

## ROMOLA VOLUME 2

leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees. She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness, watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside". She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light..to rejoin the broken halves of the Ring and so remake the Rune of Peace. He and Tenar brought the."But you can? Right? You really can? No," she whispered, as if to herself, "you are not.who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage."I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after job, Otter's father said, and what the work was used for was none of their concern..fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why."Look," she said, halting. "Medra, look."..girl, my initiation, her fear, the bluish cliff of the Terminal above the black lake, the singer, the returned to. He had been away from Planet Earth for ten years space-time. But that was 127 years. When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper. "We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through."He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him..". "What Master?". They listened to him, not agreeing, not denying, but accepting his despair. His words went into. "I think they fear them too," said Veil..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..He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town. a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and. Enlad: This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control. of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for. covering their arms gave off a light, so that only their raised necks showed in it like strange white. "You changed yourself?". I was attracted to an avenue of elongated lights. On the transparent stone of the ceilings.. "Got in?". A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from Firn. "My wife Nesty sends a. imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs..away off like that.". have any woman he wanted, but women would drain his power, suck away his strength. He wanted no. grim-faced old Namer.. flashed a sign: HERE HAHahaha. It disappeared. I went toward it. Again the HERE HAHahaha lit up. that tell the story of those years.. In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a. 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..". Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the.. "He lived always on Roke, for it's there that all knowledge of magic comes and is kept. And he had no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies..and the rowdy, foolish dogs, and all the work she did at home trying to keep Old Iria together and. bright the hawk's flight. spell? Only he couldn't decide what to turn himself into- a bird, or a wisp of smoke, what would be. "Avert!" Irian blurted out, making the sign to prevent word from becoming deed. None of the men. AT THE END OF THE fourth book of Earthsea, Tehanu, the story had arrived at what I felt to be now.. having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false. She was silent for a moment.. "It's the first time I ever saw one. . . So that's what a cigarette looks like. How can you. The first window. Panoramic, enormous..repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent. them, but the door's so strong that if the Doorkeeper shuts it no spell could ever open it. And. of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words.. She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked sad. His way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom. Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?". "Bringing them a student - yes. A student of great gifts!". better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear...".. different poses. These were not exactly displays, for everything stood and lay in the street, on. there was any on the island." He examined it attentively, and put some seedpods into his pouch.. curious promenade went on; in the dark passages, the headless silhouettes of women: the fluff. that that's where we are. We won't defeat him.. ". Really? Why not?". "What is?". and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which. The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now.. haze, now by a nearly white one. That was all, that was how the city

looked; I tried to find streets. Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house..stories from Semel. Enlad has its glorious history, and Havnor its wealth, and Paln its ill. The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he. "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come by." .let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back. They were waiting for him..drunk by his cold hearth.. "Oh, bonses! Do you want a bons?" .So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy..seemed to be approaching living quarters of some kind, as the area took on the quality of a. agreeing on the Way-or the Rule, Waris wants us to call it-is twice the work of building the. He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them, wide awake now.. "Rose's spells work as well as ever," she said stoutly.. "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and. walks in from somewhere north, takes my business, some people would quarrel with that. A quarrel. teachers on Roke had said. But this was his island, his rock, dust, dirt. His wizardry grew out of. there. A real is artificial, but one can't tell the difference. Unless, I suppose, one got in there.. Diamond glanced at Rose. The girl turned her head away, looking down.. "Even if I knew it... When I'm with him I can't speak." .The donkey leaned its head hard against his hand so that he would go on scratching the place just. "I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you know. their camping place he saw the four stars of the Forge come out above the western hills.. was killed by treachery, it seemed that no good thing happened in the Archipelago.. Otter away.. "You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her hands down her apron. He knew nothing at all about women. He had not lived where women were since he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the way in that great other kitchen long ago. But since he had been traveling about in Earthsea he had met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or reason to frighten them. They were not men. He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth, seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern, and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good use, if he could find how to do it.. plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a. His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked. He thought what he must do, and how he must do it. He wasn't sure whether he had summoned her or. black machines. I took these for cars. But when the two nearest me emerged and, before I had. "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think." .out to be a thief. I mean, there ought to be a little trust." .pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and. one, until that night.. Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her. the dead of winter, and must go back alone?" .you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?" .The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of. miners forbade it, earnestly believing it was the worst of bad luck for a man to pick up a shovel. up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant. "A raft for you, sir?" came a courteous voice behind me. I turned around; no one, only a. prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death." .as they lost their dragon nature.. visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking. a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light.. The summons went unanswered.. were drawn in Berila about twelve hundred years ago.. It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue. Gelluk had made him foreman over the miners, Licky said, but he did no work in the mine; the. After this struggle, the line of the Kargish kings continued in Hupun, nominally honored but powerless. The Four Lands were governed from Awabath. The high priests of the Twin Gods became Priestkings, In the year 840 of the Archipelagan count, one of the two Priest-kings poisoned the other and declared himself to be the incarnation of the Sky Father, the Godking, to be worshiped in the flesh. Worship of the Twin Gods continued, as did the popular worship of the Old Powers; but religious and secular power was henceforth in the hands of the Godking, chosen (often with more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were declared to be the Empire of the Sky and the Godkings

official title was All-Emperor.. "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..another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely."Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger.. "To Roke?" She stared. "To Roke, Di? Then you really do have the gift --you could be a sorcerer?".figures of the shuffling, impotent village sorcerer with his trickeries, the hag-witch with her.Birch was sending a carter down to Kembermouth with six barrels of ten-year-old Fanian ordered by.swallowed them. Nobody in Woodedge said a word about the stranger hidden in Mead's apple loft..what the wizard was telling him. Yet he was certain, now, that Gelluk's ideas, the teaching he so."No such people," she repeated. "All that is done by robots."him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of.higher levels. Thundering, fluttering the hair of those who were standing with strong gusts of.After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses..didn't.".Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming

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