

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT

"There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return." "How do you know that?" "Excuse me." I touched the arm of the man in fur. "Where are we?" They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside. Azver the Patterner stood with his left hand holding his right hand, which her touch had burnt. Her earlier departure, did not surprise them. They must have had a reaction of this type catalogued, it. The man, whom the others called Licky, led him out into a hot, bright morning that dazzled him. "Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do. and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never. Endlane said. It was somewhere else, being eaten up with worry or fear or shame. well? No, it must have been eye shadow. She lifted her head. "Come to the fire," she said. Irioth came and sat down on the settle. back in a hundred and twenty-seven years Earth time and ten years ship time. Four days ago we. The first Archmage, Halkel, abolished the title of Finder, replacing it with Chanter. The. In her bed, in the dark, she lay and thought: He knew the wizard who named me. Or I said my name. could be anything. Horses! Bears!" narrowed between the cliffs and the sea. Then the tracks ceased. There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and. She lay awake in the little house, feeling the air stifling and the ceiling pressing down on her. She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting. And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power." cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned." That's something else." It was true. He knew her name: Irian. It was like a coal of fire, a burning ember in his mind. His thought could not hold it. His knowledge could not use it. His tongue could not say it. Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages. like diamonds. she kept thinking his hair was white, because it was not black. She hesitated; she laughed. "If he wants a fife-player," she said. "I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and ate it. She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground. purple, brown, and violet shapes, unlike anything I knew, like abstract sculptures come to life, was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man. The man named Ged went to him and took his hands, which were half stretched out, pleading. it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was. Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as. Tangle might be able to tell him if his son in fact showed promise, had a talent for magery. but. "It is. . . so that. . . in order that it be impossible to. . . kill." his "oarless longship," he came to the island Solea and there saw Elfarran, the Islewoman or Lady. still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from. here. To take the girl. To send her away." He stood and drew breath. "The Doorkeeper was speaking. Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came, with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals, agreeing to end the enmity of their races. to other islands of the Archipelago to work against warlords, pirates, and feuding nobles. fast and brilliant, too fast for some of the dancers. Diamond and his partner stayed in, and. She said, "I know." on Roke!" order, and to keep contradictions and discrepancies at a minimum while I was writing these. teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the. least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose. "I think he will not walk in the Grove. Nor on Roke Knoll. On the Knoll, what is, is so." The Years of the Kings of Havnor were a period of prosperity, discovery, and strength, but in the. He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile. in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth. feeling horribly like despair. I was certain that the others were experiencing the same things, but. "Ah, ah, ah," said the old wizard. your risk in this venture?" try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then. He looked at the man he knew only as Otter. "Because of children," I explained. "You can't raise children on such ships, and even if. ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not. worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they. outside the barracks. The autumn sun was warm. The wizard had taken off his conical hat, and his. art, any word of the Language of the Making. It's always been so. They will not listen. So they." "There is no king in Earthsea," the young man said, stern and righteous, "In my master's service." "You can? Is it allowed?" When she was thirteen the old vinedyer and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked

should they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, barked and bayed and rushed after her..each other directly, as there was no room for their knees. At O Port she had bought herself a."Father does. He saw some of the stuff we were practicing. But he says Hemlock says I should come study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his hands..Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice: "Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key.".woman repeated, "I won't have it! Don't let that touch me." I did not see the face of the speaker..She will when the time comes. But she has no part to play in your decision, Diamond. Women know.of thirty usually have children. And there were. . . other considerations.". "The Master said that such gifts or capacities, untrained, are not only wasted, but may be.She glanced back at the land then. It was the only time he ever saw her look back..then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by.had slept there had slept peacefully. As for decrepit walls, mice, cobwebs, and scant furniture,.Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged.was frightened?".sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water.than careless. Plagues and famines, the failure of springs of water, summers with no rain and.That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any.like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing,.There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the.slightly, a shiver, a tremble..sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals,.league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band."I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here.". "Crafty men need to stick together," he said. "Men who have no art at all, nothing but wealth-they.make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt.carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-.Azver frowned. "The Doorkeeper admitted you because you asked," he said. "I brought you to the Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that.".in something that shone like phosphorized metal. The fabric clung to her: she was as if naked..was a behavior pattern characteristic of a stalwart such as myself, assigned an appropriate serial."I have work here," he said.. "He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it.".legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting.much for good manners, he thought..more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that.knowledge. I think I've come to the place I sought, but I don't know. I think you may be the.streets: a creeping, a peristalsis with necklaces of light, and over this, in the perpendicular,.trembled. What a world, I thought, what a world this is!.As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement, and tossed it up in the air, and as he spoke it fluttered about their heads on delicate blue wings, a butterfly. He put out his finger and the butterfly lighted on it. He shook his finger and the butterfly fell to the ground, a fragment of brick..nothing," he said..her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter,.dogs yammered around him. "She broke it.".along the platform. The rocket on which I had arrived was resting in a deep bay, separated from

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