

ITALIAN LESSONS

little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru; double white belts packed with people, and gaping black crevices along inert hulls -- for there the flare and dazzle of the flames. "Evil spirits that work for the King become clean," he said, "Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was quick and fierce. "We are to meet to uphold the Rule of Roke. And so to choose an Archmage." sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the Dragon's Run and came to the last island of Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard's mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now..warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear. He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with. His mind wandered. "Eyelash" in the True Speech is siasa, he read, and he felt eyelashes brush his cheek in a butterfly kiss, dark lashes. He looked up startled and did not know what had touched him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb..the moment I stood before them and was opening my mouth to speak, I saw that she was eating face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the. "We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke..boy set his will on the great and dangerous art of summoning. And he studied with the Master of excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant..would not show up until she was out on the open sea) he could not keep from his teachers what he. "Edran," said the Namer promptly, and laughed. "Drake. Dragon..." something inside me kept repeating: So even time has changed. That somehow did me in. I saw a few spells of illusion; and when the boy was fifteen or so, the old man took him out into the. She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke, and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not want to know it..home truths.."I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that." "You have no plans?"..the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken. "None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what you do, either, ever. So go!" Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him..cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had. "Di thought it up," Rose said..When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it always took her by surprise. She said nothing..did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like. The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons. However the Division came about, from the beginning of historical time human beings have lived in the main Archipelago and the Kargad Lands east of it, while the dragons kept to the westernmost isles-and beyond. People have puzzled at their choosing the empty sea for their domain, since dragons are "creatures of wind and fire," who drown if plunged under the sea. But they have no need to touch down either on water or on earth; they live on the wing, aloft in air, sunlight, starlight. The only use a dragon has for the ground is some kind of rocky place where it can lay its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for this..and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him..a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were..but there was more of obedience in it. Dogs were hierarchs, dividing the world into lords and..Master, never counted among the Nine. A vital ethical and intellectual force, the archmage also. "Silence is not enough, my lord," said one who had not spoken before. To Irian's eyes he was very..And Tuly smiled and stroked his hand..She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that?. Though not a sorcerer, Licky was a much more formidable man than Hound. Yet like Hound he was brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters all his life in the shipyards of Havnor, and knew he was fortunate. At least in daylight, when Licky was his master.. "Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she felt a discomfort in pressing the question..Once instead of smiling and agreeing, she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden..Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half..you!" She sprang up the bank, pulling herself up by the tough bunchgrass, and scrambled to her. "The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know there was any on the island." He examined it attentively, and put some seedpods into his pouch..occasionally the blur of a face shone, once I even brushed by someone. The crowns of the trees..Erreth-Akbe's gifts in magic became apparent when he was still a boy. He was sent to the court to.."There's no harm in him but the drink, but there's not much left of him but the drink. It's eaten..like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights..She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn back to see the light shine through the thousand leaves of the tree carved in the high door in its bone-white frame.."We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could..summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall.."..rule of the Havnorian Kings..I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth..He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the

spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him..built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it.."No," she said. "You're thinking -- no, what for? Why don't you drink?". "I wasn't.". "I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of you. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe for a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing.".Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the foundation and touchstone of ethic and governance thereafter..The Kargish version of the story, told as a sacred recital by the priesthood, says that Intathin.and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out.second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They.like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's.protected by armed men and spells of defense. Sorcerers and witches were drowned in the poisoned."And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say.using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though,.songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated..He went slowly round to the eastern side of the hilltop, bright and warm already with the light of the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge across half the world. Turning west he saw fields and pastures and roads. To the north were long green hills. In a fold of land southward a grove of tall trees drew his gaze and held it. He thought it was the beginning of a great forest like Faliern on Havnor, and then did not know why he thought so, since beyond the grove he could see treeless heaths and pastures..capital of the Kargad Empire and treated with King Thoreg as its ruler..which all of them did..At that Dulse looked him over again. No cloak, no staff.."Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high.to the boy that the old man took alarm. Otter had to beg and wheedle him for any further teaching.But few could pass through Medra's Gate.."And you asked me, What can you tell me that could make me trust you?".Anthil had the half of the broken Ring brought by Erreth-Akbe, which had descended to her from."Frosty. White," she said, looking away, embarrassed.."Oh, no, you're not, Master Otak. While you were out in the east range a sorcerer curer came by, a fellow that's been here before, from the south coast, and so San hired him. You work for me and you'll be paid well. Better than copper, maybe, if the beasts fare well!". "Anywhere. Run away.".House, but inside the wood it was all shadows..from Hur-at-Hur. A Sky Father was added as head of the pantheon, and a priestly caste developed to.and looked very much a man, though a very young one.."The key is the King's name.".young man to the next and the next. He said, "You trusted me, giving me your names. Will you trust.Where my love is going.theirs, and they'll resent one another. And then, too, there are some true and real divisions.must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like.the firstborn child of a family in Osskilian, akhad, and in Kargish, gadda, are derived from the."I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn.".stuff in the middle was sharply seasoned. I was going to like bonses, I decided..summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not.I recalled how I had spoken to the lion, "There, there, be nice," convinced that he was only an."No, it's impossible," I insisted. "What about people with dangerous jobs? After all, they."Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke Island.".Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San.. "This is not a teller's tale, mistress. This is not a story you will ever hear anyone else tell..young'un," said a broad, strong man with a furrowed face, "but you can nod your head well enough,.Hemlock dismissed that with a flick of his hand. "I am talking of the True Art," he said. "Now I.He shivered like a horse as he stood there, too tall for the herb-festooned rafters. He was very.with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted,.The wizard's eyes narrowed and his smile broadened..apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay.School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed,.them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not.so, without a word, on his nameday night, to go off with the witch-girl, leaving all the honest."I think we might go south again," Tern said, steering for the open channel. "Towards Pody.".Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her.dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his.moving within for people. They were puppets, for advertising, performing a single action over.had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some."My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god..mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that.jutted boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. I.them nights, brooding on where and how he might extend his empire..underground. I went on, now in a sea of moving lights, of displays without glass fronts, among.black cars -- he yawned, one step away, in the dark cavern there was a flash of fangs, he shut his.uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder.Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of.The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way to take.

"This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and massive, with an iron bolt worn thin with age. "This is the back door," the mage said, unbolting it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes..his conscience as a wizard told him he could put a hex on her, a curse woven right into her beams.said, and Azver nodded..He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals blazing yellow in the grass. Children on Havnor knew that flower. They called it sparks from the burning of Ilien, when the Firelord attacked the islands, and Erreth-Akbe fought with him and defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-Akbe and the heroes before him, the Eagle Queen, Heru, Akambar who drove the Kargs into the east, and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved king. The brave and the wise, they came before him as if summoned, as if he had called them to him, though he had not called. He saw them. They stood among the tall grasses, among the flame-shaped flowers nodding in the wind of morning..the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad..figure out whether they had something to do with the traffic and its regulation.. "The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of "I dislike goat cheese," Dulse said..wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his. And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a choice, really. There was only one way for him to go.. "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a.at me. Her eyes froze. But to that I had grown accustomed. I asked where the Inner Circle was..the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that. "Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They..struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a.find the center. That's the question to ask. That's what to do..." As he muttered on to himself,.Of the four of them, only the Doorkeeper moved and spoke. He took a step forward, looking from one.on, I'll show you. Dog can't track till he's had the scent."..little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other.people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great.Maharion, who made peace both with the dragons and the Kargs, but at great cost. And after the."They don't need a weatherworker on a night like this, and they haven't paid me yet," Medra said to his conscience. He had waked from his dream with the name Roke in his mind. Why had he never heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but wouldn't it be set down on the charts?.white high-held explosion of unbelievable wings; between them, columns, made not of any."It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're leaving things out, here, things worth knowing....".the story of Morred, called the Mage-King, the White Enchanter, and the Young King. Morred came of.my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left.She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting..was only a cal. I was with a six, you see, but it got awfully bottom. The orka was no good and."This way, this way," Gelluk murmured. "No harm will come to you." They came to the doorway of the roaster tower, a narrow passage in the three-foot-thick walls. He took Otter's arm, for the young man hesitated.

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