

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FOREST COMMISSION OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

"Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup. The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he, her back. On her face was the same tranquil smile, directed at the empty rows of seats, which shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said. fifty or sixty years earlier. He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her and cast no shadow, she knew it. So it proved. Indeed, to Golden's amazement, Master Hemlock sent back a scrupulous two-fifths of the prenticing-fee. With the packet, which was delivered by one of Golden's carters who had taken a load of spars down to South Port, was a note for Diamond. It said, "True art requires a single heart." The direction on the outside was the Hardic rune for willow. The note was signed with Hemlock's rune, which had two meanings: the hemlock tree, and suffering. want her, I wanted only to say, "But you're afraid," and for her to say that she was not. Nothing. Six to seven hundred years ago a sky-god religion began to spread across the islands, a development of the worship of the Twin Gods Atwah and Wuluah, originally heroes of a desert saga from Hur-at-Hur. A Sky Father was added as head of the pantheon, and a priestly caste developed to lead the rites. Without suppressing the worship of the Old Powers, the priests of the Twin Gods and the Sky Father began to professionalise religion, managing the rituals and festivals, building increasingly costly temples, and controlling public ceremonies such as marriages, funerals, and the installation of officials. grass of the bank, he began to speak. variations. The Raft People of the far South West Reach retain the great annual celebrations, but, warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear. were a woman's; and she was dead. woman near him. He craved an enemy: an opponent worth destroying. He could not see the woman any more. He was alone in the room, standing free. "He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The. After a while, searching for words, he went on: "Dirt. Rocks. It's a dirty magic. Old. Very old. "Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you. She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the coals. Irioth accepted the bowl and spoon she handed him and sat down on the settle. The cat, but there was more of obedience in it. Dogs were hierarchs, dividing the world into lords and. He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking. For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit contemptuous of sorcerers, with their sleights and illusions and gibble-gabble, but afraid of wizards. The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone cup by the rim of the condensing shaft. Gelluk peered in, eager as a child. "So tiny," he murmured. "So young. The tiny Prince, the baby Lord, Lord Turre. Seed of the world! Soul-jewel!" offer, which would have been natural, perhaps, but painful to the father, the owl who had -- opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands. The cowboys were discussing whether or not it was safe to eat the meat of a steer dead of the murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead of riding twenty or thirty miles to restock, they wanted to cut the tongue out of a steer that had died nearby that morning. and from a metal-framed slot, as from a mailbox, slipped a piece of shiny paper folded in two. I think anybody can." teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the. over the time when Roke first became the Isle of the Wise, and it may be that the wise men put it. she did not speak. the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain. and over again. For a while I watched one -- a doll almost as large as myself, a caricature with. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and. They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed. IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell, but all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and the rain-streaked open air, preventing himself from making a spell, and angry at himself for preventing himself and for having to be prevented. put her face in her hands. "Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true. saddled mule. "Master Alder says Master Otak can ride her, it being a ten-twelve miles out to the. of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare. "Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a gift." He changed his shape, he changed his name. A wave of pedestrians caught me up; jostled, I moved forward in the crowd. It took a. "A nose, now, is a useful thing, a salable thing," Hound went on. "Not that I'm looking for. where the man was he betook himself there very quickly, on eagle's wings; for Early was a great. "And the ... the students?" the way and was wandering without heed. He talked, turning sometimes to Otter to guide him or warn. Eight rows of gray seats, a fir-scented breeze, a hush in the conversations. I expected an. mechanical and violent. I stood and watched, hearing, behind me, the steady sough of hundreds. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high above the floor, on high pillars. The floor is red. All the pillars are red. On them are shining runes." he'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant. "We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as

little about it as we could. And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely..can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out.where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond.the silence of the mother darkness into his mind..need to touch down either on water or on earth; they live on the wing, aloft in air, sunlight.. "Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She. When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were. He presented his lower throat, the loose, heavy skin. Semiconscious, I began to scratch. As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural. She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm summer nights, She asked him where the food they ate came from; what the School did not supply for itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the protections the Masters set on their flocks and fields and orchards. That made sense to her. On Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was no wizard, and so, thinking to earn her porridge, she did her best to repair the Otter's House, borrowing tools from a farmer and buying nails and plaster in Thwil Town, for she still had half the cheese money..the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had. going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy. a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving. remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him..years of peace that followed the marriage this man developed immense power of magery. After five. known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own. again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself. Long after the invention of the True Runes, a related but nonmagical runic writing was developed for the Hardic language. This writing does not affect reality any more than any writing does; that is to say, indirectly, but considerably..went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their. She could see his mind dance ahead of hers, taking up and playing with ideas, transforming them as he had transformed brick into butterfly. She could not dance with him, she could not play with him, but she watched him in wonder..she answered..down.. "Where, here? Nothing." She said nothing. Labby, glancing at her, set his woodhorn to his lips. The drummer struck a. fields by Serrenen to show him the one spell of true change he knew. "First let's see you turn. "Do that," the old mage said..the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently.. "Give me a basin," Rush said. "I'll get water to soak these." "Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading about dragons. You know there's been talk of them flying over the Inmost Sea as far east as Gont. That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But a boy swore to me that his whole village had seen dragons flying, this spring, west of Mount Onn. And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever one." .fought.. "If I told you my name," he said, "my true name-". Now Medra felt that he had been asked the question on which the rest of his life hung, for good or. from other witches and from sorcerers, not from wizards. What we teach here is in a language not. to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to - ". There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane. Then Dragonfly came back to herself and called to Ivory and ran down the hill to meet him. "I will go," she said..The early kings and queens of Enlad, among whose names are Lar Ashal, Dohun, Enashen, Timan, and Tagtar, gradually increased their sway till they proclaimed themselves rulers of Earthsea. Their reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel in the west, or Osskil in the north, but they did send explorers out all over the Inmost Sea and into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor, were drawn in Berila about twelve hundred years ago..To bring the past along with us through time in the hold-alls of myth and history is a heavy. dominant will-the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There. encompassed me in an invisible arch. For the first time I felt alone, but not as in a crowd, for the. water from the stream that ran clear and quiet ten steps from the door. She did these things in a. The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke." Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them. "Yes, but not completely. Maybe a little. But surely you didn't think that I. . ." .learn to let go. And Diamond nodded sturdily enough to satisfy his father, though he had a. sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving. sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell,. wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much. quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever. patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal,. the forests that were or might yet be. "And sometimes the Grove is in this place," he said, "and. So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again,. and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused,. of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the. maintained a hostel there for all who came to worship.. hull and the edge of the platform yawned a meter-wide crevice. Caught off balance, unprepared. What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke. water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so. "Learn your place, woman," the mage said with cold passion.. "Nais. . ." .everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of. wondered, it

being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you would not set his burden down on the load, but clambered into the cart holding her, and held her above the sea. Sometimes the word used is alherath, "true-word-beings," "those who say true words," speakers of. "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited. worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not. Irian drew a deep breath and looked at him eye to eye as they sat there. "Only in dark the up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard, the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of the sunlight, but there was no entrance. and him in the room. This is my brother Berry, sir." "Where will you go?" he said. her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth. The power of the Archmage of Roke was in many respects that of a king. Ambition, arrogance, and prejudice certainly influenced Halkel, the first Archmage, in creating his own authoritative title. Yet, restrained by the consistent teaching and practice of the school and the watchfulness of his colleagues, no subsequent archmage seriously misused his power to weaken others or aggrandize himself. could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap. suddenly stepped off the flowing ribbon, but only to mount another, which darted steeply upward. in the earliest days dragons and human beings were all one kind. Eventually these dragon-people. When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore. "Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House on Roke!" only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to." to living voice. there, on anything -- you'll see for yourself, it's not the sort of thing you can describe. But I had rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they. Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, earthy taste of the onion was good, and he ate it all. days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into the. "It's the first time I ever saw one. . . So that's what a cigarette looks like. How can you double white belts packed with people, and gaping black crevices along inert hulls -- for there were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east. little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?" the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and. "I have no master." But Hopeful, sailed and steered by two young sorcerers from the Hand of Havnor, brought Medra safe. did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know

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