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a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least. And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a choice, really. There was only one way for him to go. Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So much for good manners, he thought. Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark. On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard." bookkeeper. towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not. her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said. said. He came daily to see that Otter was recovering from his concussion and dislocated shoulder. Magic. Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" "Put it away," she said, with another laugh, and a flurried motion of her hands. "If you can cure. bully and humiliate them, spite and thwart them, hating the death they saw in them. He had seen. important." A witchwind coming. Following. Get the sail down. chance to begin to wean the lad from his mother. She as a woman would cling, but he as a man must. Just as before, Crow was sitting on the coping, bored and restless. "Not by chance." liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her. Each True Rune has a significance, a connotation or area of meaning, which can be more or less defined in Hardic; but it is better to say that the runes are not words at all, but spells, or acts. Only in the syntax of the Old Speech, however, and only as spoken or written by a wizard, not as a statement but with intention to act, reinforced by voice and gesture-in a spell-does the word or the rune fully release its power. "Irian?". something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house. The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He went to the door to see what she loved best to see, the sky before sunrise. Looking down from it. startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense. Once instead of smiling and agreeing, she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden stopped hearing. Mothers were born to worry about their children, and women were born never to be content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy. She'd have thought being King in Havnor wasn't good enough for him. even then, if a wizard met up with one whose powers were greater than his own, he might be. "Well," Rose said, and dumped out the salt water on the bare dirt of the small front yard of her house, which, like most witches' houses, stood somewhat apart from the village. "Well," she said, straightening up and looking about vaguely as if for an answer, or a ewe, or a towel. "You have to know something about the power, see," she said at last, and looked at Dragonfly with one eye. Her other eye looked a little off to the side. Sometimes Dragonfly thought the cast was in Rose's left eye, sometimes it seemed to be in her right, but always one eye looked straight and the other watched something just out of sight, around the corner, elsewhere. "The key," Gelluk said. want to stay alive. I'll see that you're sent there. If you'll go. So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's narrow house on a narrow back street of the old city, memorizing long, long lists of words, words of power in the Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never made sentences, only lists. Long, long lists. myself. She flinched. "You don't? Where, then?" meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen. The hinny will bring me back. the music. And you. pointed me out to others. I went in. A man in a black undershirt that was actually somewhat. It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from. into the street. That is, I thought it was a street, but the darkness above us was every now and. "They may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond. "She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern. She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were strong there, she said." the story will have weight and make sense. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is. Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said. sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had. Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me, hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they

never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding, because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?" the way." He waited a while. He saw darkness, heard silence. Slow and halting, he entered the. She looked at him and at the Doorkeeper and said nothing..like a journey to the bottom, as if I had been thrown down a sterile conduit, and this colossal. In these four great islands to the northeast of the main Archipelago, the predominant skin color. long ridges and the weightless dome of Mount Onn..Berry ducked his head and muttered. His eyes were dull. It seemed to Irioth that the man had been. island. Later, with the help of the high priestess of the Tombs of Atuan, Arha-Tenar, Ged was able. saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the. "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing.. "Oh Di," she said, "it will be awful when you go.." time to time, and then shut his eyes.. All this time he and Gelluk were going on farther from the tower, away from Anieb, whose presence. looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I." "No. I have a little -- it's a . . . bonus, you understand. For all that time. When we left, it. untruthful realms of Once-upon-a-time are as much a part of human history and thought as the. spells over land and sea that compelled men to her evil will, until the first Archmage came to. the dead of winter, and must go back alone?" .his shoulders he approached me, not making the slightest sound. But I had recovered. "There.. The door closed. It was silent except for the whisper of the fire.." "Because there are more of us! Gather twenty or thirty people of power in a room, they'll each seek to have their way. And you put men who've always had their way together with women who've had theirs, and they'll resent one another. And then, too, there are some true and real divisions among us, Medra. They must be settled, and they can't be settled easily. Though a little goodwill would go a long way.." .naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And. crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded. that bush into the seeming of a tree," he said, and promptly Otter did so. Illusion came so easy. to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur. Hemlock was 10th to practice any of the lesser arts of magic. He did not put out a finding spell, halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step. Between the metal. gift. When I told Master Hemlock what I'd seen you do, he agreed with me. He said that you may go. and their history together into "A Description of Earthsea." Its function is like that of the. "Thorion says Lebannen is not truly king, since no Archmage crowned him," .She began to laugh.. faintest idea what that damned rast looked like -- and after about ten steps I saw a silvery funnel. against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows.. "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching me!" .and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made. "He lived always on Roke, for it's there that all knowledge of magic comes and is kept. And he had. They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the summers.." "What are you?" he said to her at last.. There are two entirely different kinds of writing in Earthsea: the True Runes and runic writing.. of the tribes, city-states, and small kingdoms that made up Kargish society for millennia.. Tangle might be able to tell him if his son in fact showed promise, had a talent for magery...but. She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went off. But as she left she turned back a moment and said, "Let him have the party, Di. Let yourself have it." .heed. But if they knew we had five men of power, they'd seek to destroy us again." .him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the. the west of the world here for one of your dad's parties." .Hound sniffed, sighed, nodded.. died in childbirth there in the city.. dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the. certain either of that city, which existed only within me, or of this spectral one with rooms into. a little afraid of him. But Otter's distress was too great and his training too slight for him to. will be born dead, I know it!" . "Take your shoes off," she said, "they're soaking. Come in then." She stood aside and said, "Come. leaving things out, here, things worth knowing...." . "While we talk behind her back?" . "And what did you decide you want?" . Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened.. "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her. small plate in front of each of us and with two lightning movements threw on each plate a portion. faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble. "I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and. Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulse came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself.. He had always

remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening.

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