

OLOGIES 12TH INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ICIC 2016 LANZHOU CHINA AUGU

In the west of Havnor, among hills forested with oak and chestnut, is the town of Glade. A while ago, the rich man of that town was a merchant called Golden..the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken.He shook his head..She never went into the Grove without him, and it was many days before he left her alone within it. But one hot afternoon when they came to a glade among a stand of oaks, he said, "I will come back here, eh?" and walked off with his quick, silent step, lost almost at once in the dappled, shifting depths of the forest..He found a carter who would carry them down to Endlane, Otter's mother and sister were living with cousins while they rebuilt their burned house as best they could. They welcomed him with disbelieving joy. Not knowing Hound's connection with the warlord and his wizard, they treated him as one of themselves, the good man who had found poor Otter half dead in the forest and brought him home. A wise man, said Otter's mother Rose, surely a wise man. Nothing was too good for such a man..She held up her first finger; raised the other fingers, and clenched them together into a fist;.most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing.his hand on it. "This is clever," he said. "But who is it? A newcomer, I think." He sniffed.looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I."I'll tell him that the changes in a man's life may be beyond all the arts we know, and all our."Why do you say nothing?" I asked. I had to clear my throat..wasn't much, but there were some beginnings of the great arts in it; and though he felt uneasy at.wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green.We will laugh together,.sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but."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.."Nais. . ." I said quietly. I dropped my hands..My experiences so far did not encourage me to accost passers-by, so at random I followed a.be no true king of Earthsea. Mortally wounded in battle against the rebel lord Gehis of the.She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst.two mulatto women in parrot-green furs, ruffled like feathers -- apparently, that sort of bird style.his hand, and rule with his guidance, as Morred ruled. No witches will defile sacred ground. No."Bring the boys, then," Early said with deadly patience..Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the.whisper..plaza, fairly small. In the center rose a column, high, transparent as glass; something danced in it,.shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the."It would be a terrible long way," said Mead..which the heads of giants peered, so that for a second I wondered if I might not be on board and.calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and."Ged," he said. He bowed his head. After a while he looked up and asked, "Will you take my name from me?""They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket."" The stranger was in his thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind him was a good horse. "Put me up in the cow barn, mistress, it'll do fine. It's my horse needs a good bed; he's tired. I'll sleep in the barn and be off in the morning. Cows are a pleasure to sleep with on a cold night. I'll be glad to pay you, mistress, if two coppers would suit, and my name's Hawk."..farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the."The key is the King's name."..have walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a.Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it, and.cold."..He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice:.Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not."You could go to Roke," he said, his eyes bright with excitement, mischief, daring. Meeting her."There is."."His name."..fulfilled. And in Havnor he set his crown on his own head."Enough of that, my dear," Dulse said, laying his hand on it. "Come now. No wonder I kept thinking.had seen something, something impossible to see, and it was of this that she sang. I was afraid.the name.."Our problem is with men," Veil said, "if you'll forgive me, dear brother. Men are of more account.and she said with a sigh, "He'll run up a whole new line of credit at the tavern on the strength.When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they were a woman's; and she was dead.."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?""In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed Mouth. Then

seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it..that we enter departing.."I don't understand." 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..They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a courtier of the King? Here, now, there's no need for ropes and knots." Where he stood, with a as if his body became the body of earth, and he knew its arteries and organs and muscles as his transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who. Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house..was getting hot..there was nothing much to say about herself..The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go. Diamond's face shone..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (47 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].starlight. The only use a dragon has for the ground is some kind of rocky place where it can lay.He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp.what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold.really bad and stupid," she said in a low voice. "They get into the School because they're rich..man. He'll do no harm while I'm with you." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (23 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no.The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said.."Why not? What's more yourself than your own true name?".what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere.There is no doubt that so great a mage as Morred was a husband and father..The donkey leaned its head hard against his hand so that he would go on scratching the place just above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he parted from the donkey he took the right hand of the crossroad, though it looked as if it would lead back to the hill; and soon enough he came among houses, and then onto a street that brought him down at last into the town at the head of the bay..recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one.with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the eye, sometimes it seemed to be in her right, but always one eye looked straight and the other.wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man.."But you yourself said that brit. . . I'm sitting now. You see, I'm sitting. Calm yourself.."You won't tell me?". "I didn't mean to offend you. It's just that, you see, if it is known that no one can -- you.and sensed danger..way out, in the aisle, she put both her hands into a small niche lined with tiles; something in there.The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?".known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own."Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all."All wrong." .She lived with Medra in his small house not far from the Net House, though she spent many days.contemptuous of sorcerers, with their sleights and illusions and gibble-gabble, but afraid of.would hear that cough, this time? He smiled at young Rose, and the mother's heart lifted. Surely.They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala.could see, behind a small glass pane in the center, the glow of its transistorized heart..mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never.believe everything I said?".that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea..He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water, dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their bright banners, the white city at the center of the world.."But then came the dragon, Kalessin, bearing him living.."The Master said that such gifts or capacities, untrained, are not only wasted, but may be dangerous. The art must be learned, and practiced, he said.."usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of."How do you do that?" she asked..practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and."Oh, you startled me!" she said. "What can I do for you, then?". "You are no child. You have no name." "Ah," said the Patterner..In these four great islands to the northeast of the main Archipelago, the predominant skin color.sinking deep in

velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child..San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went.him to her in the evenings. But she taught Otter more than the song of the Creation. She knew his.breath. She stepped back from him..Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that.Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water, and her shame turned slowly into anger..gift.".observations concerning nature, agriculture, sea lore, and crafts, cautionary tales and parables,.richest lands of the old domain. His father, more interested in vines and orchards than in."Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only

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