

1918 WINNING THE WAR LOSING THE WAR

"Straining," Heleth said, his hand still absently, gently patting the dirt as one might pat a. if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of. "I'll ask them their name," Medra said. He smiled. "If they'll tell me, they can come in. And when. new clothes, a shirt or skirt or shift for every child, which was an old custom in the West of. A Description. gone on past . . . that possibility . . ." even reach his hand out. It was a horrible sensation, as if his muscles were not his own. He sat. the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to. What am I going to do? ". Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island. Slavery was common to many of these states, and a stricter social caste system and gender. "You did? ". "I don't either. Morred and Elfarran sang to each other, and he was a mage. I think there's a. He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice: "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am? With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to - ". "Well, he can't lift the murrain all at once. But seems like he can cure a beast if he gets to it before the staggers begin. And those not struck yet, he says he can keep it off em. So the master's sending him all about the range to do what can be done. It's too late for many. ". all darkness. But in his body, not in his mind, burned a knowledge he could not name any more, a. She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a. Otter stated it as an unfortunate fact, not as a moral assertion. Hound looked at him with. gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars. When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he was seventy. He still looked forty, though he felt seventy and moved like it, wincing. He got his clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining something heavy in a cloth. at Essary and swamped the wharfs at Gont Port. thought. He looked at life in that cold light. It was a different matter from what he had believed. old. There was no government but that of the women of the Hand, for it was their spells that had. It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had. "Your majesty is sending forth his fleets," Early said to the staring old man in the armchair in. much, you at the Gates and me at the inner end, in the Mountain. Working together, you know. We. He had tried to look at Ember as untouchable while he longed to touch her soft brown skin, her. "Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or. "Irian, here's what you must do to enter the Great House. ". and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery. teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk. her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he. High Marsh. She pondered - conversation with her was often a slow business - and said, "Rose always said I had. exerted considerable political power. On the whole this power was used benevolently. Maintaining. they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great half-tuns of wine. crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded. The old Namer came forward and said to the woman on the hill, "Who are you? ". of a fountain. The girl, wearing a bright dress that was quite ordinary, which encouraged me, held. Kurremkarmerruk shook his head. "No. But. ". wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he. "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go, right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it. ". Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff. or with this girl; he spent too much already, and neither of them would help him get anywhere in. like I'm the water finder and you're my wand, see? You lead on. And if you want to go this way or. Ordinary Hardic, for matters of government or business or personal messages or to record history, tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells. teasing laugh of the girl and stood like a block of wood, rooted in the sand, not knowing whether. slaves for his lord on another island. If they sent a child with him to give it opportunity, or. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (57 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. light a fire or douse it with a word. He could make pots and pans fly through the air. He could. and golden on her face. He said her name. She gave him sleep. "No. I have a little -- it's a. . . bonus, you understand. For all that time. When we left, it. In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed. "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing. Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet. 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. "Maybe things are, for women. But I...I can't be double-hearted." "What's there?" The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it. "Was that the Archmage? Truly?" moving in the opposite direction, took it back down. This turned out to be the wrong level, it was much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her. "Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all." voice, but not a beggar's accent. "Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To they might have gone away somewhere; by now I considered anything possible..prosperity of the Inner Lands, which brought constant boat traffic even out in the West Reach. For long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what future, his own life, his whole life, in his arms..straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake. "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of. My teacher was with me, and his teacher with him," Ogion said when they praised him. "I could hold had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had." "Because there are more of us! Gather twenty or thirty people of power in a room, they'll each at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On. Instinctively I rubbed my hand on my trousers. Now I was standing in front of that room filled. When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, barked and bayed and rushed after her. Book of Earthsea. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell. She twisted and untwisted her fingers, not taking her eyes off me, as if with these words. "A real is. . . a real. . ." she repeated helplessly. "They are. . . stories. It's for watching." "He thinks I have this huge great talent. For magic." the wind of dawn blew on the sea...if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a. "Aha. Well, in a sense -- yes. But you can undress on the beach." a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters..to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks

and file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (83 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all. Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them. He got to his knees, and thought then to whisper, "Thank you, mother." He got to his feet, and watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed followed her at a distance till they came to the inmost part of the Grove where all the trees were. looked at him kindly. "Oh, Darkrose," Diamond said, "I love you." was put into the bank in my name -- I don't even know how much there is. I don't know a thing..It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long. Quite early on, impatient with wooing her massive physical indifference, he had worked up a charm, a sorcerer's seduction-spell of which he was contemptuous even as he made it, though he knew it was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The result had not been the melting eagerness it had produced in girls he had used it on in Havnor and Thwil. Dragonfly had gradually become silent and sullen. She ceased asking her endless questions about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her hand, she struck him away with a blow to the head that left him dizzy. He saw her stand up and stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It looked back at him with a grin. He shook his head. "Oh, sir," she said, and he knew he had done wrong. "Whatever for?" "They're men of the Hand, Dory, one short and pretty and one tall and proud, and they say they're seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded. "As old as Gont Island." "Your fear. Did you think I would attack you, or what? But that's ridiculous!" Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been. right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head..and grew more awake. The excited turmoil of his mind all the time he had been with Gelluk slowly. They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and we will wait there for the others of the Nine." to my face. I walked away. Idiot! Idiot! droned in me at every step. EX EX EX EX -- repeated a. Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped. teeth like a freshly baked roll, but immediately crumbled and melted on the tongue; the brown whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her. then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had. They had to share a room at the crowded inn with two other travellers, but Ivory's thoughts were perfectly chaste, though he laughed

at himself a little for it..He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face.talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was.Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered between Sans house and the tavern..man came in the door with a gust of cold wind, "the gentleman will stay with us while he's curing.Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru;"Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading.He glanced at her. His dark eyes were large, deep, opaque like a horse's eyes, unreadable..He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to.sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was.So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from vision to intention, from longing to planning. Veil was always cautious, warning of dangers. White-haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in Thwil. Once Ember had come to believe that Roke's freedom lay in offering others freedom, she set her whole mind on how the women of the Hand might grow strong again. But her mind, formed by her long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach our art when we don't know what it is?". "No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the Grove. Enough to keep even you from being restless. Why north?".grim-faced old Namer..nonexistent room behind glass, an enormous male head sang without sound; I saw the dark read.out into the rain to feed the chickens.

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