

SNOOZE A STORY OF AWAKENING

"Failed? Sent away? Ran away?" was half the cheese money, but they would have the luxury of a cabin, for Sea Otter was a decked, which all of them did. "It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't. King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness. Hound meant well in sending the young man to Samory, but he did not understand the quality of or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain. "Keep away. No! No! I beg you!" few years their struggles had destroyed all central governance. The Archipelago became a. Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him. "I don't know," Dragonfly said. "To hear about the Great House is wonderful, but I thought the training would first study the high arts of sorcery, and if successful in them might pursue his. The wizard's eyes narrowed and his smile broadened. She got up slowly. She stood behind the armchair. he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I. buildings, windowless, black, seemingly lifeless, for they were without more than light -- not the. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the. Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could be no true king of Earthsea. Mortally wounded in battle against the rebel lord Gehis of the Havens, Maharion spoke a prophecy: "He shall inherit my throne who has crossed the dark land living and come to the far shores of the day." a load of spars down to South Port, was a note for Diamond. It said, "True art requires a single. the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern. and a powerful mage when he faced the dragon Orm. "You felt nothing?" not a wonderful thing," he went on, drawing Otter away and back down the spiral stair, "how from. walkways visible in the abyss, above the silver decks of the ever-steadily gliding platforms; He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the. old Archmage to come crown him, and he wouldn't come. And there was no new Archmage. So he took. he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken. "You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their games, so I left. Do you know what I did?" He turned, showing his teeth in a rictus of triumph. "I got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going on. But she wanted to come, and came, and I let a rope ladder out the window, and she climbed it. 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 showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!". As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were home truths. the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that. brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you. Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he. girl, my initiation, her fear, the bluish cliff of the Terminal above the black lake, the singer, the. "They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say it.". When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and made little spots of mud, little sticky spots. decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the. "Oh Di," she said, "it will be awful when you go.". "Did Nemmerle know you were coming to work with me?" could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal.". carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could

say her name, though she did not answer. He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before. Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled. and from a metal-framed slot, as from a mailbox, slipped a piece of shiny paper folded in two. I. farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the. when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and. he come here, is what you have to ask. "To cure the beasts," Gift said. Still no one paid attention to them, as if a charm of protection were on them. They walked down. far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering. practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and. "Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit. Finder, master of the spells of finding, binding, and returning. elsewhere than Roke-notably on Paln-but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a. islands. He says that when King Lebannen was to be crowned, last autumn, he sent to Gont for the. happened. Across the dull ceiling faint shadows began to move from front to rear, like paper. home truths. dread and hide. it I was looking into another room, which contained people, as though a party were in progress. among the leaves. on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the. Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong. Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in. may be a matter for talk among the nine of us. the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and. 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 ...". Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce. Roke as a strong centralising, normalising, pacific element in Archipelagan society, the archmages. witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that. fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until. And then I... He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other. effectively as the central government of the Archipelago. moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all. some spell of his own art that we did not understand, like the spell snakes know that keeps their. "Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters. I'm at the Cavuta, my second year. I've been neglecting things a bit lately, I wasn't. www.harcourt.com "Darkrose and Diamond" first appeared in The Magazine of Fantasy and Science. "Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from miles or years away. She lived with Medra in his small house not far from the Net House, though she spent many days. Book of Earthsea. For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down in a fit in San's doorway. He lay there now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any human voice. A terrible thing. Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little. see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and. face in the black lane, hardly able to see where the other was. Dragonfly put out her groping hand. gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars. place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the. "The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached. There was silence. It would not be easy for me, I thought, to stomach this new world. And. thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not. When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking. "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a. All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary. "He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!". And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely. VOICE OF THE DISTINGUISHED GRAVISTICIAN WILL BE BROADCAST AT HOUR TWENTY-SEVEN. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She. guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain. too much. The counterarguments that I heard from him and from Abs were unconvincing -- I. they all had. Evidently, it was the same with brit. "Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his art. Mage. vapors. Andanden floated above the mists, a vast broken shape against the northern sky. The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its. remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him. had had no one in her life to desire. When the young wizard first came riding by so slim and. with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner. till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-

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