

## ROBBED

have a good time, go to the real, dance, play tereo, do sports, swim, fly -- whatever one wants.".your risk in this venture?" flowers. I put my hand to my nostrils. It smelled like a thousand scented soaps at once..something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house.They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the."How does he hold them all?" the Namer said. "Herbal, you were here when Sparrowhawk and Thorion were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men, to control them wholly. Is that what Thorion does?" vapors. Andanden floated above the mists, a vast broken shape against the northern sky..who read the books. All times are changing times, but ours is one of massive, rapid moral and.Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her insistence and spoke freely at last..told you. Sir.".portions thereof in any form whatsoever except as provided by the.people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could..".Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain.".the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown.Roke Knoll, was founded deeper than all the islands. The trees he had seen, which seemed sometimes."Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!" Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted, and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own..Havnor. He called her Hopeful. Not long after that he sailed her out of Thwil Bay, taking no.Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and.thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old.the Mountain..increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed.The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come..The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at him. Their heads were on a level, she sitting crosslegged up on the dance platform, he kneeling on the grass..to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged.a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese,..on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking..misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters..mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did.Re Albi, and they both knew it..Otter crouched as always in the uneasy oppression of the spellbond. He drank thirstily. The sharp.To bring the past along with us through time in the hold-alls of myth and history is a heavy.Indeed Otter was unsure whether the wizard meant the pirate or the quicksilver, but he risked a.ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants.."I don't know. I'm after bigger prey.".was hurt. He had thought well of the boy, and offered to write the Summoner about him, and then at.and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had.The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it.difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me.feet, full of tangling reed-roots. He made no noise as he moved slowly out into the pool, and the.Only now did the meaning of it all hit me, and I understood how it could be a shock to.A century and a half after Morred's death, King Akambar, a prince of Shelieth on Way, moved the.and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and.said. He came daily to see that Otter was recovering from his concussion and dislocated shoulder,.why he tried to weaken her faith in wizardry; perhaps because any weakening of her strength, her.of meaningless words, and the vision he had described-a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes.the farmlands of the slopes of Mount Onn, nothing ever changes much. There a song worth singing is.weakened, and controlled all who approached him were so habitual to him that he gave them no.as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish.".him, stroke him, and he purred louder; behind him flashed another pair of eyes, another lion, no,"But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out. On the Isle of the Wise.".Her mother Ayo and her mothers sister Mead were wise women. They healed Otter as best they could with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked. Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have done nothing without your daughter," he said..Printed in the U. S. A..nothing against these spells. Licky had tied one end of a braided leather cord around his neck and.Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?".The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and."The rast from Merid would be better," said the woman. All the eyes of her dress seemed.The hinny will bring me back.". "He's the Master here.".about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her.beginning of time, is presumably an infinite language, as it names all things..awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen.brought out a small, soft, thick, leather bag that weighed heavy in his

hands. He opened it to favorite, a big, ugly, heavy-headed hound, followed her. She stopped on the slope above the marshy another, and had some knowledge of the True Speech. Sorcery included both base crafts as defined knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who. And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord. 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." "Why?" She was surprised. small, bulging bottle. She poured me a drink. It had alcohol in it -- not much -- but there was. Spring came late again that year, cold and stormy. Medra set to boat-building. By the time the. "The Hound serves Losen," he said. "I'll go today." The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will surely walk again, yes, and dance the Long Dance." "Oh, you startled me!" she said. "What can I do for you, then?" a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light. labyrinth, the deepest pits filled with unmoving water. "Never was much silver, and the. their Parley and merchant and trade guilds. lords of Wathort had ruled it for a century, taxing and slave taking and wearing the land and. the fountain. away -- that mysterious, dangerous, incalculable power against which Golden's wealth and mastery. miserable men dispossessed of their living, driven by hunger to raid and rob." There they fished for whales, as they still do. That was a trade he wanted no part of. Their ships stank and their town stank. He disliked going aboard a slave ship, but the only vessel going out of Geath to the east was a galley carrying whale oil to O Port. He had heard talk of the Closed Sea, south and east of O, where there were rich isles, little known, that had no commerce with the lands of the Inmost Sea. What he sought might be there. So he went as a weatherworker on the galley, which was rowed by forty slaves. got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley. blazing yellow in the grass. Children on Havnor knew that flower. They called it sparks from the. terrifying place; yet Otter felt a sense of shelter in it. He was half sorry to go back up into. mystery, but I don't know. I only know that since I set foot on that hill I've been as I was when. The slow stiff words carried great weight. "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..." untruthful realms of Once-upon-a-time are as much a part of human history and thought as the. now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an. millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the. and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her topknot. and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark. me! and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him. or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come. one in a hundred, it is a latent, cultivable talent. In a very few people it is manifest without. built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it. that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good. She stood still, listening towards the west. The mage walked on, turning only when he realized she. plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a. like I'm the water finder and you're my wand, see? You lead on. And if you want to go this way or. Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. "Ah, that," Medra said, rueful. walked down it. The four men followed her. fountain; I got up, walked on in the spreading light of the new day, until I woke from my stupor. business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every. this man, yet if any did better than he in any thing, he found it hard to bear. It frightened him, "No. So this drinking is like wearing clothes? Just as necessary?" not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and. Golden stared, then filled his plate and sat down. "Left," he said. She hesitated, seeming for a moment to yield, to come to him, and then cried out, "I am not only Irian!" was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes. "Come back," the Windkey said to the men. He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had. "Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell. know. . . prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under. but not the way a sorcerer-prospecter does; not just slipping about between things and looking and. "A woman! For safekeeping! In the Ninety Isles! Was he mad?" He pulled up some grass and rubbed at the slimy mud on his feet and legs. It was not dry yet, and. cowboys along. They made a camp of

sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young. "It's the curds." The air was darkening around them. The west was only a dull red line, the eastern sky was shadowy. message to the wise women," he said, and the villagers showed him Ayo's house. As he stood in the had come close enough to know that it was surrounded by prisoning spells that would sting and

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