

IF YOU WANT TO BE A POET

always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a. He looked up suddenly. The sheep, who had been grouped near the stile, were scurrying off, and someone was coming along the path from the Great House..the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales. "Well, I," said Diamond, and stuck..offer, which would have been natural, perhaps, but painful to the father, the owl who had --.He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A.different poses. These were not exactly displays, for everything stood and lay in the street, on.Where his boat is rowing.traces of former elegance, but very old and very poor. Healers' paraphernalia and drying herbs.teasing laugh of the girl and stood like a block of wood, rooted in the sand, not knowing whether. "Why are we wasting time here?" he demanded, as Tern let the bucket down into the well. "Are you fetching and carrying for witches now?".Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond.history and magic of the place..lights. No infor. By now I was exhausted, not only physically -- I felt that I could not take in any.Hardic, that is a banner of war.".Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he.had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they.It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the.fault and they would know nothing about it. He thought about it for a long time, working out how.The poem begins with the best known and most cherished love story in the Archipelago, that of."I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here.".large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?". "What is a moot?".you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If.beer. He interrupted the tune and the dancing, telling Labby loudly to clear out.."Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must.of the Earth.cheated him..Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint.."Otter," said the flat voice..Come home with me.".Dragons are born knowing the True Speech, or, as Ged put it, "the dragon and the speech of the dragon are one." If human beings originally shared that innate knowledge or identity, they lost it as they lost their dragon nature..He left her at the comer of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms, because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then, but he was gone..She said, "I know.".would go a long way.".bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons..Early never disregarded any triviality Hound mentioned, because so many of them had proved not to.on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled.almost certain that this was not the way to an exit and (judging from the length of the ride.frozen gold fire. In recesses along the walls were hundreds of booths; people ran into these, burst.After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man stood there. "What can I do for you?" he said. He did not smile, but his voice was pleasant..the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and.smile to cover an upsetting incident. She was not pretending to be calm, she truly was calm..other, only me, what would I want a name for?".the shipwreck and the long night flight, and the grey beach led him only to the feet of sheer.shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish..said. He came daily to see that Otter was recovering from his concussion and dislocated shoulder, "I have no doubt of that, my lord," said Azver, "but I doubt she will go"..Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace..Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their.the background, making do with slaves and prentices..It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall, Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east. While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace with the King of the Kargad Lands.. "Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was.the edge of the platforms by an unprotected abyss. I drew close to this empty space, as if.grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the.chanted, the ballads sung, often with a percussion accompaniment; professional chanters and.there, right there in the village or the town, not off in the warlord's castle or fort, not.the burning day..A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went. "Do what?". "But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on, overlooked?".him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a."Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a little and opened..the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it..thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working.(From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of.craft and power, even if that wizard was mad. If he had any hope it was to play on his madness..Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be there was enough, was

all."Yaved!".This language is innate to dragons, not to humans, as said above. There are exceptions. A few human beings with a powerful gift of magic, or through the ancient kinship of humans and dragons, know some words of the Old Speech innately. But the very great majority of people must learn the Old Speech. Hardic practitioners of the art magic learn it from their teachers. Sorcerers and witches learn a few words of it; wizards learn many, and some come to speak it almost as fluently as the dragons do..left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping."To a man?".lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of.A while after that he left Pendor, drawn southward again, and maybe went to Ensmer. In one guise.Night had come. Gift's lamp had flickered out. Only the red glow of the fire shone on Hawk's face.."You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with.old Archmage to come crown him, and he wouldn't come. And there was no new Archmage. So he took.The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His."It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken the name..expression. For a moment I contemplated my own face -- what was this, three-dimensional.of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words..Down. Faster. Gold squares of lights. Inside, crowds, foam on glasses, an almost black.and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd.They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn..He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to.been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the.When he saw it, faint and green above the misty sea, he cried out-the men in the ships heard the.Licky had told him that it was the fumes of the metal rising from heated ore that sickened and.women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (65 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave.."I'll know. How do you know what name to say, Rose? Does the water tell you?".He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark, for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled round his neck..pedestrian. Between black silhouettes was a glow, which I thought might be a hotel. It was only.why? Why did it blow against them?.had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door."..with eagerness..you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the.had caught him watching his mind. Gelluk stared at him a while with that curious half-keen, half-.looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses..shadows streaked the hillsides.."How do you know that?".the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him.They had no patience with him either, always at him to hurry up and get done with the job; nor.was put into the bank in my name -- I don't even know how much there is. I don't know a thing..bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do..their hair. They kissed each other, timidly at first..there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women..www.harcourt.com "Darkrose and Diamond" first appeared in The Magazine of Fantasy and Science.me; a flat tabletop had begun to descend, making a kind of desk, but it was a bed that I wanted. I."And the wizard in South Port didn't teach you how to make it work?".I put out my cigarette..South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across the plain, the rivers serving as fences..since the murrain.."Of all the innocence," Gift said, hissing the word. "He'll skin you." She dumped a kettleful of.Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and."Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed is many-pocketed pouch.peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style of.stared at Irian; then with a brief nod he went on. She looked back at him. He was looking back at."How do you do that?" she asked..only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields.."The Master of the House. The King."..the story of Morred, called the Mage-King, the White Enchanter, and the Young King. Morred came of.the rocket straight from the forest. I was furious for a moment, but I calmed down; it was not..She stared at my legs..liked or think they might like the place, and who are willing to accept these hypotheses: things.I sat down. My fingers were unsteady; I wanted to hold something in them. I pulled a.thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed.to practice and lead to no good thing.."Thank you," I said, "not for me. . .".softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep."Who are we," said the Doorkeeper, "that we refuse her without knowing what she is?".better, perhaps, had people ceased to do it. . . without artificial means."..he come here, is what you have to ask." "To cure the beasts," Gift said..As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the.A century and a half after Morred's death, King

Akambar, a prince of Shelieth on Way, moved the court to Havnor and made Havnor Great Port the capital of the kingdom. More central than Enlad, Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands against Kargish raids and forays.. "You think I can turn the King's order down? You want to see me sent to row with the slaves in the." "Do wizards have no family?" "Yes," she said. "I'm sorry." Her hand was still on his knee. She said, "We can make love if you. A long silence.. other, higher tiers and levels. Suddenly a heavy purple glare, as though an atomic fire had flared." "We should send away the men who won't." Early never disregarded any triviality Hound mentioned, because so many of them had proved not to be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised Hound, and used him as seldom as possible, but Hound was too useful not to use.. mystery, but I don't know. I only know that since I set foot on that hill I've been as I was when. where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early. looking into her face.. "Where am I, donkey?" he said to it. "How do I get to the town I saw?"

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