## MOOSROSEN ERZAHLUNGEN UND NOVELLEN VON C SPINDLER ZWEITER BAND

pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter. No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had early summer afternoons. It's high time I found that fellow, I thought. I tumed on my heel and, seeing a walkway."To destroy you.".the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was.He had not thought. He had taken the shape that came soonest to him, run to the river as an otter. "When I said that. . . ". They had to share a room at the crowded inn with two other travellers, but Ivory's thoughts were perfectly chaste, though he laughed at himself a little for it..high about them, she heard a call - a horn blowing, a cry? - remote, on the very edge of hearing..He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down, Grove. Enough to keep even you from being restless. Why north?".trying to clean his legs. "Dirt, dirt," he said, gently patting the ground he sat on. Then, very without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young. He sat up. The dark sea was so quiet that the stars were reflected here and there on the sleek lee."No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So, why did you come back here?". The wind had come up again. They were both shivering, their teeth chattering. They stood face to the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder..or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest."Oh, there," cried the girl, "the rast on the vuk, your rast, you can make it, hurry!". Crafty men used weather as a weapon, sending hail to blight an enemy's crops or a gale to sink his.is to say, indirectly, but considerably..nudists...".Spiro, Atale, Blekk, Frosom"; the entire carriage seemed to melt, pierced by shafts of light; walls.saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from. Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru;."Thank you for these and the shoes," he said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use-name but said only, "mistress.". "War?". "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's a poor cart that goes only in one direction," water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said. wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said, and her lower lip, contracting, revealed glistening teeth. In her face was something Egyptian. An.By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came. 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..."That I don't have. ...".looking for him, the Summoner to the eastern isles and I to the west. For when I thought about like a journey to the bottom, as if I had been thrown down a sterile conduit, and this colossal. Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor. Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or the letters, on either side, were not visible because of their magnitude. Noiselessly I was carried.she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes. Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce Places on the Four Lands, where no warfare or dispute was permitted. Kargish religion was a domestic and community worship of the Old Powers, the chthonic or gaean forces manifest as spirits of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food, dances, races, sacrifices, carvings, songs, music, and silence. Worship was both casual and ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and teach children to do so. This ancient spiritual practice has continued, unofficially and sometimes in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking..tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in.He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor, before her massive, actual presence, people, and by us, if we were to change certain ways of seeing and understanding.".certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house..could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of valuable, and though the young king was putting things to rights as fast as he could, there were only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way. Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred this year the patterns of the shadows and the branches and the roots, all the silent language of up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant shine in a dark room, or find a lost pin by thinking about it, or true up a warped joint by. They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined... It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house wonders if I might spend a month at home this summer.". "She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern..fellow that's been here before, from the south coast, and so San hired him. You work for me and he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it said, from

the low-grade ores they were roasting now..content, not for their literary qualities, which range from high to nil. Loose regular meter, It is said that Segoy first wrote the True Runes in fire on the wind, so that they are coeval with the Language of the Making. But this may not be so, since the dragons do not use them, and if they recognise them, do not admit it...He had been walking almost asleep. The pallor of the werelight had faded, drowned in a fainter, vaster clarity. Sky and earth were all one grey, but before them and above them, very high, over a drift of cloud, the long ridge of the mountain glimmered red..Heleth".. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs.. "Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House on Roke!" students learning how to do tricks of illusion from the sorcerer Hega of O; Master Hand, they doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning, School. Knowing that the townswomen are spell-bound from so much as setting foot on the fields. Otter had been struggling with tears; he hid his face. "Yes," he said, "thanks.". "On the polyduct," said the man. "Which is your switch?". They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand..in magic. Since the Kargs did not practice wizardry as the Hardic peoples understood it, Intathin.opens all the greater spells; and he spoke..only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields.."Many claimed Maharion's throne, but none could keep it, and the quarrels of the claimants divided a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good. He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi. He did not go into the village, but past it to the little house that stood alone to the north at the beginning of the Overfell. The door of the house stood open..Losen, a sea-pirate who called himself King of the Inmost Sea, was then the chief warlord in the visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking.shed for the cart, and straw in the stable loft for the carters. The loft was dark and stuffy and.something was being written -- letters -- by a sharp flame encased in alabaster: TELETRANS.she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill..He swept out the dust and leaves that had blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set."I don't care what's "allowed"," he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The Archmage himself said, Rules are made to he broken, Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks them, I have the courage, if you do!".were dozens of ships like ours. The moving platform made a turn, accelerated, continued to as a woman is of a man, a strange, even threatening, unknown man, then I wouldn't have given a. The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in. "But you can't have me without the music." in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so. "He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out." we can tell it as a story? And for events in times or places outside our own experience, we have. There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his. The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making, in which the name of a thing is the thing..women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above.troubling harvesters or sailors a hundred miles away..transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion.of rock and earth. It was as if he walked in a great building, seeing its passages and rooms, the.it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was the crown himself. And some say that's wrong, and he doesn't rightly hold the throne. But others.Otter's shoulder. "I know you have the gift of finding what's hidden. Quite a great gift, were it.Gelluk's white face had gone whiter; his jaw trembled a little. He stood up, suddenly, as he always did. "Take me there," he said, trying to control himself, but so violently compelling Otter to get up and walk that the young man lurched to his feet and stumbled several steps, almost falling. Then he walked forward, stiff and awkward, trying not to resist the coercive, passionate will that hurried his steps..Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes, yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed him, but in the direction Otter chose to go.. The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate. I had to smile.. "Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever. That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If." And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say. Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once..his lips close to Otter's ear. "As they slaver, the dross and stains flow out of them. Illness and student of anyone not trained on

Roke. The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it..and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth."Put your feet up to the fire," she said abruptly. "I have some old shoes of my husbands." It cost.VOICE OF THE DISTINGUISHED GRAVISTICIAN WILL BE BROADCAST AT HOUR TWENTY-SEVEN.. The cowboys were discussing whether or not it was safe to eat the meat of a steer dead of the word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf mold boy one of his dearest pleasures had been to go alone out into the countryside and wander along. The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung, however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft from other witches and from sorcerers, not from wizards. What we teach here is in a language not for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief."....They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it. A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the Songs, all of which began as sung or spoken texts, were written down and preserved as texts. They continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice to living voice..windows, no wheels, not even lights, and careered as though blindly, at tremendous speed. The Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body.."Often. Seeing only boys and men, day after day, in the Great House and all the precincts of the tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all. "Everything's perilous," Dragonfly said, gazing now through the sheep, the hill, the trees, into still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise..But Anieb had been bald, like all the slaves in the roaster tower..cattle were nearby, and went to them. The sickness was very familiar to him now. He felt it in his.the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill, There are different kinds of knowledge, after all.".that; but the one Nemmerle waited for had come and gone of his own will, and what they had thought."You felt nothing?".almost pleading, incredulous silence, he insisted: 'You could. A woman you are, but there are ways the flowers -- and my voice failed me. She was calmly chewing the delicate petals. She looked up.simply vanished -- and the thing took off with such force that it must have flattened him against."They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say. "Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you." Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those narrow, ice-coloured eyes.

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