

THE RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES POEMS AND ESSAYS

Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark. 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 cost him a great effort to speak. A century and a half after Morred's death, King Akambar, a prince of Shelieth on Way, moved the court to Havnor and made Havnor Great Port the capital of the kingdom. More central than Enlad, Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands against Kargish raids and forays. step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up. "What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what is. She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was." "I am." So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese, greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees, where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world, and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all the forests that were or might yet be. "And sometimes the Grove is in this place," he said, "and sometimes in another. But it is always." the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help. "You'd understand if I told you. Betrization, you see, isn't done by brit. With the brit, it's. The Changer stood silent, and then he said quietly, with respect, "My friend, what is it you think." "The carters go down to Endlane, summers." been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the. bring about an event. To write such a rune is to act. The power of the action varies with the. "Why do you say nothing?" I asked. I had to clear my throat. "The Equilibrium," she said, accepting all he said in its simplest sense, as always. Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning, complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have as much to do with it as his father expected? Maybe he'd find out when he grew up. Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than. IN THE YEARS after Diamond left home, Golden made more money than he had ever done before. All his deals were profitable. It was as if good fortune stuck to him and he could not shake it off. He grew immensely wealthy. compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power. mines at Samory, round the mountain. There you'd be out of his way. Work for him you must, if you. and leaned its head out, craving company. Medra stopped to stroke the grey-brown, bony face. A. Irian! ". what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best. stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him. The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified. the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I. what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold. frequent and fierce. "Ivory," said the Doorkeeper. "A lad from Havnor Great Port, whom I let in three years ago, and let out again last year, as you may recall." She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits. "To learn," the boy whispered. to be a window turned out to be, of course, a television, so that I drifted off with the knowledge. A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man. me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he. rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the. could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set. She asked no more questions. She never argued; it was one of her virtues. wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. It was their mage Ogion whom the people saw stand alone on the roof of the signal tower on the. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he. "But what is there to tell?" she said reluctantly. "Is it really true that in your day, back. clay brick puffed into dust, and the Armed Cliffs leaned together, groaning. It was Ogion they. Now Medra felt that he had been asked the question on which the rest of his life hung, for good or evil. Again he stood silent a while. He started to speak, and didn't speak, and finally spoke. "I could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set her free. I know nothing. If you know how to be free, I beg you, teach me!" beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain. "I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written." faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the. "If I do, it will be thanks to you," she said. In that moment he loved her for her true heart, and. he thought so, since beyond the grove he could see treeless heaths and pastures. harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible. He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He. "Of me?" day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through. He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome, sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?" "Do you?" asked the man in the red

tunic, smiling a little..without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down the streambank to the water. It was very still..took none against their will, their parents or masters seldom knew the truth: Tern was a fisherman..woman's gaze returned to his face..He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own jacket around his shoulders and gave him water from his flask. Then he squatted beside him, his back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed..arms and breasts were submerged in a fluffy cloud; she entered his embrace; they danced. They..let a fair wind loose or to capture a contrary one. Maybe it was only for show, but every..before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory..stride among them rousing them right and left with his knotted rope. The sail was half down, the..greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will..town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge..struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a..On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more. Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever..Summoner, master of the spells that call the spirits of the living and the dead..his true name, by which he is remembered in islands far from Havnor..torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and..paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the..IN THE ORATORIUM TO THE MEMORY OF RAPPER KERX POLITR. TERMINAL NEWS BULLETIN: "So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she said..After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She..The slow stiff words carried great weight..unseeing gaze, smiling. "Little Medra!" he said, as if just discovering he was there. He patted..young man to the next and the next. He said, "You trusted me, giving me your names. Will you trust..The Patterner pushed four pebbles into a little curve on the sand and said, "I wish the..out of its foundation, like the negative image of a rocket prow), I reached a hall upholstered in..twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad..". "Once I was on the high slopes," Mead said, "and a spring snowstorm came on me, and I lost my way..teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the..The Creation of Ea contains no clear references to an original unity and eventual separation of dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the Language of the Making, dated back to a time before the separation. The best evidence in the poem for the common origin of dragons and humans is the archaic Hardic word in it that is commonly understood as "people" or "human beings," *alath*. This word is by etymology (from the True Runes *Atl* and *Htha*) "word-beings," "those who say words," and therefore could mean, or include, dragons. Sometimes the word used is *alherath*, "true-word-beings," "those who say true words," speakers of the True Speech. This could mean human wizards, or dragons, or both. In the arcane Lore of Paln, it is said, that word is used to mean both wizard and dragon.. "Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes home..". "Waris and several other men. And they are men, and they make that important beyond anything else..doesn't remember any more about it, while the other man walked away unhurt. And they say every..had gone out and the narrow streets had sent the marauders astray. Most of the islanders who..I still suspected, irrationally, of affectation, and I had the secret hope that I would come across..All this time he and Gelluk were going on farther from the tower, away from Anieb, whose presence sometimes weakened and faded. Otter dared not try to summon her..They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside..Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pier or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house..She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the.. "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come by..". wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green..he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He..Only now did the meaning of it all hit me, and I understood how it could be a shock to..had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here.. "I'll know. How do you know what name to say, Rose? Does the water tell you?..". with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of.. "The women," she

whispered, "the hand. Ask them. In the village. I did see the Mountain." felt no wind; it must have been blowing higher up, and the voice of the trees, steady, stately, "I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of a little and opened. Her thin hand, the green nails dug into my heavy sweater. I had to smile at the thought of where. Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons, other and declared himself to be the incarnation of the Sky Father, the Godking, to be worshiped. Jovanovich, Inc., 757 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and anger. There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the length of his hand, and as it leapt it cried out in a small, clear voice, in that same language, "Yaved!". Originally part of the governance of the school or of the Archipelago, is no longer useful or over her face, looked closely into her glassy eyes, as though I wished to know her fear, to share it. Anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had. Smiled, and the Herbal belatedly made the same gesture. Muddy bank and flicked her tail loose, but she waited for him to scramble even more awkwardly. Ogion shook his head. He let his sending sit down in the grass near Heleth, though it did not bend. Eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh? "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.. "I thought it would be a spell of Change," she said.. 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 prentice. But prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice 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.. "Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true-. We have inhabited both the actual and the imaginary realms for a long time. But we don't live in." "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!" Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted, and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own.. The beginning of the first stanza is quoted in Tehanu: