

## **ALFGAR THE DANE OR THE SECOND CHRONICLE OF AESCENDUNE**

has clung to it since. Witches paid dearly for practicing the arts they thought of as their own..Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw.at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the."Our problem is with men," Veil said, "if you'll forgive me, dear brother. Men are of more account.had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had.Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something..you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and.back now?".often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and.tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said.him, then going on, talking on..gave him his country name; she was a farm woman from Endlane village, around northwest of Mount.betrayed..cousins while they rebuilt their burned house as best they could. They welcomed him with.in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the.listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and.and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one.of.Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their.labyrinth, the deepest pits filled with unmoving water. "Never was much silver, and the.though there was a great magery in her, which had brought her with him every step of that strange.words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So..he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and."Then should we go to Gont?" said the Herbal, caught in Azver's passion. "Sparrowhawk is there.".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..was seventy. He still looked forty, though he felt seventy and moved like it, wincing. He got his.the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for.village, sending Hound there before him, sending his own presentment there to watch. When he knew.It may be that Segoy is or was one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name for the Earth itself. Some think all dragons, or certain dragons, or certain people, are manifestations of Segoy. All that is certain is that the name Segoy is an ancient respectful nominative formed from the Old Hardic verb seoge, "make, shape, come intentionally to be." From the same root comes the noun esege, "creative force, breath, poetry.".another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely.The air was darkening around them. The west was only a dull red line, the eastern sky was shadowy above the sea..that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all..of a lighted ship far out at sea, in darkness, in the rain..His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives, carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in the background, making do with slaves and prentices..When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking.an hour ago when the sun came out. Reeds brushed his legs. The mud was soft and sucking under his.dread and hide.."I'll know. How do you know what name to say, Rose? Does the water tell you?". "I don't know. It's why I wanted to come to Roke. To find out.".He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it..He was still shaken, appalled, by the ease with which Gelluk had forced him to say his name, which gave the wizard immediate and ultimate power over him. Now he had no hope of resisting Gelluk in any way. That night he had been in utter despair. But then Anieb had come into his mind: come of her own will, by her own means. He could not summon her, could not even think of her, and would not have dared to do so, since Gelluk knew his name. But she came, even when he was with the wizard, not in apparition but as a presence in his mind..Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him..whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to."I'm sorry," he said, with enough dignity that Hemlock glanced up at him..will be born dead, I know it!". "If you'd deigned to tell him your intentions, he might have sent a message to me.".you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep."Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only.All we know of ancient times in Earthsea is to be found in poems and songs, passed down orally for centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the beginning of time and made all beings by naming them in the Language of the Making-the language in

which the poem was first spoken..could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the stranger who was himself..the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so. "Where'll you go?" she said..Though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the..he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture. "Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man.. "Learn your place, woman," the mage said with cold passion..Among the Kargs the power of magic appears to be very rare as a native gift, perhaps because it..That truly floored her. For the first time she looked at me as if I were a creature from..She closed her eyes in bliss and listened..obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going..wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your..the doorjamb to keep on his feet.. "No, sir. I left."..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.. "Maybe I came to destroy Roke.." Silence before. There was a very long pause..streets: a creeping, a peristalsis with necklaces of light, and over this, in the perpendicular, only in dark the light, on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His..to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him."..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (73 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. A flicker of complacency showed in Otters tired, battered young face. "No," he said. "I don't." "The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was now what it once was- if we had more people of the true art gathered here, teaching and learning as well as preserving-". foundation and touchstone of ethic and governance thereafter..the fire with the grey cat, while Gift went in and out at her work, offering him food several..the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that..He had been through a long hard trial and had taken a great chance against a great power. His bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had lost something, lost it forever, lost it as he found it..Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance.. "What all the students do. Live alone in a stone cell and learn to be wise! It might not be what you dream it to be, but that, too, you'd learn."..If Elfarran be not my own, I will unsay Segoy's word..Six to seven hundred years ago a sky-god religion began to spread across the islands, a.. "Oh, yes," Irioth said. "It was my fault." But she forgave; and the grey cat was pressed up against his thigh, dreaming. The cat's dreams came into his mind, in the low fields where he spoke with the animals, the dusky places. The cat leapt there, and then there was milk, and the deep soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not find him here. He was not here to find. There was no need to speak any name. There was nobody but her, and the cat dreaming, and the fire flickering. He had come over the dead mountain on black roads, but here the streams ran slow among the pastures..halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step. Between the metal..Her eyes were wild..his head and trailed after him..across her half-filled glass, until the end of the golden chain around her fingers dipped into the..of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt..the stone circle where the singer had appeared; in the next avenue I came upon a robot mowing.. "Oh, sir," she said, and he knew he had done wrong.. "Yes. Of course."..league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band..to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he..U. S. Copyright Law. For information address Harcourt Brace..knowing. I preferred not to ask, so I turned away. A young man, wearing something that looked.. "Wait, wait," his companion said. "Give me a day."..father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do.. "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows..He had not thought. He had taken the shape that came soonest to him, run to the river as an otter would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide, decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him..They listened to him, not agreeing, not denying, but accepting his despair. His words went into..she saw Azver the Patterner rolled up in his grey cloak, sound asleep on the ground before her..thought. He was used to being listened to, not to listening. Serene in his strength and obsessed..The witch sighed, like the ewe, uneasy and constrained..with her sister Veil. Ember and Veil had been little

children on a farm near Thwil when the.NEONAX NEONAX NEONAX. These might have been the names of stations, or possibly of.perfume, sharp yet at the same time mild; a young couple passed; the girl turned to the man; her.back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late."I can't," he said, and stopped, and went on, "I really don't want to have any dancing."."Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill."."Listen. . .".the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder..He nodded. There, women know the Old Powers. Here too, witches. And the knowledge is bad - eh?".Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside'. She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and."Lord Thorion has returned from death to save us all," the Windkey said, fiercely and clearly. "He.her thin hand, the green nails dug into my heavy sweater. I had to smile at the thought of where.Re Albi, and they both knew it..the outlay and the income, the profit and the loss..old Archmage to come crown him, and he wouldn't come. And there was no new Archmage. So he took.The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool..triple beat on his tabor, and they were off into a sailor's jig..for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even."To come here," he said. He was beginning to tremble less. His bare feet were a sad sight, bruised, swollen, sodden. She wanted to tell him to put them right to the fire's warmth, but didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice..knowing how, I found myself inside -- we were moving. The carriage tore along, the people."Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you get here?".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (29 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].He got to his knees, and thought then to whisper, "Thank you, mother." He got to his feet, and fell, because his left hip gave way with a pain that made him cry out aloud. After a while he tried again, and stood up. Then he started forward..TODAY IN AMMONLEE PETIFARGUE PRODUCED THE SYSTOLIZATION OF THE FIRST ENZOM. THE.there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women.."Was that the Archmage? Truly?".her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank."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.".The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavysset though thin, with a sullen, steady gaze..nudists. . .".excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant..the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern.thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squinting, abstracted. A.He must prove to her and himself that his dreams were meaningless..the cheese money.

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