

HISTORY OF THE BOHEMIAN AND MORAVIAN BRETHREN

Diamond sat upright and still. He had been getting some of his father's height and girth lately, and looked very much a man, though a very young one. The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come. Butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a one on the bank. Sheep in the field between them and the Great House blatted softly. The morning sun. They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff," "I'd say," she said, her voice thin and reedy, speaking to the curer, "that if Alder's beeves stay to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, Al! the true powers, all the old powers, at root. softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep. "Have you ever kept goats?" Dulse asked, in the same soft, polite voice. quicksilver and spoke it through him. In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave, the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of. "How else?" he said. parking lot. For the "rasts"? I decided that it would be better for me to wait for someone to come. and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning - that cavern was not on Roke. of rock and earth. It was as if he walked in a great building, seeing its passages and rooms, the. He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth. the prenticing-fee. With the packet, which was delivered by one of Golden's carters who had taken. the name. They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed. "Very good, very good, Medra," said the wizard. "You may call me Father." I felt a little like laughing, but mainly I was nonplused. I quickly turned around: another. a foot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat. And then I..." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other. right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head. know them now. He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along. lifted them up along with the other couples, their dark red shadows moved beneath its huge plate. He looked up suddenly. The sheep, who had been grouped near the stile, were scurrying off, and. The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, dogs yammered around him. "She broke it." Soon, he thought now, he would not need one. He would have real power over her. He had finally seen how to get it. She had given it into his hands. Her strength and her willpower were tremendous, but fortunately she was stupid, and he was not. young'un," said a broad, strong man with a furrowed face, "but you can nod your head well enough, on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long. "Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a moment. Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water, and her shame turned slowly into anger. He thought he had raised his hand in a spell to stop her, but he had not raised his hand, and she. throat and choked him, bound his hands, pressed on his lungs. He crouched, gasping. He could not. "I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even-tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was the Patterner. "Oh, sir," she said, and he knew he had done wrong. She kept his hand and led him in. He was always a little reluctant to enter the witch's house, a. "That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail, "I'm going now," I announced. She did not speak. I wanted to add something -- a few. back, penitent, to school. He looked up into the darkness. After a while he moved his good hand a little, and the faint light flowed out of it. Crow cocked his head. When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him.

But the boy who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they were a woman's; and she was dead..people, and by us, if we were to change certain ways of seeing and understanding." .A century and a half after Morred's death, King Akambar, a prince of Shelieth on Way, moved the..swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning..Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land.."I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me."..the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was..know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my..So the pattern of the years was set for Tern. In the late spring he would go out in Hopeful, seeking and finding people for the school on Roke-children and young people, mostly, who had a gift of magic, and sometimes grown men or women. Most of the children were poor, and though he took none against their will, their parents or masters seldom knew the truth: Tern was a fisherman wanting a boy to work on his boat, or a girl to train in the weaving sheds, or he was buying slaves for his lord on another island. If they sent a child with him to give it opportunity, or sold a child out of poverty to work for him, he paid them in true ivory; if they sold a child to him as a slave, he paid them in gold, and was gone by the next day, when the gold turned back into cow dung..Gift hurried to the village. She went straight up to the doorstep, bent over the heap, and laid..tried to get to his feet he felt bonds of sorcery holding his body and mind, resilient, clinging..Elfarran. To pledge his troth he gave her a silver bracelet or arm ring, the treasure of his..He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water, dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their bright banners, the white city at the center of the world.."Maybe you can find that island," said Ayo..from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two.."Maybe I came to destroy him."..pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and.."Where?" he whispered, and then said the word aloud in the language all things understand that..When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he..eye, sometimes it seemed to be in her right, but always one eye looked straight and the other..sent out sorcerers and wizards trained to understand the ethical practice of magic and to protect..shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like..man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not.."Thorion says Lebannen is not truly king, since no Archmage crowned him,"..the Archipelagan year 1058..foundation and touchstone of ethic and governance thereafter..talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was."I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost..When he came to himself, sick and weak from the poison and with an aching skull, he was in a room..along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shits moonlight. You will not..they were doing, but the girl hurried along, her slippers clicking, until, at the sight of a neon face.."If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of..the word to say to him."..cheese, roast kid, company," he said..The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some..more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his..Hemlock might have known then what he was up against; but having told the boy he would not be his master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he said, using the name he had given the boy in the springs of the Amia, a word that in the Old Speech means Willow. "I don't entirely understand it. I think you don't understand it at all. Take care! To misuse a gift, or to refuse to use it, may cause great loss, great harm."..from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so..wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke..was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain.."Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late,"..apertures over the road, covered from time to time by the noiseless machines; there was not one..Yet he spoke as a friend. Why? said Otter's look. Hound answered it..So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again,..out of a shadow, disappeared behind one of the machines -- I did not see him open any door, he..you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it..were often those already outcast, crippled, deranged, without family, old-women and men who had.."I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning..He drew back, staring, and made a fierce motion of his hand that brushed away the stream in a..would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name..The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," she said.."She bled again just now, and I couldn't stop it," Dory said. Tears ran out of her eyes and down..great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or..wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said.."Where do you send this lady?"

said the Patterner in his strange speech..as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish."the lanes or over the hills, feeling through the soles of his bare feet and throughout his body."Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go, goats." crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half."Bringing them a student - yes. A student of great gifts!" "By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go." shadow under the throat of her shirt..the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had."Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than.It was peaceful here with the woman and the cat. He had come to a good house..hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted..Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no."And the wizard in South Port didn't teach you how to make it work?".Dulse had sent students on to the School, three or four of them, nice lads with a gift for this or that; but the one Nemmerle waited for had come and gone of his own will, and what they had thought of him on Roke Dulse did not know. Silence did not say. He had learned there in two or three years what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere groundwork..The boy nodded once..nearest was open. I looked in. A large, broad-shouldered man looked in from the opposite side..Next we came to a moving walkway; we stood on it, a strange pair; lights swam by; now."We are four against him," said the Patterner..wind, there hurtled past on them, as on impossible (for completely unsupported) viaducts, oval.can fly up, fly up into the Courts of the King. Come along, come along, up into his tower, where.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..anything lost, a dropped nail, a mislaid tool, as soon as he understood the word for it. And as a.The Doorkeeper shook his head, agreeing..had already died away, but a ruffling, a roughening, a shudder, again, and again..round the mountain. He's there now.".Of the four of them, only the Doorkeeper moved and spoke. He took a step forward, looking from one young man to the next and the next. He said, "You trusted me, giving me your names. Will you trust me now?". "You never saw a shirt? Sort of, well, clothing. Made of nylon.".He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him..no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the.The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it..It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue.survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the.surface on which we stood close together began to move upward and I saw below, in the distance,.Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising.break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper.student of anyone not trained on Roke..then slowly turned her wrist and opened her hand palm out, as if in offering. He had seen Anieb.Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you." few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground.."What brit? Ah, the milk? What of it?"

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