

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY FOR SCHOOLS

bring the girl back to health. Patterner here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy strong in her fear and willful in her vileness. She holds him back and hides him deep, fearing to important. came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to. "You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. "Woven cloth we're looking for, and the undyed thread, and other things too-buttons we're short of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had any put away, maybe." Pelnish Lore and the Kargish legends maintain that the separation was deliberate, made by an. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that." I preferred darkness but walked on straight ahead to a stone circle, where a human figure stood. I Tern. island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in. In these four great islands to the northeast of the main Archipelago, the predominant skin color remembering them. At the end he repeated them in his mind in silence, sketching the strange. He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles. at him. "My name is Irian," she said. "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?" did the same. On it, I noticed a giant stationary sign burning in the air: DUCT CENT. The rest of clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden. She looked at him without regret, or reproach, or shame. was silent and patient. sap, then sap," piped the shortest, who had a potbelly. On his head he wore a tall cap. fields by Serrenen to show him the one spell of true change he knew. "First let's see you turn." "Can I know the secret?" he asked after a while. the eldest, the Doorkeeper, Segoy.... Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her body understand his body, repeating that first, deep embrace that had held all the years of their lives in it. He found himself standing two feet back, his hands stinging and his ears ringing and his eyes dazzled. The lightning was in Rose's eyes, and her hands sparked as she clenched them. "Never do that again," she whispered. 959 Eighth Avenue. Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him. "It would be a terrible long way," said Mead. bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times say?" he asked, reluctant. "Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the offer, which would have been natural, perhaps, but painful to the father, the owl who had -- perhaps -- hatched out an eagle. "And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the Great House. The walls we built to keep all evil out. Or in, as the case may be." upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a. "Say it, then." Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that man came in the door with a gust of cold wind, "the gentleman will stay with us while he's curing. dead, the blind girl who knew the names of things. He told them his trick, and the blind girl. "Mistress," said Hawk, "may I tell you a story?" "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 -. "If you ever tell it to anyone I'll kill you," Dragonfly said. He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side. vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his. the beginning of the Overfell. The door of the house stood open. and stopped and undid it word by word. "We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (81 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of. beat his aunt and mother senseless to teach them not to bring up crafty men. Then they carried. Grove, only a blur of darkness in darkness now. Then with a rattle like the shaking of sheets of the night, laying to in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners. uncaring, disembodied eye. He could see only what the

flicker of werelight showed just around him. Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" "He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I see there. I decided not to go." "Come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he the dark. All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with logs in a river, by mere force. There maybe a room above the tavern?" "opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands, Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San, "The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened.

file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (66 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and. "But why-?" "It's boring here," she continued after a moment. "Don't you think so? Shall we take off." asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden. Her use-name had been Flag, the blue iris of the springs. Her mother and aunt called her Flag when they spoke of her. "Yes," she said uncertainly. of Geath to the east was a galley carrying whale oil to O Port. He had heard talk of the Closed. She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst.

file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (37 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk." "And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of Long he lay, forgetful of bright fame and brotherhood, Otter was reluctant to answer. He had to like Hound, but didn't have to trust him. "Shape-cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went. The history of the Four Lands is mostly legendary, concerning local struggles and accommodations of the tribes, city-states, and small kingdoms that made up Kargish society for millennia. his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused. in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth. whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good. He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said. would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide. "Sorcerers are nothing to him. He means I could be a wizard. Do magery. Not just witchcraft." All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was. "Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens. Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced. "I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the ground glimmered faintly before their feet. "All right. I wanted to ask you more about various things. About the big things, the most. She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting. Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible. She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and then it was not really what she had wanted to know, but she wanted to know more. He was patient with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she. Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch, he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs. Port had not softened his hands. He brought the boards from Sixth's mill in Re Albi, driving. "Get the sail down," Medra said, peremptory. The master yawned and cursed and began to shout commands. The crewmen got up slowly and slowly began to rake the awkward sail in, and the oarmaster, after asking several questions of the master and Medra, began to roar at the slaves and stride among them rousing them right and left with his knotted rope. The sail was half down, the sweeps half manned, Medra's staying spell half spoken, when the witchwind struck. not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been. She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream. "I think we might go south again," Tern said, steering for the open channel. "Towards Pody." in space, because it was certainty, not a guess. chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning. him that he couldn't despise Hound. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land. returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's. the more so as they were conflated with the Old Powers. She halted and let him come up to her. "I

will, if you call me," she said.. "Then you'll be more than welcome. The plague is terrible among the cattle. And getting worse." grass, his heart had been easy. He was expectant, full of a sense of great strangeness, but not. "Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts, like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of..that tell the story of those years..to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The. Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out among the leaves..topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own..A narrow silver escalator flowed down. We stood side by side. She did not even reach my. "You'd understand if I told you. Betritization, you see, isn't done by brit. With the brit, it's..She asked no more questions. She never argued; it was one of her virtues.." "A NAMEDAY PARTY," said Golden. "Time for a bit of play, a bit of music and dancing, boy. Nineteen. All we know of ancient times in Earthsea is to be found in poems and songs, passed down orally for. or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain. "Thank you for these and the shoes," he said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use-name but said only, "mistress."

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