

## **A QUEST FOR WOLVES! A GRAND COLORING BOOK**

flowers. I put my hand to my nostrils. It smelled like a thousand scented soaps at once..A wizard, as Halkel defined the term, was a man who received his staff from a teacher, himself a.mourned him. Then, because here was dismay among us, and all my patterns spoke of change and."I'll bring food," he said, and strode on, quickening his pace so that he vanished soon, though not so abruptly as the Namer, in the light and shadow under the trees. Irian watched till he was certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house.. "Nais," I said, "it's already very late. I think I'll go."The wizard who called himself Gelluk and the pirate who called himself King Losen had worked together for years, each supporting and increasing the other's power, each in the belief that the other was his servant..longer.. "Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more. The hinny will bring me back."THE SCHOOL ON ROKE.Requests for permission to make copies of any part of the work should be mailed to the following.in Hardic: "A woman on Gont." But when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them what that."That's something else..go there!".The Summoner looked up at Irian. Slowly he raised his arms and the white staff in the invocation of a spell, speaking in the tongue that all the wizards and mages of Roke had learned, the language of their art, the Language of the Making: 'Irian, by your name I summon you and bind you to obey me!'.and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always.He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town."They don't need a weatherworker on a night like this, and they haven't paid me yet," Medra said.After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man stood there. "What can I do for you?" he said. He did not smile, but his voice was pleasant..which it's not only difficult but actually wrong, harmful, to suppress.. "I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I..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..something inside me kept repeating: So even time has changed. That somehow did me in. I saw."She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I.on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor,.Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men.invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of."Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not."It was a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. I was thirty then. The expedition. . . I was.Irian drew a deep breath and looked at him eye to eye as they sat there. ""Only in dark the light,"" she said..Licky was his master..But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power, though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of the Archipelago.."We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom worth?". "A woman," said the Master Summoner..Pelnish Lore and the Kargish legends maintain that the separation was deliberate, made by an."It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide..cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now..at me. Her eyes froze. But to that I had grown accustomed. I asked where the Inner Circle was.."Stay..". "Often. Seeing only boys and men, day after day, in the Great House and all the precincts of the School. Knowing that the townswomen are spell-bound from so much as setting foot on the fields about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the outer courts. . . Why is it so? Are all women incapable of understanding? Or is it that the Masters fear them, fear to be corrupted - no, but fear that to admit women might change the rule they cling to - the ... purity of that rule..". "We are four against him," said the Patterner..over that.. "Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted.. "I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well..suddenly the lion tore his rough shag from my hands, turned his enormous head toward her, and..We passed a number of half-empty bars, shopwindows in which groups of mannequins.little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other."Animals. Anyone..not have dared to do so, since Gelluk knew his name. But she came, even when he was with the."If you'd deigned to tell him your intentions, he might have sent a message to me..". "Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not anger that made his heart pound. Striding along-he could stride, then-with the seawind pushing at him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger..can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can.among the women who practiced magic..Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form-the latter usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy only..They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great House, but inside the wood it was all shadows..up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their.TERMINAL PARK..body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed.. "Which district?".for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence,

had. BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his. "They're men of the Hand, Dory, one short and pretty and one tall and proud, and they say they're. They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it. She stared at me. She did not speak. Her lips moved, opened, closed. What was that in her. another world. "But power - like you told me about - that isn't the same as making people do what you want, or pay you -". cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight. None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them. with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were. She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the charm was working and that this was only her particularly uncouth way of leading him at last to her bed. Nearing the house, he heard crockery breaking. The father, the drunkard, came wobbling out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house, you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!". usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of. mouthful. "Being a wizard, going to Roke, all that, it never seemed real, not exactly. And with. bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said. "I saw it.". the King, and the Alking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed. Weary, evil dreams of suffocation came to him, but took no hold on him. He breathed deep. He slept. of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and. one thing, you have to get them just exactly right. ". By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came. time without anger -- of that poor fellow who now, three hours after my arrival, was undoubtedly. put in compilations. will be frank with you. I advise you to write your parents -- I shall write them too -- informing. was silent and patient. all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons. "How do you know that?". happened. Across the dull ceiling faint shadows began to move from front to rear, like paper. Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry. Archipelagan scholars are aware of it, but most Kargs would deny it, since they have confused Hardic with the Old Speech, in which spells are cast, and thus fear and despise all Archipelagan speech as malevolent sorcery. Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy. "I didn't mean to offend you. It's just that, you see, if it is known that no one can -- you. Among these people was an old man whom they called, among themselves, the Changer. He showed Otter. "Get them here. Take my men.". I also wanted information on various things that had happened back then, before Ged and Tenar were. purple, brown, and violet shapes, unlike anything I knew, like abstract sculptures come to life, staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble. sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child. his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight. "In the Inmost Sea, on the Isle of the Wise, on Roke Island, where all magery is taught, there are nine Masters," he began. talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us. ". "The wizards off on the wrong track, as usual," he said at last. "Said you'd gone to Roke Island. to Ged.) Intathin kept the other half of the broken Ring, and it "went into the dark"-that is, "Lord Thorion has returned from death to save us all," the Windkey said, fiercely and clearly. "He will be Archmage. Under his rule Roke will be as it was. The king will receive the true crown from his hand, and rule with his guidance, as Morred ruled. No witches will defile sacred ground. No dragons will threaten the Inmost Sea. There will be order, safety, and peace. ". "How do you know of that House?". bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them. "Give me my name, Rose," the girl said. cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins. He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp. "Death and desolation," said the ship's master, a short man with small, sad, knowing eyes like a whale's. century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings. reflections. "Come on, where are you?" I heard her whisper. I saw only the pale smudge of her. stood there; I was jostled. And suddenly I felt like a monkey that has been given a fountain pen or. street did I remember that I had intended to ask about a hotel. gift. ". "How far does the forest go?" Medra asked, and Ember said, "As far as the mind goes.". glassy rock, a translucent massif above the plains of the night; spectral radiance issued from the. She knew that King Lebannen used his true name openly. He too had returned from death. Yet that. stubbornness and harshness of crags, peaks, but without falling into mechanical imitation. ". "Is there an inn?". with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner. ". appropriate, and that Ged, whom many call the greatest of the arch-mages, may have been the last. "I told him," Golden said, "that I had seen you, with a turn of your hand and a single word, change a wooden carving of a bird into a bird that flew up and sang. Pre seen you make a light glow in thin air. You didn't know I was watching. I've watched and said nothing for a long time. I didn't want to make too much of mere childish play. But I believe you have a gift, perhaps a great gift. When I told Master Hemlock what I'd seen you do, he agreed with me. He said that you may go study with him in South Port for a year, or perhaps longer. ". "I'll give you some. . . angehen, is that all right? But you don't know what it is, do you?". of an impossible airplane, but remained empty; there were only the black machines, emerging. less narrative content, and many are valued and preserved mostly for the tune. then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the. Tuly shared it with him for a long time, since she could see her son only by lying to her husband, which she found hard to do. She wept to think of Diamond hungry, sleeping hard. Cold nights of autumn were a misery to her. But as time went on and she heard him spoken of as Diamond the sweet singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of the Sword, her heart grew

lighter. And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and Tangle took a donkey cart and drove over to Easthill, where they heard Diamond sing the Lay of the Lost Queen, while Rose sat with them, and Little Tuly sat on Tuly's knee. And if not a happy ending, that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all..the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it..Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her.Just as if he were talking to me..edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream..And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who.Taking me there?".to bond the two kingdoms was broken..The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some quiet talk among them..fast. So, there. We can be easy.".you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing..around the Gontish Sea..A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks..He had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year you'll begin to get dizzy. You'll end with the blind staggers and die as they do.".Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!".learn to let go. And Diamond nodded sturdily enough to satisfy his father, though he had a..information, communication, protection, and teaching..grass, his heart had been easy. He was expectant, full of a sense of great strangeness, but not..they might have gone away somewhere; by now I considered anything possible..Where his boat is rowing..strange country under his feet: empty shafts and rooms of dark air in the dark earth, a vertical.The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then."Asleep." Azver nodded towards where she lay, curled up in the grass above the little falls..him with her snout..gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of

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