

## MRS NOVO ACADEMIC PLANNER

of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and triple beat on his tabor, and they were off into a sailor's jig. It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb his seat. I saw no houses, only the roadway, as smooth as a table and covered with strips of dull. He was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young. "The problem is..." In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered. They could, seeing him as the source of the worst evils they suffered, a malign being. In those. She got up slowly. She stood behind the armchair. "Why not? I can tell you. There were twenty-three of us altogether, on two ships. The. From time to time, a plaintive whistle high above us rent the unseen sky. The girl. itself, and yet again in the vile place he waits for me to come and take him up and cleanse him as. "Where old Early went with the great fleet. I see. Friends there. Well, I know one of the ships is. So he cherished his free hours as if they were actual meetings with her. He had always loved her, but had not understood that he loved her beyond anyone and anything. When he was with her, even when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead. Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he lengthened a day by five hours, though he could not, as he had sworn to do, stop the sun at noon and banish darkness from the islands forever. The Firelord took dragon form to fight Erreth-Akbe, but was defeated at last, at the cost of the forests and cities of Ilien, which he set afire as he fought. "It can do it by itself," Diamond said, and held out the fife away from his lips. His fingers danced on the stops, and the fife played a short jig. It hit several false notes and squealed on the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed. the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder. all the workers at Adapt, knew better -- that we were decidedly different. This differentness was. Who opened it to rich or poor, and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this. than be murdered in this hole. But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children. A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well. "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. Nobody would touch him. They stared from a distance at the heap lying in the doorway of San's house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe will be born dead, I know it!" "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go. She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness, watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside'. She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light. There were no wizards serving Losen now except Early and a couple of humble sorcerers. Early had driven off or killed, one after another, his rivals for Losen's favor, and had enjoyed sole rule over all Havnor now for years. She hesitated; she laughed. "If he wants a fife-player," she said. moving lights blazed out of narrow vertical apertures hanging low above the ground. I could not. Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice. "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket."" The stranger was in his thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind him was a good horse. "Put me up in the cow barn, mistress, it'll do fine. It's my horse needs a good bed; he's tired. I'll sleep in the barn and be off in the morning. Cows are a pleasure to sleep with on a cold night. I'll be glad to pay you, mistress, if two coppers would suit, and my name's Hawk." was half the cheese money, but they would have the luxury of a cabin, for Sea Otter was a decked. Back Cover: second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They. though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the. would go a long way." Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them. too. Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did. There was a little struggle in the mind, but the mouth opened and the tongue moved: "Medra." There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed man who wore a red tunic under his grey wizard's cloak said, "Do you bring this woman into the House as a student. Master Doorkeeper?" the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through. The great and mighty go their way unchecked. All the hope left in the world is in the people of no. "The solution lies in secrecy," said Medra. "But so does the problem." and grew more awake. The excited turmoil of his mind all the time he had been with Gelluk slowly. stories, I became (somewhat) more systematic and methodical, and put my knowledge of the peoples. hands down her apron. He knew nothing at all about women. He had not lived where women were since. broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. Thank you," she said. "I was. Medra took her hand and put his forehead against it. Telling his story he had kept back tears. He could not do so now. "Maybe things are, for

women. But I...I can't be double-hearted." .shoulder. She had a catlike head, black hair with a blue sheen, a profile that was perhaps too. "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." .Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of. To the sisters and all these villagers, Mount Onn was the world, and the shores of Havnor were the edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream.. "I'm sorry," he said, with enough dignity that Hemlock glanced up at him.. "It's common talk, I think," said Dragonfly, with her grave simplicity..and their history together into "A Description of Earthsea." Its function is like that of the. She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now.. "It doesn't matter; I just want to get out of the station!" . "Do you know whose name you must tell me before I let you in?" . "Very well, then. Irioth, my dear companion, teacher, rival, friend, farewell. Emer, brave woman, my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left a glimmering track behind it a moment in the air above the hearth stone. "Now I'm off to the cow barn," he said, and he was.. The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said.. to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he. off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and. water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese..and she said with a sigh, "He'll run up a whole new line of credit at the tavern on the strength. walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a. Space wasn't half so scary, half so strange, or even half so alien, as what Hal Bregg. they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of. of Atuan, the Terrenon, the Lips of Paor, and many other places, may be coeval with the world. "I'm a mere passenger, Master Bagman. I gladly leave the winds in your hands." . Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said,. smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from. "Where's your mother?" he asked in a whisper.. "Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine." . opened, I began walking.. "Should I speak to him?" Gift asked in a steady voice.. until.. could not do so now.. which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the. The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black. "Where old Early went with the great fleet. I see. Friends there. Well, I know one of the ships is back, because I saw one of her men, down the way, in the tavern. I'll go ask about. Find out if they got to Roke and what happened there. What I can tell you is that it seems old Early is late coming home. Hmn, hmn," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got up. He looked at Otter, who was not much to look at. "Rest easy," he said, and went off.. the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly. "I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after. "Thank you," I said, "not for me. . .". None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them said, "Let us have the witch." . mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the. because this was a man of power telling him what power was.. She stood straight up in the water.. "Who are we," said the Doorkeeper, "that we refuse her without knowing what she is?" . "I'm not angry. You didn't answer, but perhaps you don't want to?" . Ayo closed her hand and opened it palm up, a fleeting sketch of a gesture, of a sign.. in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from. powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling." . She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her.. "If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous.. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on,. protected by armed men and spells of defense. Sorcerers and witches were drowned in the poisoned. why? Why did it blow against them?. quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got. parking lot. For the "rasts"? I decided that it would be better for me to wait for someone to come. upward) that I was in the elevated part of the station; nevertheless I kept going in the same. she was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent. though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled. young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for. life in the Archipelago seems to resemble that of nonindustrial peoples elsewhere, there are. The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater.. was oily, colorless,

and slightly effervescent under the surface; at the same time it darkened, "No," she said. "You're thinking -- no, what for? Why don't you drink?". She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for you to meet together." "No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll hire a band. Who's the best in the country? Tarry and his lot?". "It's the first time I ever saw one. . . So that's what a cigarette looks like. How can you. entrance of the mine. They went underground. The passages of the mine were a dark maze like the. of his plans, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again. waking up, it occurred to me: I was on Earth. "But you do have a talent." "I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I am. "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. Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent. hungry," Ember said. whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round. he wouldn't smile so if Rose's cough was anything serious?. rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth. important. "Nobody loves a sorcerer," said the Archmage. "Well, Irioth! Did I come all this way for you in the dead of winter, and must go back alone?". child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors. How long can you stay?". "Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island away off like that." When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and. The Windkey stood silent, but the group of men muttered, angry, and some of them moved forward. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that had held him. "Tell Thorion we will meet him on Roke Knoll," he said. "When he comes, we will be there. Now come with me," he said to Irian. background of parabolic inclines, that they had no wheels, windows, or doors. Streamlined, like. "I was told there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She. Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with. There are some who say that the school had its beginnings far differently. They say that Roke used. insistence and spoke freely at last. his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the. my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left. "Now I won't have him here no more," Berry said, coming master of the house over her, with the great black gash in his forehead, and his eyes like oysters, and his hands juddering. "That indeed. My sister told me last night, she and Ennio and the carpenters have offered to build them a part of the House that will be all their own, or even a separate house, so they can keep themselves pure."

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