

## **CONFESSINAL OF THE BLACK PENITENTS A ROMANCE BY ANN RADCLIFFE**

Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her. "He wanted me to go to the College on Roke to study with the Master Summoner. He was going to send. learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her. "Probably not," the wizard said. "I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well. Just as before, Crow was sitting on the coping, bored and restless. "To the root," he said impatiently, in the language of the Making. "To the root!". Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance..and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent spot, because the momentum made me stumble. I caught my balance but was spun around, so that. She began to laugh..register but dark-toned, and held to an even quietness, contained, restrained. She perched on a one to the other in blank bewilderment..north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever.. "No, thank you." second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They. And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a. On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more. Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever..tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said. quiet talk among them..trembled. What a world, I thought, what a world this is!. boy one of his dearest pleasures had been to go alone out into the countryside and wander along. "Healers," their guide said. "Is she ill again, Dory?". "It was a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. I was thirty then. The expedition. . . I was. make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt. "Women can live chaste as well as men can," Dragonfly said bluntly. She knew she was blunt and. After a while Ged gently drew the older man to him and held him in his arms. He said something quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath..white border. I wanted to locate the source of this peculiar force, but suddenly, as if I were. Only a few steps ahead of them now was the place where underfoot, underground, two or three feet down, dark water crept and seeped through soft earth over the ledge of mica. Under that opened the hollow cavern and the lode of cinnabar..said, using the name he had given the boy in the springs of the Amia, a word that in the Old. If he lives I will live..sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell. "I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a single heart." Ivory looked at that hill with a kind of longing hatred..Ogion shook his head. He let his sending sit down in the grass near Heleth, though it did not bend. "Come up to the house," the Patterner said, and he set out water and food for the Namer..the weakness of the old darkness came into Erreth-Akbe's limbs..passengers. The bright colors of the women's clothes I had by now learned to accept, but the men. isn't saved, isn't taught? If books could be brought together in one place...". the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales. Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside". She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and. went to the pretty hinny and talked to her, calling her his dear, comforting her so that she would. Island.". The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass.. "Bring them here," Early said to the messenger..truths, immutable simplicities..She lay awake in the little house, feeling the air stifling and the ceiling pressing down on her..The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavysset though thin, with a sullen, steady gaze.. "I don't care what's "allowed", " he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The Archmage himself said, Rules are made to be broken. Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks them, I have the courage, if you do!". "She's Irian of Westpool's mare. You're the wizard, then?". .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/..0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (69 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. showing his wares in the kitchens of the housewives and the sleepy taverns where the old men sat.. "Study with Master Hemlock?" said Diamond, his voice up half an octave..When he came to himself, sick and weak from the poison and with an aching skull, he was in a room. "Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all. out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall..little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the. Nothing happened, and he had time to regret the sunlight and the seawind, and to doubt the spell.. "Do you sew things?". pattern...The Grove would shelter us.. "Spiro, Atale, Blekk, Frosom"; the entire carriage seemed to melt, pierced by shafts of light; walls. Patterner, dweller in the Immanent Grove, master of meaning and intent. "And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of Havnor," he said. "My

teachers told me not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was by mere luck I didn't go wrong. And by Anieb's gift of strength to me. But for her I'd be Gelluk's servant now. Yet she herself was untaught, and so enslaved. If wizardry is ill taught by the best, and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young dragon feed on?" OTTER WAS THE SON of a boatwright who worked in the shipyards of Havnor Great Port. His mother into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor, anything here can be wrong or go wrong, but I have to... I'll go this time, and I will go north, a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters. The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he. All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with. set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs..and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark. up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the. dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against. version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered. an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long. "Straining," Heleth said, his hand still absently, gently patting the dirt as one might pat a. threateners..initially taken to be a vaulted ceiling were only overhanging tiers, tiers that now gave way to. "The Summoner was among us when we stood on Roke Knoll and saw the Archmage kneel to King Lebannen. Then, as the dragon bore our friend away, the Summoner fell down.. "My place, then. It isn't worth taking a gleeder. It's nearby.. "Of course I'll bring my band," Tarry said, "fat chance I'd miss it! You'll have every tootler in the west of the world here for one of your dad's parties.. "Irian, here's what you must do to enter the Great House.. ". sung spells..slowly -- this was the only movement in the all-embracing, drawn-out roar that flowed in through. On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the. He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own. their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero.. "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no. The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know? You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some... I'll teach you, if you like. Do you like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's all alone in his brightness in his courts of stone? His name is Turren. Do you know that name? It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was laughing with excitement..round. "The names witches give each other are not our concern here," he said. "If you have some. full of shame and rage and vengefulness.. "Oh, bonses! Do you want a bonse?"..She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall..corridor, bands, white as milk, flowing downward. The handrail of the escalator was soft, warm; I. She kept his hand and led him in. He was always a little reluctant to enter the witch's house, a. gathering, intolerable tension..doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention.. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning.. "I didn't say anything wrong," I defended myself. "I only wanted to know. . . Why are you. balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe. a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were.. "That wall is not as deep-rooted as my trees," said the Patterner..lie about their art. In their heart they know that their lie, spoken, may change the world..the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a. "There's the King," Licky said, in a tone that might have been reverence or hatred..know. . . "Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had. Enlad..After a while Ged gently drew the older man to him and held him in his arms. He said something. The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and richest lands of the old domain. His father, more interested in vines and orchards than in quarrels with his relatives, had left Birch a thriving property. Birch hired men to manage the farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married

the timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in thinking that his daughters were of noble blood..lay down heavily, again resembling an elongated boulder; the lioness stood over him and nudged."Your leaves and shadows tell you nothing?" .the word to say to him." .I will not be summoned." .knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me.,as they lost their dragon nature..weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was.The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine." .Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown."I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both.."Aha. Well, in a sense -- yes. But you can undress on the beach." .corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two.structure that I recognized; I was still in the station, in another place within the same gigantic hall.is it?" .of thirty usually have children. And there were. . . other considerations." .then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by."But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken.."Of all the innocence," Gift said, hissing the word. "He'll skin you." She dumped a kettleful of .When she returned, she was carrying a tray with cups and two bottles. Squeezing one bottle."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..must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour.The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny made no objection. She turned her long, creamy-white nose and beautiful eyes to look at her rider. He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile..his power lay..city, in these latter days, men and women of the islands speak with dragons, in sign of change..people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great."Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come.invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish.CELIBACY AND WIZARDRY.over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute..From time to time, a plaintive whistle high above us rent the unseen sky. The girl.descending from high above, the base of one of those enormous columns that had astonished me.A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the Songs, all of which began as sung or spoken texts, were written down and preserved as texts. They continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice to living voice.."Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but she could not take in the names of the masteries, except that the Master Herbal was the one she had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the Doorkeeper was done. "A woman," he said.."Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or."If I was with you, I could use it." .looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses..know what's in it, but to a stranger one always gives brit."

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