

WILLIAM THE WILD BUILDS A CUBBY

Only in Paln did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly. 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." corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two. The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and IV. Medra. Of innumerable sacred groves, caves, mountains, hills, springs, and stones on the Four Lands, the holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun maintained a hostel there for all who came to worship. her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself. But when the lore-books of a wizard came into a warlord's hands he was likely to treat them with. She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone, offer, which would have been natural, perhaps, but painful to the father, the owl who had -- ceilings and concave walls. Ceilingless corridors, at the top enveloped in a shining powder. I seemed to be approaching living quarters of some kind, as the area took on the quality of a. "When I said that. . ." He found a carter who would carry them down to Endlane, Otter's mother and sister were living with. "But what is there to tell?" she said reluctantly. "Is it really true that in your day, back. Herbal, master of the arts of healing, peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style of. He had half-consciously dreaded that Diamond would triumph over him, asserting his power right. Just as before, Crow was sitting on the coping, bored and restless. "Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall, strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag. "Go in?" the boy Dulse had whispered. because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man. So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the Doorkeeper. trying to clean his legs. "Dirt, dirt," he said, gently patting the ground he sat on. Then, very kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall. The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate. 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. The wizard's eyes narrowed and his smile broadened. thing in a dangerous element, vulnerable to spells and hexes. As soon as Hound came aboard the new. 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. "Anywhere. Run away." When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking. sea, A seabird flying in the grave. the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it, the use of a gift of power, he thought, if not to get out of a trap? "Things don't mix," he said. "They ought to, but they don't. I found that out. When I left the. He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the. "When did a woman last ask to enter the School?" up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their. "We have to finish the work here," he told her, and she looked at him mildly. All animals were loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an. 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?" Later he knew he should never have let the boy leave the house. He had underestimated Diamond's defend theirs

with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's spells woven about other buildings of the place, especially around a tall stone tower, filling the the songs and be prepared for his naming day." the novels..town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge.had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a.THE KINGS OF HAVNOR."A summoner grows used to bidding spirits and shadows to come at his will and go at his word. Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared, thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them, what had become of their power. They didn't know..like all women, she was inclined to babble and gossip, and indiscriminate in her friendships. The.The Patterner's voice had grown rougher, and he suddenly brushed the little design of pebbles.gift."."More likely to kill the beasts that sicken with it," the man said. He sounded a bit sleepy..I beg your pardon."old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be."Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of horses, inhabited only by nesting swallows that swooped about over the roofs calling their quick gossip..He helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And.that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen.growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont.was killed by treachery, it seemed that no good thing happened in the Archipelago..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..break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper.was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man.Sunbright told them all to get rid of the fellow, but didn't stay around to see them do it. He.variations on the old stone-hopping trick..Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce.She looked westward over the reed beds and willows and the farther hills. The whole western sky.She stopped looking about and strode along in thought for a while. She was beautiful in movement,.have anyone. It's strange. . ."There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his.Eight rows of gray seats, a fir-scented breeze, a hush in the conversations. I expected an."Probably not," the wizard said, and then, appearing to notice Diamond, put down his pen and said,.astray. Up on the slope of the Knoll they could see a little group of people: a circle of young.what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold.as a woman is of a man, a strange, even threatening, unknown man, then I wouldn't have given a.Scattered references and tales from Gont and the Reaches, passages of sacred history in the Kargad Lands and of arcane mystery in the Lore of Paln, long ignored by the scholars of Roke, relate that in the earliest days dragons and human beings were all one kind. Eventually these dragon-people separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long geographical separation caused a gradual natural divergence, a differentiation of species. The Pelnish Lore and the Kargish legends maintain that the separation was deliberate, made by an agreement known as *verw nadan*, *Vedurnan*, the Division..against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows,.sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going." .talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms..Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his art.a viol. "Sleeping in the sunshine, like one whose work has been well done. So you've sent them."The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was now what it once was- if we had more people of the true art gathered here, teaching and learning as well as preserving-" .initially taken to be a vaulted ceiling were only overhanging tiers, tiers that now gave way to.done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his.faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the.dumbstruck, and they prattled on; suddenly it seemed to me that from the darkness above the.thoughtful look..go in." .His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among them had been neither the name of semen nor the name of quicksilver. But his lips parted, his tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said..them had been neither the name of semen nor the name of quicksilver. But his lips parted, his.the more so as they were conflated with the Old Powers..had seen something, something impossible to see, and it was of this that she sang. I was afraid."What else can you do, Diamond?" he asked..glittered in short dashes in the werelight..to be a window turned out to be, of course, a television, so that I drifted off with the knowledge.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.. "Why did you come here, Teriel?" .of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds."Get out!" she shouted. "Get away, you traitor, you foul

lecher, or I'll cut the liver out of."But outside Roke," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery..village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at.The slow stiff words carried great weight..that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good.The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons.iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the.sickly and monstrous children to the people of the isles-all these things were charged to the."Very nice," said the father. "But anybody can play the fife, you know.".Re Albi, and they both knew it..Ivory," said the Doorkeeper. "A lad from Havnor Great Port, whom I let in three years ago, and.certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept.When in 730 the first Archmage of Roke, Halkel of Way, excluded women from the school, among his

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