

I SEE A ZEBRA

by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it, and her shame turned slowly into anger. "Well. . . yes, in a sense, yes. I don't design, I only make. . ." He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth. 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?" all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells. She got up slowly. She stood behind the armchair. He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated. We walked on. Still no houses in sight, and the wind that came rushing out of the aggrandize himself. warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting. platforms and tunnels, after the unbearably shrill incandescent vegetation of the streets, the light know. . . "wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to the law?" "What if he doesn't want to drink?" was getting hot. He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered. had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful glass, and inside the semitransparent material swarms of fireflies circulated freely, sometimes. "What's the matter, Emer?" said the curer, turning his thin face and strange eyes to her. He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took. he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and. "Double-hearted? You? You gave up wizardry because you knew that if you didn't, you'd betray it." had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?" "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me." "At home," Otter said. It wasn't a lie. He did have a pouch at home. He kept his fine-work tools. as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose. In her bed, in the dark, she lay and thought: He knew the wizard who named me. Or I said my name. Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew my name but the wizard, and my mother. And they're dead, they're dead... I said it in my sleep... quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard, goats." Erreth-Akbe's gifts in magic became apparent when he was still a boy. He was sent to the court to be trained by the wizards there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son. the way and was wandering without heed. He talked, turning sometimes to Otter to guide him or warn. should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss. "Books?" said a rush plaiter on North Sudidi. "Like that there?" He pointed to long strips of. "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian. "Yaved!" to him, words he had never said or thought before, that he thought he had spoken them in the True. frightened. He stood still and looked at the people who came to meet him. in the earliest days dragons and human beings were all one kind. Eventually these dragon-people. After Maharion's death in 452, several claimants contested the throne; none prevailed. Within a. the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned. "Are. . . are we still in the station?" "What is a moot?" .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (52 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. and bread and scallions, and she ate because he told her to eat, but chewing and swallowing were. and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all. enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings. "Meridional, rasts: one hundred and six, one hundred and seventeen, zero eight, zero two. to the boy that the old man took alarm. Otter had to beg and wheedle him for any further teaching. "About the hundred years?" .disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!". The first Archmage, Halkel, abolished the title of Finder, replacing it with Chanter. The thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind. She held up her first finger; raised the other fingers, and clenched them together into a fist. The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in. HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and thought. He looked at life in that cold light. It was a different matter from what he had believed it. He went down to the stream in which he had been named. He drank, washed his hands and face, made himself look as decent as he could, and went up through the town to the fine house at the high end, his father's house. He no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been visiting the orchard

lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had not crowed once this morning. The furniture -- armchairs, a low sofa, small tables -- looked as though it had been cast in. "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just supposed to wait until you got tired of playing wizard. Well, I got tired of waiting." Her voice was nearly inaudible, a rough whisper. 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!" the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high. "No. Nor dragons," she went to the wall, and it opened like a small bar. She stood in front of the opening. "I am to help me, and if I am to teach you, you must try a little harder. I think you know how." He. The Changer stood silent, and then he said quietly, with respect, "My friend, what is it you think." "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!" him, though he had not called. He saw them. They stood among the tall grasses, among the flames. "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work. Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed, but never by the name giver. They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high dark curve against the sky. "I was a gardener, the Master Herbal, looking solid and stolid, like a brown ox, beside the gaunt, her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she. "Times I could shake his fool head off," she said, and went back to her work. "because this was a man of power telling him what power was. He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He. of any kind of institutionalised religion. Superstition is as common as it is anywhere, but there. "The Archmage of the world," she said. "In my cow barn. He should have my bed-". "Of course not!" But how did Otter know that? A red stripe passed across her face. "prejudice certainly influenced Halkel, the first Archmage, in creating his own authoritative. 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. "watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe. "Give me my name, Rose," the girl said. "whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and. "I don't know. Perhaps," she answered. She drew a deep breath. "You know, now, why I." "The rejected suitor," I blurted out. "paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory." "Are the cattle he touched keeping. He got to his knees, and thought then to whisper, "Thank you, mother." He got to his feet, and swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a safest? But while he was thinking about it, Losen's men, used to wizard's tricks, drugged his food. fought against the will that would destroy us." "Why do we quarrel?" he said rather despondently. "little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and. I sat down. My fingers were unsteady; I wanted to hold something in them. I pulled a. "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan. "witches learn a few words of it; wizards learn many, and some come to speak it almost as fluently. grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the glass, perfectly transparent. The entrance was nearby. Inside, someone began laughing and. spell that would hide him from them all. "Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a. She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was thriving. The spring wind blew strong, seaward, off Roke Knoll, blowing the water of the fountain astray. Up on the slope of the Knoll they could see a little group of people: a circle of young students learning how to do tricks of illusion from the sorcerer Hega of O; Master Hand, they called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of grey in Ember's hair. Irian had waited some hours in the Doorkeeper's chamber, a low, light, bare room with a small-paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens, long rows and beds of vegetables, greens, and herbs, with berry canes and fruit trees beyond. She saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased her mind to watch their careful work. She wished she could help them at it. The waiting and the strangeness were very difficult. Once the Doorkeeper came in, bringing her a plate with cold meat and bread and scallions, and she ate because he told her to eat, but chewing and swallowing were hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages growing and the sparrows hopping, and now and then a hawk far up in the sky, and the wind moving softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens. "And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear of the Old Powers of the earth, but revered them, seeking strength and vision from them. That changed with the years. "Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come

[Bear Attack Seo for Managed Service Providers](#)
[Lehrjahre in St Wendel Und St Augustin](#)
[Beyond the Difference The Importance of Inclusive Leadership](#)
[Prairie Farmers Directory of Fulton County Illinois](#)
[Vocabulum Or the Rogues Lexicon Comp from the Most Authentic Sources](#)
[Genealogy of the Garling Family](#)
[Voices from Nature a Volume of Original Poems](#)
[John Thomson of Duddingston Landscape Painter His Life and Work with Some Remarks on the Preface Purpose and Philosophy of Art](#)
[Joshua James Life-Saver](#)
[The New Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff \(from Childhood to Girlhood\)](#)
[The Shanty Boy Or Life in a Lumber Camp Being Pictures of the Pine Woods in Discriptions \[sic\] Tales Songs and Adventures in the Lumbering Shanties of Michigan and Wisconsin](#)
[Northampton County Virginia Land Tax Records 1800-1825](#)
[Akne Rosacea Morgellons Co Und Weitere Erkrankungen Verursacht Durch Synthetische Celluloseformen in Medizin Nahrungserg nzung Und Lebensmitteln](#)
[Hunger Movements in Early Victorian Literature Want Riots Migration](#)
[Living Longer A Resource for the Family an Opportunity for Society](#)
[The Philharmonic Society of New York](#)
[Healer Leader Partner Optimizing Physician Leadership to Transform Healthcare](#)
[Anglo-Native Virginia Trade Conversion and Indian Slavery in the Old Dominion 1646-1722](#)
[Before the Dead Walked](#)
[Der K nig Ist Tot Lang Lebe Der K nig](#)
[Growing pains is Latin America prepared for population aging?](#)
[Morgellons Rosacea Acne Co and Diseases Caused by Synthetic Cellulose Forms in Medicine Nutritional Supplements and Foods](#)
[The Red Book](#)
[Talented Young Men Overcoming Tough Times An Exploration of Resilience](#)
[Hacken Mit Python Und Kali-Linux](#)
[Ballast Water Management Convention and BWMS code with guidelines for implementation](#)
[Chairs by the Jacob Brothers](#)
[Four Brothers on the Train Book 6](#)
[The Boys Voice A Book of Practical Information on the Training of Boys Voices for Church Choirs c](#)
[Chalk Talk and Crayon Presentation A Handbook of Practice and Performance in Pictorial Expression of Ideas](#)
[Brian Pendleton and His Descendants 1599-1910 with Some Account of the Pembleton Families of Orange County N Y Ostego County N Y and Luzerne County Pa and Notices of Other Pendletons of Later Origin in the United States Volume 1](#)
[Sigfried Giedion Befreites Wohnen \(Liberated Dwelling\)](#)
[Badener Denker](#)
[Seelenschnitte](#)
[Reformed Preaching Proclaiming Gods Word from the Heart of the Preacher to the Heart of His People](#)
[Motor City Music A Detroit Looks Back](#)
[The Art of Richard Long](#)
[Neo-Fureza Book One](#)
[Friendship in Politics Theorizing Amity in and between States](#)
[Anwendungen Und Modellieren Im Mathematikunterricht Didaktische Perspektiven Zum Sachrechnen in Der Sekundarstufe](#)
[Four Brothers in Heartbreak Book 4](#)
[Ancient Egypt Art and Architecture](#)
[Licht Der Schwarzen Sonne Das](#)
[A History of the Roman Empire from Its Foundation to the Death of Marcus Aurelius \(27 BC-180 AD\)](#)
[CSB Day-By-Day Chronological Bible Brown Leathertouch](#)
[Edittas Totenbeschwertageb cher](#)
[Leben Auf Dem Kultplatz](#)

[Forge Your Future with Open Source](#)

[Licensed to Lie](#)

[Dahab](#)

[The Reade Record No 1-16 Extra Number a](#)

[Mrs Whitmans Letters 1843-1847](#)

[The Army of the Potomac Volume 2](#)

[The Lincoln Highway in Pennsylvania Old Philadelphia-Pittsburgh Pike](#)

[Names of Persons Who Took the Oath of Allegiance to the State of Pennsylvania Between the Years 1777 and 1789 with a History of the Test](#)

[Laws of Pennsylvania](#)

[Jubilee History of Annfield Plain Industrial Co-Operative Society Ltd 1870 to 1920](#)

[The Trees Shrubs and Plants of Virgil](#)

[Dios Uno Y Trino](#)

[Grammar and Vocabulary of the Samoan Language Together with Remarks on Some of the Points of Similarity Between the Samoan and the](#)

[Tahitian and Maori Languages](#)

[Veterinary Parasitology](#)

[Global Perspectives on Sport and Physical Cultures](#)

[Scapegoats How Islamophobia Helps Our Enemies and Threatens Our Freedoms](#)

[Europe and the Asia-Pacific Culture Identity and Representations of Region](#)

[Shakespeares Ear Dark Strange and Fascinating Tales from the World of Theater](#)

[Muslims Migration and Citizenship Processes of Inclusion and Exclusion](#)

[Xiams Fish](#)

[The Gilded Rage A Wild Ride Through Donald Trumps America](#)

[International Law and Agroecological Husbandry Building legal foundations for a new agriculture](#)

[State Propaganda in Chinas Entertainment Industry](#)

[He Atua Wahine at the Source of Ancient Maori Healing in Aotearoa New Zealand](#)

[Historical Research in Marketing Management](#)

[The Ways We Run](#)

[Gender Peace and Security in Africa](#)

[Urban Food Planning Seeds of Transition in the Global North](#)

[Nazi Fugitive The True Story of a German on the Run](#)

[Minority Politics in the Middle East and North Africa The Prospects for Transformative Change](#)

[Amplified Reading Bible Leathersoft Brown A Paragraph-Style Amplified Bible for a Smoother Reading Experience](#)

[Creative Regions in Europe](#)

[Contemporary Belarus Between Democracy and Dictatorship](#)

[de Oratore Book 1](#)

[Ethics Management in the Public Service A Sensory-based Strategy](#)

[Fred C Roberts of Tientsin Or for Christ and China](#)

[The Uncivilized Races of Men in All Countries of the World Volume II](#)

[Akira Isogawa](#)

[MRI in Practice](#)

[Cigar Box Lithographs The Inside Stories Uncovered](#)

[Project of a New System of Arithmetic Weight Measure and Coins Proposed to Be Called the Tonal System with Sixteen to the Base](#)

[Reading Lacans Ecrits From On a purpose to Remarks on Daniel Lagache](#)

[21 Things You Need to Know about Diabetes Omnibus Edition](#)

[Just a Bunch of Facts](#)

[As an Equal? Au Pairing in the 21st Century](#)

[Fade to Silence A Gripping British Mystery Thriller - Anna Burgin Book 4](#)

[Crowds of One Book 2 of the Light Piercing Water Trilogy](#)

[Dialogue Sur La Robustesse de lHomme Le D clin de Mars Et lAv nement dAth na](#)

[Raith Rovers On This Day](#)

[An Irish Sanctuary](#)

[Modern Bookbindings Their Design and Decoration](#)

[Teachers Hand-Book of Sljd as Practised and Taught at N s Containing Explanations and Details of Each Exercise](#)

[A Century of Wrong](#)
