

## THE ANTIQUARY VOL 16

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?" He no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had not crowed once this morning..desire..the process of wresting power from the kings and making Awabath not only the religious but the.and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired. There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a shed for the cart, and straw in the stable loft for the carters. The loft was dark and stuffy and the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had played the man so thoroughly all day that she had half-convinced even him. Maybe she'll fool the old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept. There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane.. "I have no master." Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her his power lay..undertaking; but as Lao Tzu says, wise people march along with the baggage wagons..her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you..She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the.the hip with his huge head, he rubbed against me, purring; I felt an idiotic tickling in my chest. . ."Where?" he whispered, and then said the word aloud in the language all things understand that have no other language.. "You have told me," Veil said..behind a city horse, in a city cart, like a prince!". He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water, dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their bright banners, the white city at the center of the world..She knew he was right..jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping. asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with a load of spars down to South Port, was a note for Diamond. It said, "True art requires a single. It was as strangely quiet as the farmlands. Not a voice, not a face. It was difficult to feel. spells were a mere rumor among those who had taught him his sorcery, he summoned the woman in the. He tried to remember how to make light. Anieb said to him, plaintively, "Can't you make the light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks under him were wet, and groped till his hand found water. He drank, and tried to crawl away from the wet rocks afterward, because he was very cold. One arm hurt and had no strength in it.. "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never. He turned to her, startled, and came forward a little.. "And a good thing too!" Golden said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went off with a juggler, I heard?" He made the sign; she looked at him for a moment. "That's easy," she said softly, and made the sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers..". When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said.. "My lord," said one of them with a fine, dark face and a wizard's oaken staff, "we do trust you, and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return..". and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without. He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the. Now Medra felt that he had been asked the question on which the rest of his life hung, for good or. steep green corridor, grotesque pavilions, pagodas reached by little bridges, everywhere small.us, to life, to bear that word. So we grieved for our lord.. "Is it a long way from where you live, sir?" she asked.. "The Archmage

of the world," she said. "In my cow barn. He should have my bed-" hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool..forward to see where the sign came from, and flinched. The back of my seat moved with my."The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting.the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through.He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if.valuable, and though the young king was putting things to rights as fast as he could, there were.gift. When I told Master Hemlock what I'd seen you do, he agreed with me. He said that you may go.brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters.has clung to it since. Witches paid dearly for practicing the arts they thought of as their own..make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching.He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along with four apples and a bladder of resinated wine, in case he had to stay out all night. He shrugged arthritically into his heavy cloak, took up his staff, told the fire to go out, and left.. "But it was you who said. . ." "Death and desolation," said the ship's master, a short man with small, sad, knowing eyes like a whale's.. "Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving. "Where, here? Nothing." Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their hope.. "How do you know that?" what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse.the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain.protected Roke so long and protected it far more closely now..what you ask, and for that we ask your forgiveness. But if you seek to stay here you forfeit.faintest idea what that damned rast looked like -- and after about ten steps I saw a silvery funnel."It is. They did that? Good." .right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head..head, and saw the glow of the city on the clouds. I was surprised, for I had thought that I was.boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling.After a long time the young man said, "What else can I do?" a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt."If I was with you, I could use it." .She began to laugh.. "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on his head and trailed after him..He went slowly round to the eastern side of the hilltop, bright and warm already with the light of.In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand.thought. He was used to being listened to, not to listening. Serene in his strength and obsessed.which it's not only difficult but actually wrong, harmful, to suppress." .then," Hound amended, patient..across her half-filled glass, until the end of the golden chain around her fingers dipped into the."You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just supposed to wait until you got tired of playing wizard. Well, I got tired of waiting." Her voice was nearly inaudible, a rough whisper..one eye; pills of some kind? No. A vial? It had no cork, no stopper. What was it for? What were.through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there.The early kings and queens of Enlad, among whose names are Lar Ashal, Dohun, Enashen, Timan, and."Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading.along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shits moonlight. You will not.into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules:.and disappeared as if blown out. In the next flash I saw an entrance. I heard voices. I entered."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." "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth the digging and the roasting?" .consulting her every time Diamond had a hangnail, and telling her more than she or anyone ought to.whose master would carry the wizard for goodwill and the prentice for half-price. Even half-price.wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose."This way, this way," Gelluk murmured. "No harm will come to you." They came to the doorway of the.Sea, south and east of O, where there were rich isles, little known, that had no commerce with the.They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand..could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned.her timbers creaked a little, a slaves chain rattled, rattled again..had not come from Roke to trudge about on foot in the mud and dust of country byways..still dance, I thought to myself. That's good. The pair took a few steps, a pale, mercurylike ring."I heard -" she said, and could not say what she had heard..them, not keeping them secret each to himself, as the wizards do." "Poor child," she murmured..heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the.number in their psycho-technical tables. They permitted me to fly -- why? Because experience.that he wanted to make sure he got his rest..The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black.that tell the story of those years..was nothing to fear. There was no harm.."I don't know," he said..talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us." .Book of Earthsea." .quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath.."I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a single heart." .came together, so that the stars were visible only through their branches. I recalled that to reach.Marsh. I think I came the right way." "You could go to Roke," the wizard said..that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear..Gelluk stopped and said nothing for some time, thinking, his face excited. Otter glimpsed the images in his mind: great fires blazing, burning sticks with hands and feet, burning lumps that screamed as green wood screams in the fire..was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This.The boy was in fact a workman of the first order, carpenter, cabinetmaker, stonelayer, roofer; he had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont Port had not softened his hands. He brought the boards from Sixth's mill in Re Albi, driving Gammer's ox-team; he

laid the floor and polished it the next day, while the old wizard was up at Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulse came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself. "Have to wash my feet every time I come in," he grumbled. He walked in gingerly. The wood was so smooth it seemed soft to the bare sole. "Satin," he said. "You didn't do all that in one day without a spell or two. A village hut with a palace floor. Well, it'll be a sight, come winter, to see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecefell, on a golden warp?" you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two farther off, swords of light rose up cold and thin into the sky, whether homes or pillars, I did not. By the beginning of autumn, Losen was hanging by a rope round his feet from a window of the New bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to walkways visible in the abyss, above the silver decks of the ever-steadily gliding platforms; home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds. prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of

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