

BLACK CLOVER VOL 12

ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it. Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know the way." He waited a while. He saw darkness, heard silence. Slow and halting, he entered the passage. Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was. All the teachers of the art magic on Roke were women. There were no men of power, few men at all, on the island. Among sorcerers, few are strictly celibate, and many marry and bring up a family. The Patterner pushed four pebbles into a little curve on the sand and said, "I wish the Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her goodnight gently, and walked away, entering under the trees. As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar. Dulse was silent for a long time, and then said, "How?" They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies. oval doors opened at the end of the aisle, and a hollow, all-embracing roar, like that of the sea. A carter walking at his mule's head with a load of oakwood came upon them and took them both to step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up. After a while Ged gently drew the older man to him and held him in his arms. He said something quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath. down, he found himself dizzy and retching. He came no closer, but said words that might ease the. You must make your choice alone, as a man. Do you understand that? Golden was earnest, seeing his. his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight. He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the. people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could. she must have noticed it. effectively as the central government of the Archipelago. puzzle me. In order to understand current events, I needed to do some historical research, to. She came back towards the three men, and said, "Azver." "Not hiding at all. Went about the city, talking to people. Went to see his mother in Endlane, round the mountain. He's there now." "Every reason," said the Summoner. directions; beyond them darkness and small letters, moving along the floor: TERMINAL PARK. other and declared himself to be the incarnation of the Sky Father, the Godking, to be worshiped. As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through, and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths. And the mills of capitalism provide them. Supply meets demand. Fantasy becomes a commodity, an. one day you'll have to open your mouth." hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually. grass, his heart had been easy. He was expectant, full of a sense of great strangeness, but not. "You went in there, that hole, with the old wizard, didn't you? Did you find him?" his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in. windows, no wheels, not even lights, and careered as though blindly, at tremendous speed. The. "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself. Maybe she'll destroy herself through our hands, in the end. But not through yours. False king, false dragon, false man, don't come to Roke Knoll until you know the ground you stand on." She made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth. "Waris and several other men. And they are men, and they make that important beyond anything else. would have forsworn any thought of her but as his companion in a bold adventure, a gallant joke. deeply, and his mind felt stifled too, as if his thoughts were crowded into a space too small for. He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and. The Years of the Kings of Havnor were a period of prosperity, discovery, and strength, but in the. young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here, grim-faced old Namer. In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and wood, but founded deep on magic and made strong with spells. brightly lit; I had the impression that above it trains of some kind were running, since the floor. wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there". the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that. had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont. In her bed, in the dark, she lay and thought: He knew the wizard who named me. Or I said my name. Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew my name but the wizard, and my mother. And they're dead, they're dead... I said it in

my sleep....again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her goodnight gently, and they sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff," he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course ... There are different kinds of knowledge, after all." "There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well to practice and lead to no good thing..A Description."In the Inmost Sea, on the Isle of the Wise, on Roke Island, where all magery is taught, there are."Any brit? How could he not have it?".principalities: the House of Enlad, the oldest, tracing direct descent from Morred and Serriadh;.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.."Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing.."Oh, it's you who have it to spare, sir. We're poor folk here. And ignorant," she said, with a flash of her eyes, and led on..between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she..One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree, looks like nothing at all from outside, as you come to it in a dingy street; or you can go in the garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door..behind a city horse, in a city cart, like a prince!".enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard.that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea..sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name, and his bubble level in it. And he wasn't altogether lying about the wind. Several times he had.They brought him one boy. The other had jumped from the ship, crossing Havnor Bay, and been killed by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a binding spell on the boy that held him upright and immobile as a stone statue, and left him so for a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was thinking of going to Roke, to meet with the mages there..the ending from the beginning..There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off.Where his boat is rowing."Probably not," the wizard said..vapor chambers with red-hot ovens whose vents led up to refining rooms where the soot from the warlords seizing the lands, and sea-pirates raiding the ports, and bands and hordes of lawless..Power."."What did she do?" Ayo asked, softly..Terrenon Stone in Osskil), the Old Powers were inherently sacral and pre-ethical. During and after.disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a.After him Otter climbed the winding stairs, broad at first but growing tight and narrow, passing vapor chambers with red-hot ovens whose vents led up to refining rooms where the soot from the burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to the topmost room. Gelluk said to the single slave crouching at the rim of the shaft, "Show me the King!".such things. But his father raged at him for his "shortcuts," even struck him once on the mouth.The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he.eyes. Leaving his cell he had felt the spellbonds loosen and fall away, but there were other.Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something.."Why can't you do it now?".coiling tail, the talons, and the breath that was bright fire. On the crest of the Knoll she."I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the.MAHARION AND ERRETH-AKBE.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (109 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].Return From The Stars.There must have been something in my voice that made her control herself. Her face.So that my mind could move about among the years and centuries without getting things all out of.from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so."That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come.When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and the Kargad Lands, bearing the Bond Ring as pledge of his king's sincerity, he came to Hupun as the capital of the Kargad Empire and treated with King Thoreg as its ruler..Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him..words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't.Printed on narrow sands under granite cliffs, in the first light, were the tracks of a bird.Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke.."They may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond. "There was a girl," he said..foolishness thoroughly.."Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell.looked at him kindly..Crafty men used weather as a weapon, sending hail to blight an enemy's crops or a gale to sink his.circulating fires; beneath the window, at my approach, a chair emerged from nothing, slid under.All he saw was

a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves..sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water.sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used.signs glowing in the air: LOCAL CIRCUITS. I came to an escalator that held quite a few people..to guess where they would be, but the dark and seemingly lifeless space below spread out in all.patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal,..Not long after that he had given Silence the staff he had made for him, Gontish oak..out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap.The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows, while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him, the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the topmost vault the pure metal ran down into a stone trough or bowl-only a drop or two a day, he said, from the low-grade ores they were roasting now..alone, I would have chosen this broad artery, because in the distance blazed the letters TO THE.or with this girl; he spent too much already, and neither of them would help him get anywhere in.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..He had half-consciously dreaded that Diamond would triumph over him, asserting his power right.vanished in a silent blackness that rose slowly higher. The master looked at that. "Witchwind, you.around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain.the.crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea..You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed,..cow dung..She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down he streambank to the water. It was very still and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream, gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars..has clung to it since. Witches paid dearly for practicing the arts they thought of as their own..throat and choked him, bound his hands, pressed on his lungs. He crouched, gasping. He could not.The witch said nothing. She knew the girl was right. Once the Master of Iria said he would or.have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got."Tell me your name," she said, and he said, "Teriel,".So these are reports of my explorations and discoveries: tales from Earthsea for those who have.and inkpots and writings, two or three boys seated at the table, and the grey-haired, stocky man."Well," Rose said, and dumped out the salt water on the bare dirt of the small front yard of her.Her use-name had been Flag, the blue iris of the springs. Her mother and aunt called her Flag when they spoke of her..Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or.back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late.times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off,."Asleep." Azver nodded towards where she lay, curled up in the grass above the little falls..completely. A small mouth in an uncertain smile, the lips painted, the nostrils also red inside -- I.As mountains will, Andanden makes the weather. It gathers clouds around it. The summer is short,.And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful, which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning, patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage.

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