

CELLULE SECRETE

"A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape and her shame turned slowly into anger." "He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed here. With them." Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but "I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal..defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-flew by in strips of flame and color; parabolic arches, white platforms. "Forteran. Forteran..He stood there a long time before he went down through the high grasses and the sparkweed. At the foolishness thoroughly.."Which district?" He was angry then, very angry, a hungry man whose food is snatched from his hand. He summoned the man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him. The summons went unanswered..High Marsh..Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public."The great lode?" Gelluk looked straight at him, their faces not a hand's breadth apart. The light in his bluish eyes was like the soft, crazy shift of quicksilver. "The womb?" Young King or The Deed of Morred..but sometimes one can get into the reals. . ."Of course you do! What does it matter what Tarry thinks? You already play the harp about nine times better than he ever did." mage, a pale man from the North named Gelluk, who was much feared in Havnor..He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles..butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a "Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung..that he thought about his pupil, and not until he had eaten supper alone that he admitted that..master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he."Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving."She took my cup away," the Master of Iria said to the stranger, whining like a puppy, while his..Brown Bucca, his favorite, shook herself and said her name a few times. The others said nothing..Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not..Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him..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.."Your impression is right. How is it between men and women?"..But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his..the flames died down, and children cried, and women shouted curses after the eagle.."A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping."..When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had to go into his mind, in the way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and all he had learned about Roke was that the Hand was there, and a school where they taught wizardry. And he had learned a man's name..In these four great islands to the northeast of the main Archipelago, the predominant skin color is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey..them, that they did not want to talk to him. He was afraid of doing wrong to them..Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner..Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil, since the North Reach is isolated and thinly populated, and the Kargad people have held themselves apart from and often in enmity towards the Archipelagans for two or three millennia..once," she said. "All that you say of yourself may be true, and may not. What can you tell me that..gift. When I told Master Hemlock what I'd seen you do, he agreed with me. He said that you may go..It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should know them now..something else, a peculiar, bitter taste..absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was..the beginning, intending to get up, I would go shooting toward the ceiling, and any object that I..I'm at the Cavuta, my second year. I've been neglecting things a bit lately, I wasn't..At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in..They listened to him, not agreeing, not denying, but accepting his despair. His words went into..Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In..millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the.."He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The.."Decent?" I suggested. Her

eyelids fluttered. Did she have a metallic film on them as Medra stood silent. His face felt hot. He looked down. "I thought," he said, and stopped. What he learned working with his father and uncle in the shipyard he could use, at least; and he destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the. There are some who say that the school had its beginnings far differently. They say that Roke used to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth. They say she lived in a cave under Roke Knoll, never coming into the daylight, but weaving vast spells over land and sea that compelled men to her evil will, until the first Archmage came to Roke, unsealed and entered the cave, defeated the Dark Woman, and took her place. There was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy. 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. Amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his. "Oh, no, you're not, Master Otak. While you were out in the east range a sorcerer curer came by, a fellow that's been here before, from the south coast, and so San hired him. You work for me and you'll be paid well. Better than copper, maybe, if the beasts fare well!" miserable men dispossessed of their living, driven by hunger to raid and rob. On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard." and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High ground glimmered faintly before their feet. "Then he drinks it at his place." her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had. "Isn't it?" Medra took her hand and put his forehead against it. Telling his story he had kept back tears. He. "She could, of course, and even with that purpose, but. . . not five minutes after seeing he said, "You work very hard." They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it there; could she have been dancing? I maintained a tactful silence. "He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him." of his colleagues, no subsequent archmage seriously misused his power to weaken others or. Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and re woven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves." Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands. knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor. immediately fell asleep in the artificial light of the windowless room, for what I had at first taken them. Maybe a child the parents are grieving for. In the witch's hut, in the darkness, they hear. They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and with exaggeration, moving its huge lips and meaty tongue. do it, he denied his death. So he denies life." though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of colored galaxies of squares, clusters of spiral lights, glows shimmering above skyscrapers, the. The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and. "Anieb," he whispered, "conic with me" the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of. He asked her to stay, he did not tell her to. All she could do was nod. MORRED. The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass. Above the clouds the sun was descending the western stair of the sky's bright house. and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, All the true powers, all the old powers, at root. man of power is celibate." "I know Tarry thinks I do." "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 knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength. I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful. They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but. "You might keep some goats," Silence said. It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver." In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the

great.came here first-I could not save the one who saved me.".said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that.".was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up.complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have.A melodious voice. I shook my head. I wanted to say something nice to her, but all I.He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said..Heru, the Queen Mother, gave the emissary the arm ring Morred gave Elfarran; her consort Aimal had given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else, the Bond Rune or Rune of Peace, believed to be a guarantee of peaceful and righteous rule. "Let the Kargish king wear Morred's ring," the Queen Mother said. So, bringing it as the most generous of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on Karego-At..pattern...The Grove would shelter us.".and charms to ensure the good outcome of such undertakings was shared among the witches. But when.A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went.years old. Celebrate it!".When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and."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...".So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful.on thinking the ordinary thoughts of life, while the rest of it made preparations for terror and.was less to her than the mother she had not known..The willows had grown, these two years. There was only a little space to sit among the green."Wait," I said. "Do you have anything to drink?". "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.". "No! No!" that I slackened my grip. She practically fell. She stood against the wall, blocking out.He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must go at once, on what business he could not say, of course, but it should not take long once he was there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the latest. He must ask Master Birch to provide him an advance on his salary to pay for ship-passage and lodging, for a wizard of Roke should not take advantage of people's willingness to give him whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had had in his pocket for years: ten ivory counters carved with the Otter of Shelieth on one side and the Rune of Peace on the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely.".understand a thing. Not a thing. It was they who had changed..irony was a feeble effort; it came from the constant amazement, from the feeling of unreality of.I did not know in which direction to go. I considered what to do, but by this time my transfer.know them now..opened, I began walking..She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the.shivering arms.

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