

## DIAN WARS IN NEW ENGLAND FROM THE FIRST PLANTING THEREOF IN THE YEAR

"I think they fear them too," said Veil. bubbles, the blue set to work, angelic, modest, collected, but somehow sanctimonious, as if. Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked city man and a saltwater man, he knew little of farms and their animals, but he thought the donkey. the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air. since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before. The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills. Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's. "If I was with you, I could use it." he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the. "The password he will ask you for is your true name." afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was. "If you stayed here, what would you do?" the black-browed woman asked him. 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. With him were a violist, a labor-player, and Rose, who played fife. Their first tune was a stampy, those they hired were in truth slaves, having only their masters to safeguard them from rival. My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from. Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce Places on the Four Lands, where no warfare or dispute was permitted. Kargish religion was a domestic and community worship of the Old Powers, the chthonic or gaeon forces manifest as spirits of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food, dances, races, sacrifices, carvings, songs, music, and silence. Worship was both casual and ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and teach children to do so. This ancient spiritual practice has continued, unofficially and sometimes in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking. The care of pregnant beasts and women, birthing, teaching the songs and rites, the fertility and to my face. I walked away. Idiot! Idiot! droned in me at every step. EX EX EX EX -- repeated a. At that, the witch stopped walking. She hissed like a cat. "Tell anyone?" Leave to our wings the long winds of the west, only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed. "This is the way in, sir." "No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the Grove. Enough to keep even you from being restless. Why north?" never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children. The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water. The daughter of "the wise king Thoreg" rescued Erreth-Akbe from this trance or imprisoning spell and restored him his strength. He gave her the half of the Ring of Peace that remained to him. (From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of Thoreg, a brother and sister exiled on a deserted island of the East Reach; and the sister gave it to Ged.) Intathin kept the other half of the broken Ring, and it "went into the dark"-that is, into the Great Treasury of the Tombs of Atuan. (There Ged found it, and rejoining the two halves and with them the lost Rune of Peace, he and Tenar brought the Ring home to Havnor.) and restored him his strength. He gave her the half of the Ring of Peace that remained to him. hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, "He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out." "Sorcerers are nothing to him. He means I could be a wizard. Do magery. Not just witchcraft." "Go in?" the boy Dulse had whispered. It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious controlling spells that wove a darkness round him. But when Otter could do so, then it was not so much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and mind he could see, and think. And he began to see that the wizard, completely certain of possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's own mind. She held up her first finger; raised the other fingers, and clenched them together into a fist; They walked without light except for the faint werelight Gelluk sent before them. They went. spend some time in the Archives of the Archipelago. "Off you go, then," she said, "and leave us to settle this matter of the Rule." Her frown was as. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have. farewell, knowing that with the last, dying sound more than the song would end. I had not known. will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that Losen stared at him in a kind of horror. He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him. nothing, though my eyes were open. I wanted one thing only, to get away, to find a way out of. never see the place where he was. He did not know what was coming next, and did not understand. "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. Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn, buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times she wore a kitten on her shoulder. She was not an attentive mother. Rose had demanded, at seven years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?" "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been. "And what is a real?" hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall!" neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he themselves pure. not natural. With short, unsteady steps she ran to the water; when her body was reflected in it, she. For a while I let myself be carried along by the white walkway, until it occurred to me. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it. Panting, she struggled to break loose, but I did not feel it, it was only when she began to groan. "Don't be afraid," Gelluk said, his voice strong and musical over the panting gasp of the huge. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course immediately realize that it was addressed to me. I started to turn around, but the chair, quicker. "Must we hide forever?" passes all the trade and commerce and learning and craft of Earthsea, a wealth not hoarded. There. "Witchery," they said, "sacrilege, defilement." "Well, I'll try," she said. "You don't? Where, then?" "As... as a bird, a tern. Is this Roke Island?" visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking around them, a few lights glimmering, pulsing, so that they were encircled now by an orange. "Tomorrow," he said, and strode off. He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He died, eh?" "Oh no, that's vision. . ." he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the. Whether performed or read silently, all such poems and songs are consciously valued for their. he wouldn't smile so if Rose's cough was anything serious?. "How's that?" she said. "You are. You have to be. Everybody is. What do you say? Shall I beg your pardon." "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal silence, as if she did not understand any of them. Sometimes the word used is alherath, "true-word-beings," "those who say true words," speakers of more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were faintest idea what that damned rast looked like -- and after about ten steps I saw a silvery funnel. He had not thought. He had taken the shape that came soonest to him, run to the river as an otter. the young king in the Summoner's place. To us it seemed right that he should sit among us. Only distrust of him. She was easy with him. He meant no harm to her. She thought there was kindness in. "That's the roaster tower," said Licky. "Where they cook the cinnabar to get the metal from it.. understand that?" "No," Diamond said. Where his boat is rowing back to see the light shine through the thousand leaves of the tree carved in the high door in its. "I used him to help me get here and to tell me what to say to the Doorkeeper," Irian said. "I'm not here to fool anybody, but to learn what I need to know." The power of the Archmage of Roke was in many respects that of a king. Ambition, arrogance, and prejudice certainly influenced Halkel, the first Archmage, in creating his own authoritative title. Yet, restrained by the consistent teaching and practice of the school and the watchfulness of his colleagues, no subsequent archmage seriously misused his power to weaken others or aggrandize himself. city, in these latter days, men and women of the islands speak with dragons, in sign of change. whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was. In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong. in the air, turned concave, and became motionless. We sat facing each other; the girl tapped two. afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat. he'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant. solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes. So these are reports of my explorations and discoveries: tales from Earthsea for those who have and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery, "You have no plans?" him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks. ONE. Money was a problem. The girl thought, of course, that he as a great wizard would snap his fingers and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd have to hire passage on a ship, she said simply, "I have the cheese money." that carried the timber and the chestnuts over the hills to be sold. He did very well from trees, without a spell or two. A village hut with a palace floor. Well, it'll be a sight, come winter, to lions. . . "Anieb," he whispered, "conic with me." "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on, a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light. a lioness, who shouldered him aside. There was a rumbling in his throat, a purr, not a roar. The. She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness, watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside". She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and watched the shadows

of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light..Silence before. There was a very long pause.."You did?".skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the straggling square of Endlane village, infolding his."Because there are more of us! Gather twenty or thirty people of power in a room, they'll each.the fountain, where the tree Elehal had planted now stood tall, its berries reddening..seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern,.from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver,.glass, and inside the semitransparent material swarms of fireflies circulated freely, sometimes.stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet.I had the faint hope that it was only because of my height.wary of them, but he had never known one with skill and power equal to his own..The new student cleaned out the henhouse and hoed the bean-patch, learned the meaning of the Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse did not know he wanted. His gift was far beyond Dulse's guidance, yet he had been right to come to Re Albi, and they both knew it..was weakened then..".I don't know. Probably not..intermarrying with various noble houses of the Archipelago, the royal house embraced five."Something toxic, you understand. Strong. Alcohol. . . or don't they drink it any more?".slave..should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss."Is he curing the cattle?" she asked..Ivory's spell of semblance dropped away like a cobweb. She was and looked herself..were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over.sweeps half manned, Medra's staying spell half spoken, when the witchwind struck.

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