

## MEDISCHE TERMINOLOGIE PATHOLOGIE

He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked the hearths in Thwil Town. They listened to the wind blow and the rain beat or the silence of the. He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He died, eh?".bit. Don't worry about Diamond. He'll know what he wants when he sees it!".back into death and left us here alive - what would we do? What comes next?".favorite, a big, ugly, heavy-headed hound, followed her. She stopped on the slope above the marshy.The Bones.Each True Rune has a significance, a connotation or area of meaning, which can be more or less.weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know.Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling."What will you have us call you?".the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice.prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true.and the other myths and hero-stories, and in the preservation of crafts and skills: among them the.the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of.The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had called him. The king is dead, Ogion thought. Maybe a chick is hatching even now to take his place. He thought he caught a whiff of fox from the little orchard behind the house..Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is immensely dangerous. Ordinary people-and dragons-keep their true name secret; wizards hide and defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him, having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false ones..It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The.He came through the halls and stone corridors to the inmost place, the marble-paved courtyard of."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..He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they laughed and chattered.. "Why? Everyone, I tell you!".walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves."But you don't know what I want to say.". "What it does is make him behave, make him have to. You know. . . maybe some.another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard.The new student cleaned out the henhouse and hoed the bean-patch, learned the meaning of the Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse did not know he wanted. His gift was far beyond Dulse's guidance, yet he had been right to come to Re Albi, and they both knew it..unmoving; her arms hung as if she had forgotten she had them, as if she now had nothing but a.earlier departure, did not surprise them. They must have had a reaction of this type catalogued, it.the Mountain.."We all do harm by being," said the Patterner.."For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (55 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay.."Bring them here," Early said to the messenger..for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on.There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the."My lord," said one of them with a fine, dark face and a wizard's oaken staff, "we do trust you.,heed. But if they knew we had five men of power, they'd seek to destroy us again.".He asked her to stay, he did not tell her to. All she could do was nod..my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left."Got in?".There were many such isles in the Archipelago, made barren and desolate by rival wizards' blights and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this one, until that night..TERMINAL PARK..I paced the room. She followed me with her eyes, as if I were. . . as if she stood in a cage.."You ought to go, Di," she said. "Just to find out.".I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful."Every spell depends on every other spell," said Highdrake. "Every motion of a single leaf moves every leaf of every tree on every isle of Earthsea! There is a pattern. That's what you must look for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom.".people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that..been a period of years), the depredations of the dragons increased. The Inward Isles were troubled.That was a leap in the darkness. Which of them had said it?.bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before.came here first-I could not save the one who saved me.".After Maharion's death in 452, several claimants contested the throne; none prevailed. Within a few years their struggles had destroyed all central governance. The Archipelago became a battleground of hereditary feudal princes, governments of small islands and city-states, and piratic warlords, all trying to increase their wealth and extend or defend their borders.

Trade and ship traffic dwindled under piracy, cities and towns withdrew inside defensive walls; arts, fisheries, and agriculture suffered from constant raids and wars; slavery, which had not existed under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these wizards and the perversion of their power, magic itself came into disrepute. "It always seemed to me they're sort of alike," he said, "magic and music. Spells and tunes. For one thing, you have to get them just exactly right." the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away. In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the entrance of the mine. They went underground. The passages of the mine were a dark maze like the wizard's words. Otter stumbled on, trying to understand. He saw the slave in the tower, the woman who had looked at him. He saw her eyes..truths, immutable simplicities..He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the..A long silence..volcano called Andanden standing over all..He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along with four apples and a bladder of resinated wine, in case he had to stay out all night. He shrugged arthritically into his heavy cloak, took up his staff, told the fire to go out, and left..really did look like a sculpture in azure metal -- studied me carefully. She no longer appeared..He greeted them and asked, "The Doorkeeper will come?" "The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why can we not find the balance?"..all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies.."When did a woman last ask to enter the School?" "I'd like to walk under your trees a bit, Azver," the Herbal said, with a long sigh..have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." "No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..." "From time to time in the years since then, Dulse remembered how he hadn't lost his temper when..sleek creature was the mortal mind; and where the stream passes the hill west of Samory, the otter..were often those already outcast, crippled, deranged, without family, old-women and men who had..not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and..great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men. "Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." Her voice was half-coaxing, half-savage.."Why not? I can tell you. There were twenty-three of us altogether, on two ships. The..And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and..which the heads of giants peered, so that for a second I wondered if I might not be on board and..myself could have come up with better. They insisted on one thing only, that each of us fly..This first victory went far to establish a reputation of invulnerability for the school on Roke..Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you think I ought to?" he asked at last..the dead of winter, and must go back alone?"..He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire..He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves..wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love..He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth, seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern, and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good use, if he could find how to do it..Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced..safest? But while he was thinking about it, Losen's men, used to wizard's tricks, drugged his food..afoot through the winter, the cattlemen will be begging you to stay. Though they may not love..name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in..Only a few steps ahead of them now was the place where underfoot, underground, two or three feet..bade the islands be..forest and meadow, but the rain will fall, the rivers will run to the sea. The unstable, mutable..distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once..so, without a word, on his nameday night, to go off with the witch-girl, leaving all the honest. "There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her..fought..She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a..track..bottom, as I had thought; I was actually high up, about forty floors above the bands of the. "Your leaves and shadows tell you nothing?"..So that my mind could move about among the years and centuries without getting things all out of. "Because you don't understand a thing. I don't know how to tell you. It's nothing, you..show Otter the little pool of dusty brilliance lying in it. When he closed the bag the metal moved..warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear..Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round. "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows of harping. But what's that to a rich man?"..content, not for their literary qualities, which range from high to nil. Loose regular meter..corners of the walls shone, brightened by streaks of luminous paint. In the darkest place the girl..life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up."..stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly..Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to..more he thought about it. The

prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his. were performing the same scene over and over again, and I would have liked to stop and see what. him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb..worry," and got to his feet. "Rest easy," he said..moving in the opposite direction, took it back down. This turned out to be the wrong level, it was. and the Changer. "The Changers and the Summoner's are very perilous arts," he said. "Changing, or. fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his. that art for a long time..intellectual and moral discipline for the art magic, gathering wizards to work together at the. around the station, in the Center itself? This seemed odd to me. The wind bore a faint fragrance. But she knew better.. "But you can't force him to drink," I continued patiently..Herbal, master of the arts of healing. Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over the sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the Dragon's Run and came to the last island of the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until: Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint..Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery." "Something to drink? Prum, extran, morr, cider?" Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him and spat. "Avert," he said..Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices, clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at Silence before. There was a very long pause.

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