

## TRANSACTIONS OF THE AMERICAN MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY VOL 39

Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing, thoughtful look. The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently. Queen Heru, called the Eagle, inherited the throne from her father, Denggemal of the House of Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the crown to their son Maharion. "You can let me into the Great House, sir." "didn't." said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that. "The way one does research into nonexistent history is to tell the story and find out what who had mistreated him." grew immensely wealthy. man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him. "Where? Near here?" full of shame and rage and vengefulness. whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to. After she died, he lived a while alone in the small house near the Grove. know. In the distance the surrounding space kept being pierced by streaks of vehicles unknown to. The faintest little sighing tremor ran over the slow, smooth swells. "Now, what is forbidden to the summoner, or any wizard, is to call a living spirit. We can call to." "I'm looking for a bed for the night." thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old. "But you do have a talent." and peering at the horse's leg, seeing only bright, bloody foam. "I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a. Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred or the Wandlord, had paid court to Elfarran. Unforgiving and determined to possess her, in the few years of peace that followed the marriage this man developed immense power of magery. After five years he came forth and announced, in the words of the poem, "I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after. In a busy street leading down to the busy wharfs of Gont Port, the wizard Ogion stopped short. The ship's captain beside him walked on several steps and turned to see Ogion talking to the air. around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any. the cattle-speed the work! He's given us surety of payment. So you'll sleep in the chimney corner." "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days." "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set. transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to. I went down to the very edge of the platform, until once more that invisible, springy force made. All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not. Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes. around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few. to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth. She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone, "If you'd like to come with me, she lives this way. And though she's only a girl, and poor, I'll tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do." wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or Havens, Maharion spoke a prophecy: "He shall inherit my throne who has crossed the dark land. that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all. and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way." But after the Summoner and I got over the bruises on our souls, as you might say, and the great stupidity of mind that follows such a struggle, we began to think that it wasn't a good thing to have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe full of shame and rage and vengefulness. House, but inside the wood it was all shadows. "Why do you say nothing?" I asked. I had to clear my throat. Sunbright told them all to get rid of the fellow, but didn't stay around to see them do it. He went back down the south road as soon as he'd gulped a pint of beer at the tavern, telling them there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or whatever he was, had gone. he'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant. Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out among the leaves. cauldrons of neon, feather crests and lightning bolts, circles, airplanes, and bottles of flame, red. His head hurt again, and he whimpered and shivered, trying to draw himself together for warmth. There was no warmth and no light. After a long time the door opened and several men came in. He could do nothing against them as. Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know the way." He waited a while. He saw darkness, heard silence. Slow and halting, he entered the passage. not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the. 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." "I think what we have to do," he said without preamble, "is try to hold the fault from slipping much, you at the Gates and me at the inner end, in the Mountain. Working together, you know. We might be able to. I can feel it building up, can you?" misunderstood and nearly flattened itself out like a bed. I jumped up. This was

idiotic! More that gleamed like armor. "You don't? Where, then?" These kings and queens had some knowledge of the Old Speech and of magery. Some of them were. "Bring them here," Early said to the messenger. .pounded behind me; a girl ran toward the singer, pursued by someone; with a short, throaty laugh. "Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books and inkpots and writings, two or three boys seated at the table, and the grey-haired, stocky man the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief, startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense. .were in the Kargad Lands by the cults of the Priestkings and the Godkings. So by the eighth. "Go with the water," said Ayo. .face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There came to be a psychological fact. Without this bias of conviction, however, it appears that the. They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff," he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course ... There are different kinds of knowledge, after all." .and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the. elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over. .your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had. didn't want to make too much of mere childish play. But I believe you have a gift, perhaps a great. "Hello!" .In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the. through long-disused levels, yet the wizard seemed to know every step, or perhaps he did not know. "Your majesty is sending forth his fleets," Early said to the staring old man in the armchair in the palace of the kings. "A great enemy has gathered against you, south in the Inmost Sea, and we are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port and your fiefdom on Hosk, the greatest navy the world has seen! I shall lead them. And the glory will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that Losen stared at him in a kind of horror, finally beginning to understand who was the master, who the slave. .struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a. now to the other half, it seemed, but there was still plenty of flirting going on, and several. She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was. Licky took him down into the mines to show him the gangues, the kinds of earth the ore was likely. the lanes or over the hills, feeling through the soles of his bare feet and throughout his body. know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all. .was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back. about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her. spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of. whispered. .Doorkeeper, you know I'd never question your judgment, but the Rule is clear. I have to ask what. "If I was with you, I could use it." .a. b. e. book v3.0 / Notes at EOF. cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. "What did you want, Diamond?" .He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the. to go into his mind, in the way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master. The dragons offered no threat during this period, and the Kargs had withdrawn into their own internal quarrels, but the disintegration of the society of the Archipelago worsened as the years went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation and the other myths and hero-stories, and in the preservation of crafts and skills: among them the art magic used for right ends. .breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know?. the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them. .he thought so, since beyond the grove he could see treeless heaths and pastures. .murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead. "She?" .She said nothing, laying out what was in the basket, dividing it for the two of them. "Father does. He saw some of the stuff we were practicing. But he says Hemlock says I should come study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his hands. .The wind rattled the dry leaves on the scrub-oak bushes. The sun was behind the hill, and clouds were coming over in a low, grey mass. .stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the. times better than he ever did. "That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky. King!". She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke, "You'll do better away from the ships, all the fighting and raiding. The King's working the old." And were you. . . betrizated?". The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships. She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter. "After a long time, Azver said, "I have no idea." .centre of the world. And the leaves of the tree are carved so thin that the light shines through. smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger. .boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling. knew it. "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and. you're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the. unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him. "I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He made himself comfortable in his coil of cable and watched the stars. Looking west, he saw the four bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them they blinked out, one by one. .defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's. of Roke say it didn't happen so, let them tell us how it happened otherwise. For a cloud hangs. "Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House on Roke!" .mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him. He treasured her rustic sayings

of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it.

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