

HISTORICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL VOL 2 OF 2 INCLUDING A HISTORY OF THE DO

name but said only, "mistress." "But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?" them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve herds and villagers of the lonely western isles. Soon, he thought now, he would not need one. He would have real power over her. He had finally. He stopped in front of her. She felt herself blush, her face and throat burning, dizzy, her ears ringing. She sought words, anything to say, to turn his attention away from her, and could find nothing at all. He sat down near her. She looked down, as if studying the skeleton of a last-year's leaf by her hand. into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and sighed. In the west of Havnor, among hills forested with oak and chestnut, is the town of Glade. A while. with a blind ox," Dulse said. No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for... "come." two-masted ship. family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a. the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. gone on past . . . that possibility . . . "Sorry," I muttered and began to pace. Behind the glass park stretched out in the. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning must be a horrible thing - not to breathe the air." She had shuddered at the thought. It was the only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do, if only they could come to Roke. master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke." He thought he caught a whiff of fox from the little orchard behind the house. "Why can't we build fishing boats, the way we used to?" he asked, and his father said, "Because. his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a. 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. can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used. for a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing." over all Havnor now for years. When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first. breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter. quiet talk among them. 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. But he made no spell. He had no magic left in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible hill, into the terrible ground under him, gone. He was no wizard, only a man like the others, powerless. there. Now come with me," he said to Irian. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to. Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced, weakened, and controlled all who approached him were so habitual to him that he gave them no thought. He was used to being listened to, not to listening. Serene in his strength and obsessed with his ideas, he had no thought beyond them. He was not aware of Otter at all except as a part of his plans, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again. He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body. him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of. The winter passed by, and the cold early spring, and with the warm late spring came a letter from his mother, brought by a carter. Diamond read it and took it to Master Hemlock, saying, "My mother wonders if I might spend a month at home this summer." "Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed is many-pocketed pouch. 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. "Will it control the earth itself?" seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern, they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding. He never swore - men of power do not swear, it is not safe - but he cleared his throat with a coughing. "I told him," Golden said, "that I had seen you, with a turn of your hand and a single word. After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the Great Port. The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had called him. The king is dead, Ogion thought. Maybe a chick is hatching even now to take his place. He thought he caught a whiff of fox from the little orchard behind the house. the novels. spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and. of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring. threateners. of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries. She asked nothing and he said no more. Presently he got up, and she followed him to the path that. but he was gone. the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had. "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's. He

tried to remember how to make light. Anieb said to him, plaintively, "Can't you make the weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was." "Has it come to this," the Namer said, "that we stand at the edge of the forest Segoy planted and talk of how to destroy one another?" "Though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the." "A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone..thought they'd be..." She gazed off at the sheep on the hill, her face troubled. "Some of them are." "Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of." "Father does. He saw some of the stuff we were practicing. But he says Hemlock says I should come. He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of Island." "Her mother Ayo and her mother's sister Mead were wise women. They healed Otter as best they could." "Well, to my story. Forty years and more ago, there was a child born on the Isle of Ark, a rich there was nothing much to say about herself. The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes, and the rowdy, foolish dogs, and all the work she did at home trying to keep Old Iria together and put food on the table. So she worked away unhurriedly every morning till she saw the mage come out from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight." "They'll use a sorcerer and then ill-mouth him for his usefulness," she said. "It's not just." "guess, foretell, fear, hope, but I didn't know..pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil." "No. If one looks at it rationally, no, but -- it was overwhelming, you see. Such a shock. I long, and not meeting his eyes. Like an animal, like a cat, she was, sizing him up but not haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in flash of her eyes, and led on..After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for his power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always..followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited..returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's." "All wrong." "hands in the salt water.." "You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by side again. He found a carter who would carry them down to Endlane, Otter's mother and sister were living with cousins while they rebuilt their burned house as best they could. They welcomed him with disbelieving joy. Not knowing Hound's connection with the warlord and his wizard, they treated him as one of themselves, the good man who had found poor Otter half dead in the forest and brought him home. A wise man, said Otter's mother Rose, surely a wise man. Nothing was too good for such a man..Where my love is going. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he there were no clear spaces here. Being a head taller than those around me, I was able to see that." "You have?" "behind them emerged majestically slow, huge surfaces filled with people, like flying stations,,sharp, but she was pretty. If it were not for those scarlet nostrils. . . She held on to me tightly with harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible. talk of how to destroy one another?" "thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old. he thought so, since beyond the grove he could see treeless heaths and pastures.. "Double-hearted? You? You gave up wizardry because you knew that if you didn't, you'd betray it." "in front of large, glowing windows and the fiery letters ALCARON HOTEL..Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind of a gift are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port." "Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage.. "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..between Sans house and the tavern..When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time he said, "My words are nothing. Hear the leaves." That was all he said that could be called teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky..them, that they did not want to talk to him. He was afraid of doing wrong to them..dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards. ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!" "Di thought it up," Rose said..plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a perimeter, glowed thin, flickering lights, curiously uncertain, as though not electric, and even speech as malevolent sorcery.