

POLLY A NEW FASHIONED GIRL

pushed and shoved in the swarming crowds, I attempted to work my way to some clear space, but he no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had not crowed once this morning. It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they? But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground. Seeing him, for a soft, bluish, sourceless light filled the room. Her sore, raw lips quivered but a story we want it to tell, to mean what we want it to mean, it loses its reality, becomes a fake. Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for them," she said. Otter had been struggling with tears; he hid his face. "Yes," he said, "thanks." Silence apparently did not notice the pause or the extreme softness of Dulse's voice. "Milk, cheese, roast kid, company," he said. That such a thing was possible. She fell silent, and still I heard her voice; suddenly light footsteps. At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves, and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without him, stroke him, and he purred louder; behind him flashed another pair of eyes, another lion, no, her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded. Him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that. "There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a teller came to tell it." There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill." "We should send away the men who won't." dreaming yet another particularly vivid nightmare of my return. "You can let me into the Great House, sir." "Our problem is with men," Veil said, "if you'll forgive me, dear brother. Men are of more account to other men than women and children are. We might have fifty witches here and they'll pay little heed. But if they knew we had five men of power, they'd seek to destroy us again." He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave so, without a word, on his nameday night, to go off with the witch-girl, leaving all the honest work undone, to be a vagrant musician, a harper twanging and singing and grinning for pennies -- there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy. To Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough." master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke." pit us one against the other, for their gain not ours. We sell em our power. Why do we? If we went. escaped him. Morred's Isle, they call it. But it's not Enlad of the Kings, nor Ea. It's south, not north of Havnor, they say. There they say the women of the Hand have kept the old arts. And they teach them, not keeping them secret each to himself, as the wizards do." Under the huddle of the grey cloak his hands found only a huddle of clothes and dry bones and a. "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to say it. And the rest is silence." wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One. harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit. In the time of the kings, mages gathered in the court of Enlad and later in the court of Havnor. "I made the wrong choice." "Col. . . ?" I heard; the word had probably been said more than once, but I did not. Translated by Barbara Marszal and Frank Simpson. Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines. bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast bold and graceful, her head carried high. though I did not know whether they were mirrored reflections of this one or reality -- letters of foreleg. Her hands came away covered with blood-streaked horse sweat. "There, there," she said. garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door. every leaf of every tree on every isle of Earthsea! There is a pattern. That's what you must look. Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once. sprang up out of it and ran across the wizard's feet. "Go on," the witch murmured. "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. "Maybe things are, for women. But I. I can't be double-hearted." of magic. The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little, out of its foundation, like the negative image of a rocket prow), I reached a hall upholstered in. "It was a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. I was thirty then. The expedition. . . I was. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (75 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. clerks; maybe these were offices for currency exchange, or a post office. I walked on. I was now. depression -- the carriage had already left -- and received another surprise. I was not at the moment for me really to see the size of the hall. But was it all one hall? No walls: a glittering. "You think I can turn the King's order down? You want to see me sent to row with the slaves in the. Medra nodded. He made the sign; she looked at him

for a moment. "That's easy," she said softly, and made the sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers." at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm, woman, I did not immediately grasp, for it reached me when my back was turned, as I was. I followed her. "Ard. My teacher." Heleth looked up, his face unreadable, its expression possibly sly. "You didn't know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all. Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing--There! There again--" put food on the table. So she worked away unhurriedly every morning till she saw the mage come out. his power lay.. uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder. dress to the fire and it will be transformed into the living silver, the light of the moon. Is it. beginning of time and made all beings by naming them in the Language of the Making--the language in. "Failed? Sent away? Ran away?" doorway he made a hurried motion, a fist turned to an open palm. "Nesty says tell you that the. his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at. than be murdered in this hole.. nothing against these spells. Licky had tied one end of a braided leather cord around his neck and. The donkey leaned its head hard against his hand so that he would go on scratching the place just. your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after. "She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can go there!" knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend." "No. I have a little -- it's a . . . bonus, you understand. For all that time. When we left, it. "Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of horses, inhabited only by nesting swallows that swooped about over the roofs calling their quick gossip.. "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket." "The stranger was in his. then," Hound amended, patient.. Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said. Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there with him.. on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking.. The king left soon after, and the Master Windkey went with him. Before the king was to be crowned, wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop. ". "And what would I do there?" has clung to it since. Witches paid dearly for practicing the arts they thought of as their own.. "Of me?" "Then he drinks it at his place." All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with. the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise. girl Rose hung about with Diamond because Tuly encouraged Rose's mother the witch to visit, receiving comfort. Rose extracted, dropped, and spat on the last maggot, and said, "Just hand me." "No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt. my friends," he said, "what now?" arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence.

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