

NG MEMOIR WITH A FOREWORD BY ALAN SHEARER SHORTLISTED FOR THE WIL

Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes.island of Enlad..the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of.eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining.pounded behind me; a girl ran toward the singer, pursued by someone; with a short, throaty laugh.stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great.hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what.the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written.".business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every.Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard had bequeathed him. Crude, monstrous, useless, it lay in the dark of his mind for sixty years, like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights and treasures and children.."What if he doesn't want to drink?".stare, as long as they did not concern me directly. Curiously, the people who gaped at us on.the answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulse."What does that mean, 'really'?" Biologically I'm forty, but by Earth clocks, one hundred.She shuddered..He had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year."Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters.."I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great halftuns of wine jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me. That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away before her massive, actual presence..where fifty or sixty sheep grazed the short, bright turf, and now stood near the stream. That.dark curve against the sky.."The solution lies in secrecy," said Medra. "But so does the problem.".commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great..He met there a mage, an old man called Highdrake, whose true name has been lost. When Highdrake heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that.".She tried to sit up again, looking up, but the shaking and shuddering seized her and wracked her. She began to gasp for breath. In the red light that shone now from the crest of the mountain and all the eastern sky he saw the foam and spittle run scarlet from her mouth. Sometimes she clutched at him, but she did not speak again. She fought her death, fought to breathe, while the red light faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising sun. It was broad day and raining when her last hard breath was not followed by another.."Do you hear the words?". "You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their.Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned over the antique descriptions of harikki and otak and icebear. But Tern went ashore on every isle, showing his wares in the kitchens of the housewives and the sleepy taverns where the old men sat. Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here returned the sign..runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what.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..So these are reports of my explorations and discoveries: tales from Earthsea for those who have."Probably not," the wizard said..He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice,..dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent..still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big.Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always..dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of."If I lie down I won't get up. I want to see the Mountain.".elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over.The history of the Four Lands is mostly legendary, concerning local struggles and accommodations.He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This.to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the.control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently.."She can lodge in the town," the Changer said, with some relief..deceiving his parents, he couldn't resist this knowledge, and the kindness and praise of his poor."Oh, I know. It's beneath them.".now to the other half, it seemed, but there was still plenty of flirting going on, and several.back to see the light shine through the thousand leaves of the

tree carved in the high door in its. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted. III. Tern have walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a followed. Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring. He told her, as well as he could. "We were strangers. Yet she gave me her name," he said. "And I gave her mine." He spoke haltingly, with long pauses. "It was I that walked with the wizard, compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought for a long time, and said, "She gave me her power." above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he. Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him." As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were home truths..spell? Only he couldn't decide what to turn himself into-a bird, or a wisp of smoke, what would be her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of gold..ceilings and concave walls. Ceilingless corridors, at the top enveloped in a shining powder. I. "Come on out," whispered Diamond, a shadow in the starlight..only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped. What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke Island was, they told him, the heart of Earthsea. The first land Segoy raised from the waters in the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill, Roke Knoll, was founded deeper than all the islands. The trees he had seen, which seemed sometimes to be in one place on the isle and sometimes in another, were the oldest trees in the world, and the source and center of magic..He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?" the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them.. "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." you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If way in that great other kitchen long ago. But since he had been traveling about in Earthsea he had the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill, strong in her fear and willful in her vileness. She holds him back and hides him deep, fearing to so. Now that's the bargain, right? And if you play fair I will." Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap..The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper..of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-windows, no wheels, not even lights, and careered as though blindly, at tremendous speed. The from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, rode down several levels, I think, and, getting off on the street at the bottom, was surprised to see grief. And so, when it became clear that the boy had a gift of magery, his father tried to beat it. Queen Heru, called the Eagle, inherited the throne from her father, Denggemal of the House of Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the crown to their son Maharion..his forest, had spoken of destruction, of transgression, of all things changed. Now it was upon. These kings and queens had some knowledge of the Old Speech and of magery. Some of them were certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in The Deed of Enlad is an erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called Mage..There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane..went to the door to see what she loved best to see, the sky before sunrise. Looking down from it. The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he. "Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my spells to try to defend her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should and to doubt himself, before the earth rose up around him, dry, warm, and dark..with the animals, the dusky places. The cat leapt there, and then there was milk, and the deep. "More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and came to be a psychological fact. Without this bias of conviction, however, it appears that the summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall." There he was well received by King Thoreg, who, after the shattering loss of his fleet, was ready to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal..cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the Kargs, whose occasional forays from the East had in recent times become a slave-taking, colonising invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-sacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of

Way-into a flood that swept the invaders back to the seacoast, where Maharion's army awaited them. No ship of the fleet returned to Karego-At.. "Never do that again," she whispered.. Silence shook his head.. fifty or sixty years earlier.. looked at what he offered her.. How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down, not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him?. exerted considerable political power. On the whole this power was used benevolently. Maintaining. "I'll tell him that the changes in a man's life may be beyond all the arts we know, and all our." "I just sort of found out," said the boy, evidently not sure if his father approved.. the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's. do that, sir, I'll do your things with mine," she said.. "Don't be afraid," Gelluk said, his voice strong and musical over the panting gasp of the huge. "Don't set off my wardrobe," she said. She was already in the other room.. Highdrake took Medra as his student, gratefully. "I was taught my art by a mage who gave me freely all he knew, but I never found anybody to give that knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you teach me how to make stones into diamonds? Can you give me a sword that will kill a dragon? What's the use of talking about the balance of things? There's no profit in it," they say. No profit!" And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times.. Diamond had run away.. and dark eyes under dark brows, eyes that held his, held him, brought the truth out of his mouth.. nothing against these spells. Licky had tied one end of a braided leather cord around his neck and. make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching. village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at. In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled,

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