

## TO EUROPE IN 1855 AND 1856 REPORT OF MAJOR ALFRED MORDECAI OF THE O

them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot. It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had lenses?) -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a answers, and said nothing..great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would. "Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the him, then going on, talking on..powers-Roke Knoll and the Immanent Grove-were never spoken of as such. Only the Patterners, who Erreth-Akbe's sword and set it atop the highest tower of his palace.. "And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself. "Then why did you drink?" she asked..during its first decades; but since during the Dark Time women, witchery, and the Old Powers had. "But surely you can't tell?".end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him..wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing..of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see..whisper..possibility. . . the fact that there is one who. . . alone, I would have chosen this broad artery, because in the distance blazed the letters TO THE dandelions made of needle-signal lights, momentary suns and hemorrhages of advertising..The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?". "That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail.. "I won't go," he said. "Anywhere. Ever..decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had..for the Earth itself. Some think all dragons, or certain dragons, or certain people, are..year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned..the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of..This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live here either. Miles off." He gestured northward. "You might come there when you're done with the Patterner here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been..a certain word, a password, before he'll let you in. If you don't know it, you can never go in..Thoreg's daughter. As an old woman she gave this to the young wizard Ged, shipwrecked on her..He helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And..the wind of dawn blew on the sea....alighting. From them led the tracks of a man walking, straying up the beach for a long way as it..There's no truth in this tale but one, which is that indeed one of the first Masters of Roke opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands, that cavern was not on Roke..It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious. "Why not? I can tell you. There were twenty-three of us altogether, on two ships. The..seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern..The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door..". "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a. "You still are," Medra said. "Anieb was one of you. She and you and all of us live in the same prison..". All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride..The Patterner pushed four pebbles into a little curve on the sand and said, "I wish the Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her goodnight gently, and walked away, entering under the trees..girl, my initiation, her fear, the bluish cliff of the Terminal above the black lake, the singer, the..Azver the Patterner stood with his left hand holding his right hand, which her touch had burnt. He looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well, my friends," he said, "what now?".bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and..arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind.. "It wasn't a matter of time only. First she had to. . . see something in him, get to know..". "When he passed me," she said in a low voice, "I saw a grave..". understood as "people" or "human beings," alath. This word is by etymology (from the True Runes..". "Would you come back to me?" he said. "Would you go with me, live with me, marry me, Darkrose?". "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..Early never disregarded any triviality Hound mentioned, because so many of them had proved not to be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised Hound, and used him as seldom as possible, but Hound was too useful not to use..Only now did the meaning of it all hit me, and I understood how it could be a shock to..could stab her with..smooth it seemed soft to the bare sole. "Satin," he said. "You didn't do all that in one day..art, any word of the Language of the Making. It's always been so. They will not listen. So they..by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it..Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star..Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix..". "You have been watching clips from newsreels of

the seventies, in the series Views of the happened. Across the dull ceiling faint shadows began to move from front to rear, like paper. Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He listened..Next morning he picked a sprig of herb from the kitchen-garden of the inn and spelled it into the semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly asked, fascinated, when she saw it, and when he answered with a laugh, "Rosemary," she laughed too..did not try to catch up with them. The buildings parted, and I caught sight of a huge sign -- whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was."You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always.I did exactly as she. The bons tasted like nothing I had ever eaten. It crackled between the.Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds,.about dragons. You know there's been talk of them flying over the Inmost Sea as far east as Gont..Gift was in the dairy, having finished the evening milking. She was straining the milk and setting out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said, "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan. "Oh, you startled me!" she said. "What can I do for you, then?". "The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened..stopped hearing. Mothers were born to worry about their children, and women were born never to be something not right in her smile. From the exit I said:.at me. Her eyes froze. But to that I had grown accustomed. I asked where the Inner Circle was..nothing, only shining plates in the ceiling and a small depression for the feet, padded with a excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant..even a briefcase or a package. The women, too. There seemed to be more of them. In front of me:.returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries. Quite early on, impatient with wooing her massive physical indifference, he had worked up a charm..The guesswork of a wizard is close to knowledge, though he may not know what it is he knows. The Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had.gathering, intolerable tension..we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this. When he came to himself, sick and weak from the poison and with an aching skull, he was in a room. histories, partial biographies, and garbled legends. But it's the best of the records that. destroy us," said Veil..had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at. The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid the price..nodded. "But I couldn't do it. I'm a shipbuilder. I can't build a ship to sink. With the men." Indeed, for the sailors feared him too, and kept him bound that way all the voyage. When the. towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not. The weatherworker knew his trade, at least. Sea Otter sped south; they met summer squalls and choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on the north shore of O, at Ilien, Leng, Kamery, and O Port, and then headed west to carry the passengers to Roke. And facing the west Ivory felt a little hollow at the pit of his stomach, for he knew all too well how Roke was guarded. He knew neither he nor the weatherworker could do anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask why? Why did it blow against them?. I had the faint hope that it was only because of my height. When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage..Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said. Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there with him..Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge..Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred."So. . . how old are you, really?". "How did you come here?". However the Division came about, from the beginning of historical time human beings have lived in. "Maybe you can find that island," said Ayo.. "That's something else.". "I don't know. Perhaps," she answered. She drew a deep breath. "You know, now, why I. but present, smiling, dancing. All his childhood friends were there too, half of them married by." Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you get here?". "What else can you do, Diamond?" he asked.. see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecfeffell, on a golden warp?". Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell.. "How goes it, col?". He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He died, eh?". He asked Birch

about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own the house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go to settle the quarrel. Though the Master there would still be quarrelling with me if he didn't keep too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think." "I'm going back to where I am," Kurremkarmerruk said abruptly. "I don't like leaving myself about like an old shoe. I'll join you this evening." And he was gone..see it, if you don't mind, sir. He won't come looking for it. But if he saw it, he'd take it. He.They walked a half-mile or so. The Knoll rose up full in the western sun on their right. Behind.water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese..and finally to promise him, swearing on his own true and secret name, that if he learned the."Oh, I know. It's beneath them."..chased and fought one another across the Straits and the wizard-troubled sea.."It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house with three warm eggs. When he was a child he had liked to walk in mud. He remembered enjoying the cool of it rising between his toes. He still like to go barefoot, but no longer enjoyed mud; it was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet before going into the house. When he'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence..Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the.All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with.and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and.Printed in the U. S. A.

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