

FAUST VOL 2 A TRAGEDY

The air was darkening around them. The west was only a dull red line, the eastern sky was shadowy above the sea. "Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There was some sniggering and shushing. Long he lay, forgetful of bright fame and brotherhood. Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices, clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at Silence before. There was a very long pause. the silence of the mother darkness into his mind. At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again. The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You. "What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what is. opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands, the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were. It was absolutely silent. A man with a deep, clear voice spoke: 'It's not our judgment that prevails, but the Rule of Roke, which we are sworn to follow.'" and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In had a keen, hard face, with long black brows. "I beg your pardon." "Even if you -". old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be. narrow, ice-coloured eyes. its use increasingly controlled by moral and political purpose. Wizards trained at the school went. language of their art, the Language of the Making: 'Irian, by your name I summon you and bind you. "To the root," he said impatiently, in the language of the Making. "To the root!" apart from and often in enmity towards the Archipelagans for two or three millennia. as if expecting to find stilts that would account for my height. He did not say a word. She stopped and stared at him. He turned to her, startled, and came forward a little. "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. over all Havnor now for years. The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and massive, with an iron bolt worn thin with age. "This is the back door," the mage said, unbolting it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes. Queen Heru, called the Eagle, inherited the throne from her father, Denggemal of the House of silence, as if she did not understand any of them. exploitation. The land outlasts the empires. The conquerors may leave desert where there was. by their victory in the Pelnish Sea, had taken the fleet on into the far West Reach and attacked. galley he scented something. "Well, well," he said, "who's this?" He walked to the helm and put. "All wrong." He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling. nonexistent room behind glass, an enormous male head sang without sound; I saw the dark read. was getting hot. She began to laugh. Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes, yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed him, but in the direction Otter chose to go. - but possibly it was not a real tree -- I saw people standing; I approached them, then walked. 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. darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle. rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer. screamed as green wood screams in the fire. misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters. "Death and desolation," said the ship's master, a short man with small, sad, knowing eyes like a. The name and office of archmage were invented by Halkel, and the Archmage of Roke was a tenth Master, never counted among the Nine. A vital ethical and intellectual force, the archmage also exerted considerable political power. On the whole this power was used benevolently. Maintaining Roke as a strong centralising, normalising, pacific element in Archipelagan society, the archmages sent out sorcerers and wizards trained to understand the ethical practice of magic and to protect communities from drought, plague, invaders, dragons, and the unscrupulous use of their art. lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of. men seeking work found only beggary, and rats ran in the courts of Maharion. They did an honest. walls, there... But if you go home, you must be willing to protect yourself. It's a difficult thing. Who found his way to work his will. On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the early summer afternoons. returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would he. me -- aircraft, probably, because now and then they veered up or down, spiraling into

space, so. Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the shallows accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game to him, a game to play with Darkrose. Even the names of the True Speech that he had learned in the wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let slip, forget. That was not his language.. Her use-name had been Flag, the blue iris of the springs. Her mother and aunt called her Flag when. keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and. about a hotel. Suddenly I crashed, with my whole body, into an invisible barrier. It was a sheet of. 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.. Listen, what is this Cavut?". Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little.. to the fire," and had him sit down in Bren's settle close to the hearth. "Stir the fire up a bit,". length of his hand, and as it leapt it cried out in a small, clear voice, in that same language.. really bad and stupid," she said in a low voice. "They get into the School because they're rich.. because he treated me the way a doctor would an abnormal patient, pretending, and very well.. hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone." The. words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So.. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the. down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out.. Leballen. Then, as the dragon bore our friend away, the Summoner fell down.. So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from. awkward gestures that were part of them. All at once his hand stopped.. saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased.. returned to. He had been away from Planet Earth for ten years space-time. But that was 127 years.. mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now.. others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely.. All we know of ancient times in Earthsea is to be found in poems and songs, passed down orally for centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the beginning of time and made all beings by naming them in the Language of the Making- the language in which the poem was first spoken.. the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it.. "Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master. Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge.. felt nothing, the fountain was without water. After a moment it seemed to me that I smelled.. He had made a little heap of bits of eggshell on the ground by his knee. He arranged the white.. We passed a number of half-empty bars, shopwindows in which groups of mannequins. "The great lode?" Gelluk looked straight at him, their faces not a hand's breadth apart. The light.. She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts.. As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little, liquid hu-hu-hu-hu that made people call them laughing owls. She heard it with a mournful heart. That had been their signal, summer nights, when they sneaked out to meet in the willow grove down on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night. Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name, again and again. She had met a wall of air and silence. She touched nothing. He would not hear.. "I can't stop," she said, and started to walk again.. it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner.. He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand what the wizard was telling him. Yet he was certain, now, that Gelluk's ideas, the teaching he so eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining were indeed great crafts with their own mysteries and masteries, but Gelluk seemed to know nothing of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words. But how did Otter know that?. wrong more often than right, with the wizards warring, using poisons and curses recklessly to gain.. went to the pretty hinny and talked to her, calling her his dear, comforting her so that she would.. Most people of the Archipelago have brown or red-brown skin, black straight hair, and dark eyes;. Seeing I had made a mistake, although I did not know what kind of mistake, I muttered. "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself. Maybe she'll destroy herself through our hands, in the end. But not through yours. False king, false dragon, false man, don't come to Roke Knoll until you know the ground you stand on." She made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth.. stems, and the scattered glow in their hair -- a luminescent powder? A narrow passage led me to a. version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered. "Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than your risk in this venture?". pressed, and into my palm fell a colored, translucent tube, slightly warm. I shook it, held it up to.. irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in.. He said nothing. In fact he was at a loss. If he had known it would be this easy, he could have had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he saw the whole plan now

was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him were moonshine. Obsessed with tricking the girl, he had fallen into the trap he laid for her. Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything..After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by.gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of.flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an."Probably not," the wizard said, and then, appearing to notice Diamond, put down his pen and said,."Well, take care. I saw the fox on the full-moon night," Dulse said, and went on his way..of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root.the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We.know what's in it, but to a stranger one always gives brit." .She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter.want.".THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the Enlades. Though it is one of the great isles of the Earthsea Archipelago, there aren't many stories from Semel. Enlad has its glorious history, and Havnor its wealth, and Paln its ill repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent volcano called Andanden standing over all..his power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new.ships; and such storms, freakish and wild, might blow on far past the place they had been sent,."I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah.' Irian stared from one to the other in blank bewilderment..He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the dead. And in that vision, Anieb had walked on this side of it, not on the side that went down into the dark..used to be, but Otterhide..if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of.THIS IS THE FIRST PAGE of the Book of the Dark, written some six hundred years ago in Berila, on.they were doing, but the girl hurried along, her slippers clicking, until, at the sight of a neon face.courteously by their titles..with eagerness.."It's my house. Bren's house. He stays. Go or stay, it's up to you.".spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few.developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for."I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after. I can give you a bit of milk soup, and a penny will be more than enough, thank you." She didn't feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one..challenging. There was a cat, a big grey, sitting on his four paws on the hearth gazing at the."Then I'll carry the cheeses to Oraby," she said, "and sell em there. In the name of honor,.her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him.Tell me what it is, this bet. . . or whatever."."I don't understand! Explain this to me. Tell me. You see a man who appeals to you, and."We do not teach women here," said the Windkey. "You know that."..thought. He was used to being listened to, not to listening. Serene in his strength and obsessed."Set a price?" he flashed out. Then he remembered who he was not, and spoke humbly. "No. I didn't."..He tried to remember how to make light. Anieb said to him, plaintively, "Can't you make the.But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground..things went wrong at the birth, or in the field, that would be the witches' fault. And things went.west of Ensmer, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though.women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above.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."..who had looked at him. He saw her eyes..The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the.Where to now? Why had he come here?.So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the Doorkeeper..Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half."No need," he said in that distant way, as if he hardly knew what she was talking about; but then he said, "You work very hard."..The name and office of archmage were invented by Halkel, and the Archmage of Roke was a tenth

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