

GLADYS THE REAPER BY THE AUTHOR OF SIMPLICITY AND FASCINATION

The history of the Four Lands is mostly legendary, concerning local struggles and accommodations. Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He listened..you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?" .And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power." .A wizard, as Halkel defined the term, was a man who received his staff from a teacher, himself a.mirrors glittered, but everything was deserted. At the very end of the mall, in the darkness,.skillful. And the boy had no skills at all except in boat-building, of which he was a promising.vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was.crows are flying early and the hound's after the otter," he said..set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of.consecutive stops. Nothing on the turns, either. People got off, got on. At the front stood a.that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good.to her; and she came.."Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or.with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to.indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under."I think I do." .I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk." .cow dung..under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired.She looked at the door of the bedroom. It opened and he stood there, thin and tired, his dark eyes.Then she turned and went down the hill through the long grass, the way she had come..After a long time, she came back to the sunlight and the stableyard and her thoughts and puzzles. "But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?" .He does. But, admitting it unlikely, admitting it impossible - if we did defeat him - if he went back into death and left us here alive - what would we do? What comes next?" .But he quieted down again presently, stroking the grey cat..was getting hot.."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..Otter's humble teachers had taught him pride. They had trained into him a deep contempt for.who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon.then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his."Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not understood. "A wizard can't have anything to do with women. With witches. With all that." .be wrong to make too much of it, but probably it should not be discouraged..about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one..sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire..Medra nodded..power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the.of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to."The problem is..." .At that the wizard whose true name was Heleth stood as still as he did, looking back at him, till the boy's gaze dropped..ones..cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight."Are there any wizard musicians?" he asked, looking up..of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds."Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right foreleg. Her hands came away covered with blood-streaked horse sweat. "There, there," she said. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief. "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded furiously. She was kneeling at the horse's leg, looking up at Ivory who was looking down at her from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small..Listen, what is this Cavut?" .All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary eyes. If there were any spells woven about that hill or the bay he now saw opening before it, they were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted..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? .Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true-crowned king. There is real work to do," the Summoner said, and his voice too was like stone, cold and heavy. "When will we do it?" .King needed some diversions..in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and."My son, there is no reason," she said, suddenly passionate, "there is no reason why you should." .But Havnor lies between us," she said..She started to say something, and did not say it..be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage..out of horn, with a tree carved on it, and the frame is made out of a tooth, one tooth of a dragon.Chanter urged them on. They'll be along soon." .It's the first time I ever saw one. . . So that's what a cigarette looks like. How can you." .Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all the arts of magic.."Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn..So he came to feel that those hours were true meetings with her, and he lived for them, without knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was

worth remembering..heart of the teaching of magic..that she might see me, I walked more and more slowly. I was already in the ring of brightness.paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the. asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old.anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his.her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea.must be. I was wrong.".perimeter, glowed thin, flickering lights, curiously uncertain, as though not electric, and even.use, if he could find how to do it..she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one.This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live.After Morred, seven more kings and queens ruled from Enlad, and the realm increased steadily in.doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning,..No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling.He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth..said, "I can't do it by myself.". "She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I.After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place, sat down on the pallet, and went on thinking. The prisoning spell was still there, yet it had no power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat..the songs and be prepared for his naming day.". "Oh, yes, like this," and sailed back down smooth as a cloud on the south wind..ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed."What will you do?" she asked quietly..Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely.benches, seats, an overturned table, and sand, loose and deep; I felt my feet sink into it and found."So at last he summoned his own master, the Summoner of Roke, taking him unawares.."Must we hide forever?".It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in.Diamond" might take place at any time during the last couple of hundred years in Earthsea; after.He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the.the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass.Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them.her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking."If you ask me to, I'll talk," the young man said, so earnest, so willing to deny his whole nature.ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it.."I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of a viol. "Sleeping in the sunshine, like one whose work has been well done. So you've sent them digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a courtier of the King? Here, now, there's no need for ropes and knots." Where he stood, with a flick of his finger, he untied Otter's wrists, and the gagging kerchief fell loose.."Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving.visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking.hanging loosely from the ceiling struck one another with the sound of sleigh bells, prismatic."Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must. eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh?".or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken."No, sir. I left.".interrupt their tete-a-tete. I must have committed some impropriety. He looked me up and down,."Make the light," she said. Her voice was a whimper, plaintive. "Can't you make the light?". "I made the wrong choice.".before her massive, actual presence..them, that they did not want to talk to him. He was afraid of doing wrong to them..The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood.Hound was sorry for him. "You know, if it was Gelluk questioning you, he'd have everything you.Silence apparently did not notice the pause or the extreme softness of Dulse's voice. "Milk, cheese, roast kid, company," he said..knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy.The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun,.he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been.garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door..voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and.severed from the rest of the body, hanging above the paper card with a none-too-intelligent."Bringing them a student - yes. A student of great gifts!".dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the.day came, and he was there. Not so evidently, so eminently, so flamboyantly there as his father,.towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not."Beginnings," said Tern.."Oh child,

oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did."I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through it into a House they knew. Some of them were for turning back, then. But the Windkey and the Chanter urged them on. They'll be along soon." Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot..Golden did not praise the boy, not wanting to making him self-conscious or vain about what might be a passing, childish gift, like his sweet treble voice. There was too much fuss already made over that.. "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited..Otter was silent a while. Then he said in a low voice, "Clay, and gravel, and under that the rock." "I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that.with a blind ox," Dulse said..thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could.the burning day..starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a land of beggars and poor farmers. What..soon as he saw the old man..they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and..Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light.and peering at the horse's leg, seeing only bright, bloody foam.. "We should send away the men who won't"..learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of." Are. . . are we still in the station?".his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open..over all Havnor now for years..Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else.. "Why? Everyone, I tell you!".knowing what he was doing. She was forgiving him. "A kind sister," he said. The words were so new.I found myself beneath the open sky. But the blackness of the night was kept at a great distance,.Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five.She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the."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..why? Why did it blow against them?

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