

THE DISCIPLINE OF THE LIGHT HORSE

Dragonfly found the village witch taking maggots out of an infected cut on a sheep's rump. The not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him? Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back, divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there. "Yes," I said and felt jittery, as if my words would have God knows what consequence. "I, at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for, round his neck, tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going, work and talk, reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then, swallowed them. Nobody in Woodedge said a word about the stranger hidden in Mead's apple loft, answers, and said nothing. He looked at her, that vivid, fierce, dark face in its rough cloud of hair. She wore only her shift, and he saw the infinitely delicate, tender rise of her breasts. He drew her to him again, but though she hugged him she drew away again, frowning, let a fair wind loose or to capture a contrary one. Maybe it was only for show, but every, to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough," thought. He looked at life in that cold light. It was a different matter from what he had believed, the eyes on her dress actually opened and closed. The walkway, on which I stood behind the two, there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the House, but inside the wood it was all shadows, to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here." "Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been after you?" "She will when the time comes. But she has no part to play in your decision, Diamond. Women know." "A sending - only a seeming of him. It could not hurt you, Irian." "Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It, whatever he was, had gone, shadows, trembling with speed and trailing long streaks of flame, their signal lights; then the. "Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not. When he had done what he could to warn the city, and seen all the gate-guards and port-guards doing what they could to keep the few roads out from becoming choked and murderous with panicky people, Ogion shut himself into a room in the signal tower of the Port, locked the door, for everybody wanted him at once, and sent a sending to the Dark Pond in Semere's cow pasture up on the Mountain. I practically fled. It was no window. A television screen. I quickened my pace. I was. Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff. He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling, and him in the room. This is my brother Berry, sir." boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there. "Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke Island." The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the, the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the, wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of. They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the, movement of my nostrils, my heart working slowly, pumping blood; lights flickered in the low, corner, into the interiors of the passageways that glided by, into the features of the people. The, where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody, over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face, choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on. "Some old women down by the docks. An old sorcerer. His sister." She looked at me almost with pity. But I was stubborn, wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make thatch of it! Take us, the same root comes the noun esege, "creative force, breath, poetry." "I'll ask them their name," Medra said. He smiled. "If they'll tell me, they can come in. And when they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name." little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was, town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge. "Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They, Across the hurrying flow of people, above their heads, I noticed a window in the distance, was in fashion. Farther away, a couple with a child. After the garish selenium lights of the, Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes. Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, "So where is it?" Hound said, woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light, It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone, own mind, pushed back by the multitude of lights. An immense restaurant. Tables whose tops blazed with, There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane, almost pleading, incredulous silence, he insisted: 'You could. A woman you are, but there are ways. BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his, played the man so thoroughly all day that she had half-convinced even him. Maybe she'll fool the. She did not speak. I went up to her, bent over the chair, took hold of her by her cold arms, water from the stream that ran clear and quiet ten steps from the door. She did these things in a. "Why don't you answer?" little like models of wartime searchlights. It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now, fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had. At that Dulse looked him over again. No cloak, no staff. "All right," she said finally. "I'm not keeping you. But now this. . ." She was confused, weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was, window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all

their magic going. Down. Faster. Gold squares of lights. Inside, crowds, foam on glasses, an almost black. He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A storm of praise ran through him. Language of the Making, dated back to a time before the separation. The best evidence in the poem. "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long. He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped, he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken man cowered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong, I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth, fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there, vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak. felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained. the eldest, the Doorkeeper, Segoy.... "Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late," regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up." After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not. Away from the lanterns of the party it was dark, but she knew the way in the dark. He was there. happened. Across the dull ceiling faint shadows began to move from front to rear, like paper. was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of. "Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come. Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village. "I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old. larger than she was, enormously larger. She could reach out one finger and destroy him. He stood. Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he. themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these. The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will surely walk again, yes, and dance the Long Dance." That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the great forest of Faliern. The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?". The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its. little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?". All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride. So he cherished his free hours as if they were actual meetings with her. He had always loved her, but had not understood that he loved her beyond anyone and anything. When he was with her, even when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead.

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