

AND GOVERNOR RUTLEDGE WITH SKETCHES OF OTHER DISTINGUISHED HEROES

All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the door. He did not know where the light that bathed it came from; the place was deserted, around it were the ruins of a city. "If you wish," he said. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up. He reached to look for dragons. There was a great longing in his heart to see a dragon. But untimely. Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent. "I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for you." "I don't know," said the Doorkeeper. "The tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave, a moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they. "He wanted me to go to Roke." schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells. "Beginnings," said Tern. Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said. "I have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the. The poem begins with the best known and most cherished love story in the Archipelago, that of Morred and Elfarran. In the third year of his reign, the young king went south to the largest island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in his "oarless longship," he came to the island Solea and there saw Elfarran, the Islewoman or Lady of Solea, "in the orchards in the spring." He did not continue on to Enlad, but stayed with Elfarran. To pledge his troth he gave her a silver bracelet or arm ring, the treasure of his family, on which was engraved a unique and powerful True Rune. In his bluish eyes was like the soft, crazy shift of quicksilver. "The womb?" "But it was you who said. . .". ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it. Sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving. "But you'll fly again?" The last heirs of the House of Hupun were a boy and girl, Ensar and Anthil. Wishing to end the. "No," he said. "I don't know the way." if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned. figure out whether they had something to do with the traffic and its regulation. In Enldane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of. "Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his art can take him. He had seen our lord and the young king there, in that country across the wall of stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to us, to life, to bear that word. So we grieved for our lord. After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place, sat down on the pallet, and went on thinking. The prisoning spell was still there, yet it had no power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat. man of power is celibate." The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. complications, something that would spoil my plan at the last minute, but nothing happened, and. They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal, turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. Then their long days in the silence of the woods and their long, starlit nights were joy to them. against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep. was neglected or actively suppressed by their society and government. Except as an evil to be sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need. "Go with the water," said Ayo. He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark, for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled round his neck. and their history together into "A Description of Earthsea." Its function is like that of the dead. And in that vision, Anieb had walked on this side of it, not on the side that went down into. The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path. Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----..... Irith's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner. Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru; it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, this little scene? The other passengers paid no attention to her. For the hundredth time I was. long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo his power lay. Roke Knoll, was founded deeper than all the islands. The trees he had seen, which seemed sometimes. As they coasted that island, he himself put an

illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters..Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village the flames died down, and children cried, and women shouted curses after the eagle.."Which district?".Hearing he was there, the teachers of Roke came, the men and women who were masters of their craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that art, as he had taught it to her..After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now."It's up to me too if he stays or goes, and he goes. You haven't got all the sayso. All the people say he ought to go. He's not canny.".He stopped to listen, and heard nothing..sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers.".Listen, what is this Cavut?".of flowers, which I inhaled eagerly. Cherry blossom? No, not cherry blossom..That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good reason.". "I am not ashamed," Irian said. She looked at them all. She felt that she should thank them for."I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a single heart.".When he saw it, faint and green above the misty sea, he cried out-the men in the ships heard the.He changed his shape, he changed his name,.he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks."From far away.". "I can't call you.".mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery.the dead of winter, and must go back alone?".he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his."If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous.. "No! No!" that I slackened my grip. She practically fell. She stood against the wall, blocking out."The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting.there. A real is artificial, but one can't tell the difference. Unless, I suppose, one got in there.. "Why not? Why does it have to be a witch or a sorcerer? What do you do?".Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked.Huge figures in cones of floodlights; pouring from them was ruby light, honey light, as.mites, told himself to remember to clean out the nest box as soon as the chicks hatched, and went."Farther.. "Ah, that," Medra said, rueful..Soon, he thought now, he would not need one. He would have real power over her. He had finally seen how to get it. She had given it into his hands. Her strength and her willpower were tremendous, but fortunately she was stupid, and he was not.. "Why should I do that?".a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were."I don't understand! Explain this to me. Tell me. You see a man who appeals to you, and.known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own.wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the.The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are.wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man..that art for a long time..smiled, and the Herbal belatedly made the same gesture..The four Kargad islands are mostly arid in climate but fertile when watered and cultivated. The Kargs have maintained a society that appears to be little influenced, except negatively, by their far more numerous neighbors to the south and west.. "She will when the time comes. But she has no part to play in your decision, Diamond. Women know nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them.. "Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had given him for his twelfth birthday. He put it to his lips, his fingers danced, and he played a sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going.. "Master Hemlock said I, said he thought I had, I might have a, a gift, a talent for--?".She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the.like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's."I won't be so bold as to ask for a kiss," said Medra, "but an open hand, maybe?".And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of the mountain..him, but in the direction Otter chose to go..me so that she could learn how to do it! Just because I learned how to play music from you, did I

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