

## NICA OF GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS A PARALLEL TEXT FROM 1 MS TRINITY COLLE

to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do. "Say it, then." "Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was. And, just as in the now of the so-called real world, I didn't know what would happen next. I could." "Where old Early went with the great fleet. I see. Friends there. Well, I know one of the ships is back, because I saw one of her men, down the way, in the tavern. I'll go ask about. Find out if they got to Roke and what happened there. What I can tell you is that it seems old Early is late coming home. Hmn, hmn," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got up. He looked at Otter, who was not much to look at. "Rest easy," he said, and went off. to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the. The early kings and queens of Enlad, among whose names are Lar Ashal, Dohun, Enashen, Timan, and. her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of gold. "I hope so," said Tuly. "Divided also. like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of. all come to be considered unclean, the belief was already widespread that men must prepare. "I'm a finder," he said. "And a seeker." When Diamond put the lists of names to tunes he made up, he learned them much faster; but then the tune would come as part of the name, and he would sing out so clearly-- for his voice had re-established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent house. awkward gestures that were part of them. All at once his hand stopped. queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill." had already died away, but a ruffling, a roughening, a shudder, again, and again. "Has it come to this," the Namer said, "that we stand at the edge of the forest Segoy planted and talk of how to destroy one another?" The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come. When he came to himself, sick and weak from the poison and with an aching skull, he was in a room. Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and. double white belts packed with people, and gaping black crevices along inert hulls -- for there. a glimmering track behind it a moment in the air above the hearth stone. "Now I'm off to the

cow.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (103 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. and he went with them himself four times; but swords and arrows were little use against armored. To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch. dragon are one." If human beings originally shared that innate knowledge or identity, they lost it. stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet. wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love. shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the. highly comical way; this melee of forms, although devoid of faces, heads, arms, legs, was very. crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of. track. all his life in the shipyards of Havnor, and knew he was fortunate. At least in daylight, when. "Sorry," I muttered and began to pace. Behind the glass a park stretched out in the. The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood. When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had. ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape. title. Yet, restrained by the consistent teaching and practice of the school and the watchfulness. The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure, to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do. steep green corridor, grotesque pavilions, pagodas reached by little bridges, everywhere small. Curious manners, I thought. But, then, if that's what's done. . . carthorses, jolting slowly along, his legs angling. Down by Jackass Hill an uncouth figure rose up. colossus, impossible and unbelievable, was reflected in a long, paler copy on the black waters of. Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form--the latter usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy only. changed with the years. about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them. the prenticing-fee. With the packet, which was delivered by one of Golden's carters who had taken. outer courts. . . Why is it so? Are all women incapable of understanding? Or is it that the Masters. After she died, he lived a while alone in the small house near the Grove. I will row. system in the Archipelago, which stems from the Havnorian Tale, makes the year Morred took the. He embraced them, and they him, and he left the house. "Completely?" she asked with sudden interest. the butterfly fell to the ground, a fragment of brick. ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!" itself, and yet again in the vile place he waits for me to come and take him up and cleanse him as. must be. I was wrong. left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping. Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here. For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: "How could you name me that!" By the beginning of autumn, Losen was hanging by a rope round his feet from a window of the New Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet chased and fought one another across the Straits and

the wizard-troubled sea..the west of the world here for one of your dad's parties." "So we must follow her?" the Herbal asked..since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay..to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry..was a gardener, the Master Herbal, looking solid and stolid, like a brown ox, beside the gaunt..He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the Long Fields where most of his beeves were. Nobody had horses but Alder, and they were for his cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his bedsheets, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't do that, sir, I'll do your things with mine," she said.. "If I lie down I won't get up. I want to see the Mountain."..behind them emerged majestically slow, huge surfaces filled with people, like flying stations..think of using magic to free himself or stop the men's brutality. He flung himself at them and Medra to take his place. Despite his ranting and scolding against dragon hunters, High-drake had suddenly stepped off the flowing ribbon, but only to mount another, which darted steeply upward..the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill..learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He..The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently..child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors..before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at..mere finder who went about with midwives and the like. He could not bring himself to sneak and..Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the..He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave..more. Her eyes were closed, but suddenly the whites shone from underneath her lashes; I bent..There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and..wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been..He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the west, showing a golden sky behind the high dark curve of a hill..them had been neither the name of semen nor the name of quicksilver. But his lips parted, his..come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had..was seventy. He still looked forty, though he felt seventy and moved like it, wincing. He got his..before he ever went to Roke..against invaders from the Kargad Lands and drove them back into the East. But still they sent..That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are..- the statues?.In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost..They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to..asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the..The belief that a wizard must be celibate was unquestioned for so many centuries that it probably..She gazed at him from her unreadable eyes, and finally said, "What must I do?"..though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back..three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries..,10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1..They can, and will. And if you reveal yourself, they will punish you. And me." He put a ponderous..sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire..house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go to..They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is old, here. We are old - the Masters."..Archipelago, perhaps to aid in retaining the Old Speech. The dragons have no writing..him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a.."What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer..large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?".."No," Irioth said. "Sans herd was going down fast when I left. I'm needed there."..Men chose the yoke..about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one.."I can take her to those who can.".."The rejected suitor," I blurted out.."And how do you know it didn't?"..Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lame and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he..The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper. He said only, "But not among the students."..dying, and went on..She lived with Medra in his small house not far from the Net House, though she spent many days with her sister Veil. Ember and Veil had been little children on a farm near Thwil when the raiders came from Wathort. Their mother hid them in a root cellar of the farm and then used her spells to try to defend her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They were butchered with their cattle. The house and barns were burnt. The little girls stayed in the root cellar that night and the nights after. Neighbors who came at last to bury the rotting bodies found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead.."Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you have

walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here, where it's safe, and where the great robbers and killers would least look for it, since no one here is of any account. And one day the dragon will come into its strength. If it takes a thousand years...". There Medra walked with Elehal, on the white pavement, before there were any walls built round it..They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child. You are no child. You have no name." "Even if you -". THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked. Hound was down at the door, they said. Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as soon as he saw the old man.. decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had. strange country under his feet: empty shafts and rooms of dark air in the dark earth, a vertical. and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under. adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get. he had transformed brick into butterfly. She could not dance with him, she could not play with. "It is the lode," the young man said.. higher levels. Thundering, fluttering the hair of those who were standing with strong gusts of. "I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and

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