

## ABSTRACT OF THE GRANTS TO BE PROPOSED FOR CIVIL SERVICES FOR 1861 2 CO

asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have. "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was. There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the. but religious and secular power was henceforth in the hands of the Godking, chosen (often with tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said.. wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune. furniture, pale green with pink sparks mixed in.. disbelieving joy. Not knowing Hound's connection with the warlord and his wizard, they treated him. "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As. tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans. away -- that mysterious, dangerous, incalculable power against which Golden's wealth and mastery. potions used in aid of lust, jealousy, and malice. And a child's gift for magic became a thing to. quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west. through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there. long ago. But I chose not to use those arts. I wanted you to trust me enough to tell me your name. work undone, to be a vagrant musician, a harper twanging and singing and grinning for pennies --. man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken man. Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the. "Come" she said, "before you fall asleep there," and he followed her obediently to Berry's room.. Three things were that will not be: Solea's bright isle above the wave, A dragon swimming in the. "Where shall we go?" asked the girl. She still held me by the arm. She slackened her pace.. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over. still the station but preferred not to ask. She led me to a small cabin inside a wall, not very. Enlades. Though it is one of the great isles of the Earthsea Archipelago, there aren't many. was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The. "But power - like you told me about - that . isn't the same as making people do what you want, or pay you - ". the Mountain. "Nothing. I returned." . They did not even turn around, but continued to speak rapidly; I understood little. "Then. with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked.. The care of pregnant beasts and women, birthing, teaching the songs and rites, the fertility and. stylized conches were shooting forth, while above them raced the words INFOR INFOR INFOR. They're coming," the Doorkeeper said. Men were coming through the gardens and up the path from the Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight hovered.. share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness. "Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a. You must make your choice alone, as a man. Do you understand that?" Golden was earnest, seeing his. long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach. So he came to feel that those hours were true meetings with her, and he lived for them, without knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering.. afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat. "What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and. the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken. 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.. about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her. wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said.. very lonesome. He looked for a lane or path leading to the town, but there never was one that went. me; a flat tabletop had begun to descend, making a kind of desk, but it was a bed that I wanted. I. it included practices otherwise called "high arts," such as healing, chanting, changing, etc.. tightening as he moved. He could stand, but could not take a step towards the door. He could not. the music. And you." . We walked on. Still no houses in sight, and the wind that came rushing out of the. "Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is. like an old shoe. I'll join you this evening." And he was gone.. Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them. Each True Rune has a significance, a connotation or area of meaning, which can be more or less. "I don't know. It's why I wanted to come to Roke. To find out." . She hesitated, seeming for a moment to yield, to come to him, and then cried out, "I am not only Irian!" . he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it. someone were at my heels. The next street headed up and ended at an escalator. I thought that. For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!'" . "Should I speak to him?" Gift asked in a steady voice.. "Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books and inkpots and writings, two or three boys seated at the table, and the grey-haired, stocky man the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief, startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense.. his shoulders he approached me, not making the slightest sound. But I had recovered. "There.. though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of. sprang up out of it and ran across the wizard's feet.. his back.. clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen

was setting. "Wait, wait," his companion said. "Give me a day." "What is it - what is it like - on Roke?". The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off." 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 Ensmer, 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. "He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him." But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of her thin hand, the green nails dug into my heavy sweater. I had to smile at the thought of where. But he made no spell. He had no magic left in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible hill, into the terrible ground under him, gone. He was no wizard, only a man like the others, powerless. "You went wrong. You've come back. But you're tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone. Come home with me." lengthened a day by five hours, though he could not, as he had sworn to do, stop the sun at noon. anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his. there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy. Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form - the latter usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy only. still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big. Otter crouched as always in the uneasy oppression of the spellbond. He drank thirstily. The sharp. The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone. silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned. The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a land of beggars and poor farmers. What was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could have any woman he wanted, but women would drain his power, suck away his strength. He wanted no woman near him. He craved an enemy: an opponent worth destroying. was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes. son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a. down. "Spavined," I saw, and something about ewes' udders. But the ignorance! the brute. "Not many come here to the High Marsh," she said. "Peddlers and such. But not in winter." dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell. cool. Nearby stood a vacant table. I sat awkwardly, my back to the people, looking out into the. put her face in her hands. dispersed, then joined again into streams, so that a luminous blood seemed to course within the. thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill." a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. She began to gasp for breath. In the red light that shone now from the crest of the mountain and. castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not. freedom is a thing we study. You came here through the walls of our prison. Seeking freedom, you. songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated. Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages. "Because you don't understand a thing. I don't know how to tell you. It's nothing, you. from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his. A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went out into the rain to feed the chickens. never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn. it into a House they knew. Some of them were for turning back, then. But the Windkey and the. Priestkings, In the year 840 of the Archipelagan count, one of the two Priest-kings poisoned the. untaught knowledge of at least some words of the Language of the Making. The teaching of it is the. under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth. to be a gift?" whispered. raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he. All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake said that to make love is to unmake power." weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know. to a passage. Here the roof was much lower, just above his head. Water seeped down one wall and. Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge. for such a trap, I made a clumsy leap and, in midair, felt an invisible flow of force take hold of her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he. The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the. wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green. "But you do have a talent." "It would be a terrible long way," said Mead. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him,

body and."Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She had a keen, hard face, with long black brows..white high-held explosion of unbelievable wings; between them, columns, made not of any.certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept.speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past.returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would he.shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the.mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious.continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them.The early kings and queens of Enlad, among whose names are Lar Ashal, Dohun, Enashen, Timan, and Tagtar, gradually increased their sway till they proclaimed themselves rulers of Earthsea. Their reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel in the west, or Osskil in the north, but they did send explorers out all over the Inmost Sea and into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor, were drawn in Berila about twelve hundred years ago..PEOPLES AND LANGUAGES.The weatherworker knew his trade, at least. Sea Otter sped south; they met summer squalls and.away off like that.".your head nor theirs, see, because it would take from their power, they say'. But Ivory, poor.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.Once, when they had gone a long way and the trees, dark evergreens she did not know, stood very high about them, she heard a call - a horn blowing, a cry? - remote, on the very edge of hearing. She stood still, listening towards the west. The mage walked on, turning only when he realized she had stopped..Later he knew he should never have let the boy leave the house. He had underestimated Diamond's willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the morning; Hemlock went back to the ancient cantrip he was annotating; it was not till supper time that he thought about his pupil, and not until he had eaten supper alone that he admitted that Diamond had run away..The guesswork of a wizard is close to knowledge, though he may not know what it is he knows. The.unintentionally, and for the second time felt an invisible resilience that kept me from crossing the.fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there.,After a little silence Otter said, "Thanks." And he looked up at Hound, one brief, questioning,.story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how.None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them."Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her

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