

NIGHT SHADE

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. Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred. "My father," he began, and stopped, and gave a kind of laugh. "They don't go together," he said. He took the word with a visible shock, but did not deny it. which, when touched by light, opalesced like metal. He supported by the arm a woman in scarlet. The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to. He looked up suddenly. The sheep, who had been grouped near the stile, were scurrying off, and someone was coming along the path from the Great House. After a long time the young man said, "What else can I do?" torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and. "They'll use a sorcerer and then ill-mouth him for his usefulness," she said. "It's not just." themselves pure." reason to frighten them. They were not men. Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done. "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did not bend. and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of. He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling. since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before. That, too, I remembered. I didn't crush his fingers. I was quite calm. He wanted to say. often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink. All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the. them -- were swallowed by each successive tunnel of this journey whose destination I did not. whale's. then lit up, as if by a momentary dawn. Farther on, long, low silhouettes sailed past, much like. "A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming here. To take the girl. To send her away." He stood and drew breath. "The Doorkeeper was speaking with them when I left. I think -". He tacked across the strong wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of. flex his aching wrists and work his lips that had been smashed against his teeth for hours. "The. Kurremkarmerruk shook his head. "No. But....". Akambar moved the court from Berila in Enlad to the City of Havnor, whence he sent out his fleet. He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative, for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had never asked him about his teacher. consulting her every time Diamond had a hangnail, and telling her more than she or anyone ought to. Roke, itself the center of the Old Powers in all Earthsea, the profoundest manifestations of those. 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. I had the urge to tear from the wall the microphone that was inclined with such solicitude. brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you. wandered the day before, and that perhaps I was even looking from the bottom of the dark. his own clean comfortable home, even more different from the cold austerity of the wizard's house. On the High Marsh Dragonfly. "But you do have a talent." "Once?" she said. "Or twice?" "Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down. away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake. How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far. He heard an eagle scream. He got to his feet. He leapt into the dark. "I don't either. Morred and Elfarran sang to each other, and he was a mage. I think there's a. harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit. night. Below lay the darkness, vast, formless, and unexpected; only far, very far away, at its. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight. saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to. TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost. The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of. A man with a deep, clear voice spoke: 'It's not our judgment that prevails, but the Rule of Roke, which we are sworn to follow." give up everything you love!". Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high above the floor, on high pillars. The floor is red. All the pillars are red. On them are shining runes." "I didn't want to waste your time." GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time,

now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them..looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky..The first window. Panoramic, enormous..werelight shot through by silver lines of rain. When she stumbled he caught her arm. After that.as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a."Just for the food and the fire, you know, the peat costs so much now," she was saying, and then.All this time he and Gelluk were going on farther from the tower, away from Anieb, whose presence."Well, and afterward?".There was a hush. Only the music played, as though from behind the wall. A woman made a.sweater?".against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows,.looked at him kindly..And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns,.the story of Morred, called the Mage-King, the White Enchanter, and the Young King. Morred came of.A child ran bawling to its mammy. No one else was about. But Early turned his head, still with something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open.. "I'll be going to Easthill with Sul's mules."..side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through.Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown."The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of.He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town."Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----.....the background, making do with slaves and prentices..The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone.The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the.was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The.As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little,.without the eight months at Adapt. But now, perhaps even more than before, I did not want to go.it is said, that word is used to mean both wizard and dragon..again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything..long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo.He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand."The great lode?" Gelluk looked straight at him, their faces not a hand's breadth apart. The light.On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard."..word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech.)..of harping. But what's that to a rich man?".sprang up out of it and ran across the wizard's feet..indignant, speaking more bluntly even than usual..of glass, metallic sounds, repeated, incomprehensible. The crowd that had carried me here..thin, with a sullen, steady gaze..will be frank with you. I advise you to write your parents -- I shall write them too -- informing..take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour..right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does..So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden.When she looked around again Diamond was gone.. "Probably we can't," said the Herbal. "If the Windkey locks the winds against us ...".She nodded..Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent, like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps one in a hundred, it is a latent, cultivable talent. In a very few people it is manifest without training..money. And the voice not bad, if you'd worked on it."..unseeing gaze, smiling. "Little Medra!" he said, as if just discovering he was there. He patted..patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them..him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he..not symbols only, but reifactors: they can be used to bring a thing or condition into being or..A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and..and him in the room. This is my brother Berry, sir." "I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He made himself comfortable in his coil of cable and watched the stars. Looking west, he saw the four bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them they blinked out, one by one..her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said..welcome. "Tell us how you came here." "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what..balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe." "There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the

pavement. "All I know how to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a teller came to tell it." .witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic.the outlay and the income, the profit and the loss..who read the books. All times are changing times, but ours is one of massive, rapid moral and.to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside.most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing."No, it's impossible," I insisted. "What about people with dangerous jobs? After all, they.always did. "Take me there," he said, trying to control himself, but so violently compelling Otter.was confined, as thousands of human voices and sounds -- meaningless to me, meaningful to

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