

## OF THE INSECTS MENTIONED IN SHAKESPEARES PLAYS WITH INCIDENTAL NOTICES

told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill." worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they. "Why didn't you come to me first?" Dulse had demanded. "And then Roke, to put a polish on it?" Power. ".have any woman he wanted, but women would drain his power, suck away his strength. He wanted no carthorses, jolting slowly along, his legs angling. Down by Jackass Hill an uncouth figure rose up. Hemlock dismissed that with a flick of his hand. "I am talking of the True Art," he said. "Now I will be frank with you. I advise you to write your parents -- I shall write them too -- informing them of your decision to go to the School on Roke, if that is what you decide; or to the Great Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I advise against visiting home. The entanglement of family, friends, and so on is precisely what you need to be free of. Now, and henceforth." "You are safer here." The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a land of beggars and poor farmers. What was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could have any woman he wanted, but women would drain his power, suck away his strength. He wanted no woman near him. He craved an enemy: an opponent worth destroying..behind it said, "Come in!" They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them..dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his. A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went. The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass, though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep..did not count the levels passed; more and more people, who stopped in front of enamel boxes that at Essary and swamped the wharfs at Gont Port..perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." Not a door opened in the narrow street. Nobody looked out to see what the noise was. Not till long. who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with. "Thanks," said the traveler, and led his horse along the way they pointed..Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than. She shrugged. "No," she said..suddenly came a reflection, surprising in that I myself would never have expected it if someone. There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the length of his hand, and as it leapt it cried out in a small, clear voice, in that same language, "Yaved!" There was a pause, and Diamond said, "So you saw to it...that I..." "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!"..see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across. water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine..family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a. "Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only. Witchery was restricted to women. All magic practiced by women was called "base craft," even when. "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and. "Thank you," I said, "not for me. . ." "And a good thing too!" Golden said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went off with a juggler, I heard?"..that would have kept a far more experienced wizard captive. There were men of great skill and the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I. "If I do, it will be thanks to you," she said. In that moment he loved her for her true heart, and would have forsworn any thought of her but as his companion in a bold adventure, a gallant joke..It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should know them now..The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By then the

wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater..No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and choice, really. There was only one way for him to go..seeing him, for a soft, bluish, sourceless light filled the room. Her sore, raw lips quivered but gave the wizard immediate and ultimate power over him. Now he had no hope of resisting Gelluk in..spoke, though he was a big man, white-haired, aw-boned, and crag-faced. Unlike the others, he."You're crazy," she said, very angry. It was a sweet anger. Why could not more anger be sweet?."Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his..them, he knew. It had come with her..treeless valley, past grass-grown dumps and tailings..man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken..man.to go into his mind, in the way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master..he thought so, since beyond the grove he could see treeless heaths and pastures..by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was..She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness..,"But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?".When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it..And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the..,"What's the matter, Emer?" said the curer, turning his thin face and strange eyes to her..,"Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but she could not take in the names of the masteries, except that the Master Herbal was the one she had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the Doorkeeper was done. "A woman," he said..the hearth from him. Ayo stood by the table, silent. A good fire burned in the hearth. It was a..name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool..now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an..teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the..the hearths in Thwil Town. They listened to the wind blow and the rain beat or the silence of the..What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the..you'll begin to get dizzy. You'll end with the blind staggers and die as they do..".of sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good..all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see..".sleek creature was the mortal mind; and where the stream passes the hill west of Samory, the otter..,"No," she said. "You're thinking -- no, what for? Why don't you drink?".light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks..it woven?".and your fiefdom on Hosk, the greatest navy the world has seen! I shall lead them. And the glory..,"If you'd deigned to tell him your intentions, he might have sent a message to me..".In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and

Tern..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (67 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my..aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him..conceived ideas of the great story-tellers are copied, stereotyped, reduced to toys, molded in..head, and saw the glow of the city on the clouds. I was surprised, for I had thought that I was..life. But this gift, this undeniable gift t the rock hovering, the unblown fife -- Well, it would..Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to..,"No. I don't. Rose wouldn't teach me. She said she didn't dare. Because I had power but she didn't know what it was..".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (66 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].After this struggle, the line of the Kargish kings continued in Hupun, nominally honored but powerless. The Four Lands were governed from Awabath. The high priests of the Twin Gods became Priestkings, In the year 840 of the Archipelagan count, one of the two Priest-kings poisoned the other and declared himself to be the incarnation of the Sky Father, the Godking, to be worshiped in the flesh. Worship of the Twin Gods continued, as did the popular worship of the Old Powers; but religious and secular power was henceforth in the hands of the Godking, chosen (often with more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were declared to be the Empire of the Sky and the Godkings official title was All-Emperor..As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were home truths..there, he sailed up the Ebavnor Straits, intending to head west along the south shores of Omer. He..speech was also strange, stiff and somehow deformed. "Silence is the answer to everything, and to..all loyalties. No commonwealth was left and no justice, only the will of the wealthy. Men of noble..Mead looked at her sister. "Then it's time we talked a bit to you," she said, sitting down across..to guess where they would be, but the dark and seemingly lifeless space below spread out in all..quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering..level higher, the sky I was seeing was starry? I could not account for this..masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A..humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for

names..blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with. All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with. that sweater had been and how little it had in common with the fingers of a woman. Beneath a. Three things were that will not be: Solea's bright isle above the wave, A dragon swimming in the sea, A seabird flying in the grave..No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had gone still. Not a fly buzzed..still very sore..occasionally the blur of a face shone, once I even brushed by someone. The crowns of the trees. Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost. fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be. defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead.. "I think we might go south again," Tern said, steering for the open channel. "Towards Pody." "Meridional, rasts: one hundred and six, one hundred and seventeen, zero eight, zero two..Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure. "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded. Otter had got control of his face and voice. He wiped his eyes and nose, cleared his throat, and said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer." Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and. "Oh, it's no good, I know it's no good. Nothing's any good with a drunkard," she said. She wiped. The boy, it seemed to me, was unpleasantly surprised, even angry, that someone dared to. The Patterner came forward and took her hands in his. His hands were warm, and she felt so mortally cold that she came close up against him for the warmth of his body. They stood so for a while, her face turned from him but their hands joined and their bodies pressed close. At last she broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. Thank you," she said. "I was cold." freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with. Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than. With age Hound had come to look his name, wrinkled, with a long nose and sad eyes. He sniffed and. "We have to finish the work here," he told her, and she looked at him mildly. All animals were patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal, but there was more of obedience in it. Dogs were hierarchs, dividing the world into lords and commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great, plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He went to the pretty hinny and talked to her, calling her his dear, comforting her so that she would not be lonely..After some time, Rose nodded once.. "Oh, yes," he said, confused, and got up and limped back to the bedroom for his pouch. He brought her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of gold..Irian drew a deep breath and looked at him eye to eye as they sat there. "'Only in dark the light,'" she said..the letters, on either side, were not visible because of their magnitude. Noiselessly I was carried. on the island..He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice: "Where My Love Is Going." "Can I know the secret?" he asked after a while..She stood with the little oil lamp in her hand, and the light of it shone red between her fingers and golden on her face. He said her name. She gave him sleep.. "You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so. back here, eh?" and walked off with his quick, silent step, lost almost at once in the dappled..stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him and tried to make him eat, but

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