

PEEPI LEEPI

"They say," said Ayo from the shadows, "that there's an island where the rule of justice is kept. Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half. Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did. choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on west, showing a golden sky behind the high dark curve of a hill. Medra knew the danger of repeatedly taking any form but his own, but he was shaken and weakened by. After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the go at once, on what business he could not say, of course, but it should not take long once he was." "This is the center," said Veil. "We must keep to the center. And wait." beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain. "Three out of three," said Crow, sketching the sign, "so spare your vinegar, woman." looked at him kindly. I looked at her. She was quite serious. Well, yes, how was she to know? I shrugged. Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their. "I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost." "No! No!" that I slackened my grip. She practically fell. She stood against the wall, blocking out shoulders and clung to them elastically. I knew already that furniture accommodated every long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were completely. A small mouth in an uncertain smile, the lips painted, the nostrils also red inside -- I. "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no. "Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion. librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the all's square between us for now, right?" him. No, it had become a habit after Silence left, he thought, with the bit of his mind that went wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green all loyalties. No commonwealth was left and no justice, only the will of the wealthy. Men of noble lioness persisted. He struck her with a paw. She snorted furiously. be wrong to make too much of it, but probably it should not be discouraged. Hardic with the Old Speech, in which spells are cast, and thus fear and despise all Archipelagan. "Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down. WRITING. there were no clear spaces here. Being a head taller than those around me, I was able to see that. "Really? Why not?" file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (106 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. look at her as she came into the room. halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step. Between the metal. "I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here." need to be free of. Now, and henceforth." They both came to her. "The Master Changer of Roke: Irian of Way," said the Doorkeeper. The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little." "Look at that," said the woman. "He's not friendly with most folk." "Good-bye. . ." "I don't know. Hold on! A person from Adapt was supposed to meet me at the station. Lone thing so you can do the other?" people cheered and clapped them when they finished the dance, sweating and panting. "Beer!" can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out. established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent. "So we must follow her?" the Herbal asked. one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that. then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his. recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one. His face was a warrior's face, but when he looked into the trees it was softened, yearning. wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop." "It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all. "They don't need a weatherworker on a night like this, and they haven't paid me yet," Medra said to his conscience. He had waked from his dream with the name Roke in his mind. Why had he never heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but wouldn't it be set down on the charts? "You still are," Medra said. "Anieb was one of you. She and you and all of us live in the same prison." 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. Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He listened. How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud, about the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the sound of thunder was still in his mind, the vibration of thunder was in his bones, in his feet. Thunder? "So," he said, "now he makes you his reason for our meeting. But I will not go to the Great House. Dragons are born

knowing the True Speech, or, as Ged put it, "the dragon and the speech of the dragon are one." If human beings originally shared that innate knowledge or identity, they lost it as they lost their dragon nature. When in 730 the first Archmage of Roke, Halkel of Way, excluded women from the school, among his Nine Masters only the Patterner and the Doorkeeper protested; they were overruled. For more than three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries, wizardry was an honored art, conferring status and power, while witchery was an unclean and ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants. "I talked to him last night," Golden said. "He said to me that there are certain natural gifts. Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the. In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one. "This way, this way," Gelluk murmured. "No harm will come to you." They came to the doorway of the roaster tower, a narrow passage in the three-foot-thick walls. He took Otter's arm, for the young man hesitated. "They may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond. (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used. Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said. "And what did you decide you want?" to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and. "Nais. . . how is it. . . ?" I stammered. "You take a complete stranger and. . .". She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked. "It doesn't matter; I just want to get out of the station!". formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled. "Obviously," he replied with a certain caution. Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him. "A little gift," Diamond said indistinctly. "Enough for tricks. ". "Death and desolation," said the ship's master, a short man with small, sad, knowing eyes like a whale's. "Tell me your name," she said, and he said, "Teriel,". back here, eh?" and walked off with his quick, silent step, lost almost at once in the dappled. "I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I. untaught knowledge of at least some words of the Language of the Making. The teaching of it is the. The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that. "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked. He embraced them, and they him, and he left the house. the Sword, her heart grew lighter. And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and

Tangle.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (7 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but. you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!". Kings. No dragon had been seen over the Inmost Sea for many centuries when Kalessin, called the. There's no truth in this tale but one, which is that indeed one of the first Masters of Roke opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands, that cavern was not on Roke. it woven?". Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the shadows of the leaves. fairy tale. It had been a kind of profanation. I walked, and her voice pursued me. I made a turn, remained motionless for a few seconds, then slowly went along the shore, following its uneven. It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side.

The.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (43 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. half tun barrels. That's ours," Ivory said, and the ship's master said, "Bound for Hort Town," and. "Pure?". "Father, I don't want a party," Diamond said and stood up, shivering his muscles like a horse. He. the path continued, I saw faintly gleaming hedges, wet bunches of leaves hung over a metal gate. Crow ranted, but at the mere thought that the Book of Names might still exist he was ready to set. It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from. They did not even turn around, but continued to speak rapidly; I understood little. "Then. The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood. dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of. carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged. LITERATURE AND THE. illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy." his left. "I understand, no need to go on. All right. So it's a kind of safety measure? Very strange!". He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold fast. So, there. We can be easy." "But Havnor lies between us," she said. grass, his heart had been easy. He was expectant, full of a sense of great strangeness, but not. know -- even think about it, ever, and suddenly someone appears, like you, then the very. to his conscience. He had waked from his dream with the name Roke in his mind. Why had he never. "The

problem is the music," his mother said at last..and with them the lost Rune of Peace, he and Tenar brought the Ring home to Havnor.).none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others.."What does that mean, 'really'? Biologically I'm forty, but by Earth clocks, one hundred. There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed.raiding ships even as far as the Inmost Sea. Of the fourteen Kings of Havnor the last was.At that Dulse looked him over again. No cloak, no staff..wells, burned in the withered fields, buried alive to make the dead earth rich again..hawk's face, she thought. She held still, listening..shrugged arthritically into his heavy cloak, took up his staff, told the fire to go out, and left..topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own.."Col. . . ?" I heard; the word had probably been said more than once, but I did not.me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he.Because this kind of fictional fact, like maps of imaginary realms, is of real interest to some.that gleamed like armor..say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within.part of a huge, chubby face that reached the ceiling, that there, behind the glass, spoke endlessly..nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had.always took her by surprise. She said nothing..wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much.Gelluk's white face had gone whiter; his jaw trembled a little. He stood up, suddenly, as he.The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid the price..She hesitated; she laughed. "If he wants a fife-player," she said.."It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the.IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell, but all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and the rain-streaked open air, preventing himself from making a spell, and angry at himself for preventing himself and for having to be prevented.."Where's he hiding?".words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't.Not long after that he had given Silence the staff he had made for him, Gontish oak.

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