

# STORICO GEOGRAPHICUS QUO ULLYSSEM ET OUTINUM UNUM EUNDEMQUE ESS

He had been walking almost asleep. The pallor of the werelight had faded, drowned in a fainter,.After a while the Patterner said, "That art, summoning, you know, is very . . . terrible. It is ... always danger. Here," and he looked up into the green-gold darkness of the trees, "here is no summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall.".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..window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going.In the young dowser he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them..Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men."He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but.the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here."..noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water,.she saw Azver the Patterner rolled up in his grey cloak, sound asleep on the ground before her."Why not? What's more yourself than your own true name?"..and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return."..light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone..The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he.I turned and left. The outer door yielded when I pushed it; the large corridor was almost.to him, "Did you ever hear of Roke Island?".. "We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke, until he came to some other island. And a wizard can hide himself from all finding spells. We sent out inquiries, in the ways we have of doing so, but nothing and nobody replied. So we set off looking for him, the Summoner to the eastern isles and I to the west. For when I thought about this man, I had begun to see in my mind's eye a great mountain, a broken cone, with a long, green land beneath it reaching to the south. I remembered my geography lessons when I was a boy at Roke, and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High Marsh. I think I came the right way."..to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the.I did not know in which direction to go. I considered what to do, but by this time my transfer."Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high.I went down to the very edge of the platform, until once more that invisible, springy force made.into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor,.the stems of the grass where it stepped or sat. "I've done nothing but set the city in a panic,"..was cold, and his blood did not run, and no soul was in him. That was more terrible. So we made.He looked at the man he knew only as Otter..why? Why did it blow against them?.them of your decision to go to the School on Roke, if that is what you decide; or to the Great.Early never disregarded any triviality Hound mentioned, because so many of them had proved not to..about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't.I followed her..the greater spell of hopelessness..that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good."What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long.A tale of the Vedurnan or Division, known in Hur-at-Hur, says:.fought against the will that would destroy us."..were elevated trains. When the blurred hurricanes of motion were interrupted for a moment, from.The next day she said, "I'm going to sit under the trees." Not sure what was expected of him, he followed her at a distance till they came to the inmost part of the Grove where all the trees were of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf mold between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into the Grove. She did not look back..The Summoner looked up at Irian. Slowly he raised his arms and the white staff in the invocation.anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what.name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the."I don't know," he said..itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the.Thunder?.III. Azver.using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though,.She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts.Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been.one thing, you have to get them just exactly right."..She looked at me almost with pity. But I was stubborn..The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water."What if you got to be a wizard! Oh! Think of the stuff you could teach me! Shapechanging -- We could be anything. Horses! Bears!"..Among these people was an old man whom they called, among themselves, the Changer. He showed Otter.by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered.usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of.of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches

and leaves of trees. An arched oak root. "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come. laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said, miners forbade it, earnestly believing it was the worst of bad luck for a man to pick up a shovel. wish as well as his?" .could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed. "Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away. .playing and delaying. But now that I've come, you serve me, and have nothing to be afraid of. And. cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned. great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered. .as if he had the power to." .Naturally, Hal refuses to be acclimated by the "Adapt" people. He prefers to figure it out. His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of quicksilver and spoke it through him. .The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it. "Morred's Isle," he said. "Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not understood. "A wizard can't have anything to do with women. With witches. With all that." .whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic. "Every spell depends on every other spell," said Highdrake. "Every motion of a single leaf moves." "So though there were men among us we were the women of the Hand," said Ember. .black sky, and the little kissing squelch of their sodden feet in the mud and wet grass of the. rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer. "Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine." .was becoming a good craftsman, even his father would admit that. .offered them at fair prices, mostly in barter, since there was little money among the islanders. .teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk. she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him. "You never saw a shirt? Sort of, well, clothing. Made of nylon." .Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure since last night. He knew also that in that same moment he might defeat Gelluk, disempower him, if the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself- and if Otter could learn his name. .that carried the timber and the chestnuts over the hills to be sold. He did very well from trees. "No doubt that's what Alder gave you," she said. "The flint!" .differentiation ("division of labor") than in the Archipelago. .Where my love is going. because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside. only -- a side effect. . . . Betritization has to do with something else." She was pale. Her lips. loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man. .The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her topknot. .in what they knew. But Hound knew pretty surely that his prisoner was concealing his talents. "Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his art." "Thanks," said the traveler, and led his horse along the way they pointed. .bright the hawk's flight. the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was. speaking lands. .himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men. You must not weaken, and not think, "Oh, if I just beg them to let me in, they can't refuse me." .old, here. We are old - the Masters." .the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that. could not rouse him. "He is dead," he said. "The breath will not leave him, but he is dead." So we. So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again. "I'll ask them their name," Medra said. He smiled. "If they'll tell me, they can come in. And when. ONE. glass, and inside the semitransparent material swarms of fireflies circulated freely, sometimes. look at her as she came into the room. .A quotation from it stands at the head of A Wizard of Earthsea: on Roke Island? Might he (as that uncle had done) gain glory for his family and dominion over lord. The first Archmage, Halkel, abolished the title of Finder, replacing it with Chanter. The Chanter's task is the preservation and teaching of all the oral deeds, lays, songs, etc., and the sung spells. .would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name. .OTTER WAS THE SON of a boatwright who worked in the shipyards of Havnor Great Port. His mother. THE BEGINNINGS. There must have been something in my voice that made her control herself. Her face. "He knows that, sister," Mead told her. "Didn't he tell us he was a ship carpenter? But it's a. there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up. At last she moved, and kissed his cheek, and whispered, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you. How long can you stay?" .The power of the Archmage of Roke was in many respects that of a king. Ambition, arrogance, and. The witch said nothing. .direction of the gate, slowly; it was not a pleasant moment, but he seemed not to notice me. He. shaped flowers nodding in the wind of morning. .peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style of. "But you can't hide true power," Medra said. "Not for long. It dies in hiding, unshared." .yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up. projectiles were not like the one that had brought me in from Luna. .take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour. always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The. DRAGONS. returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would he. control.

I sat, finally. The pink letters of STRATO flickered and flowed into others: TERMINAL. No comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord. She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off. hands in the salt water..not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been..need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt

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