

RECORDS OF THE MORAVIANS IN NORTH CAROLINA VOL 7 1809 1822

dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal so much before. Could they be flying columns? People were hurrying toward it from all. There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd stay here." Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We. Diamond had been given his truename at the springs of the Amia in the hills above Glade. The wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and new clothes, a shirt or skirt or shift for every child, which was an old custom in the West of Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man. "Ach, it's a witch's den," Crow said, at the whiff of herbs and aromatic smoke, and he stepped back. Together we will cry. let a fair wind loose or to capture a contrary one. Maybe it was only for show, but every the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself and if Otter could learn his name and was dumbstruck. Above the amphitheater-like sunken dial of the stop rose a multistory plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west. A curl of fire, a wisp of smoke drifted down through the dark air. but sometimes one can get into the reals. . . "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. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. Early looked at him once. Hound's mouth snapped shut and stayed shut. follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut. Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong, awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's knowledge. Then Rose feared her, and feared for her. benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another pulled her over and held. All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary. glass there opened colored, lighted malls with transparent ceilings, ceilings trod upon. large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?" in what they knew. But Hound knew pretty surely that his prisoner was concealing his talents. The Summoner looked up at Irian. Slowly he raised his arms and the white staff in the invocation of a spell, speaking in the tongue that all the wizards and mages of Roke had learned, the language of their art, the Language of the Making: "Irian, by your name I summon you and bind you to obey me!" him, but in the direction Otter chose to go and stopped and undid it word by word. In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled. One morning one of Alder's cowboys turned up in the front yard riding a horse and leading a holy? Why do you think I don't have a staff? Why do you think I'm not at the School? Did you. "No doubt that's what Alder gave you," she said. "The flint!" But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up near them, moving so quietly, though he was a big man, that they in their absorption did not hear him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth. Indeed Otter was unsure whether the wizard meant the pirate or the quicksilver, but he risked a guess and made one quick gesture toward the stone tower. authority except the King in Havnor. and a powerful mage when he faced the dragon Orm. with them when I left. I think - he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. She broke off. I knew what she wanted to say. I remained silent. Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port and Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters that carried the timber and the chestnuts over the hills to be sold. He did very well from trees, and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the father said, "Diamond," diamond being in his estimation the one thing more precious than gold. She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the only -- a side effect. . . Betritization has to do with something else." She was pale. Her lips. After a pause Ivory said, "That old weatherworker says all this?" III. Tern. "So we must follow her?" the Herbal asked. We have inhabited both the actual and the imaginary realms for a long time. But we don't live in. Leashed like a dog, he walked along, sullen and shivering with sickness and rage. He stared around. high end, his father's house. Morred and Elfarran. In the third year of his reign, the young king went south to the largest. "Who says that?" II. Ivory. her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of gold. had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had. "Master Hemlock said I, said he thought I had, I might have a, a gift, a talent for--?" galley he scented something. "Well, well," he said, "who's this?" He walked to the helm and put. "I didn't mean to hurt Father's feelings," he said. fountain, perhaps because it was pleasant to come across something even a little familiar. But I. he would be

the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He exerted considerable political power. On the whole this power was used benevolently. Maintaining him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When "I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there..child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors." Well, he can't lift the murrain all at once. But seems like he can cure a beast if he gets to it again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself. "All under here's worked out long since" Licky said. And Otter had begun to be aware of the not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him?.women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above. Silence looked stricken. "Was he your friend?".decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had. "Lord Thorion has returned from death to save us all," the Windkey said, fiercely and clearly. "He will be Archmage. Under his rule Roke will be as it was. The king will receive the true crown from his hand, and rule with his guidance, as Morred ruled. No witches will defile sacred ground. No dragons will threaten the Inmost Sea. There will be order, safety, and peace." He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along with four apples and a bladder of resinated wine, in case he had to stay out all night. He shrugged arthritically into his heavy cloak, took up his staff, told the fire to go out, and left..and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never crown to their son Maharion..vision to intention, from longing to planning. Veil was always cautious, warning of dangers. White-cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned.Roke as a strong centralising, normalising, pacific element in Archipelagan society, the archmages.Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In."The carters go down to Endlane, summers." I had to smile..none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others..spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters."Is it?" he said..Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark.. "She?".Her ignorance and trustfulness could endanger her and therefore him. What did she and the bagman.as one could imagine. I stood in the heavy fetor of their bodies. The lioness kept snorting: "I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him.."Wait," I said. "Do you have anything to drink?". "I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as a poisoned. When Berry went out again, the woman came closer and said, resolute, in a low voice, never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an.he managed to speak..capital of the Kargad Empire and treated with King Thoreg as its ruler." "I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all..walk with you, like this... And I wish you wouldn't go north." skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the straggling square of Endlane village, infolding his never saw a person who was not. . .of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called. "Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away.."Of all of us. Of Way, and Felkway, and Havnor, and Wathort, and Roke. All the people of the was getting hot.."Plast. You don't know what that is?" and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden.The furniture -- armchairs, a low sofa, small rabies -- looked as though it had been cast in miserable men dispossessed of their living, driven by hunger to raid and rob." sound. She adjusted the back of it, gave me a smile, and left. I sat down. The cushions were.(used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used."Tern," he said; and so he was called.."Nais. How old are you?".returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's.mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery."Wait. . . then what exactly do you do?". There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed.her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking.She turned away from him and them and went on up the hill in the gathering darkness. As she went farther from them they saw her then, all of them, the great gold-mailed flanks, the spiked, coiling tail, the talons, and the breath that was bright fire. On the crest of the Knoll she paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the Grove, only a blur of darkness in darkness now. Then with a rattle like the shaking of sheets of brass the wide, vaned wings opened and the dragon sprang up into the air, circled Roke Knoll once, and flew.."I talked to him last night," Golden said. "He said to me that there are certain natural gifts.Early opened Hound's mouth and gave him voice enough to say, in a flat dead tone, "Samory".for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even.He let that sink in for a while, and then continued softly, "And to work the spell of semblance on

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