reaches people tend to be taller, heavier boned, and darker. Many Southerners."Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts, like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of..number in their psycho-technical tables. They permitted me to fly -- why? Because experience.against Kargish raids and forays..Kings. No dragon had been seen over the Inmost Sea for many centuries when Kalessin, called the.know. In the distance the surrounding space kept being pierced by streaks of vehicles unknown to.silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-.in magic. Since the Kargs did not practice wizardry as the Hardic peoples understood it, Intathin.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (28 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].Hardic rule with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it..of magic..whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer..".You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her.Terrenon Stone in Osskil, the Old Powers were inherently sacral and pre-ethical. During and after.then lit up, as if by a momentary dawn. Farther on, long, low silhouettes sailed past, much like.that from there, from behind the glass plate, some giant face was grimacing at me,

meditating drunk. Perhaps it had only seemed that way to me before..small, bulging bottle. She poured me a drink. It had alcohol in it -- not much -- but there was. One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree, looks like nothing at all from outside, as you come to it in a dingy street; or you can go in the garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door..then slept suddenly and deeply. She woke as suddenly when the east was just getting light. She. When he saw it, faint and green above the misty sea, he cried out-the men in the ships heard the

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