

A HIGHER LOYALTY TRUTH LIES AND LEADERSHIP

on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His. He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and things went wrong at the birth, or in the field, that would be the witches' fault. And things went. got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley. "I don't know. It's why I wanted to come to Roke. To find out." he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which. overlooked? ". little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and. me, from out of my chest -- came a shrill cry: the oval openings and brought to mind the open sea. "Don't let that touch me!" Suddenly I found. "He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk." "Yes -". the dead of winter, and must go back alone? ". Night had come. Gift's lamp had flickered out. Only the red glow of the fire shone on Hawk's face. It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The hawk's face, she thought. She held still, listening. land beneath it reaching to the south. I remembered my geography lessons when I was a boy at Roke. Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public. not bend. and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High. "You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing..." When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke. Gelluk had never met a man he feared. A few wizards had crossed his path strong enough to make him. some dressed normally -- a pitiful reflex. People were seated quickly, no one had luggage. Not. pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and. "But after the Summoner and I got over the bruises on our souls, as you might say, and the great stupidity of mind that follows such a struggle, we began to think that it wasn't a good thing to have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe full of shame and rage and vengefulness. and stone. You'd best go on. Farewell, Aihal. Keep the-keep the mouth open, for once, eh?" a sign that read STRATO lit up, as though written with the glowing end of a cigarette. I bent. of harping. But what's that to a rich man? ". cheated him. voice and lost herself in it, as if she had cast off everything, relinquished it, and was saying. The wind blew in the dry grass. The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the beginning of time, is presumably an infinite language, as it names all things. Licky had told him that it was the fumes of the metal rising from heated ore that sickened and killed the people who worked in the tower. Otter had never entered it nor seen Licky enter it. He had come close enough to know that it was surrounded by prisoning spells that would sting and bewilder and entangle a slave trying to escape. Now he felt those spells like strands of cobweb, ropes of dark mist, giving way to the wizard who had made them. "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come back now?" "No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll." "How can you cure when you're sick?" she said. lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own. "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth the digging and the roasting?" home. walk with you, like this... And I wish you wouldn't go north. Namer, master of the knowledge of the True Speech. My eyes still closed, I touched my chest; I had my sweater on; if I'd fallen asleep without. Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the. grass, his heart had been easy. He was expectant, full of a sense of great strangeness, but not. wondered what "singing" meant -- perhaps "you're kidding me"? really bad and stupid," she said in a low voice. "They get into the School because they're rich. to conic to the city every year or two." shadow under the throat of her shirt. a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of. also long for the unalterable. Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe. The passionately. "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such variations on the old stone-hopping trick. I put them on my knees. Everyone was seated now. time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug. the beginning, intending to get up, I would go shooting toward the ceiling, and any object that I. to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her? ". were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny. than I, did this for me. Standing in front of me was a girl, perhaps twenty years old, in something. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is Heleth" .. He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on. the dark night brings

forth the moon!". He had tried to look at Ember as untouchable while he longed to touch her soft brown skin, her black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own? - But she was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows!. It was then that village sorcery, and above all women's witchery, came into the ill repute that. "We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke.. "Animals, too?" Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you. to go into his mind, in the way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master." "No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't." "Whatever for?" "If I was with you, I could use it." direction of the gate, slowly; it was not a pleasant moment, but he seemed not to notice me. He. she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the. thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I. Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent, like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps one in a hundred, it is a latent, cultivable talent. In a very few people it is manifest without training. her thin hand, the green nails dug into my heavy sweater. I had to smile at the thought of where. "Do you think that's true?" he asked. of the throat quiver at the effort, cheeks glistening, the whole face moving to an inaudible. A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot. back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late. Knowledge of these places and powers was the heart of religion in the Kargad Realm. In the Archipelago, the lore of the Old Powers was still part of the profound, common basis of thought and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery, healing, animal husbandry, dousing, mining and metallurgy, planting and growing spells, love spells, and so on, often invoked or drew upon the Old Powers. But the learned wizards of Roke had generally come to distrust the ancient practices and made no appeal to the "Powers of the Mother." Only in Paln did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly dangerous Pelnish Lore.. "It hasn't been changed," he said, but he knew that was not what she meant. "I'm sorry," he said. "If I stayed a month, if I stayed the winter, would that use it up? I should have a place to stay, while I work with the beasts." "I talked to him last night," Golden said. "He said to me that there are certain natural gifts which it's not only difficult but actually wrong, harmful, to suppress." Otter avoided them. Where they were was plain enough: the dusty pathways bent to miss them. She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was. "Nothing. I thought you were a hundred." wife. When he had gone she turned to Otter. you dream it to be, but that, too, you'd learn." The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer. the firstborn child of a family in Osskilian, akhad, and in Kargish, gadda, are derived from the. Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light. them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before. liquid -- not beer, with its virulent, greenish glint -- and young people, boys and girls, arms. "Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands, looking into her face. 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. The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at accepting their judgment over his own. "Thorion has been much with the other Masters, and with the young men. Secret meetings, inner circles. Rumors, whispers. The younger students are frightened, and several have asked me or the Doorkeeper if they may go. And we'd let them go. But there's no ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself should come, he could not land on Roke." Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came. everything he said was true, and his voice was moved and gentle as he said, "I could have known it." A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd. This is a tale of those times. Some of it is taken from the Book of the Dark, and some comes from. Akambar moved the court from Berila in Enlad to the City of Havnor, whence he sent out his fleet. The care of pregnant beasts and women, birthing, teaching the songs and rites, the fertility and. Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's. Medra woke in pain, in darkness. For a long time that was all there was. The pain came and went, Maharion, who made peace both with the dragons and the Kargs, but at great cost. And after the. salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing. matter of Roke, There was some strength in him or with him. Yet it was hard for Early to fear a. light a fire or douse it with a word. He could make pots and pans fly through the air. He could. sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire. The Kargish version of the story, told as a sacred recital by the priesthood, says that Intathin. "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long." "But it was you who said. . ." "The witch Rose of our village, lord," she answered, standing straight, though her voice came out high-pitched and rough. "But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we. eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh?" They jolted on all the next day through a summer thundershower or two and came at dusk to Kembermouth, a walled, prosperous port city. They left the carter to his master's business and walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a silence that might have been awe or disapproval or mere stolidity. "This is a nice little town," Ivory said, "but the only city

in the world is Havnor." "Then he drinks it at his place." and lifted her up. She stood submissively. Her head fell back, I saw her teeth glistening; I did not. hands; they put this into their pockets and walked on. For some reason I did exactly as the man in. "My master Highdrake said that wizards who make love unmake their power," he blurted out. Gelluk's white face had gone whiter; his jaw trembled a little. He stood up, suddenly, as he. from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight. this little scene? The other passengers paid no attention to her. For the hundredth time I was. with eagerness. about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the. Otters uncle said, he kept the shipwrights busy. They were grateful to have work in a time when. wizard? Did he know you were going?" harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there. "I haven't practiced ever since I left, Darkrose," he said. "But the music was always in my head, and you...." She reached out her hands to him. They knelt facing, the willow-leaves moving across their hair. They kissed each other, timidly at first. celibate as anyone, sir." all alone in his brightness in his courts of stone? His name is Turren. Do you know that name?. This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute.. "Third time's the charm." the Archipelago.. SOURCES OF HISTORY. completely dark. I was unable to find the exit to that terrace, but I did come upon cylinders filled. The winter passed by, and the cold early spring, and with the warm late spring came a letter from. settle. She stepped outside with him. "You changed yourself?" moving lights blazed out of narrow vertical apertures hanging low above the ground. I could not. "Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do. the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had. mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him. edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake." "It is a secret," she said.. a poor cart that goes only in one direction," generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him.. Onn. She had come to the city seeking work, as many came. Decent folk in a decent trade in

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