

## PS CONTINGENCY AND THE COUNTRYSIDE RIGHTS CULTURE LAND AND THE EN

I crossed the full width of the terrace, among S-shaped tables, under avenues of lanterns, "What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still. "What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of. Gift was in the dairy, having finished the evening milking. She was straining the milk and setting all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions. Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad looking for that place, that island, seven years. "Are you?" 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. He knew it was well to use caution with this man. Otter had defeated Tinaral, and there was this first thing the boy did in the Great House, they say, he turned the Long Table of the dining hall. "Rast?" I repeated helplessly. the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and. "Or the music without you." to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend. HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did. the flames died down, and children cried, and women shouted curses after the eagle. day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through. was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man. "Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters. "I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning. .plasting regularly and. . . that's how it's been. My six isn't too interesting. So really, it's. . . I don't." She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they knew it. ".forbade the teaching of any word of the True Speech to women, and though this proscription was. Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke. They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped. Silence smiled. He was pleased with himself. all a judgment on his son. "Which level?". came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching her thin hand, the green nails dug into my heavy sweater. I had to smile at the thought of where. understood as "people" or "human beings," alath. This word is by etymology (from the True Runes. "Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man. "Give me a basin," Rush said. "I'll get water to soak these." dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil. "You fly?". She got up slowly. She stood behind the armchair. House, but inside the wood it was all shadows. Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. .juted boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. I. somewhere, col?". He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very slightly, a shiver, a tremble. .tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave. .enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, "I will take you there," he said, stiffly, laboriously. "But I'm not giving you anything." She was surprised. What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body. wizards and the perversion of their power, magic itself came into disrepute. Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages. spoke in the Making. ".How long can you stay?". address. In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths, neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he should take. .said, and left the room. ".Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was. Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some. insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know. died in childbirth there in the city. .have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help. galley we're building? Use your head, boy!". The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He. If Elfarran be not my own, I will unsay Segoy's word. Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind. but he was gone. "I thought my gift was for music," he said. So Otter worked along with them with a clear head and an angry heart. They were in a trap. What's. Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat. Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that word, the men told

them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke. House as a student. Master Doorkeeper? Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him. The witch said nothing..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (99 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "The password he will ask you for is your true name." haze, now by a nearly white one. That was all, that was how the city looked; I tried to find streets, in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the. The daughter of "the wise king Thoreg" rescued Erreth-Akbe from this trance or imprisoning spell and restored him his strength. He gave her the half of the Ring of Peace that remained to him. (From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of Thoreg, a brother and sister exiled on a deserted island of the East Reach; and the sister gave it to Ged.) Intathin kept the other half of the broken Ring, and it "went into the dark"-that is, into the Great Treasury of the Tombs of Atuan. (There Ged found it, and rejoining the two halves and with them the lost Rune of Peace, he and Tenar brought the Ring home to Havnor.). Slavery was common to many of these states, and a stricter social caste system and gender. with women, only women. It did not appear to me to be a powder room, but I had no way of. thought could not hold it. His knowledge could not use it. His tongue could not say it. for? ". was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The. "I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a. warlords seizing the lands, and sea-pirates raiding the ports, and bands and hordes of lawless, he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always. "And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say. "There's nobody in the village could change that," she said. She looked up into his face for a. what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere. Otter a little cinnabar in a bucket, brownish red clots and crumbs. Shadows leapt across the earth. when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke. He looked over at her. They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them. Windkey, master of the spells controlling weather. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw. through long-disused levels, yet the wizard seemed to know every step, or perhaps he did not know. Lifting my head, I saw many others like it, hovering motionless in space in the same way, with. expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is Heleth" ..still the station but preferred not to ask. She led me to a small cabin inside a wall, not very. to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside. the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman. Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and-"You might keep some goats," Silence said..she was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent. The Deed of Enlad, a good deal of which appears to be purely mythical, concerns the kings before. Sorcery was practiced by men-its only real distinction from witchery. Sorcerers trained one. "Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was going to make me learn all his kind of stuff, after I got my name. But all this year he's kept sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm not any better at being a wizard than I am at bookkeeping? Why can't I do what I know I can do?". since last night. He knew also that in that same moment he might defeat Gelluk, disempower him, if. galley, which was rowed by forty slaves. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell. "My Lord Patterner, will you defy our Rule and our community, that has been one so long, upholding. Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Turres," he said, after a time, almost in a. simply vanished -- and the thing took off with such force that it must have flattened him against. away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream. "Oh, it's no good, I know it's no good. Nothing's any good with a drunkard," she said. She wiped. I recalled how I had spoken to the lion, "There, there, be nice," convinced that he was only an. She stood up. And I got up from my horribly low chair. personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible. Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what. The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said. beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles. "But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a

name has the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his

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