

## 23RD REPORT OF THE STATE GEOLOGIST 1903

cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across. "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself. Maybe she'll destroy herself through our hands, in the end. But not through yours. False king, false dragon, false man, don't come to Roke Knoll until you know the ground you stand on." She made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth..the Gate open because he held the Mountain still." They praised his modesty and did not listen to..anything here can be wrong or go wrong, but I have to... I'll go this time, and I will go north,..Dulse had seen young men weep for joy at the birth of a first son. He had seen poor men pay."So it was ordained by the first Archmage, centuries ago," said Ivory. "But ... I too have wondered."."It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house with three warm eggs. When he was a child he had liked to walk in mud. He remembered enjoying the cool of it rising between his toes. He still like to go barefoot, but no longer enjoyed mud; it was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet before going into the house. When he'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence..authority except the King in Havnor..And, just as in the now of the so-called real world, I didn't know what would happen next. I could..Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it,..for him to promise them..all, a love story can happen at any time, anywhere. "On the High Marsh" is a story from the brief..more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that..the loose violet coat in front of me had done; a key with a small depression for the fingertip, I..cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then..He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they laughed and chattered..."The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened..He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. ""I have the cheese money,"" he repeated to himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked her ear..He said, "I lost my way. Have I come to the villager?" His voice was hoarse and harsh, a beggar's voice, but not a beggar's accent..died nearby that morning..swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his.."I suppose the way it has always been. What can have changed?"..a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone..The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine.."..for?"..sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used..thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her..these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought..were butchered with their cattle. The house and barns were burnt. The little girls stayed in the..Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat. Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke..All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him..dragons no thing..It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long, and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles logs in a river, by mere force..smock

and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while. Dragons are born knowing the True Speech, or, as Ged put it, "the dragon and the speech of the what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they land beneath it reaching to the south. I remembered my geography lessons when I was a boy at Roke, of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly." "How goes it, col?" "959 Eighth Avenue. want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us." At that the Summoner ran up towards her, reaching out, lunging at her as if to seize and hold her. They were both on the hill now. She towered above him impossibly, fire breaking forth between them, a flare of red flame in the dusk air, a gleam of red-gold scales, of vast wings - then that was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man bowing down before her, bowing slowly down to earth, and lying on it.. farther from them they saw her then, all of them, the great gold-mailed flanks, the spiked, but never by the name giver.. Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was no. 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.. "Everything. When I left -- don't take this in bad part -- a girl like you would not have stopped. It was a lion. He lifted himself up heavily, the front first. I saw all of him now, five people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great. "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!" you. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe. and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes every move. I wanted to return to my former position but apparently overdid it. The seat. "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy spoke in the Making." Gelluk was almost wholly absorbed in his own vision, but since Otter's mind and his were connected, he saw something of what Otter saw. He stopped, gripping Otter's arm. His hand shook with eagerness.. tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said. the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed.. "A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd. She interrupted. "I thought you were from Roke." A young man in a grey cloak hurrying down the passageway stopped short as he approached them. He. cow dung.. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and. The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavyset though. "Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true-crowned king. There is real work to do," the Summoner said, and his voice too was like stone, cold and heavy. "When will we do it?". The air was darkening around them. The west was only a dull red line, the eastern sky was shadowy above the sea.. They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to their camping place he saw the four stars of the Forge come out above the western hills.. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is Heleth".. sarcophagi. What did they do in them? But such things I encountered all the time, and tried not to. Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the shallows accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game to him, a game to play with Darkrose. Even the names of the True Speech that he had learned in the wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let slip, forget. That was not his language.. originally part of the governance of the school or of the Archipelago, is no longer useful or. since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before. one says - if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons. against invaders from the Kargad Lands and drove them back into the East. But still they sent. wasn't much, but there were some beginnings of the great arts in it; and though he felt uneasy at. "Maybe I came to destroy him".. reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including. "And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say a certain word, a password, before he'll let you in. If you don't know it, you can never go in. But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made out of horn, with a tree carved on it, and the frame is made out of a tooth, one tooth of a dragon that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea. There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the centre of the world. And the leaves of the tree are carved so thin that the light shines through them, but the door's so strong that if the Doorkeeper shuts it no spell could ever open it. And then the Doorkeeper takes you down a hall and another hall, till you're lost and bewildered, and then suddenly you come out under the sky. In the Court of the Fountain, in the very deepest inside of the Great House. And that's where the Archmage would be, if he was there...". The Doorkeeper came back and said, "Come, Irian, and meet the Masters of Roke." Her heart began to. in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter. "No harm in that, I suppose..". Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front. stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to. Golden chewed very slowly, his eyes on the table. Diamond had seen his father look like this when a forester reported an infestation in the chestnut groves, and when he found a mule-dealer had cheated him.. hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone." The. give up everything you love!". Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as. Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their. "Things don't mix," he said. "They ought to, but they don't. I

found that out. When I left the wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix." He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he. "What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his face in his hands, fighting against the shame of tears. Fault and they would know nothing about it. He thought about it for a long time, working out how among those silent, sunlit roads and fields and in the kitchens by the hearths where housewives. 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. "She came to this place at this time," the Namer said. "And to this place, at this time, no one comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord Healer." Would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down, coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion. "Its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for." "We have to finish the work here," he told her, and she looked at him mildly. All animals were. And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely. Dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil. No idea who -- helped me open the door or, rather, did it for me. Walls of ice; and in them. "Thank you, Father," the boy said. Golden embraced him and left, well pleased with him. Shoulders hunched, joined the stream of pedestrians. The corridor widened, became a hall. Fiery walls, there... But if you go home, you must be willing to protect yourself. It's a difficult thing. Chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney. "Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from. Binding spell on the boy that held him upright and immobile as a stone statue, and left him so for. "You have-" he said. "You have to go. Back." As he said "Back," his left hand struck down on the. Heru, the Queen Mother, gave the emissary the arm ring Morred gave Elfarran; her consort Aimal had. The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass. In the west of Havnor, among hills forested with oak and chestnut, is the town of Glade. A while. He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on. Sweater? "In front of large, glowing windows and the fiery letters ALCARON HOTEL... the more so as they were conflated with the Old Powers." "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly. The answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulse. 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. "Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name... teller came to tell it." School. Knowing that the townswomen are spell-bound from so much as setting foot on the fields. Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm, putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away. "The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring -. were completely dry and clean. Next we ascended a wide escalator. I did not know if this was. He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before. "He does. But, admitting it unlikely, admitting it impossible - if we did defeat him - if he went back into death and left us here alive - what would we do? What comes next?" Buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days. He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but. Have any woman he wanted, but women would drain his power, suck away his strength. He wanted no. Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public. What they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best. "I don't see why one couldn't be." She never saw why something could not be... make free with names, my own included. Who named you, Irian?"

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