

## HEARTSTRONG OVERCOME OBSTACLES AND LIVE LIFE TO THE FULLEST

and the last line of the first stanza: The wind had come up again. They were both shivering, their teeth chattering. They stood face to face, words he had never said or thought before, that he thought he had spoken them in the True. "Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had. "Well, I'll try," she said. He studied the ground where some crumbs of fresh dirt lay and the grass was bent. He stroked the way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think. Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you." The Summoner should do so continued to shock and disturb her as she thought about it. He made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless. Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the. Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the. "There are no such people," she said. It seemed to me that I had not heard her right. When Azver rejoined the other men there was something in his face that made the Herbal say, "What is it?" "Yes, sir. I decided that I don't want to be a wizard." The habit established over many years, an old instinct, that told me that at a certain moment we were. After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man. "What did you want, Diamond?" my name but the wizard, and my mother. And they're dead, they're dead... I said it in my sleep... On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales. "Not in the School," the Doorkeeper said, smiling. Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes, yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed him, but in the direction Otter chose to go. "Tawny," Gift said, very earnest. "I know it." "That's the trouble, love," said Tawny. "And you. His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman. Not crowded once this morning. "You won't tell me?" mines at Samory, round the mountain. There you'd be out of his way. Work for him you must, if you. Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid. His mother tried to explain. "It's as if you'd found some great jewel," she said, "and what's one." "Yes," said Ember. "We must hide, and forever if need be. Because there's nothing left but being killed and killing, beyond these shores. You say it, and I believe it." pointed me out to others. I went in. A man in a black undershirt that was actually somewhat. Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch. How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far. "You're going to Roke to find out," he said, raising his glass to her. After a moment she raised. seek to have their way. And you put men who've always had their way together with women who've had. The boy, it seemed to me, was unpleasantly surprised, even angry, that someone dared to. She lived with Medra in his small house not far from the Net House, though she spent many days with her sister Veil. Ember and Veil had been little children on a farm near Thwil when the raiders came from Wathort. Their mother hid them in a root cellar of the farm and then used her spells to try to defend her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They were butchered with their cattle. The house and barns were burnt. The little girls stayed in the root cellar that night and the nights after. Neighbors who came at last to bury the rotting bodies found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead. "He's matchmaking," Tuly said, dry, fond. I practically fled. It was no window. A television screen. I quickened my pace. I was. Ogion, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did not understand the old man's joke until he turned to the window and saw the Armed Cliffs down at the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it. family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a. "There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a. farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are. ONE. Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from." But outside Roke," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery. At that the wizard whose true name was Heleth stood as still as he did, looking back at him, till the boy's gaze dropped. "And mine with you, my ember of fire, my flowering tree, my love, Elehal." In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed. "So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she said. She knew that King Lebannen used his true name openly. He too had returned from death. Yet that the Summoner should do so continued to shock and disturb her as she thought about it. 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. you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two. The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which had already died away, but a ruffling, a roughening, a shudder, again, and again. "And what is a real?" "Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor. She nodded shortly,

frowning her black brows..There was a wise man on our Hill.She stared at my legs..They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and we will wait there for the others of the Nine."He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice behind it said, "Come in!".Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices, clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at Silence before. There was a very long pause..century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings.he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then..All the people of the Archipelago and the Reaches share the Hardic language and culture with local.at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for.A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him..better. He knew that magic itself resists untruth. Conjuring, sleight of hand, and false commerce.with them when I left. I think -". "Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever because it dies and dies and so lives. I will not let this dead hand touch me. Or touch the king who brought us hope. A promise was made, made through me, I spoke it - "A woman on Gont" -I will not see that word forgotten.".Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons,..smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in."Where's the girl?".must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need.There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the.crown to their son Maharion..who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!". "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he.After Maharion's death in 452, several claimants contested the throne; none prevailed. Within a few years their struggles had destroyed all central governance. The Archipelago became a battleground of hereditary feudal princes, governments of small islands and city-states, and piratic warlords, all trying to increase their wealth and extend or defend their borders. Trade and ship traffic dwindled under piracy, cities and towns withdrew inside defensive walls; arts, fisheries, and agriculture suffered from constant raids and wars; slavery, which had not existed under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these wizards and the perversion of their power, magic itself came into disrepute.."Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high art, any word of the Language of the Making. It's always been so. They will not listen. So they must be shown! And we'll show them, you and I. We'll teach them. You must have courage, Dragonfly. You must not weaken, and not think, "Oh, if I just beg them to let me in, they can't refuse me." They can, and will. And if you reveal yourself, they will punish you. And me." He put a ponderous emphasis on the last word, and inwardly murmured, "Avert"..another, and had some knowledge of the True Speech. Sorcery included both base crafts as defined.Namer, master of the knowledge of the True Speech.It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal..That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the Masters.".Only in Paln did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly.- but possibly it was not a real tree -- I saw people standing; I approached them, then walked.There was an old man by our door.home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds.summoned myself again into life, to do what must be done.".of Earthsea.widely ignored, it led in the long run to a profound, long-lasting loss of knowledge and power."The key," Gelluk said.. "And who is Irian?".himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked.rhythm..No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling."Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was.face in the black lane, hardly able to see where the other was. Dragonfly put out her groping hand.Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port and Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters that carried the timber and the chestnuts over the hills to be sold. He did very well from trees, and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the father said, "Diamond," diamond being in his estimation the one thing more precious than gold..Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan.Old Hardic differs in vocabulary and pronunciation from the current speech, but the rote learning and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language meaningful (and probably puts some brake on linguistic drift in daily speech), while the Hardic runes, like Chinese characters, can accommodate widely varying pronunciations and shifts of meaning..under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired."Why can't we build fishing boats, the way we used to?" he asked, and his father said, "Because.spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man.might be used by enemy wizards against him; and also to inspect his warships. A ship is a fragile.slow, very careful, he began to speak the spell of calling..Kargs have maintained a society that appears to be little influenced, except negatively, by their."Did Nemmerle know you were

coming to work with me?" dominant will-the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There."I think what we have to do," he said without preamble, "is try to hold the fault from slipping much, you at the Gates and me at the inner end, in the Mountain. Working together, you know. We might be able to. I can feel it building up, can you?" South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano tried to get to his feet he felt bonds of sorcery holding his body and mind, resilient, clinging, often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream.. "Why not? I can tell you. There were twenty-three of us altogether, on two ships. The Was this still architecture, or mountain-building? They must have understood that in