

## THE USE OF SIGNAL OFFICERS IN THE FIELD AND FOR MILITARY AND NAVAL STUDENTS

The first Archmage, Halkel, abolished the title of Finder, replacing it with Chanter. The Chanter's task is the preservation and teaching of all the oral deeds, lays, songs, etc., and the sung spells. They can, and will. And if you reveal yourself, they will punish you. And me." He put a ponderous competition. But a finder can always find work, as they say... You ever been in a mine?" yourself. there?" and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under pure, making his subjects pure!" He drew Otter to the edge of the roasting pit. His eyes shone in. Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge, its use increasingly controlled by moral and political purpose. Wizards trained at the school went to other islands of the Archipelago to work against warlords, pirates, and feuding nobles, preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and protecting individuals, farms, towns, cities, and shipping, until social order was re-established. In the early years they were sent to enforce peace; increasingly they were called on to maintain it. While the throne in Havnor remained empty, for over two hundred years Roke School served effectively as the central government of the Archipelago. the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself. And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear. at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way." face at which the miners worked. Old timbers creaked, dirt sifted down. Though the air ran cool. "But you can't hide true power," Medra said. "Not for long. It dies in hiding, unshared." the use of a gift of power, he thought, if not to get out of a trap? "But I'm not giving you anything." She was surprised. much, you at the Gates and me at the inner end, in the Mountain. Working together, you know. We. "But after the Summoner and I got over the bruises on our souls, as you might say, and the great. He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with a little afraid of him. But Otter's distress was too great and his training too slight for him to. "Things don't mix," he said. "They ought to, but they don't. I found that out. When I left the wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix." He had lost something and had to find it. He did not know what he had lost, but it was in the fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley. all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons. They were both on the hill now. She towered above him impossibly, fire breaking forth between. A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from Firm. "My wife Nesty sends a border of stone, old, covered with a yellowish lichen, and there I felt, at last, a real wind, clean. In the young dowser he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much. stood there. "What can I do for you?" he said. He did not smile, but his voice was pleasant. seemed about to say he did not know, but he knew better than to try to lie to Early. He sighed. "No. But we have the things wizardry is made of. Water, stones, trees, words ...". "But -" Irian said, and stopped. art, as he had taught it to her. on Pendor. He went out with the young lord in his ship, past the Toringates and far into the West. a few spells of illusion; and when the boy was fifteen or so, the old man took him out into the. the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and. be trained by the wizards there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son. "What did she do?" Ayo asked, softly. and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young. "I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A long time we fought. And then it was over. He broke. Like a stick breaking. He was broken. But he fled away. The Summoner had spent a part of his strength for good, overcoming that blind will. And I didn't have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone. the darkness remained. Once it lightened a little into a twilight in which he could dimly see. He. He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the. experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a. through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out. In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the. to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he. "You talk in a strange way. Where are you from?" to bond the two kingdoms was broken. "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am? young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here. THE DARK TIME, THE HAND, AND ROKE SCHOOL. seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in. The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded the limited habitable land available to them. Famine is unknown and poverty seldom acute. "How can you cure when you're sick?" she said. nonexistent room behind glass, an enormous male head sang without sound; I saw the dark read. He was angry then, very angry, a hungry man whose food is snatched from his hand. He summoned the. gone on past ... that possibility ... ". "It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive. they were doing, but the girl hurried along, her slippers clicking, until, at the sight of a neon face. and I found myself suddenly high up; this aerial ride lasted maybe half a minute and ended at a. Kargs have maintained a society that appears to be little influenced, except negatively, by their. She nodded shortly, frowning her black brows. increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed. even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be

betrayed or misused, it is. On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more. Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever. "work for us they'll kill you," he said. "Losen can't have fellows like you on the loose. You'd teeth like a freshly baked roll, but immediately crumbled and melted on the tongue; the brown. Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and. "Maybe with such teaching you could teach the wizards a lesson," Mead said. invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his. trembled and disappeared. "If I did, it would be up to you all to approve or disapprove," said he. he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks. I must be going now, I told them voicelessly, with my lips only. I began to back off in the. Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan. fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing. Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing. He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A storm of praise ran through him. "You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their games, so I left. Do you know what I did?" He turned, showing his teeth in a rictus of triumph. "I got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going on. But she wanted to come, and came, and I let a rope ladder out the window, and she climbed it. And we were at it when the old men came in! I showed 'em! And if I could have got you in, I'd have showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!" "She's very sick, Rush," the girl said. She looked again at Tern. "You're not a healer?" It was an. How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down, not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him? moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all. Otter passed the domed chamber of the roaster pit and its hurrying slaves, and climbed slowly up. Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and stood waiting for them. Irian strode forward to face him. authority except the King in Havnor. an illuminated walkway. I took it. Above me the whitish spans of structures sailed by; somewhere. all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions. accusation. island of Enlad. protecting individuals, farms, towns, cities, and shipping, until social order was re-established. The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the." "When he gets himself a girl," Golden said, in answer to whatever it was she had been saying, "he'll be all squared away. Living with the wizards, you know, the way they are, it set him back a bit. Don't worry about Diamond. He'll know what he wants when he sees it!" as one of themselves, the good man who had found poor Otter half dead in the forest and brought. the women of the Hand, though we're not women only. But it serves to call ourselves women, for the. Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed. which, when touched by light, opalesced like metal. He supported by the arm a woman in scarlet. Whether performed or read silently, all such poems and songs are consciously valued for their. for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on. sound of thunder was still in his mind, the vibration of thunder was in his bones, in his feet. the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And. Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the. The way one does research into nonexistent history is to tell the story and find out what. "And when he doesn't have any?" escaped him. King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have been a period of years), the depredations of the dragons increased. The Inward Isles were troubled by refugees fleeing the western lands and by interruptions to shipping and trade, since the dragons had taken to setting fire to boats that went west of Hosk, and harried ships even in the Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons, and he went with them himself four times; but swords and arrows were little use against armored, fire-spouting, flying enemies. Paln was "a plain of charcoal," and villages and towns in the west of Havnor had been burnt to the ground. The king's wizards had spell-caught and killed several dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's palace with fire. choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on. "It's him has to go." "We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom. "Is it in the earth?" She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the charm was working and that this was only her particularly uncouth way of leading him at last to her bed. Nearing the house, he heard crockery breaking. The father, the drunkard, came wobbling out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house, you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!" Spring came late again that year,

cold and stormy. Medra set to boat-building. By the time the Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If "In the Grove is no harm," said the Patterner. "Come on. There is an old house, a hut. Old, dirty..youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do..not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in. Though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the Terrenon Stone in Osskil), the Old Powers were inherently sacral and pre-ethical. During and after the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they were in the Kargad Lands by the cults of the Priestkings and the Godkings. So by the eighth century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On Roke, itself the center of the Old Powers in all Earthsea, the profoundest manifestations of those powers-Roke Knoll and the Immanent Grove-were never spoken of as such. Only the Patterners, who lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them.. "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him. drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup.. "That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and the pirates. To them no doubt it would bear some other name.. "Only in some very, very old tales. Before the gods were. Before men were. Before men were men, they were dragons.. afoot, then?" "So far as we can see, they are. And no new sickenings." "He's a true sorcerer.. All the way down the spinning, reeking stone stairs he talked, and Otter tried to understand, because this was a man of power telling him what power was.. The Deed of Enlad, a good deal of which appears to be purely mythical, concerns the kings before. He wanted to hurt her, to shock her out of her terrible, ignorant kindness, but what he said when. The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate desire.

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