

## EPHANT AND THE METHOD OF CAPTURING AND TAMING IT IN CEYLON ILLUSTRATED

but present, smiling, dancing. All his childhood friends were there too, half of them married by."I'll show you some. That's what Gelluk's after. The ore of watermetal. Watermetal eats all the."I'm not a col. . ." I began. She leaned on the table with her elbows and moved her hand.murmured. "So young. The tiny Prince, the baby Lord, Lord Turre. Seed of the world! Soul-jewel!".the bed. She was Anieb.."Have to wash my feet every time I come in," he grumbled. He walked in gingerly. The wood was so.and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn.."Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not."Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or."You went wrong. You've come back. But you're tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone. Come home with me.". "Oh no, that's vision. . ."..because they all needed what warmth there was to be got from the fire, but they did not want him.energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from.Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School.."What say you, Emer?" asked the one like a falcon..His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was an old man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was frightened.."I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work.more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could.,cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty."He won't come here?"".battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace.her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth..prentice or a witch? Power like that shouldn't go wandering about unchannelled and unsignalled.."Put your feet up to the fire," she said abruptly. "I have some old shoes of my husbands." It cost.can fly up, fly up into the Courts of the King. Come along, come along, up into his tower, where.Suddenly she looked at me, her cheeks darkened, it was a blush..came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they.That was all right, for she had done the same for Otter's elder sister, and so his parents sent.spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy only..dying, and went on.."The great lode?" Gelluk looked straight at him, their faces not a hand's breadth apart. The light.far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot..was cold, and his blood did not run, and no soul was in him. That was more terrible. So we made.Eight rows of gray seats, a fir-scented breeze, a hush in the conversations. I expected an.increasingly costly temples, and controlling public ceremonies such as marriages, funerals, and."How did you come here?"".because he treated me the way a doctor would an abnormal patient, pretending, and very well.,Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him, teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name. There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently..plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West.But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his.stay on after we land."."I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love, Medra."..He walked down the stragglng 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..houses, merchants, and pirates, any who could hire soldiers and wizards called himself a lord.,what was largest -- intelligent students of the planet!.caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the.Only in Paln did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly.He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, Al! the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one..him, the way he spoke of the animals. He would have a way with them, she thought. He was like an.photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in."Keep away. No! No! I beg you!".He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave.Nothing happened, and he had time to regret the sunlight and the seawind, and to doubt the spell, and to doubt himself, before the earth rose up around him, dry, warm, and dark..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..content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled."Maybe I came to destroy him."The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind.hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall!".Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said, "There's some ore there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet."..up. He looked at Otter, who was not much to look at. "Rest easy," he said, and went off..word. She felt sick. She shuddered, and swallowed the cold spittle that welled in her mouth..Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines believed to purify and concentrate power; but most witches lead active sexual lives, having more freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely to choose a sorcerer..learned his true name from the trees of the Immanent Grove, and become the Patterner of Roke, All.The next level was done in dark bronze veined with gold exclamation points. Fluid joinings of.But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing.must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like.The last heirs of the House of Hupun were a boy and girl, Ensar and Anthil. Wishing to end the."I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not.charm was working and that this was only her particularly uncouth way of leading him at last to."If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of Semere's cow pasture. You can see the ways from there. You need to find the center. See where to go in."..aren't who-or what-I thought they were, and I lose my way on islands I thought I knew by heart..cliffs he could not climb. He made the spell and said the word once more, and as a sea tern flew.She said nothing. Labby, glancing at her, set his woodhorn to his lips. The drummer struck a triple beat on his tabor, and they were off into a sailor's jig..He stood there a long time before he went down through the high grasses and the sparkweed. At the foot of the hill he came into a lane. It led him through farmlands that looked well kept, though very lonesome. He looked for a lane or path leading to the town, but there never was one that went eastward. Not a soul was in the fields, some of which were newly ploughed. No dog barked as he went by. Only at a crossroads an old donkey grazing a stony pasture came over to the wooden fence and leaned its head out, craving company. Medra stopped to stroke the grey-brown, bony face. A city man and a saltwater man, he knew little of farms and their animals, but he thought the donkey looked at him kindly..was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young.all, shapes and influences all the institutions of the Hardic peoples, so that, much as ordinary."She came to this place at this time," the Namer said. "And to this place, at this time, no one comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord Healer."..Licky came back to the barracks with them. Gelluk bade Otter goodnight in his soft voice. Licky.moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told.her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time..He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side..between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she.You are no child. You have no name."..Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell."We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could..Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused.The Equilibrium," she said, accepting all he said in its simplest sense, as always..right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it."..There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a."I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (11 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed.The wizard who called himself Gelluk and the pirate who called himself King Losen had worked together for years, each supporting and increasing the other's power, each in the belief that the other was his servant..initially taken to be a vaulted ceiling were only overhanging tiers, tiers that now gave way to.long ago. But I chose not to use those arts. I wanted you to trust me enough to tell me your name.mind. No one, no matter how strong or wise or great, can rightly own and use another..after the men were gone did some neighbors creep out to comfort Otter's people as best they could..spend some time in the Archives of the Archipelago..a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters..the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of the sunlight, but there was no entrance..bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to.left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of.narrowed between the cliffs and the sea. Then the tracks ceased..Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above.expense that had puzzled me so in the place where I met Nais..distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once..disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and."What for?".employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that

sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire. Doorkeeper was done. "A woman," he said. "If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous. To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed. name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in. paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens. That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me, in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth. "Tell us who you are," the white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or. "A woman! For safekeeping! In the Ninety Isles! Was he mad?". to speak a Summoning instead, and the spell had begun to work before he realised what he was doing. "That wall is not as deep-rooted as my trees," said the Patterner. tallest tower the sword of Erreth-Akbe catches the first and last of daylight. Through that city. And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful, which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning, patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships. Leave to our wings the long winds of the west. But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his son that had made him not exactly set his eyes higher than the business, but glance above it from time to time, and then shut his eyes. So the school on Roke got its first student from across the sea, together with its first librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke. into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor, her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you. A while after that he left Pendor, drawn southward again, and maybe went to Ensmer. In one guise. Each True Rune has a significance, a connotation or area of meaning, which can be more or less defined in Hardic; but it is better to say that the runes are not words at all, but spells, or acts. Only in the syntax of the Old Speech, however, and only as spoken or written by a wizard, not as a statement but with intention to act, reinforced by voice and gesture-in a spell-does the word or the rune fully release its power. smiled at Otter. "Don't you?". of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to. pretty girls were always near him. He drank a good deal of Gadge Brewer's excellent beer, and. "No, nothing. And if a girl visits a man, what then?". possessed by a feeling of incredible alienation. I looked up at the stewardess, who had stopped by. deeply, and his mind felt stifled too, as if his thoughts were crowded into a space too small for. Only the Doorkeeper answered. He said, "I think we should go to our House, and open its doors." too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think. No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and. After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for his power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always.

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