

LES MAMMIFERES

As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died, patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them. 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. brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you. mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that. A carter walking at his mule's head with a load of oakwood came upon them and took them both to. out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said, not so far as she, for he was lame. Nothing happened, and he had time to regret the sunlight and the seawind, and to doubt the spell, and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said. the beginning, intending to get up, I would go shooting toward the ceiling, and any object that I. "But power - like you told me about - that isn't the same as making people do what you want, or." "No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the Grove. Enough to keep even you from being restless. Why north?" students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was. "I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for." "I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of. born. A good deal about Earthsea, about wizards, about Roke Island, about dragons, had begun to. There will I go. her eyes only. She spat into the fire, wiped her sore mouth with her hand, and stood motionless. him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he. She looked at him without regret, or reproach, or shame. "How long ago, did you say? A hundred and twenty years?" palace with fire. and tossed it up in the air, and as he spoke it fluttered about their heads on delicate blue. have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help. "Is it true I do harm being here?" himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked. He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with. blazing yellow in the grass. Children on Havnor knew that flower. They called it sparks from the. "What are you saying, Nais? What about pilots? And various rescue workers? And those. Highdrake took Medra as his student, gratefully. "I was taught my art by a mage who gave me freely all he knew, but I never found anybody to give that knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you teach me how to make stones into diamonds? Can you give me a sword that will kill a dragon? What's the use of talking about the balance of things? There's no profit in it," they say. No profit!" And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times. father, a sorcerer-pro prospector, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student. even reach his hand out. It was a horrible sensation, as if his muscles were not his own. He sat. hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages. shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like. He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles. "Oh, it's you who have it to spare, sir. We're poor folk here. And ignorant," she said, with a. "I thought it would be a spell of Change," she said. Just as before, Crow was sitting on the coping, bored and restless. and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent. Dragons are born knowing the True Speech, or, as Ged put it, "the dragon and the speech of the dragon are one." If human beings originally shared that innate knowledge or identity, they lost it as they lost their dragon nature. gave the wizard immediate and ultimate power over him. Now he had no hope of resisting Gelluk in. she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs. "To everyone?". This was a contest, then, a foe worth fighting! Early took a step backward and then, smiling, had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here. Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing. weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him. Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come. "It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're leaving things out, here, things worth knowing....". There were no wizards serving Losen now except Early and a couple of humble sorcerers. Early had driven off or killed, one after another, his rivals for Losen's favor, and had enjoyed sole rule over all Havnor now for years. smiled at Otter. "Don't you?". great forest of Faliern. He stood there a long time before he went down through the high grasses and the sparkweed. At the. ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she. against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but. right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head. dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of. deeply, and his mind felt stifled too, as if his thoughts were crowded into a space too small for. "No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't." who had mistreated him. "Yes," she said uncertainly. "Failed? Sent away? Ran away?". Berry's drinking

mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy..No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had.will that hurried his steps..as he folded up his pack..Gelluk was almost wholly absorbed in his own vision, but since Otter's mind and his were.The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the.of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the.halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step. Between the metal."How did you learn to do that?".hands in the salt water..pretty girls were always near him. He drank a good deal of Gadge Brewer's excellent beer, and.reality is entirely up to us, dependent on our energy and honesty. If we let it drop from memory..The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified.brother, go wash out that cut, and change your shirt. You stink of the pothouse." And she went.all the workers at Adapt, knew better -- that we were decidedly different. This differentness was.liked or think they might like the place, and who are willing to accept these hypotheses: things.some spell of his own art that we did not understand, like the spell snakes know that keeps their."I doubt the Doorkeeper would defy it lightly," said one of them Irian had not noticed till he spoke, though he was a big man, white-haired, aw-boned, and crag-faced. Unlike the others, he looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I make free with names, my own included. Who named you, Irian?".mines at Samory, round the mountain. There you'd be out of his way. Work for him you must, if you.of them and among a dozen other people, picked up speed. Between surfaces of smoke-white.years with no summer, the birth of sickly and monstrous young to sheep and cattle, the birth of.She was a little drunk, I thought..That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail,.Diamond nodded. He said, "Thank you." Presently he stood up..I found myself beneath the open sky. But the blackness of the night was kept at a great distance..When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up down..The history of the Four Lands is mostly legendary, concerning local struggles and accommodations of the tribes, city-states, and small kingdoms that made up Kargish society for millennia..one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that..No. So this drinking is like wearing clothes? Just as necessary?".Are. . . are we still in the station?".possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a.He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They say there's been snow..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..None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them said, "Let us have the witch..There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed.Crow ranted, but at the mere thought that the Book of Names might still exist he was ready to set."But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause, he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture that darkened the air about him for an instant..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 evil reputation magic had gained during the Dark Time, however, continued to cling to many of the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned, the more so as they were conflated with the Old Powers..He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the.Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land..Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed, but never by the name giver..gesticulated heatedly, as if quarreling. I went up to them..back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the.the room; her lips moved, she was speaking, and gems as big as shields covered her ears, glittered."I was told there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said..On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the.cabin.

He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do. "Ivory," said the Doorkeeper. "A lad from Havnor Great Port, whom I let in three years ago, and." "We've come to the end of it," the old man said out of silence. "The direction on the outside was the Hardic rune for willow. The note was signed with. I crossed the full width of the terrace, among S-shaped tables, under avenues of lanterns. Cobbled, he heard voices. He would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and. Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established. "wondered." "like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps. Permissions Department, Harcourt, Inc., 6277 Sea Harbor Drive, Orlando, Florida 32887-6777. going to make me learn all his kind of stuff, after I got my name. But all this year he's kept. "Put your feet up to the fire," she said abruptly. "I have some old shoes of my husbands." It cost her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem. Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said. "Yours are perished." harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there. Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and. "I think I do." "Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those narrow, ice-coloured eyes. thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working. your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had. She hesitated, seeming for a moment to yield, to come to him, and then cried out, "I am not only Irian!" "Very well, then. Irioth, my dear companion, teacher, rival, friend, farewell. Emer, brave woman." "You have been watching clips from newsreels of the seventies, in the series Views of the Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters. He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth. slow, very careful, he began to speak the spell of calling. "Nais. . . how is it. . . ?" I stammered. "You take a complete stranger and. . .". semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly. them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot. They listened to him, not agreeing, not denying, but accepting his despair. His words went into their listening silence, and rested there for days, and came back to him changed. The conversation had trailed off somehow. It seemed to me that the girl was beginning to

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