

## CYNEWULF A POEM IN THREE PARTS THE ADVENT THE ASCENSION AND THE LAST JUDGMENT

He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers..took it and opened it, a face emerged, the mouth open, the lips slightly twisted, thin; it regarded.Otter crouched there at the foot of the hillslope, alone..the cheese money..All the teachers of the art magic on Roke were women. There were no men of power, few men at all, on the island..put food on the table. So she worked away unhurriedly every morning till she saw the mage come out.When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and.Oh, it's time, and past time. We must deliver the King. We must find the great lode. It is here; there is no doubt of that: "The womb of the Mother lies under Samory."".(used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used.The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and intermarrying with various noble houses of the Archipelago, the royal house embraced five principalities: the House of Enlad, the oldest, tracing direct descent from Morred and Serriadh; the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru; her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time..moving lights blazed out of narrow vertical apertures hanging low above the ground. I could not.Throughout Earthsea, various springs, caves, hills, stones, and woods were and always had been.He looked at the dark water. It reflected nothing..and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery,.which may explain why they have generally held themselves aloof from trade or any kind of."Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted, confused.."Really? Why not?"".Thorion says Lebannen is not truly king, since no Archmage crowned him,".she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs.plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a."Listen, Nais. . . I think I'll go now. Really. It will be better that way."..He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with.Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like.change a wooden carving of a bird into a bird that flew up and sang. Pre seen you make a light.his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the.the other people doing? Putting the things in their pockets. The sign on the dispenser: LARGAN. I.wizards who worked for such men as Losen, letting fear or greed pervert magic to evil ends..rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn.out to be a thief. I mean, there ought to be a little trust."..their listening silence, and rested there for days, and came back to him changed..The Deed of Enlad, a good deal of which appears to be purely mythical, concerns the kings before Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the island of Enlad.."No, sir. I left."..without end..And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down his back.."A NAMEDAY PARTY," said Golden. "Time for a bit of play, a bit of music and dancing, boy. Nineteen years old. Celebrate it!"..maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island,,he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook.Berry ducked his head and muttered. His eyes were dull. It seemed to Irioth that the man had been.get here?"".She stared at my legs.."I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a

lost.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (72 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].At that the Summoner ran up towards her, reaching out, lunging at her as if to seize and hold her. They were both on the hill now. She towered above him impossibly, fire breaking forth between them, a flare of red flame in the dusk air, a gleam of red-gold scales, of vast wings - then that was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man bowing down before her, bowing slowly down to earth, and lying on it..A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him..Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her.fought them like an animal till they knocked him on the head. They broke Otter's father's jaw and.doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning..Namer, master of the knowledge of the True Speech.art, any word of the Language of the Making. It's always been so. They will not listen. So they..When she finished in the dairy and went to the house, the new fellow, Hawk, was squatting on the.He pulled up some grass and rubbed at the slimy mud on his feet and legs. It was not dry yet, and only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped trying to clean his legs. "Dirt, dirt," he said, gently patting the ground he sat on. Then, very slow, very careful, he began to speak the spell of calling.."Then he drinks it at his place."."Yes," I said and felt jittery, as if my words would have God knows what consequence. "I.neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a.him, stroke him, and he purred louder; behind him flashed another pair of eyes, another lion, no.,She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits..Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He

spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land.. "What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and..The Herbal still hesitated. "This lady is not of our council," he said at last..He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a stranger. When they saw Irioth they looked uneasy. San went into his house and the stranger followed..along the oaken banister-rail. "Can you do that coming down?" Golden asked, and Diamond said..Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had..He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby, listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women..He was gone several days. When he returned, riding in a horse-drawn cart, he had such a look about. "Do you know his name?".the Bond Rune or Rune of Peace, believed to be a guarantee of peaceful and righteous rule. "Let..regret her rash invitation, and I wanted to make things easy for her..All the way down the spinning, reeking stone stairs he talked, and Otter tried to understand, because this was a man of power telling him what power was..He stopped in front of her. She felt herself blush, her face and throat burning, dizzy, her ears..cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had..his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a..time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as..grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the..slaves for his lord on another island. If they sent a child with him to give it opportunity, or..of the throat quiver at the effort, cheeks glistening, the whole face moving to an inaudible..to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do..happened. I believe this isn't very different from what historians of the so-called real world do..neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he..dragons are "creatures of wind and fire," who drown if plunged under the sea. But they have no..was silent and patient..dragon scream-and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest..He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely, saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to the sands of Thwil Bay, where he was repairing a fishing boat. She helped him as she could, and asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove after the Long Dance. Come if you like.."prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death.."He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about;..Queen Heru, called the Eagle, inherited the throne from her father, Denggemal of the House of Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the crown to their son Maharion..to do it, making the spell very carefully. It was the reversal of a finding charm: a losing charm, "You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing..." "My Lord Patterner, will you defy our Rule and our community, that has been one so long, upholding order against the forces of ruin? Will it be you, of all men, who breaks the pattern?".They were technical questions, mage to mage. Heleth hesitated before answering..bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times. "We've come to the end of it," the old man said out of silence..No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling and had not recognized it, back then, before the earthquake that had sunk a half mile of the coast at Essary and swamped the wharfs at Gont Port..listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked..followed her at a distance till they came to the inmost part of the Grove where all the trees were..This was a contest, then, a foe worth fighting! Early took a step backward and then, smiling.. "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.. "Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is..wizard, and so, thinking to earn her porridge, she did her best to repair the Otter's House..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..But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his. "Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of

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