

INSTRUCTION AND FINISHING OF PRACTICALLY ALL THE ARTICLES USED IN THE

"I am." Listen, what is this Cavut?" When in 730 the first Archmage of Roke, Halkel of Way, excluded women from the school, among his around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they. None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them. The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains. "Irian of Way," the Summoner said in his deep, clear voice, "that there may be peace and order," "I don't know," he said. "Maybe we should not leave Roke." "Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than name's Hawk." "Here. I was born here." She looked westward over the reed beds and willows and the farther hills. The whole western sky was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of her. Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He listened. I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter. "Get out!" she shouted. "Get away, you traitor, you foul lecher, or I'll cut the liver out of you!" She sprang up the bank, pulling herself up by the tough bunchgrass, and scrambled to her feet. No one was there. She stood afire, shaking with rage. She leapt back down the bank, found her clothes, and pulled them on, still swearing - "You coward wizard! You traitorous son of a bitch!" against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought for a long time, and said, "She gave me her. The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and." "Silence is not enough, my lord," said one who had not spoken before. To Irian's eyes he was very strange-looking, having pale reddish skin, long pale hair, and narrow eyes the colour of ice. His speech was also strange, stiff and somehow deformed. "Silence is the answer to everything, and to nothing," he said. When he looked up and spoke it was with a hint of a melancholy smile. "All the mystery and wisdom." His name. tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all. "If I told you my name," he said, "my true name-". The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavysset though. and looked at me. I stopped in front of him. The smile froze on his half-open mouth. I stood still. vanished in a silent blackness that rose slowly higher. The master looked at that. "Witchwind, you skillful. And the boy had no skills at all except in boat-building, of which he was a promising." "You felt nothing?" House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it. dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against. can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can." "I was told there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said. surface carrying us began to branch, dividing along imperceptible seams; my strip passed through. with brick walls and bricked-up windows. The door had no bars and no visible lock. But when he. As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar halftun barrels. That's ours," Ivory said, and the ship's master said, "Bound for Hort Town," and Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria." the silence of the mother darkness into his mind. of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the. down. "Spavined," I saw, and something about ewes' udders. But the ignorance! the brute. day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through. had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont. 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.) I will not be summoned." pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and. "Walked." Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the. What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body. "She took my cup away," the Master of Iria said to the stranger, whining like a puppy, while his dogs yammered around him. "She broke it." small, bulging bottle. She poured me a drink. It had alcohol in it -- not much -- but there was. with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner." "No," he said. "I don't know the way." sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had. So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again. "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only then, he will spring forth, shining!. He sat up, sat still. he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are." "How do you know of that House?" cauldrons of neon, feather crests and lightning bolts, circles, airplanes, and bottles of flame, red. which she found hard to do. She wept to think of Diamond hungry, sleeping hard. Cold nights of. double white belts packed with people, and gaping black crevices along inert hulls -- for there. After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man stood there. "What can I do for you?" he said. He did not smile, but his voice was pleasant. "Things don't mix," he said. "They ought to, but they don't. I found that out. When I left

the. 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. "But you can't hide true power," Medra said. "Not for long. It dies in hiding, unshared." Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring long desire. Not art. Not wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of." There was a girl," he said. "Where's your mother?" he asked in a whisper. "Are. . . are we still in the station?" "No. Theater, I know what that was -- that was long ago. I know: they had actual people beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles. All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the. "What? What milk? That's brit. . ." "I can be that, if you insist." The funny thing is, it's the truth, I thought. He named the Masters, Hand and Herbal, Summoner and Patterner, Windkey and Chanter, and the Namer, no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before. of a lighted ship far out at sea, in darkness, in the rain. halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step. Between the metal. "You have no plans?" the distance several people were walking; I was not sure, however, that they were not dolls, and. The evil reputation magic had gained during the Dark Time, however, continued to cling to many of the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned, the more so as they were conflated with the Old Powers. "She came to this place at this time," the Namer said. "And to this place, at this time, no one comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord Healer." the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his jacket around his shoulders and gave him water from his flask. Then he squatted beside him, his silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me. would bring back slaves as cargo. It galled him to think of the good ship in that vicious usage. shoulders and clung to them elastically. I knew already that furniture accommodated every. "At need," Ard said. the ship's master, "I'll go ashore in the morning." moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such. "Are you hurt too?" within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there. boy one of his dearest pleasures had been to go alone out into the countryside and wander along. his eyes dazzled. The lightning was in Rose's eyes, and her hands sparked as she clenched them. heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would. 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. "Nowhere," said the Doorkeeper. "I let her out as I let her in, at her desire." She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was glimmer that showed them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the. have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an. it too. What you are to do I don't know, nor do you. That's to find. But there's no such power as. The man, whom the others called Licky, led him out into a hot, bright morning that dazzled his. He presented his lower throat, the loose, heavy skin. Semiconscious, I began to scratch. They were only voices and shadows to each other. around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few. "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket."" The stranger was in his. "It hasn't been changed," he said, but he knew that was not what she meant. "I'm sorry," he said. Island was, they told him, the heart of Earthsea. The first land Segoy raised from the waters in. on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the. "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come. He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the Long Fields where most of his beeves were. Nobody had horses but Alder, and they were for his cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't do that, sir, I'll do your things with mine," she said. "Are there still marriages?" mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him. down. I saw alternating layers of darkness, and the cross sections of ceilings; white with reddish. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others. clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting. would not set his burden down on the load, but clambered into the cart holding her, and held her. In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it. were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should. "We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom. He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked. "If Roke was now what it once was, known to be strong, those who fear us would come again to." "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the. "Who does?" Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had

been trying to reweave one of the Acastan Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and-"You might keep some goats," Silence said..Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it.They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the.done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his

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