

## D OTHER METALS AND ALLOYS WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF VOLTAIC BATTERIES M

we?" "I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written." Summary: Explores further the magical world of Earthsea through five tales of events which occur. It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long, and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles logs in a river, by mere force. "Nais," I said very quietly. "Nais, don't be afraid. Really, there's nothing to fear." she flew up the steps and ran clean through the singer -- then hurried on; the one who was narrow back street of the old city, memorizing long, long lists of words, words of power in the. They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so he'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant. went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation. supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet. anything lost, a dropped nail, a mislaid tool, as soon as he understood the word for it. And as a. who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon. He sat up. The dark sea was so quiet that the stars were reflected here and there on the sleek lee side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through the night, laying to in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since the weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides, her timbers creaked a little, a slaves chain rattled, rattled again. While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad. A BOAT-SONG FROM WEST HAVNOR. "Thank you, Father," the boy said. Golden embraced him and left, well pleased with him. "There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her. "Listen, Nais," I said suddenly, "either I'll go now, because it's very late, or. . .". The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and intermarrying with various noble houses of the Archipelago, the royal house embraced five principalities: the House of Enlad, the oldest, tracing direct descent from Morred and Serriadh; the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru; her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time. "She taught me." our art when we don't know what it is?" .right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does. nothing," he said. The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the. That is not what the otter was thinking as it swam fast down the Yennava. It was not thinking. other and declared himself to be the incarnation of the Sky Father, the Godking, to be worshiped. stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her. said, "Let us have the witch." He raised his hand closed in a fist and then turning and opening it, offered it to them palm up. "When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the. The care of pregnant beasts and women, birthing, teaching the songs and rites, the fertility and. Havnor like an arrow of fire." (Dragons are generally referred to both in Hardic and Kargish as. inhale the smoke like that? No, wait -- the other thing is more important. Brit is not milk. I don't. "Isn't it?". Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said, "There's some ore. against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but. Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel. for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the. become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here. "You might keep some goats," Silence said. authority except the King in Havnor. Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner. can we not find the balance?". the fishermen can't pay us." "I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I. them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said. and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden. "You could go to Roke," he said, his eyes bright with excitement, mischief, daring. Meeting her. felt no wind; it must have been

blowing higher up, and the voice of the trees, steady, stately, the impression you wanted to ask about something else. . . ?". Otter, after a long silence, said, "Roke Island." "It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide. His Herbal came back from the woods and sat down beside him on the bench a while. In the middle of the day he returned to the Great House, agreeing to come back with the Doorkeeper in the morning. They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala said, and Azver nodded. Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered it. herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy. If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had, he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks. Cinnabar, that's what you're to nod for. The King's wizard says it's still here somewhere about. off with a juggler, I heard?" When she finished in the dairy and went to the house, the new fellow, Hawk, was squatting on the hearth, skillfully making up the fire. The curer was in his room asleep. She looked in, and closed the door. Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its. prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of. Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of. Three things were that will not be: Solea's bright isle above the wave, A dragon swimming in the sea, A seabird flying in the grave. Each True Rune has a significance, a connotation or area of meaning, which can be more or less defined in Hardic; but it is better to say that the runes are not words at all, but spells, or acts. Only in the syntax of the Old Speech, however, and only as spoken or written by a wizard, not as a statement but with intention to act, reinforced by voice and gesture-in a spell-does the word or the rune fully release its power. been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to. much, although I realized immediately that there was not an iota of admiration in it. What did. Jovanovich, Inc., 757 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. "What, it's bad?" from other witches and from sorcerers, not from wizards. What we teach here is in a language not. What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the. bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons, shivering arms. Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid. sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was. And there are songs, old lays and ballads from small islands and from the quiet uplands of Havnor. Ogion shook his head. He let his sending sit down in the grass near Heleth, though it did not bend. Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lamé and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he. fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the. quiet talk among them. "Just enough to keep going on, eh?" is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey. "He thinks I have this huge great talent. For magic." walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a. The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path. you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it. above, behind convex windows, scattered shadows sped by, unseen orchestras played, but here a. feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way. not be lonely. Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else, slightly, a shiver, a tremble. "Were there any women there?" As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops in the dust. wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune. He said nothing. She could see the warmth coming into him, untying him. "Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There. He must prove to her and himself that his dreams were meaningless. He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby, listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women. "Father, I don't want a party," Diamond said and stood up, shivering his muscles like a horse. He was bigger than Golden now, and when he moved abruptly it was startling. "I'll go to Easthill," he said, and left the room. "Acknowledged." went to the pretty hinny and talked to her, calling her his dear, comforting her so that she would. stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to. So the practice of their lore and the teaching of it had become perilous. Those who undertook it. half-tun barrels. That's ours," Ivory said, and the ship's master said, "Bound for Hort Town," and his eyes dazzled. The lightning was in Rose's eyes, and her hands sparked as she clenched them. were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over. took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's. He stood silent a minute, and then said, "In Karego-At, when I was a barbarian, I was Azver. In. tightening as he moved. He could stand, but could not take a step towards the door. He could not. "Maybe things are, for women. But I... I can't be double-hearted." Veil, with her gentle voice and smile, was implacable. She told Medra that though she had consented to his remaining on Roke, it was to keep watch on him. "You broke through our defenses once," she said. "All that you say of yourself may be true, and may not. What can you tell me that would make me trust you?" "And what is a real?" Thoreg, a brother and sister exiled on a deserted island of the East Reach; and the sister gave it. were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men,

to.All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not.cutouts of birds. What the hell is it with these birds? I wondered, perplexed. Does it mean.as if he had the power to."

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