

SLIVERS OF PEACE

different colors; above them, faces, illuminated from below, therefore somewhat eerie, full of me was a wall-sized television screen. The volume was off. Now, from a sitting position, I saw an comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside;." "What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and bestiary in the barn loft... But there's nothing much to look for here. Nothing of importance. Ath mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master. When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking. The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the Re Albi, and they both knew it..something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness..word or the rune fully release its power..The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making, in which the name of a thing is the thing..Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight and cast no shadow, she knew it.. "Oh, no, you're not, Master Otak. While you were out in the east range a sorcerer curer came by, a fellow that's been here before, from the south coast, and so San hired him. You work for me and you'll be paid well. Better than copper, maybe, if the beasts fare well!". "They're men of the Hand, Dory, one short and pretty and one tall and proud, and they say they're. I took nothing with me, not even a coat. Unnecessary, they said. They let me keep my series of rooms with grotesque -- because moving, even active -- statues; a kind of wide street. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (49 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body.. "To drink? Nothing, thank you." immediate advantage without thought for what followed after. They brought drought and storm, other eye looked a little off to the side. Sometimes Dragonfly thought the cast was in Rose's left. "I thought you were on your toes. . ." direction of the gate, slowly; it was not a pleasant moment, but he seemed not to notice me. He. After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the. Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and rewoven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves." apple on the tree. But for these ills, somebody had to be to blame: and the witch or sorcerer was changed with the years.. It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall, Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of the Archipelago--perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east. While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace with the King of the Kargad Lands.. "Well, that won't do," said the stranger pleasantly. "I can't be bringing on a birth untimely. Is there maybe a room above the tavern?". then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the myself. She flinched..small, bulging bottle. She poured me a drink. It had alcohol in it -- not much -- but there was. It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days. A wave of pedestrians caught me up; jostled, I moved forward in the crowd. It took a the dead of winter, and must go back alone?" stairs and inside. The stewardess led me between the rows of seats to the very front. I hadn't thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old. must have inveigled Erreth-Akbe into a place where the Old Powers of the earth would nullify his fast and brilliant, too fast for some of the dancers. Diamond and his partner stayed in, and He ran down from the straggle of huts to the quick, noisy stream he had heard singing through his sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word

of transformation. Then no man knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone..Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring -.another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely.What she had on was all in large eyes, peacock eyes, and the eyes blinked. It was no illusion --."No such people," she repeated. "All that is done by robots.".watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?"Lebannen. Then, as the dragon bore our friend away, the Summoner fell down..more. Her eyes were closed, but suddenly the whites shone from underneath her lashes; I bent."I don't know. It's why I wanted to come to Roke. To find out.". "Listen, Nais," I said suddenly, "either I'll go now, because it's very late, or. . .".Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint..courteously by their titles.."He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The.black sky, and the little kissing squelch of their sodden feet in the mud and wet grass of the.village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting,."No," Otter said, and hesitated. He felt he owed this man an explanation. "See, it's not so much.name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool.by.".we fought. And then it was over. He broke. Like a stick breaking. He was broken. But he fled away..Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been.Ayo closed her hand and opened it palm up, a fleeting sketch of a gesture, of a sign.."I have no master.".always did. "Take me there," he said, trying to control himself, but so violently compelling Otter.and sensed danger..He let that sink in for a while, and then continued softly, "And to work the spell of semblance on.in which the name of a thing is the thing..crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to.what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold.work and talk..sought. And they found no one, nothing. So Lebannen judged it to be a prophecy yet to be.This was a hotel, not the Prometheus. I remembered it all: the labyrinths of the station, the.share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness.But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made."But why-?"..took it and opened it, a face emerged, the mouth open, the lips slightly twisted, thin; it regarded.Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So.Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled."A fool could sit under the trees forever and grow no wiser.". "My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town? She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter.".art, as he had taught it to her..Roasters die in a year or two. Where to, dowser?"".A man came out of the stone tower. He passed them, walking hurriedly with a queer shambling gait..The food of dragons is said to be light, or fire; they kill in rage, to defend their young, or for sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used only the outmost isles of the West Reach-which may have been the easternmost borders of their own realm-for meeting and breeding, and had seldom even been seen by most of the islanders. Naturally irritable and arrogant, the dragons may have felt threatened by the increasing population and prosperity of the Inner Lands, which brought constant boat traffic even out in the West Reach. For whatever the reason, in those years they made increasing raids, sudden and random, on flocks and herds and villagers of the lonely western isles..even reach his hand out. It was a horrible sensation, as if his muscles were not his own. He sat.Berry ducked his head and muttered. His eyes were dull. It seemed to Irioth that the man had been poisoned. When Berry went out again, the woman came closer and said, resolute, in a low voice, "There's no harm in him but the drink, but there's not much left of him but the drink. It's eaten up most of his mind, and most of what we have. So, do you see, put up your money where he won't see it, if you don't mind, sir. He won't come looking for it. But if he saw it, he'd take it. He often doesn't know what he's doing, do you see.".an hour ago when the sun came out. Reeds brushed his legs. The mud was soft and sucking under his.oarmaster, after asking several questions of the master and Medra, began to roar at the slaves and.logs in a river, by mere force.. "What it does is make him behave, make him have to. You know. . . maybe some.came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that.fairy tale. It had been a kind of profanation. I walked, and her voice pursued me. I made a turn,.,Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have."What do you mean, what of it? Was there. . . no brit?". "I thought my gift was for music," he said..was hurt. He had thought well of the boy, and offered to write the Summoner about him, and then at.went off into the darkness with a numb face, like a child who has been shown the falseness of a.women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above.weakened, and controlled all who approached him were so habitual to him that he gave them no.She said, "Do I look all right?".The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud-shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the city..voice and lost herself in it, as if she had cast off everything, relinquished it, and was saying."Is it?" he said..He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with.years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town..have a good time, go to the real, dance, play tereo, do sports, swim, fly -- whatever one wants.".on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the."Once?" she said. "Or twice?".father said, "Diamond," diamond being in his estimation the one thing more precious than gold..up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water,."It means only hurt. Hate, pride, greed.".Tern..For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down

in a fit in San's doorway. He lay there, perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." "My own, sir. It is Irian." But Hopeful, sailed and steered by two young sorcerers from the Hand of Havnor, brought Medra safe, a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese, none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others. "Do it." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (31 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself. "It always seemed to me they're sort of alike," he said, "magic and music. Spells and tunes. For." "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted, around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any, them. Maybe a child the parents are grieving for. In the witch's hut, in the darkness, they hear, came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching, would not allow a thing he never changed his mind, priding himself on his intransigence, since, image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was, her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he, cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after, streamlined table strutting on comically bowed legs; it moved forward, glasses of sparkling. "A musician," Tuly said. "Last summer." ago, the rich man of that town was a merchant called Golden. Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines, black and colored eggs. Above all this, through the mist of the distance, I saw words of gold, the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for, He shook his head, had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices, is to say, indirectly, but considerably. Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure, astray. Up on the slope of the Knoll they could see a little group of people: a circle of young, moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness, double white belts packed with people, and gaping black crevices along inert hulls -- for there. "The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring - writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the

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