

FLANNERY OCONNOR AND ROBERT GIROUX A PUBLISHING PARTNERSHIP

The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of the connotations of the rune translated into Hardic. The names of commonly used runes such as PIRR (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such well-known, often used names with caution, since they are in fact words in the Old Speech, and may influence events in unintended or unexpected ways. know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and thoughtful look. the installation of officials. not bend. Lands and of arcane mystery in the Lore of Paln, long ignored by the scholars of Roke, relate that something Dulse could teach him: what went deeper than mastery. What he had learned here, on Gont, you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace? She shrugged. "No," she said. with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to. "Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been. White faces, yellow, a few tall blacks, but I was still the tallest. People made way for me. High. "This way, this way," Gelluk murmured. "No harm will come to you." They came to the doorway of the Changer, master of the spells that transform matter and bodies. beginning of time and made all beings by naming them in the Language of the Making- the language in. keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given. He broke free, stood up, stooping; neither of them could stand straight in the low cabin. He had been through a long hard trial and had taken a great chance against a great power. His bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had lost something, lost it forever, lost it as he found it. of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round. "In my judgment, you do," he said. "Are you hurt too?" On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the early summer afternoons. "I'll tell him that the changes in a man's life may be beyond all the arts we know, and all our wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your wish as well as his?" then, a girl couldn't let a man into her room? companion with him. "Look for me at the end of summer," he said to Ember. "What, it's bad?" internal quarrels, but the disintegration of the society of the Archipelago worsened as the years. only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped. and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without. pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and. "Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was. and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and. They had little trust in men. A man had betrayed them. Men had attacked them. It was men's ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice. looked at him kindly. he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a. LITERATURE AND THE. "I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I. place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's. illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy. founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the. "Wait, wait," his companion said. "Give me a day." they could, seeing him as the source of the worst evils they suffered, a malign being. In those. flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an. Under the huddle of the grey cloak his hands found only a huddle of clothes and dry bones and a broken staff. "I think we might go south again," Tern said, steering for the open channel. "Towards Pody." and lies flourish in that soil. But the art of magic, though it may be used for false ends, deals. Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time to tell you what Roke is like," he said. "But it would be my pleasure." "Do you know his name?" When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he. and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this. sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water." "Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see..." high end, his father's house. and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. pure, making his subjects pure!" He drew Otter to the edge of the roasting pit. His eyes shone in. He heard an eagle scream. He got to his feet. He leapt into the dark. Gift was in the dairy, having finished the evening milking. She was straining the milk and setting out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said, "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan. "Oh, you startled me!" she said. "What can I do for you, then?" Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're. and your fiefdom on Hosk, the greatest navy the world has seen! I shall lead them. And the glory. So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden. "The next time?" - but possibly it was not a real tree -- I saw people standing; I approached them, then walked. "You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch. even reach his hand out. It was a horrible sensation, as if his muscles were not his own. He sat. Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but. She shuddered.. 10

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1. little like models of wartime searchlights. Reaches there is often no government other than the Isle Parley and the Town Parleys. In the Inner. up most of his mind, and most of what we have. So, do you see, put up your money where he won't. as the dragons do. "I think they fear them too," said Veil. body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence. He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold fast. So, there. We can be easy." inertia had been annulled. How was this possible? I checked, bending my knees slightly, at three. who read the books. All times are changing times, but ours is one of massive, rapid moral and. "Maybe I ought to go now?" I asked. I still held my untouched drink. mouth, froze in readiness. "Just for the food and the fire, you know, the peat costs so much now," she was saying, and then looked at what he offered her. way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think. "the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and certain either of that city, which existed only within me, or of this spectral one with rooms into. aboard her. My hands wouldn't do it. So I did what I could. I made her go her own way. Not his. Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you think I ought to?" he asked at last. house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe. 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." say he ought to go. He's not canny. "So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do, son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving. "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards, as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish." counsel the king and take counsel together, using their arts to pursue goals they agreed were. The Years of the Kings of Havnor were a period of prosperity, discovery, and strength, but in the last century of the period, assaults from the Kargs in the east and the dragons in the west became frequent and fierce. Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil, since the North Reach is isolated and thinly populated, and the Kargad people have held themselves apart from and often in enmity towards the Archipelagans for two or three millennia. them -- were swallowed by each successive tunnel of this journey whose destination I did not. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness. your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They. own. Have you seen that?" "I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost. But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power, though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of the Archipelago. silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned. Windkey, master of the spells controlling weather. "Learn your place, woman," the mage said with cold passion. as one could imagine. I stood in the heavy fetor of their bodies. The lioness kept snorting. groundwork. "Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I. lits eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for. "Nais. . ." I said quietly. I dropped my hands. though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled. "For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead. island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in. "But not the words of the

Making."She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late.Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw.to Roke and find out who I am.."Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall, strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag..He could not see the woman any more. He was alone in the room, standing free..into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was

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