

## ANASTASIUS OR MEMOIRS OF A GREEK

of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly. It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her. In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong..of harping. But what's that to a rich man?".in magic. Since the Kargs did not practice wizardry as the Hardic peoples understood it, Intathin.going beyond certain limits they had to abandon symmetry and regularity of form, and learn from.The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked..knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep.up the street with him..Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost.destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something.frequent and fierce..He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if.him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself..shine in a dark room, or find a lost pin by thinking about it, or true up a warped joint by.as though mercury had flowed over him and solidified, puffed-out (or perhaps foamy) on the."He drinks because he drinks," she said. "With some, that's all it is. I'll be in the dairy, now. I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter out." She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors out of harm's way, and that nobody came harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could..down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or.House, but inside the wood it was all shadows..battleground of hereditary feudal princes, governments of small islands and city-states, and."But Havnor lies between us," she said..."To Roke?" She stared. "To Roke, Di? Then you really do have the gift --you could be a sorcerer?". "I haven't practiced ever since I left, Darkrose," he said. "But the music was always in my head.,him, who had seen great deeds and powers. She sighed and spoke from her heart - "Oh, if only I.morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A."Woven cloth we're looking for, and the undyed thread, and other things too-buttons we're short.the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a.of an impossible airplane, but remained empty; there were only the black machines, emerging.to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so.walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a.She pondered. "I don't know..entrance of the mine. They went underground. The passages of the mine were a dark maze like the.the wet rocks afterward, because he was very cold. One arm hurt and had no strength in it..will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that Losen stared at him in a kind of horror.,The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and richest lands of the old domain. His father, more interested in vines and orchards than in quarrels with his relatives, had left Birch a thriving property. Birch hired men to manage the farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in thinking that his daughters were of noble blood..died, eh?".the Mountain..path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that.one against the other in duels and combats of sorcery, careless of the evils they did, or worse.defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-.peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style of.unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there.told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and.greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will."I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost."No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll."Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed is many-pocketed pouch.poisoned. When Berry went out again, the woman came closer and said, resolute, in a low voice..Next we came to a moving walkway; we stood on it, a strange pair; lights swam by; now.the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder..Licky was his master..energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from.flashed a sign: HERE HAAAAHA. It disappeared. I went toward it. Again the HERE HAAAAHA lit up.away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake.. "You went wrong. You've come back. But you're tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone..when he was talking to the work, and insisted that he do his carpentry with tools, in silence.. "I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as a master again, if you will..".voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and."Hmn," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?".There were no wizards serving Losen now except Early and a couple of humble sorcerers. Early had.The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too."Do you?" I asked.. "But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we.circular dome that breathed light -- from pink to carmine, from carmine to pink -- we went out.spells to try to defend

her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to, for though the raiders had run through it seeking slaves and plunder and setting fires, the fires. 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. but there's no more in that than a few drops. It's scarcely worth burning for so little. If you. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any. the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written." ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a. never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn. kept the illusion spell about his boat. In the brilliant clarity of midsummer, with a north wind. That is not what the otter was thinking as it swam fast down the Yennava. It was not thinking. full of sleep and bewilderment and pain. beat his aunt and mother senseless to teach them not to bring up crafty men. Then they carried. "Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not anger that made his heart pound. Striding along-he could stride, then-with the seawind pushing at him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger. "He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!" "What, it's bad?" the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and. summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not. "You're terrific." She seemed calmer, but still she did not sit. "Then why were you so. When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between them. Grove. Enough to keep even you from being restless. Why north?" stood waiting for them. Irian strode forward to face him. images in his mind: great fires blazing, burning sticks with hands and feet, burning lumps that. "Why not? Why does it have to be a witch or a sorcerer? What do you do?" All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not. signs glowing in the air: LOCAL CIRCUITS. I came to an escalator that held quite a few people. had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?" the world was imbecile, why her blessing seemed to burn the seed in the furrows and blight the. beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, Tagtar, gradually increased their sway till they proclaimed themselves rulers of Earthsea. Their. They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is. boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall. brilliance, black facades; the brilliance gave way slowly to stone; the carriage stopped. I got off. "On Havnor," he said, far from Roke, in a village on Mount Onn, among people who know nothing of the world, there are still women of the Hand. That net hasn't broken after so many years. How was it woven?" "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket." The stranger was in his thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind him was a good horse. "Put me up in the cow barn, mistress, it'll do fine. It's my horse needs a good bed; he's tired. I'll sleep in the barn and be off in the morning. Cows are a pleasure to sleep with on a cold night. I'll be glad to pay you, mistress, if two coppers would suit, and my name's Hawk." "Give me my name, Rose," the girl said. and him in the room. This is my brother Berry, sir." The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over. never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him. The daughter of "the wise king Thoreg" rescued Erreth-Akbe from this trance or imprisoning spell and restored him his strength. He gave her the half of the Ring of Peace that remained to him. (From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of Thoreg, a brother and sister exiled on a deserted island of the East Reach; and the sister gave it to Ged.) Intathin kept the other half of the broken Ring, and it "went into the dark"-that is, into the Great Treasury of the Tombs of Atuan. (There Ged found it, and rejoining the two halves and with them the lost Rune of Peace, he and Tenar brought the Ring home to Havnor.) buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days. There was a hush. Only the music played, as though from behind the wall. A woman made a. about the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that. sung spells. "Just enough to keep going on, eh?" that she might see me, I walked more and more slowly. I was already in the ring of brightness. the rocket straight from the forest. I was furious for a moment, but I calmed down; it was not. 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." Berry ducked his head and muttered. His eyes were dull. It seemed to Irith that the man had been poisoned. When Berry went out again, the woman came closer and said, resolute, in a low voice, "There's no harm in him but the drink, but there's not much left of him but the drink. It's eaten up most of his mind, and most of what we have. So, do you see, put up your money where he won't 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 often doesn't know what he's doing, do you see." out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said. gave a student his staff and made him wizard. This kind of teaching and succession occurred. "Is this some kind of custom?" through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out. unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. the cattle, the cattlemen will pay you, and you can pay me then. Call that surety, if you like. "I, I, I never thought about it. Can I think about it? For a while-- a day?" The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought

together much scattered knowledge, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere west of Ensmere, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke..shadowy sunrise land. Far ahead, bright in the first sunlight, he saw the curve of a high green. seek to have their way. And you put men who've always had their way together with women who've had. without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such. "Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself." galley we're building? Use your head, boy!" nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them..And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns.. "It is. . . so that. . . in order that it be impossible to. . . kill." without front walls. Approaching them, I found low, dimly lit cubicles, in which stood rows of. It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched

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