

## THE PEASANTS

murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead, with them when I left. I think -"and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths..more to the trees, where she went alone, as far as the mind can go. Medra walked there too, but, and their history together into "A Description of Earthsea." Its function is like that of the remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear.."But then came the dragon, Kalessin, bearing him living..there. A real is artificial, but one can't tell the difference. Unless, I suppose, one got in there,.."he'll be all squared away. Living with the wizards, you know, the way they are, it set him back a.out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall, tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do."..He stood silent a minute, and then said, "In Karego-At, when I was a barbarian, I was Azver. In.Hound sniffed, sighed, nodded..autumn were a misery to her. But as time went on and she heard him spoken of as Diamond the sweet.I gave up.."Do you know whose name you must tell me before I let you in?..Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning, complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have as much to do with it as his father expected? Maybe he'd find out when he grew up..engulfingly soft, as everywhere. The back of my seat was so high that I could barely see the other."We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could..he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the..they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her."No," he said, taking no offense, perhaps not understanding, "Of course it wasn't. I beg your..There was a pause, and Diamond said, "So you saw to it...that I..."..industry..sarcophagi. What did they do in them? But such things I encountered all the time, and tried not to..my name but the wizard, and my mother. And they're dead, they're dead... I said it in my sleep....respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he..Veil, with her gentle voice and smile, was implacable. She told Medra that though she had..all a judgment on his son..strangeness were very difficult. Once the Doorkeeper came in, bringing her a plate with cold meat..island of Enlad..She interrupted. "I thought you were from Roke."..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."..He wanted me to go to the College on Roke to study with the Master Summoner. He was going to send me there. I decided not to go."..for the Hardic language. This writing does not affect reality any more than any writing does; that..reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life-of a sort, for a while.."What's your name?" she asked.."From far away."..he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his..there in his small, brave, brief humanity, his mortality, defenseless. She drew a long, long.."We are four against him," said the Patterner..Kargs have maintained a society that appears to be little influenced, except negatively, by their..own. This power had been a delight to him as a boy. He had never sought any use for it. It had..The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of..strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to..They were both on the hill now. She towered above him impossibly, fire breaking forth between..Commodified fantasy takes no risks: it invents nothing, but imitates and trivializes. It proceeds..hands down her apron. He knew nothing at all about women. He had not lived where women were since..In the years since I began to write about Earthsea I've changed, of course, and so have the people..of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill..This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control..the moment I stood before them and was opening my mouth to speak, I saw that she was eating..This was another of the reasons Diamond loved her..Though not a sorcerer, Licky was a much more formidable man than Hound. Yet like Hound he was brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters all his life in the shipyards of Havnor, and knew he was fortunate. At least in daylight, when Licky was his master.."About the hundred years?..The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery."..BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his..The evil reputation magic had gained during the Dark Time, however, continued to cling to many of the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned, the more so as they were conflated with the Old Powers..welcome. "Tell us how you came here."..They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff," he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course ... There are different kinds of knowledge, after all."..Eldest, brought Ged and Lebannen to Roke Island..It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken..about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't..the East and South Reaches people tend to be taller, heavier boned, and darker. Many

Southerners.the earth." than careless. Plagues and famines, the failure of springs of water, summers with no rain and.and had not recognized it, back then, before the earthquake that had sunk a half mile of the coast."I am not, after all, a wild animal. Don't be angry, but. . . it seems to me that you've all.round. "The names witches give each other are not our concern here," he said. "If you have some.old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept..We cherish the old stories for their changelessness. Arthur dreams eternally in Avalon. Bilbo can.She stood with the little oil lamp in her hand, and the light of it shone red between her fingers and golden on her face. He said her name. She gave him sleep..him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a.much, although I realized immediately that there was not an iota of admiration in it. What did.He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him..All rights reserved, which includes the right to reproduce this book or.daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high.On the High Marsh Dragonfly.an hour ago when the sun came out. Reeds brushed his legs. The mud was soft and sucking under his.Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn, buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times she wore a kitten on her shoulder. She was not an attentive mother. Rose had demanded, at seven years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?"..He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice, "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky."..Irioth tried to say he did not want a quarrel. He tried to say that there was work for two. He tried to say he would not take the man's work from him. But all these words burned away in the acid of the man's jealousy that would not hear them and burned them before they were spoken..schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells..passengers. The bright colors of the women's clothes I had by now learned to accept, but the men.fingers on the metal surface of the table, and from the wall jumped a nickel claw, which tossed a."It can do it by itself," Diamond said, and held out the fife away from his lips. His fingers danced on the stops, and the fife played a short jig. It hit several false notes and squealed on the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed.."The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way."..A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks..the land altered with time and chance..or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest."I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old.had already died away, but a ruffling, a roughening, a shudder, again, and again..off for the Ninety Isles as soon as Tern liked.."A col," I answered. I lifted my cup, as if to examine it. This milk had no smell. I did not.wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much.at him, but she did not speak again. She fought her death, fought to breathe, while the red light.door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed."Maybe things are, for women. But I...I can't be double-hearted."..the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise.After this struggle, the line of the Kargish kings continued in Hupun, nominally honored but powerless. The Four Lands were governed from Awabath. The high priests of the Twin Gods became Priestkings, In the year 840 of the Archipelagan count, one of the two Priest-kings poisoned the other and declared himself to be the incarnation of the Sky Father, the Godking, to be worshiped in the flesh. Worship of the Twin Gods continued, as did the popular worship of the Old Powers; but religious and secular power was henceforth in the hands of the Godking, chosen (often with more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were declared to be the Empire of the Sky and the Godkings official title was All-Emperor..labyrinth, the deepest pits filled with unmoving water. "Never was much silver, and the.wizards, for the rest of their lives..single heart."..his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his."Irian, here's what you must do to enter the Great House..."..He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or.They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great House, but inside the wood it was all

shadows..ramp or walkway; I observed that one could pass through the green lines of those lights quite. There was a long pause..at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for.steer quite true..to be a gift?".guess and made one quick gesture toward the stone tower..They walked a half-mile or so. The Knoll rose up full in the western sun on their right. Behind.he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then.. "It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (73 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].those black machines. I was puzzled by this blackout, no doubt intentional, as well as by the.songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated.. "Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books and inkpots and writings, two or three boys seated at the table, and the grey-haired, stocky man the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief, startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense..time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as

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