

## CHIEFLY PHILOSOPHICAL IN CONTINUATION OF MY BOOK AND A HALF YEARS

deal between the beginning and the end..that bears garnets. All under this part of the city is that rock. I don't know the names." "Hmn," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?".the background, making do with slaves and prentices..though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree..Otter had been struggling with tears; he hid his face. "Yes," he said, "thanks." "Once I was on the high slopes," Mead said, "and a spring snowstorm came on me, and I lost my way. She came there. She came to me, not in the body, and guided me to the track. She was only twelve then."..was half the cheese money, but they would have the luxury of a cabin, for Sea Otter was a decked..They both looked at me. Their faces, when they raised them, took on a startled expression..Though he seldom left the city, Early prided himself on his knowledge of all the Archipelago..There were moments when she became quite lovely, particularly when she narrowed her eyes..The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'..It was as strangely quiet as the farmlands. Not a voice, not a face. It was difficult to feel uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze. A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was cobbled, he heard voices..the fountain..After a while Golden asked, still looking at the table, "Why?".fields, and faded into the light, and were gone..A witchwind coming. Following. Get the sail down."..you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing..Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and-"You might keep some goats," Silence said..no true speech. From now on he could talk only the language of duty: the getting and the spending..shape-changer, so fearless that he would take even dragon form..know what it was."..from such scraps and fragments, and though it will be an airy quilt, half made of hearsay and half..him. Their heads were on a level, she sitting crosslegged up on the dance platform, he kneeling on..out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and..are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they." "To talk."..mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the.."The key," Gelluk said..of me a woman pushed away the stewardess, who, with a slow, automatic motion, as if from the..Hemlock dismissed that with a flick of his hand. "I am talking of the True Art," he said. "Now I..reeds, and in the distance, on the other side, rose, in a single immensity, a mountain of luminous..,sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?".without the eight months at Adapt. But now, perhaps even more than before, I did not want to go..Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if..She knew that King Lebannen used his true name openly. He too had returned from death. Yet that.."Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading about dragons. You know there's been talk of them flying over the Inmost Sea as far east as Gont. That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But a boy swore to me that his whole village had seen dragons flying, this spring, west of Mount Onn. And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever one."..and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way..He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth..with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to.."Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her..of a lighted ship far out at sea, in darkness, in the rain..erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called..he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his..When you construct or reconstruct a world that never existed, a wholly fictional history, the..and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning -."There's nobody in the village could change that," she said. She looked up into his face for a moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all right, then, though the word "change" rang

and rang in his head.. "He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk. business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every. half open, as if she were drinking, no sign of effort on her face, nothing but a stare, as though she. while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral. "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure. morning sunlight; along an alley, among trees with pale pink leaves, walked three youths in shirts. All we know of ancient times in Earthsea is to be found in poems and songs, passed down orally for centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the beginning of time and made all beings by naming them in the Language of the Making- the language in which the poem was first spoken.. one day you'll have to open your mouth." Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the. He had been walking almost asleep. The pallor of the werelight had faded, drowned in a fainter, vaster clarity. Sky and earth were all one grey, but before them and above them, very high, over a drift of cloud, the long ridge of the mountain glimmered red.. "Where My Love Is Going." "I want to go home," she said.. may well like their public name to be ordinary, common, like other people's names.. never saw a person who was not. . . ". must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like. Then Dragonfly came back to herself and called to Ivory and ran down the hill to meet him. "I will." "Where? Near here?".. simply vanished -- and the thing took off with such force that it must have flattened him against. She was silent for a moment.. He looked at the man he knew only as Otter.. "I ran away." "Nobody loves a sorcerer," said the Archmage. "Well, Irith! Did I come all this way for you in. She began to gasp for breath. In the red light that shone now from the crest of the mountain and. there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women.. circles of ripples from his movement were slight and small. It was shallow for a long way. Then. stumbled across the dark houseyard to the door.. said that to make love is to unmake power." In the young dowser he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them.. "But -" Irian said, and stopped.. CENTER, although that surely did not mean the center of the city. At any rate, I let myself be led.. Irian looked down at the ground. After a long time she said, clearing her throat, not looking up.. tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave.. Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you. Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her. said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and. on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled." "Maybe you can find that island," said Ayo.. cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across. The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke." 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!. the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time. had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books. He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out to her; and she came.. where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond. Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a. Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done. from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked. me!" center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun. into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to. Long after the invention of the True Runes, a related but nonmagical runic writing was developed. wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green. wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up. with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she.. "This is the center," said Veil. "We must keep to the center. And wait." "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set. him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When. It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she. At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in. the moment I stood before them and was opening my mouth to speak, I saw that she was eating. ship's captain beside him walked on several steps and turned to see Ogion talking to the air.. 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!'". the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one. with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the. brought out a

small, soft, thick, leather bag that weighed heavy in his hands. He opened it to we can tell it as a story? And for events in times or places outside our own experience, we have about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more..destruction of the killer in man was a disfigurement..leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his.THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the Enlades. Though it is one of the great isles of the Earthsea Archipelago, there aren't many stories from Semel. Enlad has its glorious history, and Havnor its wealth, and Paln its ill repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent volcano called Andanden standing over all..house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go to obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!".cauldrons of neon, feather crests and lightning bolts, circles, airplanes, and bottles of flame, red.sculpture in breathing metal. At her ears she had something shining, so large that it covered them.the butterfly fell to the ground, a fragment of brick..the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was.end becomes a means to an end less than itself... There was no man there more greatly gifted than.chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney.massive, with an iron bolt worn thin with age. "This is the back door," the mage said, unbolting.The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. The next thing she thought was a beggar, a lost man, in dirty clothes, hugging himself with shivering arms.."I think what we have to do," he said without preamble, "is try to hold the fault from slipping much, you at the Gates and me at the inner end, in the Mountain. Working together, you know. We might be able to. I can feel it building up, can you?".fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there.. "But on Roke, they learn to use power well, not for harm, not for gain.".marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out.. "Brown Bucca, his favorite, shook herself and said her name a few times. The others said nothing.. "They didn't punish him, but kept his wild powers bound with spells until they could make him listen and begin to learn. It took them a long time. There was a rivalrous spirit in him that made him look on any power he did not have, any thing he did not know, as a threat, a challenge, a thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I was lucky. I learned my lesson young..In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had escaped him.. "Hello!".Night had come. Gift's lamp had flickered out. Only the red glow of the fire shone on Hawk's face..number in their psycho-technical tables. They permitted me to fly -- why? Because experience.His head hurt again, and he whimpered and shivered, trying to draw himself together for warmth. There was no warmth and no light..Early never disregarded any triviality Hound mentioned, because so many of them had proved not to.Witches were to learn only from one another or from sorcerers. They were forbidden to enter Roke."At least have a bath!" she said.

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