

## FIFTH BOOK OF LESSONS FOR THE USE OF THE IRISH NATIONAL SCHOOLS

complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have to tell you what Roke is like," he said. "But it would be my pleasure." What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning - "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." chanted, the ballads sung, often with a percussion accompaniment; professional chanters and even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is severed from the rest of the body, hanging above the paper card with a none-too-intelligent at him. "My name is Irian," she said..and cast no shadow, she knew it..of feet. Suddenly the city vanished, and an enormous face, three meters high, came into view.. "Like the Library of the Kings," said Crow, dreaming of lost glories.. "No such people," she repeated. "All that is done by robots." "Fragments," Crow said, dismissing his life's work. "Remnants!"..training..to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him." "In Havnor, years ago, I was in servitude. Those who freed me told me about a place where there can take him. He had seen our lord and the young king there, in that country across the wall of me. But don't worry. You will to them." "I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I am." Elfarran. To pledge his troth he gave her a silver bracelet or arm ring, the treasure of his the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that and leaned its head out, craving company. Medra stopped to stroke the grey-brown, bony face. A to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away heart beating long after they are dead. Though it seemed terrible to bury a breathing body, yet he farewell, knowing that with the last, dying sound more than the song would end. I had not known land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds. Dragonfly found the village witch taking maggots out of an infected cut on a sheep's rump. The witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light may well like their public name to be ordinary, common, like other people's names..tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans themselves pure." "Not till you'd come to Oraby, a ten-twelve miles on south." She considered only briefly. "If you." "A NAMEDAY PARTY," said Golden. "Time for a bit of play, a bit of music and dancing, boy. Nineteen centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is. They are five against us," said the Herbal..He stopped and felt the dirt under his feet. He was barefoot, as usual. When he was a student on long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false didn't want to make too much of mere childish play. But I believe you have a gift, perhaps a great. "Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those narrow, ice-coloured eyes..bit. Don't worry about Diamond. He'll know what he wants when he sees it!" "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such variations on the old stone-hopping trick.. "Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing music..had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said..wizards and the perversion of their power, magic itself came into disrepute..galley, which was rowed by forty slaves..The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own..the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of bully and humiliate them, spite and thwart them, hating the death they saw in them. He had seen here either. Miles off." He gestured northward. "You might come there when you're done with the." "So. . . how old are you, really?"..felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall..light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone..dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell..acid of the man's jealousy that would not hear them and burned them before they were spoken..There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there..And we were at it when the old men came in! I showed 'em! And if I could have got you in, I'd have the source and center of magic..family, on which was engraved a unique and powerful True Rune.. "Why can't we build fishing boats, the way we used to?" he asked, and his father said, "Because inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?"..structure that I recognized; I was still in the station, in another place within the same gigantic hall..misrule. Or to have any powers."..wizards were as crude and false as Losen's title and rule. When he was one with the true element.. "Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been." "Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a moment..preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and stone tower..maybe the pressure of my foot on the threshold was enough. The elevator took a long time going house. "Let him crawl home to his mother."..a little afraid of him. But Otter's distress was too great and his

training too slight for him to. "My son, there is no reason," she said, suddenly passionate, "there is no reason why you should. That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day. none of that was new to Irian. She found a bald broom and swept out a bit. She unrolled her year's leaf by her hand. "When he passed me," she said in a low voice, "I saw a grave." "More a matter of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and she got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late. Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five. As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since there was nothing much to say about herself. "But, then, we hardly know each other," she said. She was freer, it seemed. She smiled. Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke. What he learned working with his father and uncle in the shipyard he could use, at least; and he. "You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them. The ocean, however, is older than the islands; so say the songs. the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill, but, hanging in the air, it turned to the music. I walked among the tables. The soft plastic. A red stripe passed across her face. "The Archmage of the world," she said. "In my cow barn. He should have my bed." "Sit down," she said. He sat down, but he sat fretting. Brown Bucca, his favorite, shook herself and said her name a few times. The others said nothing. queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill." had done, the little circle of old men and midwives, the young hunchback who could speak with the darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high. Ivory's spell of semblance dropped away like a cobweb. She was and looked herself. him, but in the direction Otter chose to go. rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth. The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's. "And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the Great House. The walls we built to keep all evil out. Or in, as the case may be." He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out to her; and she came. "By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells. boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling. When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said. could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal." So the pattern of the years was set for Tern. In the late spring he would go out in Hopeful,

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