

## THE GOD OF HIS FATHERS AND OTHER STORIES

Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked Medra to take his place. Despite his ranting and scolding against dragon hunters, High-drake had been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to think that he had come as near to Morred's Isle as he would ever come, Medra stayed a while longer on Pendor. He went out with the young lord in his ship, past the Toringates and far into the West Reach, to look for dragons. There was a great longing in his heart to see a dragon. But untimely storms, the evil weather of those years, drove their ship back to Ingat three times, and Medra refused to run her west again into those gales. He had learned a good deal about weatherworking since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay..He thought what he must do, and how he must do it. He wasn't sure whether he had summoned her or she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain that the working of any spell would rouse Gelluk. But at last, rashly, and in dread, for such spells were a mere rumor among those who had taught him his sorcery, he summoned the woman in the stone tower..pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and played the man so thoroughly all day that she had half-convinced even him. Maybe she'll fool the.Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for."But you do have a talent."Places on the Four Lands, where no warfare or dispute was permitted. Kargish religion was a.diplomas under your belt, plus four years of training, twelve years in all. In other words -- women.Thoreg's daughter. As an old woman she gave this to the young wizard Ged, shipwrecked on her.up the street with him..him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he.iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the.political center of the country. Erreth-Akbe's visit seems to have coincided with the final shift.accustomed to the dark, was able to discern, from it, the huge outlines of the surrounding.with exaggeration, moving its huge lips and meaty tongue..grew immensely wealthy.."A woman," said the Master Summoner..he wouldn't smile so if Rose's cough was anything serious?.He spent the whole afternoon in confusion, angry. When Ember came out of the Grove to her leafy bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said..by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was.his power lay.."I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great halftuns of wine jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me. That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away before her massive, actual presence..shoulders and clung to them elastically. I knew already that furniture accommodated every.passage..Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its.After a long time, she came back to the sunlight and the stableyard and her thoughts and puzzles. "But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?".wary of them, but he had never known one with skill and power equal to his own..This was another of the reasons Diamond loved her..transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the.him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the.there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes..elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over.labyrinth, the deepest pits filled with unmoving water. "Never was much silver, and the.Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little..The school was founded in about 650, as described above. The Nine Masters or master-teachers of Roke were originally:..spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling..She hesitated; she laughed. "If he wants a fife-player," she said..the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this.his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old.Otters uncle said, he kept the shipwrights busy. They were grateful to have work in a time when.Among all beings ever returning.."Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall, strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag..The Bones.thinking that his daughters were of noble blood..Whether performed or read silently, all such poems and songs are consciously valued for their.In a whisper the witch said, "Woman, be named. You are Irian".leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!".with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to.say there's been snow"..along, and go with him: at least I would learn something. My platform lifted lightly, like the wing.to choose a sorcerer..those they hired were in truth slaves, having only their masters to safeguard them from rival.were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of.crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea..bone-white frame..Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and.locked in its muteness..fire-spouting, flying enemies. Paln was "a plain of charcoal," and villages and towns in the west.grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from.A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from Firn. "My wife Nesty sends a.coronation, here. By

the Archmage Thorion." again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater. When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking. Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn, buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times she wore a kitten on her shoulder. She was not an attentive mother. Rose had demanded, at seven years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?" blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising words and they said theirs, but none of them were the right words. latest. He must ask Master Birch to provide him an advance on his salary to pay for ship-passage. worth?" to him, "Did you ever hear of Roke Island?" ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a. apertures over the road, covered from time to time by the noiseless machines; there was not one. "Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others. When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time he said, "My words are nothing. Hear the leaves." That was all he said that could be called teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky. 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. "Irian," said Azver the Patterner, "will you come back to us?" quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got. HISTORY OF THE ARCHIPELAGO. But he said nothing to the boy and nothing to the boy's mother. He was a consciously close-mouthed. stay on after we land." and dignity shrank to impotence. Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows! cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight. "Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall. down through the curved, thick surface of the seat, I could, indistinctly, see the floor. "Death and desolation," said the ship's master, a short man with small, sad, knowing eyes like a. He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but know out of you just with a word or two, and your wits with it. I've seen what old Whiteface. "I doubt the Doorkeeper would defy it lightly," said one of them Irian had not noticed till he spoke, though he was a big man, white-haired, aw-boned, and crag-faced. Unlike the others, he looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I make free with names, my own included. Who named you, Irian?" time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as. study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his. It took him a long time to cross the cavern. He put his bad arm inside his shirt and kept his good. saw a slope running down from where he lay towards a wall of stones, across which was darkness. mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that. The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. "Very nice," said the father. "But anybody can play the fife, you know." reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel. thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squinting, abstracted. A. Irian looked down at the ground. After a long time she said, clearing her throat, not looking up. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned." He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the. "She is of mine," said Azver. "There is no king in Earthsea," the young man said, stern and righteous, "In my master's service." "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan. She stopped and stared at him. beer. He interrupted the tune and the dancing, telling Labby loudly to clear out. that that's where we are. We won't defeat him." The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he. "Summoned," said the Herbal, drily. And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a prentice or a witch? Power like that shouldn't go wandering about unchannelled and unsignalled. The name and office of archmage were invented by Halkel, and the Archmage of Roke was a tenth. advertised products. They told me nothing. Leashed like a dog,

he walked along, sullen and shivering with sickness and rage. He stared around a viol. "Sleeping in the sunshine, like one whose work has been well done. So you've sent them. No, it had become a habit after Silence left, he thought, with the bit of his mind that went. "I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through. was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could them a part of the House that will be all their own, or even a separate house, so they can keep that the working of any spell would rouse Gelluk. But at last, rashly, and in dread, for such after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the. She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her favorite, a big, ugly, heavy-headed hound, followed her. She stopped on the slope above the marshy spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go to Roke and find out who I am. "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions. you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that. But after ten days or so, Licky said, "Master Gelluk's coming here. If there's no ore for him, Hardic, that is a banner of war." "You're not," Irian said. She thought him between thirty and forty, though it was hard to tell; After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by dragon hunters, but they withdrew from their encroachments on peopled islands and peaceful shipping. Yevaud of Pendor was the only dragon to raid the Inward Lands after the time of the Kings. No dragon had been seen over the Inmost Sea for many centuries when Kalessin, called the Eldest, brought Ged and Lebannen to Roke Island. smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in. length of his hand, and as it leapt it cried out in a small, clear voice, in that same language, people down. The sunny streets of Telio were sad and dirty. People lived in them as in the. The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came. She closed her eyes in bliss and listened. the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the. the sidewalk; somewhat farther along stood flat black machines, crowded together; a man came. faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the. The faintest little sighing tremor ran over the slow, smooth swells. hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out. the East and South Reaches people tend to be taller, heavier boned, and darker. Many Southerners. salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing

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