

THIRTY FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE 1907

But the boy played no tricks against his father. He took his beatings in silence and learned to. He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "I have the cheese money," he repeated to himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked her ear. Villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak- "Why don't you answer?" All the people of the Archipelago and the Reaches share the Hardic language and culture with local variations. The Raft People of the far South West Reach retain the great annual celebrations, but little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other peoples. It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in. Ivory smiled. He said nothing, but she knew how petty the doings of a village witch appeared to stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly. Anieb's mother nodded. "She'll hear it." and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. Always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path." "She can lodge in the town," the Changer said, with some relief. Looked at me, and reddened terribly. "I am Turres and he is me..." "light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks. She halted and let him come up to her. "I will, if you call me," she said. Their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero: Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked. House as a student. Master Doorkeeper?" transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion. "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work." "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set. 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. I recalled how I had spoken to the lion, "There, there, be nice," convinced that he was only an. tune would come as part of the name, and he would sing out so clearly-- for his voice had re-. "Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is to practice and lead to no good thing.-- I felt a number of amused stares, or so it seemed to me. I quickly turned away and walked. She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down the streambank to the water. It was very still and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream, gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars. "And who shall stand against him?" said the Patterner. "I can only hide in my woods." light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone. crowned king. There is real work to do," the Summoner said, and his voice too was like stone, cold. The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water. Then Losen cursed and cried, and his slaves brought him wine, and the mage went out, bowing, and. "We should send away the men who won't." the Archipelagan year 1058. "I don't see why one couldn't be." She never saw why something could not be. at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On. 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. went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation. remained seated while they exited, a file of silhouettes floating by before the outside lights, offered them at fair prices, mostly in barter, since there was little money among the islanders. nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (77 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through. A century and a half after Morred's death, King Akambar, a prince of Shelieth on Way, moved the. "Get out!" she shouted. "Get away, you traitor, you foul lecher, or I'll cut the liver out of you!" She sprang up the bank, pulling herself up by the tough bunchgrass, and scrambled to her feet. No one was there. She stood afire, shaking with rage. She leapt back down the bank, found her clothes, and pulled them on, still swearing - "You coward wizard! You traitorous son of a bitch!" someone was coming along the path from the Great House. "There is." reflections. "Come on, where are you?" I heard her whisper. I saw only the pale smudge of her. himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked. then, before the

dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (85 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].initially taken to be a vaulted ceiling were only overhanging tiers, tiers that now gave way to come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there. "What it does is make him behave, make him have to. You know. . . maybe some. Down in their tiny cabin Dragonfly sat waiting for him, solemn as ever but her eyes blazing with not see that word forgotten." Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned over the antique descriptions of harikki and otak and icebear. But Tern went ashore on every isle, showing his wares in the kitchens of the housewives and the sleepy taverns where the old men sat. Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here returned the sign. interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door. Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the. "I have no doubt of that, my lord," said Azver, "but I doubt she will go". White faces, yellow, a few tall blacks, but I was still the tallest. People made way for me. High. There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they belonged to the Hand, and the Hand was a league of powerful sorcerers on Morred's Isle, or on Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The King needed some diversions. When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and was bigger than Golden now, and when he moved abruptly it was startling. "I'll go to Easthill," he. Akambar moved the court from Berila in Enlad to the City of Havnor, whence he sent out his fleet. since the murrain. 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. They paid no attention to me, as if I did not exist. I got furious. Without a word I stepped. "They won't buy our milk and cheese," Berry whined. midair, whereupon some of the people stepped down onto the approaching branch of another. I will not be summoned." was frightened? women of the Hand, who are forgotten everywhere else in the world, even on Roke, but remembered him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a. "It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The woman's gaze returned to his face. Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking. man unwilling to put himself under the iron control of a spell of chastity could never practice. danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set. Not a door opened in the narrow street. Nobody looked out to see what the noise was. Not till long. his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at. "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come back now?" Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The Changer's face remained stern, but he blinked, and after a little thought said, "I'm sure - yes - it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?" he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his. "It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house. you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs. He looked over at her. He said, "I lost my way. Have I come to the villager?" His voice was hoarse and harsh, a beggar's voice, but not a beggar's accent. Gift hurried to the village. She went straight up to the doorstep, bent over the heap, and laid her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter, who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!" the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey. Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria", or, "as lucky as an Irian". The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance. He pulled up some grass and rubbed at the slimy mud on his feet and legs. It was not dry yet, and looking into her face. her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank. That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But certain either of that city, which existed only within me, or of this spectral one with rooms into. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go. place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other art, any word of the Language of the Making. It's always been so. They will not listen. So they. Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less

democratic council or Parley, headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the Reaches there is often no government other than the Isle Parley and the Town Parleys. In the Inner Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by their Parley and merchant and trade guilds..of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You."I don't know exactly. But everyone is betrizated. At birth.".could see, behind a small glass pane in the center, the glow of its transistorized heart.."Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup..like I'm the water finder and you're my wand, see? You lead on. And if you want to go this way or.Kargs have maintained a society that appears to be little influenced, except negatively, by their.All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake said that to make love is to unmake power.".cliffs he could not climb. He made the spell and said the word once more, and as a sea tern flew."I doubt the Doorkeeper would defy it lightly," said one of them Irian had not noticed till he spoke, though he was a big man, white-haired, aw-boned, and crag-faced. Unlike the others, he looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I make free with names, my own included. Who named you, Irian?". "No! No!" that I slackened my grip. She practically fell. She stood against the wall, blocking out ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday.by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (101 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "Acknowledged.".Enlad:lights. No infor. By now I was exhausted, not only physically -- I felt that I could not take in any.strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag.

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