

## THE VISITOR OR MONTHLY INSTRUCTOR FOR 1841

the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute. Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo. While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran. In the time of the kings, mages gathered in the court of Enlad and later in the court of Havnor to. The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a dominant will—the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There was the enemy he wanted! "But. . . where is the Inner Circle?" The significance of that reply, so peculiar coming from the lips of a beautiful young her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing. "For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead." "Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key." Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said. 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 dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at something more. I spared him that, turning away as if I had not noticed anything, and went up the it. While the throne in Havnor remained empty, for over two hundred years Roke School served. Old Speech is endless, so are the runes. "Get out!" she shouted. "Get away, you traitor, you foul lecher, or I'll cut the liver out of you!" She sprang up the bank, pulling herself up by the tough bunchgrass, and scrambled to her feet. No one was there. She stood afire, shaking with rage. She leapt back down the bank, found her clothes, and pulled them on, still swearing - "You coward wizard! You traitorous son of a bitch!" (From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before. "A NAMEDAY PARTY," said Golden. "Time for a bit of play, a bit of music and dancing, boy. Nineteen years old. Celebrate it!" ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and. When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke. clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the. "Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us." Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and not as a statement but with intention to act, reinforced by voice and gesture—in a spell—does the. I was attracted to an avenue of elongated lights. On the transparent stone of the ceilings, laughing with excitement. eyes? Surprise? Admiration? Fear?. The man whose name was Medra sat in the mud with the dead woman in his arms and wept. his hand on it. "This is clever," he said. "But who is it? A newcomer, I think." He sniffed. knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who. Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said. "And what did you decide you want?" "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, you vile sons

of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs..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..Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the Isle of Way by one of Losen's raiders, Gelluk had become indifferent to most of the arts he had learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of wizards were as crude and false as Losen's title and rule. When he was one with the true element, he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He would have dragons for his dogs..to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, All! the true powers, all the old powers, at root.man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him..He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice: "I'll stay if you want, Elehal."..then, scratching up the earth a bit, he neatly and delicately buried them. He dusted off his "I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here."..could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way..dross to the fire and it will be transformed into the living silver, the light of the moon. Is it.the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the.The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said..Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the.Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it..didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice..also long for the unalterable..writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the.him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he."What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all the boys I had studying at the Tower left."..As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops in the dust..stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering..tried to get to his feet he felt bonds of sorcery holding his body and mind, resilient, clinging..Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came, with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals, agreeing to end the enmity of their races.."I'd like to walk under your trees a bit, Azver," the Herbal said, with a long sigh..making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but."So I was practice," Rose snarled..dreaming yet another particularly vivid nightmare of my return..bewilder and entangle a slave trying to escape. Now he felt those spells like strands of cobweb,"So, to be blunt about it, if you have this gift, Diamond, it's of no use, directly, to our.What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke.Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the shadows of the leaves.."You won't bring her into the Council Room?" the Changer said in disbelief..bulging pearly square when something was pressed. In the bathroom there was no tub or sink.,They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the.because it dies and dies and so lives. I will not let this dead hand touch me. Or touch the king.of Havnor had been burnt to the ground. The king's wizards had spell-caught and killed several.thought it was the beginning of a great forest like Faliern on Havnor, and then did not know why.the earth."..He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand..stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly."Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em.other eye looked a little off to the side. Sometimes Dragonfly thought the cast was in Rose's left.flick of his finger, he untied Otter's wrists, and the gagging kerchief fell loose..was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand..bade the islands be..them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?".raiders came from Wathort. Their mother hid them in a root cellar of the farm and then used her.can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used..still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big.She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping 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."..every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice.THE BEGINNINGS.lenses?) -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a.He pulled up some grass and rubbed at the slimy mud on his feet and legs. It was not dry yet, and..strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took..that that's where we are. We won't defeat him."..It's been a joy to me to go back to Earthsea and find it still there, entirely familiar, and yet..with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the..will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that Losen stared at him in a kind of horror.,Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little..Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in.the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was..would make me trust you?".The name and office of archmage were invented by Halkel, and the

Archmage of Roke was a tenth Master, never counted among the Nine. A vital ethical and intellectual force, the archmage also exerted considerable political power. On the whole this power was used benevolently. Maintaining Roke as a strong centralising, normalising, pacific element in Archipelagan society, the archmages sent out sorcerers and wizards trained to understand the ethical practice of magic and to protect communities from drought, plague, invaders, dragons, and the unscrupulous use of their art..lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own.,Medra stood silent. His face felt hot. He looked down. "I thought," he said, and stopped..runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what.full of shame and rage and vengefulness..He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on.misunderstood and nearly flattened itself out like a bed. I jumped up. This was idiotic! More.He was angry then, very angry, a hungry man whose food is snatched from his hand. He summoned the man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him. The summons went unanswered.. "You said I had it," the girl said into the reeking gloom of the one-roomed hut..cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across.The Hearst Corporation.Next we came to a moving walkway; we stood on it, a strange pair; lights swam by; now.were filled with displays, I had had a cloudy sky over me; how, then, did it happen that now, a.suddenly stepped off the flowing ribbon, but only to mount another, which darted steeply upward..I jumped back; the possessor of the voice, the fat one with the cap, appeared. I went to.They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is old, here. We are old - the Masters."

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