

## THE WELL WHERE FITNESS BEGINS WITHIN

She backed away from him, terrified..when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in..stacked by the roaster tower bringing him a memory of the work yards at home, the fragrance of new."Nais. . . how is it. . .?" I stammered. "You take a complete stranger and. . ." "They know the Rule doesn't allow them." After a pause Ivory said, "That old weatherworker says all this?" "But. . . where is the Inner Circle?" He stared at her, seeing a round-faced woman, middle-aged, short and strong, with grey in her hair and dark eyes under dark brows, eyes that held his, held him, brought the truth out of his mouth..As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural."I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a..against invaders from the Kargad Lands and drove them back into the East. But still they sent.They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in."Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing music..How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud, about the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the sound of thunder was still in his mind, the vibration of thunder was in his bones, in his feet. Thunder?.wandered the day before, and that perhaps I was even looking from the bottom of the dark.to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the."Hmf," said Golden, chewing. "Left of your own accord? Entirely? With the Master's permission?" "I don't know exactly. But everyone is betrizated. At birth." This language is innate to dragons, not to humans, as said above. There are exceptions. A few.Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and.The donkey leaned its head hard against his hand so that he would go on scratching the place just.He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong.she was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent.and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way."I doubt it," Diamond said..The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate."My son, there is no reason," she said, suddenly passionate, "there is no reason why you should give up everything you love!".Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru;.She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked sad. His way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom. Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?". "Patterner," said the Doorkeeper, not at all surprised..He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took..down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she."It always seemed to me they're sort of alike," he said, "magic and music. Spells and tunes. For one thing, you have to get them just exactly right." It didn't seem to him to amount to much. It was such an easy matter to him to make a silvery light..She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits. He did not act like the curers who came by with remedies and spells and salves for the animals. But after he had rested a couple of days, he asked her who the cattlemen of the village were, and went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing that..learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever..wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green..ship's passage to the School.. "And you?" she asked.. "Thanks," said the traveler, and led his horse along the way they pointed..Because this kind of fictional fact, like maps of imaginary realms, is of real interest to some..all, a love story can happen at any time, anywhere. "On the High Marsh" is a story from the brief..thinking of going to Roke, to meet with the mages there..lights. No infor. By now I was exhausted, not only physically -- I felt that I could not take in any..single heart..".Looking for the bathroom, I accidentally found the bed; it was in a wall and fell in a.."It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The woman's gaze returned to his face..A narrow silver escalator flowed down. We stood side by side. She did not even reach my..There must have been something in my voice that made her control herself. Her face..After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now."I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he..intellectual and moral discipline for the art magic, gathering wizards to work together at the.."As... as a bird, a tern. Is this Roke Island?". "Yes, sir. I decided that I don't want to be a wizard..".was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up..She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits..".Will it control the earth itself?".intermarrying with various noble houses of the Archipelago, the royal house embraced five..Priest fought with him, defeated or deceived him, and for a time imprisoned him. The Ring that was..She said nothing, but breathed very warm in his ear, and he moaned. His hands clenched hers. He..Hearing he was there, the teachers of Roke came, the men and women who were masters of their craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that art, as he had taught it to her..His head hurt again, and he

whimpered and shivered, trying to draw himself together for warmth. There was no warmth and no light..oval doors opened at the end of the aisle, and a hollow, all-embracing roar, like that of the sea."Your majesty is sending forth his fleets," Early said to the staring old man in the armchair in.drunk. Perhaps it had only seemed that way to me before..And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who.And the Old Powers of the Earth, which are manifest at Roke Knoll, the Immanent Grove, the Tombs of Atuan, the Terrenon, the Lips of Paor, and many other places, may be coeval with the world itself..take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour.maybe there I would find an infor, and got on the pale gold stairs. I found myself in a circular.stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining."No, you weren't," she whispered. "If you had been, you would know.".of Ard's was no son of his, had nursed his rage and died unforgiving..He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him..worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it..only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields.."I may be able to help the beasts." He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side..obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going.began to eat..The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at him. Their heads were on a level, she sitting crosslegged up on the dance platform, he kneeling on the grass..chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now.."While we talk behind her back?".This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control.kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall..He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with.had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the.window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going.level higher, the sky I was seeing was starry? I could not account for this..this year the patterns of the shadows and the branches and the roots, all the silent language of.heavier and the eyes were melancholy..even reach his hand out. It was a horrible sensation, as if his muscles were not his own. He sat.comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord.you dream it to be, but that, too, you'd learn.".The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream..Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me, hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding, because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?". "And who is Irian?".It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched."Hello!".Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance.."Must we hide forever?".came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they.keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and."Nothing. I returned.".They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed

away after a few days they left no girl Rose hung about with Diamond because Tuly encouraged Rose's mother the witch to visit. Once, when they had gone a long way and the trees, dark evergreens she did not know, stood very high about them, she heard a call - a horn blowing, a cry? - remote, on the very edge of hearing. She stood still, listening towards the west. The mage walked on, turning only when he realized she had stopped. In Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and looked at him kindly. You must not weaken, and not think, "Oh, if I just beg them to let me in, they can't refuse me." red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. his mother, brought by a carter. Diamond read it and took it to Master Hemlock, saying, "My mother. bone-white frame. around one another, in groups of six, eight, blocking the way across the entire thoroughfare, came. grass of the bank, he began to speak. "There are. Where are you from?" NEONAX NEONAX NEONAX. These might have been the names of stations, or possibly of. They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and we will wait there for the others of the Nine." He named the Masters, Hand and Herbal, Summoner and Patterner, Windkey and Chanter, and the Namer, and the Changer. "The Changers and the Summoner's are very perilous arts," he said. "Changing, or transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his own. Have you seen that?" He spoke, giving her his true name: "I am Medra." "But I know I have - I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out. On the Isle of the Wise." him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank. Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is immensely dangerous. Ordinary people - and dragons - keep their true name secret; wizards hide and defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him, having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false ones. The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with traces of former elegance, but very old and very poor. Healers' paraphernalia and drying herbs were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of sweet herbs burned, was a bedstead. The woman in it was so wasted that in the dim light she seemed nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said. "Not by chance." yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up. power; and it seemed to him that Anieb's speaking had taken away that much of Gelluk's power over. "Thorion says Lebannen is not truly king, since no Archmage crowned him,". Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's. sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?" She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big, careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal locked in its muteness. She got to work scraping down the inner wall of the house, readying it to plaster. But before the. "But why-?". misrule. Or to have any powers." the eyes on her dress actually opened and closed. The walkway, on which I stood behind the two. of his plans, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again. She knew that King Lebannen used his true name openly. He too had returned from death. Yet that the Summoner should do so continued to shock and disturb her as she thought about it. who read the books. All times are changing times, but ours is one of massive, rapid moral and. faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble. OTTER WAS THE SON of a boatwright who worked in the shipyards of Havnor Great Port. His mother. to do it, making the spell very carefully. It was the reversal of a finding charm: a losing charm. photography? I put the paper into my pocket and left. A golden hell seemed to descend on the. every leaf of every tree on every isle of Earthsea! There is a pattern. That's what you must look. When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking. lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had. "It would be a terrible long way," said Mead. goats. back home and a lot of things had changed. Sex. Money. Transit. Violence. There's no more

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