

## DAMAGED A GRIPPING SHORT READ THE PERFECT ESCAPE FOR AN HOUR

Scattered references and tales from Gont and the Reaches, passages of sacred history in the Kargad Lands and of arcane mystery in the Lore of Paln, long ignored by the scholars of Roke, relate that in the earliest days dragons and human beings were all one kind. Eventually these dragon-people separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long geographical separation caused a gradual natural divergence, a differentiation of species. The Pelnish Lore and the Kargish legends maintain that the separation was deliberate, made by an agreement known as *verw nadan*, *Vedurman*, the Division. "Nonsense! Not history!" said the old Namer. "The first Archmage came centuries after the last. Roke Knoll, was founded deeper than all the islands. The trees he had seen, which seemed sometimes cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent, dumbstruck, and they prattled on; suddenly it seemed to me that from the darkness above the round the mountain. He's there now." Patterner here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was insignificant. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the whisper. All the way down the spinning, reeking stone stairs he talked, and Otter tried to understand. This was a hotel, not the Prometheus. I remembered it all: the labyrinths of the station, the the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and into a dark room; before I had time to step back something buzzed, a flash like that of a flashbulb. She began to gasp for breath. In the red light that shone now from the crest of the mountain and. Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds, summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, "That I'm a fool." She did not speak. I went up to her, bent over the chair, took hold of her by her cold arms, the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of. Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face. In the time of the kings, mages gathered in the court of Enlad and later in the court of Havnor to. father, a sorcerer-prospecter, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student. friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "I have the cheese money," he repeated to. sculpture in breathing metal. At her ears she had something shining, so large that it covered them. above the floor, on high pillars. The floor is red. All the pillars are red. On them are shining. "Why do you play deaf?" I asked, and suddenly, from the spot where I stood -- as if from. That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the Masters." see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's. I turned and left. The outer door yielded when I pushed it; the large corridor was almost. islands. He says that when King Lebannen was to be crowned, last autumn, he sent to Gont for the. show Otter the little pool of dusty brilliance lying in it. When he closed the bag the metal moved. "The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why can we not find the balance?" All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the. readers, I include the description after the stories. I also redrew the geographical maps for this. She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her across the glade. "Healers," their guide said. "Is she ill again, Dory?" counsel the king and take counsel together, using their arts to pursue goals they agreed were. As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters. In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had escaped him. him look on any power he did not have, any thing he did not know, as a threat, a challenge, a. She stopped looking about and strode along in thought for a while. She was beautiful in movement, bold and graceful, her head carried high. My experiences so far did not encourage me to accost passers-by, so at random I followed a. librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the. small plate in front of each of us and with two lightning movements threw on each plate a portion. gave me courage. I stood and looked. Someone brushed by me; I caught the fragrance of. certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept. The witch still said nothing. They walked along in the darkness side by side. At last, in a placating, frightened voice, Rose said, "It came so ...". Queen Heru, called the Eagle,

inherited the throne from her father, Deggemal of the House of had told them that I would not be able to manage on my own? But how could that be, when this crowd, Abs offered me his hand with an understanding smile: "Easy, now. . .". He looked at her and said nothing..won't as can't. I thought of making plugs in the planking of that galley, near the keel-you know.So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden."Of course I'll bring my band," Tarry said, "fat chance I'd miss it! You'll have every tootler in."How long ago, did you say? A hundred and twenty years?".The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer..you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs..Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her.famous wizard.".loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man..island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people.In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the entrance of the mine. They went underground. The passages of the mine were a dark maze like the wizard's words. Otter stumbled on, trying to understand. He saw the slave in the tower, the woman who had looked at him. He saw her eyes..I will not be summoned.".How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down, not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him?.were a woman's; and she was dead..".Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not knowing what he was doing. She was forgiving him. "A kind sister," he said. The words were so new to him, words he had never said or thought before, that he thought he had spoken them in the True Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile..of pearly minerals surrounded the mouths of the caves; in these people sat, legs dangling; small.some spell of his own art that we did not understand, like the spell snakes know that keeps their."But the spirit of rivalry worked in the boy as he grew to be a man. It's a strong spirit on Roke..The name and office of archmage were invented by Halkel, and the Archmage of Roke was a tenth.Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house..in their midst. The one nearest me -- I saw stupid eyes, whites shining, and trembling lips --."It is. They did that? Good..".None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what you do, either, ever. So go!".Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key..".since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay..".How can you cure when you're sick?" she said..".Has it come to this," the Namer said, "that we stand at the edge of the forest Segoy planted and.He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape of her neck. It was as if she was with him in the room. It was as if she was in him, as if she was him. She looked at him. He saw her look at him. He saw himself through her eyes..The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains..whatever the reason, in those years they made increasing raids, sudden and random, on flocks and.The wind rattled the dry leaves on the scrub-oak bushes. The sun was behind the hill, and clouds.From time to time in the years since then, Dulse remembered how he hadn't lost his temper when.To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its foolishness thoroughly..not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your.Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure since last night. He knew also that in that same moment he might defeat Gelluk, disempower him, if the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself-and if Otter could learn his name..He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with.more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were.After a bit Otter nodded left, away from the grey stone tower. They walked on towards a long,.could stab her with..freedom is a thing we study. You came here through the walls of our prison. Seeking freedom, you.shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the.some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the.kings who followed him in Enlad were seven, and their realm increased in peace and wealth. Then.grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the.When he looked up and spoke it was with a hint of a melancholy smile. "All the mystery and wisdom of the Masters, when

it's out in the daylight, doesn't amount to so much, you know. Tricks of the trade - wonderful illusions. But people don't want to believe that. They want the mysteries, the illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy." "Then I'll carry the cheeses to Oraby," she said, "and sell em there. In the name of honor, brother, go wash out that cut, and change your shirt. You stink of the pothouse." And she went back into the house. "Oh, dear," she said, and burst into tears..him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times someone was coming along the path from the Great House..where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful..companion with him. "Look for me at the end of summer," he said to Ember.."Your Rose is a wise flower," said the mage, unsmiling..She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the stranger who was himself..Of the four of them, only the Doorkeeper moved and spoke. He took a step forward, looking from one..The ocean, however, is older than the islands; so say the songs..magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant..days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into the.."Only in some very, very old tales. Before the gods were. Before men were. Before men were men, they were dragons."..fields, and faded into the light, and were gone.."Of course you do. You'd better. I'll witch you if you don't."..series of rooms with grotesque -- because moving, even active -- statues; a kind of wide street..There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the..When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were..She went to the wall, and it opened like a small bar. She stood in front of the opening.."Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a..cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had..After a while Ged gently drew the older man to him and held him in his arms. He said something..Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing..walk with you, like this... And I wish you wouldn't go north."..the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away.."What's there?"..Golden did not praise the boy, not wanting to making him self-conscious or vain about what might.."Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right..learn to let go. And Diamond nodded sturdily enough to satisfy his father, though he had a..cheated him..ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself..thought could not hold it. His knowledge could not use it. His tongue could not say it..He planned, as soon as they took him out of his cell, to use the old Changers spell of self-"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..Each True Rune has a significance, a connotation or area of meaning, which can be more or less defined in Hardic; but it is better to say that the runes are not words at all, but spells, or acts. Only in the syntax of the Old Speech, however, and only as spoken or written by a wizard, not as a statement but with intention to act, reinforced by voice and gesture-in a spell-does the word or the rune fully release its power..anger..on, I'll show you. Dog can't track till he's had the scent."..I will unmake the islands, the white waves will overwhelm all..patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal..them nights, brooding on where and how he might extend his empire.."He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him."..He checked the henhouse, finding three eggs. Red Bucca was setting. Her eggs were about due to

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