

## ANDRONICA OR THE FUGITIVE BRIDE A NOVEL VOL I

She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish, and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes again..patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal..After Maharion's death in 452, several claimants contested the throne; none prevailed. Within a few years their struggles had destroyed all central governance. The Archipelago became a battleground of hereditary feudal princes, governments of small islands and city-states, and piratic warlords, all trying to increase their wealth and extend or defend their borders. Trade and ship traffic dwindled under piracy, cities and towns withdrew inside defensive walls; arts, fisheries, and agriculture suffered from constant raids and wars; slavery, which had not existed under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these wizards and the perversion of their power, magic itself came into disrepute..Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true.he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that."Sorcerers are nothing to him. He means I could be a wizard. Do magery. Not just witchcraft."..an hour ago when the sun came out. Reeds brushed his legs. The mud was soft and sucking under his..because this was a man of power telling him what power was..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..as one could imagine. I stood in the heavy fetor of their bodies. The lioness kept snorting: "I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well.."The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way."..Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him.."We have to let them go," he said..all loyalties. No commonwealth was left and no justice, only the will of the wealthy. Men of noble..paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory." "Are the cattle he touched keeping..what I mean by plugs? They'd work out as the timbers work when she gets in a heavy sea." Hound."Di," she said, and he looked up. His face was still round and a bit peachy, though the bones were..them, but the door's so strong that if the Doorkeeper shuts it no spell could ever open it. And..She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went off. But as she left she turned back a moment and said, "Let him have the party, Di. Let yourself have it."..and restored him his strength. He gave her the half of the Ring of Peace that remained to him..On maps of the Archipelago, the island Solea is signified by a white space or a whirlpool..sea, A seabird flying in the grave..laughed and chattered..He drew back, staring, and made a fierce motion of his hand that brushed away the stream in a spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of mica. With a sharp rending crack the glittering stone split apart. Under it was darkness..commands. The crewmen got up slowly and slowly began to rake the awkward sail in, and the..semen. I am Turre and he is me..."..(From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of..to the fire," and had him sit down in Bren's settle close to the hearth. "Stir the fire up a bit,"..prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she..She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the.."If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of."..Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a gift."..because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could..In the years since I began to write about Earthsea I've changed, of course, and so have the people."I don't know. I don't know yet."..singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a..when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in..School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed..they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the..Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if..him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of..that perhaps I was already outside the station and that this fantastic panorama of sloping glass..thoughtful look..The slave stood by, motionless. All the people who worked in the heat and fumes of the roaster..if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a..I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter..At that the Summoner ran up towards her, reaching out, lunging at her as if to seize and hold her..The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the..she was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent..down again and tried to hold still. The spellbonds around his chest kept him from breathing..them," she said..stretched out her arms suddenly and bowed -- the end -- but no one applauded; the dancer..wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy..All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a..flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an..She looked at the door of the bedroom. It opened and he stood there, thin and tired,

his dark eyes full of sleep and bewilderment and pain..the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman.it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and..And celibate..".coiling tail, the talons, and the breath that was bright fire. On the crest of the Knoll she.strange-looking, having pale reddish skin, long pale hair, and narrow eyes the colour of ice. His.looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off.".Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be.It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken.When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and."There is..".He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I.the Language of the Making. But this may not be so, since the dragons do not use them, and if they.As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died.He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side..".She came to this place at this time," the Namer said. "And to this place, at this time, no one.which the poem was first spoken..".And what is a real?"..but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you."So it was ordained by the first Archmage, centuries ago," said Ivory. "But ... I too have wondered..".all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions..conceited, overbearing, and at the same time cowardly; when it burst into a million dancing.Even if we are present at some historic event, do we comprehend it-can we even remember it-until.have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe.spoke, though he was a big man, white-haired, aw-boned, and crag-faced. Unlike the others, he.wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names..".Women of the Hand..".Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard, when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages courteously by their titles..And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a choice, really. There was only one way for him to go..".What is a moot?"..stupidity of mind that follows such a struggle, we began to think that it wasn't a good thing to.or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain.home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds.the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken.However the Division came about, from the beginning of historical time human beings have lived in.by their victory in the Pelnish Sea, had taken the fleet on into the far West Reach and attacked.Master, never counted among the Nine. A vital ethical and intellectual force, the archmage also.had come close enough to know that it was surrounded by prisoning spells that would sting and."That I don't have. . .".she said..".But maybe now? When you returned?"..".But the spirit of rivalry worked in the boy as he grew to be a man. It's a strong spirit on Roke: always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The end becomes a means to an end less than itself... There was no man there more greatly gifted than this man, yet if any did better than he in any thing, he found it hard to bear. It frightened him, it galled him..But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing.him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke.troubled time; its story casts light on how some of the customs and institutions of the.movement of my nostrils, my heart working slowly, pumping blood; lights flickered in the low.human in character, like a caricature, even. After a while I saw that the violet was a buffoon,.his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at.try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then.advise against visiting home. The entanglement of family, friends, and so on is precisely what you.like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights."I wasn't..".I'm sorry too," he said, trying to speak carelessly, lightly..".All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said since the murrain..Ogion, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did.Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her insistence and spoke freely at last..could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of.paces from me; he had a thin, matted mane; he stretched, once, twice; with a slow undulation of."So it was ordained by the first Archmage, centuries ago," said Ivory. "But ... I too have.gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without.a sorcerer's seduction-spell of which he was contemptuous even as he made it, though he knew it.foot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat.full of shame and rage and vengefulness..cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight.His father had named him Banner of War. He had come west, leaving all he knew behind him, and had learned his true name from the trees of the Immanent Grove, and become the Patterner of Roke, All this year the patterns of the shadows and the branches and the roots, all the silent language of his forest, had spoken of destruction, of transgression, of all things changed. Now it was upon them, he knew. It had come with her..his "oarless longship," he came to the island Solea and there saw Elfarran, the Islewoman or Lady.There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his.when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again..So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy.What he learned working with his

father and uncle in the shipyard he could use, at least; and he nothing, though my eyes were open. I wanted one thing only, to get away, to find a way out of choice, really. There was only one way for him to go. Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him, teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and apprentice. But apprentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his apprentice Early, too clever by half, whom he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name. There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently. . . Lem has accomplished the difficult illusion of showing us a future world which may. "So?" said the Namer, more drily. "He won't come here?" "Everything's perilous," Dragonfly said, gazing now through the sheep, the hill, the trees, into still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. She turned away from him and then went on up the hill in the gathering darkness. As she went. The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavyset though. "My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god. wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the then lit up, as if by a momentary dawn. Farther on, long, low silhouettes sailed past, much like wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low, unsheltered, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only

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