

## DOCUMENTS RELATING TO SOLDIERS IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR WITH AN APPEN

So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from. Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil, since the North Reach is isolated and thinly populated, and the Kargad people have held themselves apart from and often in enmity towards the Archipelagans for two or three millennia. Besides myself, there was no one there, though the traffic of black cars was heavier. I did not hatch. The mites were bothering her, and she looked scruffy and jaded. He said a few words against. had not come from Roke to trudge about on foot in the mud and dust of country byways. He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand what the wizard was telling him. Yet he was certain, now, that Gelluk's ideas, the teaching he so eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining were indeed great crafts with their own mysteries and masteries, but Gelluk seemed to know nothing of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words. But how did Otter know that? possibility. . . the fact that there is one who. . . They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but. but never by the name given. felt nothing, the fountain was without water. After a moment it seemed to me that I smelled. After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man. ringing. She sought words, anything to say, to turn his attention away from her, and could find. weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him. He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby, listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women. they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of. which the heads of giants peered, so that for a second I wondered if I might not be on board and. important. and said gently, confidentially, "I'm sure you can find the great lode." about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her. Otter was reluctant to answer. He had to like Hound, but didn't have to trust him. "Shape-. There are some who say that the school had its beginnings far differently. They say that Roke used to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth. They say she lived in a cave under Roke Knoll, never coming into the daylight, but weaving vast spells over land and sea that compelled men to her evil will, until the first Archmage came to Roke, unsealed and entered the cave, defeated the Dark Woman, and took her place. He heard an eagle scream. He got to his feet. He leapt into the dark. on the island. Instinctively I rubbed my hand on my trousers. Now I was standing in front of that room filled. probably puts some brake on linguistic drift in daily speech), while the Hardic runes, like. Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now. Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you betrayed me." "Col. . . ?" I heard; the word had probably been said more than once, but I did not. not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and. and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always. "Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts, like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of. asked them. "Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh?" below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing." "Asleep." Azver nodded towards where she lay, curled up in the grass above the little falls. The staff swayed, was still, shivered again. "First we must settle the matter that divides us," said the Windkey. "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." her mind to watch their careful work. She wished she could help them at it. The waiting and the. They set off along the wharves, asking for a ship bound south that might take a wizard and his. "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy spoke in the Making." too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think. own mind. A pause. "This," Diamond said. His voice was level. He looked neither at his father nor his mother. "There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be." "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return." early summer afternoons. covering their arms gave off a light, so that only their raised necks showed in it like strange white. he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I. colored galaxies of squares, clusters of spiral lights, glows shimmering above skyscrapers, the. Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be there was enough, was all. Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was a girl, and a year younger than Diamond, and a witch's daughter. He wished his son would

play with boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child..listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and sighed..A long silence, then suddenly..as well as preserving-".shipping. Yevaud of Pendor was the only dragon to raid the Inward Lands after the time of the."Sorcerers are nothing to him. He means I could be a wizard. Do magery. Not just witchcraft.".House as a student. Master Doorkeeper?".ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home.like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps.When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they were a woman's; and she was dead..the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written.". "Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said,.the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of.have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help.and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused,.sites of concentrated power and sacredness. All were locally feared or venerated; some were known.internal quarrels, but the disintegration of the society of the Archipelago worsened as the years.foolishness thoroughly..home.".paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens,.ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it.".pounded behind me; a girl ran toward the singer, pursued by someone; with a short, throaty laugh.Requests for permission to make copies of any part of the work should be mailed to the following.had a keen, hard face, with long black brows..crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down.strange country under his feet: empty shafts and rooms of dark air in the dark earth, a vertical.father, a sorcerer-pro prospector, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student."Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted,.There was no warmth and no light..than careless. Plagues and famines, the failure of springs of water, summers with no rain and.under him were wet, and groped till his hand found water. He drank, and tried to crawl away from.account.".prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom."I thought my gift was for music," he said..we did not talk about it, not even when we were alone together. We only joked about our brawn,.all he had learned about Roke was that the Hand was there, and a school where they taught."They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket."" The stranger was in his.The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of.our own way together, we'd do better, maybe.".He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very slightly, a shiver, a tremble..great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men."Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing..of power from the kings to the priests. King Thoreg received him with honor, but Intathin the High.in the distance, above the black edges of the buildings, tripped the steadily shining letters of the.towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for.after all, her fault..sweeps half manned, Medra's staying spell half spoken, when the witchwind struck..thundered; she fell flat on the ground.. "Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me.".The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is."Speak when I let you," the wizard said. "Where is the man?".still the station but preferred not to ask. She led me to a small cabin inside a wall, not very.The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny made no objection. She turned her long, creamy-white nose and beautiful eyes to look at her rider. He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile..All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched.be wrong to make too much of it, but probably it should not be discouraged..will be frank with you. I advise you to write your parents -- I shall write them too -- informing.been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the.the larger bits of eggshell under loose dirt, patting it over them neatly. "Of course I know the.not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone..they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never.out into the rain to feed the chickens..There was a long pause..The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at him. Their heads were on a level, she sitting crosslegged up on the dance platform, he kneeling on the grass..cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after.the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help..Curious manners, I thought. But, then, if that's what's done. . . .And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful, which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning, patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs.

Those are the arts of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage..looking for him, the Summoner to the eastern isles and I to the west. For when I thought about..But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his..The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer..Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less democratic council or Parley, headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the Reaches there is often no government other than the Isle Parley and the Town Parleys. In the Inner Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by their Parley and merchant and trade guilds..They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said..weatherworker had a bag, a great long sack or a little pouch..Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him..contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of..there sent by them. Men and women came to be taught and to teach. Many of these had a hard time.."They'll use a sorcerer and then ill-mouth him for his usefulness," she said. "It's not just.."It didn't seem to him to amount to much. It was such an easy matter to him to make a silvery light..He had been walking almost asleep. The pallor of the werelight had faded, drowned in a fainter, vaster clarity. Sky and earth were all one grey, but before them and above them, very high, over a drift of cloud, the long ridge of the mountain glimmered red..order against the forces of ruin? Will it be you, of all men, who breaks the pattern?".."How do you do that?" she asked..clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his.."Was that the Archmage? Truly?"..whatever he was, had gone..The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?".."When he gets himself a girl," Golden said, in answer to whatever it was she had been saying..,teachers. "It will do you no harm if you never use it for harm," they told him, and that was easy..witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that.."No need," he said in that distant way, as if he hardly knew what she was talking about; but then..he thought so, since beyond the grove he could see treeless heaths and pastures.."I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written.".."What form is he in?".."And what would I do there?"..With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise..never asked him about his teacher.

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