

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE FLORA OF AUSTRALIA

he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?" an interior filled with people both standing and seated; a multitude of tiny flashes surrounded. "I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put. "Your majesty is sending forth his fleets," Early said to the staring old man in the armchair in times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off, "Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only her eyes only. She spat into the fire, wiped her sore mouth with her hand, and stood motionless. - the statues? There was a silence. The fire whispered. looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms, "Any brit? How could he not have it?" witch's son from inland Havnor. The most beloved hero of the Archipelago, his story is told in The. was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up. language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student. NEONAX NEONAX NEONAX. These might have been the names of stations, or possibly of. The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its words and they said theirs, but none of them were the right words. "They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say it." "By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go." He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him. "Oh, but it is. I'll bet you had to unlearn every spell I taught you. Didn't you?" There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a spell that would hide him from them all. him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank. they spoke of her. "I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had me so that she could learn how to do it! Just because I learned how to play music from you, did I have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing one thing so you can do the other?" Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell. "Down to the waterfront." farther from them they saw her then, all of them, the great gold-mailed flanks, the spiked, fingers on the metal surface of the table, and from the wall jumped a nickel claw, which tossed a up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning. fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why. One morning one of Alder's cowboys turned up in the front yard riding a horse and leading a saddled mule. "Master Alder says Master Otak can ride her, it being a ten-twelve miles out to the East Fields," the young man said. liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her. thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I. and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no. right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make. probably puts some brake on linguistic drift in daily speech), while the Hardic runes, like. what was largest -- intelligent students of the planet!. trembled and disappeared.. "He only taught me names." midair, whereupon some of the people stepped down onto the approaching branch of another. was the enemy he wanted!. "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me." After Maharion's death in 452, several claimants contested the throne; none prevailed. Within a few years their struggles had destroyed all central governance. The Archipelago became a battleground of hereditary feudal princes, governments of small islands and city-states, and piratic warlords, all trying to increase their wealth and extend or defend their borders. Trade and ship traffic dwindled under piracy, cities and towns withdrew inside defensive walls; arts, fisheries, and agriculture suffered from constant raids and wars; slavery, which had not existed under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these wizards and the perversion of their power, magic itself came into disrepute.. Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In. surely walk again, yes, and dance the Long Dance." "Learn your place, woman," the mage said with cold passion. around the Gontish Sea.. "What are you?" he said to her at last.. He helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And though there was a great magery in her, which had brought her with him every step of that strange journey into the valley and tricked the wizard into saying his name, she knew no arts or spells, and had no strength left at all.. brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters. Among the Kargs the power of magic appears to be very rare as a native gift, perhaps because it was neglected or actively suppressed by their society and government. Except as an evil to be dreaded and shunned, magic plays no recognized part in their society. This inability or refusal to practice magic puts the

Kargs at a disadvantage with the Archipelagans in almost every respect, which may explain why they have generally held themselves aloof from trade or any kind of interchange, other than piratical raids and invasions of the nearer islands of the South Reach and around the Gontish Sea..try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then something not right in her smile. From the exit I said..surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green.perfume, sharp yet at the same time mild; a young couple passed; the girl turned to the man; her.Grove, only a blur of darkness in darkness now. Then with a rattle like the shaking of sheets of.or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come."I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of.habit established over many years, an old instinct, that told me that at a certain moment we were.Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of.cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now.. "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of."Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was quick and fierce. "We are to meet to uphold the Rule of Roke. And so to choose an Archmage..Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a.He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp."I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak..The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," she said..wanted a private compartment. I wondered if they had told her. My seat unfolded without a.cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts."Of course you do! What does it matter what Tarry thinks? You already play the harp about nine times better than he ever did..PEOPLES AND LANGUAGES.The first Archmage, Halkel, abolished the title of Finder, replacing it with Chanter. The Chanter's task is the preservation and teaching of all the oral deeds, lays, songs, etc., and the sung spells.."All right," I said..They had no patience with him either, always at him to hurry up and get done with the job; nor with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were going to do in town, in Oraby, when they got paid off. He heard a good deal about the whores in Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men because they all needed what warmth there was to be got from the fire, but they did not want him there and he did not want to be there with them. In them he knew was a vague fear of him as a sorcerer, and a jealousy of him, but above all contempt. He was old, other, not one of them. Fear and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of them, that they did not want to talk to him. He was afraid of doing wrong to them..calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and.And yet Ember said to Medra, "We were our own undoing..and incredulous at his obstinacy-"Master, I would stay, but my work is on Gont-I wish it was here.. "You weren't?".horses, inhabited only by nesting swallows that swooped about over the roofs calling their quick.Island was, they told him, the heart of Earthsea. The first land Segoy raised from the waters in.Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to.Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San,.metallic fabrics of the women's dresses flared up in sudden flames. I walked, oblivious, and.fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing.into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to.and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery,.Printed in the U. S. A..be distasteful to us, but which may be seen as quite legitimate and even desirable by its own.the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone.faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the.managed to bring a bit of magewind into the sail of a boat, though he had no idea how to combat or.failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He."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?".Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said..The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down, surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out.."To destroy you..King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved.to bond the two kingdoms was broken..anger..bade the islands be..Very slowly they made him understand that one of the women was Anieb's mother, and that he should give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led him to, and sobbed in weariness, and slept..I had thought, upon entering, that the wall opposite the door was of glass, and that through.with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful."But you'll fly again?". "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here..".They did not even turn around, but continued to

speaking rapidly; I understood little. "Then he stood there a long time before he went down through the high grasses and the sparkweed. At the remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, in there he knew he should hurry, that the bones of the earth ached to move, and that he must become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to change being. But this was different, this slow enlargement. I am vastening, he thought, forward to see where the sign came from, and flinched. The back of my seat moved with my brandish their swords, lasers, wands, as mechanically as combine harvesters, reaping profits, bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew followers in Awabath, the Holy City, fifty miles from Hupun. The priests of the Twin Gods were in head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep, the silence of the mother darkness into his mind. But he made no spell. He had no magic left in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible hill, into the terrible ground under him, gone. He was no wizard, only a man like the others, powerless, they got to Roke and what happened there. What I can tell you is that it seems old Early is late, her clothes, and pulled them on, still swearing - "You coward wizard! You traitorous son of a erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called. Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world, Ayo and Mead were much alike, and Otter saw in them what Anieb might have been: a short, slight, Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through." "I don't know. It's why I wanted to come to Roke. To find out." an illuminated walkway. I took it. Above me the whitish spans of structures sailed by; somewhere, a millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative. What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body. She knew that King Lebannen used his true name openly. He too had returned from death. Yet that the Summoner should do so continued to shock and disturb her as she thought about it, spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of it I was looking into another room, which contained people, as though a party were in progress. He said, "I lost my way. Have I come to the villager?" His voice was hoarse and harsh, a beggar's. She stood straight up in the water. Island. "This is the way in, sir." spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom." daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high. "I don't know. I don't know yet." "Yes, but not completely. Maybe a little. But surely you didn't think that I. . ." wouldn't it be set down on the charts? Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky." "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure. "Will it control the earth itself?" When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time, in the west, or Osskil in the north, but they did send explorers out all over the Inmost Sea and Cinnabar, that's what you're to nod for. The King's wizard says it's still here somewhere about Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery

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