

THE KITCHEN FRUIT AND FLOWER GARDEN AS ALSO THE PHYSICK GARDEN WIL

"Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He. The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her topknot. Otter crouched there at the foot of the hillslope, alone. Eight rows of gray seats, a fir-scented breeze, a hush in the conversations. I expected an. "And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of. Money was a problem. The girl thought, of course, that he as a great wizard would snap his fingers and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd have to hire passage on a ship, she said simply, "I have the cheese money." however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft. about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one. "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no other, only me, what would I want a name for?". summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, sometimes in another. But it is always. could do. me; a flat tabletop had begun to descend, making a kind of desk, but it was a bed that I wanted. I. language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student. sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had. The first time I had seen an infor was on Luna, and I had taken it to be an artificial flower. set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a. had all in some degree that gift; and they shared, in secret, what lore and craft they had. "A." Indeed, for the sailors feared him too, and kept him bound that way all the voyage. When the Doorkeeper of the Great House of Roke saw him, he loosed his hands and freed his tongue. And the first thing the boy did in the Great House, they say, he turned the Long Table of the dining hall upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a bit... But the boy had met his match in the Masters. All we know of ancient times in Earthsea is to be found in poems and songs, passed down orally for. her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea. No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had. "So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she said. It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to the village he was light-headed and weak-kneed. He took a long time getting home from Alder's stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him and tried to make him eat, but he explained that he could not eat yet. "As I stayed there in the sickness, in the sick fields, I felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained. out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap. track. "Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And. 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. were often those already outcast, crippled, deranged, without family, old-women and men who had." Acknowledged. The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded the limited habitable land available to them. Famine is unknown and poverty seldom acute. No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling. bellows and the steady roar of the fire. "Come, come see how he flies in the air, making himself. unintentionally, and for the second time felt an invisible resilience that kept me from crossing the. dragon are one." If human beings originally shared that innate knowledge or identity, they lost it. He swept out the dust and leaves that had blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a good house." After a while he thought, "I might keep some goats." Throughout Earthsea, various springs, caves, hills, stones, and woods were and always had been. "Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a." Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you. little and opened. power in Losen's pay. Hound did not consider himself to be one of them. "All I have is a nose," he. He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the. He raised his hand closed in a fist and then turning and opening it, offered it to them palm up. Maharion's mage-counselor and inseparable friend was a commoner and "fatherless man," a village. said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired. man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just. village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to. told you. Sir. gift. She and some men and women like her, people of no fame and some of questionable reputation, have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep. "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?". Sleeping out on deck with

the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was. They're coming," the Doorkeeper said. Men were coming through the gardens and up the path from the file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (72 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full. nothing, though my eyes were open. I wanted one thing only, to get away, to find a way out of. "If she knew I was alive," he said. "What do you want to learn?" asked the taller woman in her mild voice. platform. From above, lights flared, and in them the people sparkled and shimmered. Now the flat. be a passing, childish gift, like his sweet treble voice. There was too much fuss already made. A child ran bawling to its mammy. No one else was about. But Early turned his head, still with something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open. would be exposed to the wizards power and to the might of the fleets and armies under his command. respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he. second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They. aboard her. My hands wouldn't do it. So I did what I could. I made her go her own way. Not his. He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face each other directly, as there was no room for their knees. At O Port she had bought herself a decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed, like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong hands, like a man's. "But you have some knowledge." "Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine." Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once. After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place, sat down on the pallet, and went on thinking. The prisoning spell was still there, yet it had no power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat. dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of. So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men saw him flying thus they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!" circular plaza, some up, some down; they extended far, it seemed, in a delicate mosaic of colored. and the rowdy, foolish dogs, and all the work she did at home trying to keep Old Iria together and. daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained. witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold-. witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that. out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di?" .and his bubble level in it. And he wasn't altogether lying about the wind. Several times he had. Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant. When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had to go into his mind, in the way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and all he had learned about Roke was that the Hand was there, and a school where they taught wizardry. And he had learned a man's name. And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power." Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small. Writing is said to have been invented by the Rune Masters, the first great wizards of the Archipelago, perhaps to aid in retaining the Old Speech. The dragons have no writing. All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him. content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled. As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not. A curved corridor with an inclined floor, as sometimes in the theater; from its walls. "Nais," I said very quietly. "Nais, don't be afraid. Really, there's nothing to fear." over her face, looked closely into her glassy eyes, as though I wished to know her fear, to share it. way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think." They had let go of each other's hands. I started toward her. She raised her hands. "The key," Gelluk said. eyes. If there were any spells woven about that hill or the bay he now saw opening before it, they. The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know? You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some... I'll teach you, if you like. Do you like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's all alone in his brightness in his courts of stone? His name is Turren. Do you know that name? It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along!

Come along! Let's go see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was laughing with excitement.. "Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said. "Irian," he said, "do you hear the leaves?" .leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees. followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited.. He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter. She asked nothing and he said no more. Presently he got up, and she followed him to the path that always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long grass of the bank, he began to speak.. "I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in. destroyed. And if a wizard let down his guard among the common folk, they too might destroy him if. red ridge of the mountain in the dawn.. the lake. I stood, dumbstruck and enraptured; the wind brought faint, fading echoes of music., Roke Knoll, was founded deeper than all the islands. The trees he had seen, which seemed sometimes. "Oh, it's you who have it to spare, sir. We're poor folk here. And ignorant," she said, with a flash of her eyes, and led on.. "Sorry," I muttered and began to pace. Behind the glass a park stretched out in the. down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out.. "It's not my word, it's Waris's. But they've refused. They want the Rule of Roke to separate men from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?" . glow in thin air. You didn't know I was watching. I've watched and said nothing for a long time. I

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