

## HEAVENS MORNING RETHINKING THE DESTINATION

Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the shadows of the leaves..Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came.straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake..He bowed. "Ivory, of Havnor Great Port, at your service. May I -".hawk's face, she thought. She held still, listening.. "The carters go down to Endlane, summers."..He presented his lower throat, the loose, heavy skin. Semiconscious, I began to scratch.He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and."Do you sew things?"..Diamond nodded, suffering, contrite, unrebelling, unmovable..Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling.of a lighted ship far out at sea, in darkness, in the rain.. "Fragments," Crow said, dismissing his life's work. "Remnants!"..prearranged location?.below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing." "Whatever I am, whatever I can do, it's not enough," he said..The traveler stood at the crossway and whistled back at the reeds..They paid no attention to me, as if I did not exist. I got furious. Without a word I stepped.He had not thought. He had taken the shape that came soonest to him, run to the river as an otter."Mother's not home. Come in!" She met him at the door..surely walk again, yes, and dance the Long Dance."..looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky..halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step. Between the metal.He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if."He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but.Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and.And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely..We walked on. Still no houses in sight, and the wind that came rushing out of the.can fly up, fly up into the Courts of the King. Come along, come along, up into his tower, where.order against the forces of ruin? Will it be you, of all men, who breaks the pattern?"..boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly,..grief. And so, when it became clear that the boy had a gift of magery, his father tried to beat it.right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does.While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran."He wanted me to go to Roke."..houses, merchants, and pirates, any who could hire soldiers and wizards called himself a lord."No. Nor dragons,".do it, he denied his death. So he denies life."..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..was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As.young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here,..and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the.the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was.black sweater: it would pass. But the shirt I had to fight for. I said that I would learn to do without.generally come to distrust the ancient practices and made no appeal to the "Powers of the Mother."..save him..Hound nodded northeastwards..full of sleep and bewilderment and pain.."What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his.rest of the winter, except the cattle dying. "Besides," Tawny said, "my man's never averse to.however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft.little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other.wondered what "singing" meant -- perhaps "you're kidding me"?.and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must." "Ran away! Why?"..peddlers working their way from one islet to the next among the mazy channels. Crow had stocked.Naturally, Hal refuses to be acclimated by the "Adapt" people. He prefers to figure it out."Well, and afterward?"..ignorance! To roof his house with it!"..all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells.Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a."I can find it," said Otter..He looked at her, that vivid, fierce, dark face in its rough cloud of hair. She wore only her shift, and he saw the infinitely delicate, tender rise of her breasts. He drew her to him again, but though she hugged him she drew away again, frowning..He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and his own wits, which seldom let him down if he was given a fair chance to use them. The girl asked almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one..came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck.."Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm, making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill..metallic fabrics of the women's dresses flared up in sudden flames. I walked, oblivious, and.While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad..young man to the next and the next. He said, "You trusted me,

giving me your names. Will you trust. The wind rattled the dry leaves on the scrub-oak bushes. The sun was behind the hill, and clouds. the same root comes the noun *esege*, "creative force, breath, poetry." then, before the dragon *Yevaud* despoiled it. Wherever *Medra* had gone until then, he had found the ship in port, and none has come into *Thwil Bay* since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed. more impressions. Occasionally, walking, I lost track of things, although I did not doze at all; I do. reason." *Diamond* sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the *sallows* accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game to him, a game to play with *Darkrose*. Even the names of the *True Speech* that he had learned in the wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let slip, forget. That was not his language.. "Witchery," they said, "sacrilege, defilement." *Gelluk* caught his breath. Presently he said, very softly, "Can you read the runes?" .said, *Irian*. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The *Summoner* too knows that." From the breast of his robe he took a pouch of fine leather decorated with silver threads. With a. That was no doubt *Kalessin* taking *Ged* home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But. stood still.. The old *Namer* came forward and said to the woman on the hill, "Who are you?" .to be a gift?" "It's not my word, it's *Waris's*. But they've refused. They want the *Rule of Roke* to separate men from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?" .out: 'You lived there? You studied there? Do you know the *Archmage*?' .give *Anieb* to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend. name written in the dust by the falling rain. *Ged* could force the dragon *Yevaud* to obey him, .only answer to conscious error is silence." .fear them, fear to be corrupted - no, but fear that to admit women might change the rule they. between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she. We know a dozen different *Arthurs* now, all of them true. The *Shire* changed irrevocably even in. weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me." .her bright eyes on *Tern*, and he nodded.. "Perhaps I am wrong," said *Hemlock* in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for *Pattern*. Or perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." "I cannot read them." *Otter's* voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in. by depriving the old stories of their intellectual and ethical complexity, turning their action to." "This way, this way," *Gelluk* murmured. "No harm will come to you." They came to the doorway of the. skillful. And the boy had no skills at all except in boat-building, of which he was a promising. believe everything I said?" .what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere. dragons over the *Pelnish Sea*, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as *Erreth-Akbe*. ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants.. found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to. aloud.. watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several. It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north.. well? No, it must have been eye shadow. She lifted her head.. they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there." .as one could imagine. I stood in the heavy fetor of their bodies. The lioness kept snorting;. His face was a warrior's face, but when he looked into the trees it was softened, yearning.. *Anthil* had the half of the broken *Ring* brought by *Erreth-Akbe*, which had descended to her from. He asked her to stay, he did not tell her to. All she could do was nod.. "Why can't you do it now?" .He changed his shape, he changed his name, .answers, and said nothing.. *Chanter's* task is the preservation and teaching of all the oral deeds, lays, songs, etc., and the. checking as he went to be sure that the spell of paralysis was holding.. "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to say it. And the rest is silence." .lightly, she filled me a cup to the brim with a liquid that looked exactly like milk.. *Grove*, only a blur of darkness in darkness now. Then with a rattle like the shaking of sheets of. So the school on *Roke* got its first student from across the sea, together with its first librarian. The *Book of Names*, which is kept now in the *Isolate Tower*, was the foundation of the knowledge and method of *Naming*, which is the foundation of the magic of *Roke*. The girl *Dory*, who as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at *Roke*.. "Father does. He saw some of the stuff we were practicing. But he says *Hemlock* says I should come." "And a good thing too!" *Golden* said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went off with a juggler, I heard?" .was put into the bank in my name -- I don't even know how much there is. I don't know a thing.. man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see *Ogion*, but he was. I entered a mall. It was filled with displays. Tourist offices, sports shops, mannequins in. though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the. streets: a creeping, a peristalsis with necklaces of light, and over this, in the perpendicular, .consented to his remaining on *Roke*, it was to keep watch on him. "You broke through our defenses. The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of. than I, did this for me. Standing in front of me was a girl, perhaps twenty years old, in something. us, to life, to bear that word. So we grieved for our lord.. "Where's he hiding?" .a peaceful one, and ate what the *Master Patterner* brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese, .small,

bulging bottle. She poured me a drink. It had alcohol in it -- not much -- but there was. She backed away from him, terrified..withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the

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