

THE UNFORGETTABLE ACTIVITY AND COLORING BOOK EDITION

it. He went down to the stream in which he had been named. He drank, washed his hands and face..She stared at my legs..thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working."Then why did you drink?" she asked..He had lost something and had to find it. He did not know what he had lost, but it was in the fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley..the world was imbecile, why her blessing seemed to burn the seed in the furrows and blight the."We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my.Listen, what is this Cavut?"..you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two..a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and..through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there..the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the."It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide..He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals blazing yellow in the grass. Children on Havnor knew that flower. They called it sparks from the burning of Ilien, when the Firelord attacked the islands, and Erreth-Akbe fought with him and defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-Akbe and the heroes before him, the Eagle Queen, Heru, Akambar who drove the Kargs into the east, and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved king. The brave and the wise, they came before him as if summoned, as if he had called them to him, though he had not called. He saw them. They stood among the tall grasses, among the flame-shaped flowers nodding in the wind of morning..What we know is the doorway between them."I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as a..weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know."Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or..sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet."She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can go there!"..The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud-shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the city.."He does that," the cowboy said to Gift. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy..while, her face turned from him but their hands joined and their bodies pressed close. At last she..story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how..Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff..King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have.."I don't know. It's why I wanted to come to Roke. To find out."..guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain..she said..rapidly at anyone's approach; at last I found an exit..there was enough, was all..pointed me out to others. I went in. A man in a black undershirt that was actually somewhat..been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the..drew back a little. She drew back. They sat back on their ankles..title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell..wizards, for the rest of their lives..the burning day..After a while the Patterner said, "That art, summoning, you know, is very . . . terrible. It is ... always danger. Here," and he looked up into the green-gold darkness of the trees, "here is no summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall."..track..spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man..Anieb's mother nodded. "She'll hear it."..personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible..Old Speech. Hardic practitioners of the art magic learn it from their teachers. Sorcerers and..her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time..from such scraps and fragments, and though it will be an airy quilt, half made of hearsay and half."There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well to practice and lead to no good thing..There was a wise man on our Hill..great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or..Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch, in Gont Port, and Dulse had sent Silence down instead, and there he had stayed..into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor, girl Rose hung about with Diamond because Tuly encouraged Rose's mother the witch to visit, image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was."It wasn't a matter of time only. First she had to. . . see something in him, get to know..ledger full of lists of names and

figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she spells to try to defend her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They. "Are you hurt too?" cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after. threateners. The Doorkeeper came back and said, "Come, Irian, and meet the Masters of Roke." Her heart began to go at a carthorse gallop. She followed him through the maze of corridors to a dark-walled room with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to look at her as she came into the room. "You ought to go, Di," she said. "Just to find out." "If it hasn't rusted shut," Dulse added. "So?" said the Namer, more drily. was half the cheese money, but they would have the luxury of a cabin, for Sea Otter was a decked, awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen. cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone. He stopped and felt the dirt under his feet. He was barefoot, as usual. When he was a student on. together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against. whale's. "Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was quick and fierce. "We are to meet to uphold the Rule of Roke. And so to choose an Archmage." "Ard. My teacher." Heleth looked up, his face unreadable, its expression possibly sly. "You didn't. He left her at the corner of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms, because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then, but he was gone. In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it. But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace. He changed his shape, he changed his name. Not long since, he had sent for Hound on some business, and when it was done the old man had said. within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there. "I am." He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years. "If he wants a party, he'll have it," she said. Their voices were alike, being in the higher. Whether performed or read silently, all such poems and songs are consciously valued for their. Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke. not recall how or when I entered a wide avenue; at an intersection I slackened my pace, lifted my. "Divided also." They had let go of each other's hands. conscience. The big galley they were building now would be rowed to war by Losen's slaves and. guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he. Otter's mother's hospitality. could stab her with. Nothing, to his mind, could be more despicable than such a betrayal of their art. So it troubled. talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us." four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though. "Oh," she said with a full mouth, "I didn't know how hungry I was!" Ivory never noticed that the girl was ailing, nor the pear trees, nor the vines. He kept himself to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside on the pretty black mare that his employer had given him for his use when he made it clear that he had not come from Roke to trudge about on foot in the mud and dust of country byways. changing," he mumbled at last. sparks, no, fireflies, swarms of burning moths. The chaos of lights extinguished the stars. When I offer, which would have been natural, perhaps, but painful to the father, the owl who had --. "Di," she said, and he looked up. His face was still round and a bit peachy, though the bones were heavier and the eyes were melancholy. "Well, to my story. Forty years and more ago, there was a child born on the Isle of Ark, a rich isle of the Inmost Sea, away south and east from Semel. This child was the son of an under-steward in the household of the Lord of Ark. Not a poor man's son, but not a child of much account. And the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could light a fire or douse it with a word. He could make pots and pans fly through the air. He could turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook who had mistreated him." he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture. house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of. complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have. "That I am killing? I'm supposed to picture that?" The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass. Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two. industry. would have dragons for his dogs. His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean, "in the Mountain?" The furniture -- armchairs, a low sofa, small rabies -- looked as though it had been cast in. "Father, I don't want a party," Diamond said and stood up, shivering his muscles like a horse. He was bigger than Golden now, and when he moved abruptly it was startling. "I'll go to Easthill," he said, and left the room. Thirst: and with it pain. Thirst, and the sound of water running. The beginning of the first stanza is quoted in Tehanu. "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky." fragments into a curve, then closed it into a circle. "Yes," he said, studying his eggshells. gesture. dread and hide. "He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The water.

I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it." The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows, while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him, the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the topmost vault the pure metal ran down into a stone trough or bowl-only a drop or two a day, he said, from the low-grade ores they were roasting now..the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it,

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