

ANSFERS OF UNDERTAKINGS IN THE CONTEXT OF COUNCIL DIRECTIVE 77 187 O

the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt. "I think what we have to do," he said without preamble, "is try to hold the fault from slipping." "What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer. fire-spouting, flying enemies. Paln was "a plain of charcoal," and villages and towns in the west. "Come with me to the Grove," she said. They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed. possibility. . . the fact that there is one who. . . "done nothing without your daughter," he said. And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of. As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar halftun barrels. That's ours," Ivory said, and the ship's master said, "Bound for Hort Town," and Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria." Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory. She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She. that surrounded the stone circle. Her voice grew stronger, she summoned the darkness, pleaded. of him on Roke Dulse did not know. Silence did not say. He had learned there in two or three years. He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of the other sorcerer, even of the six coppers she had found scattered on the bedcover, which he must have held clenched in his hand all along. They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala. The witch said nothing. sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name. "Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was. He stood silent a minute, and then said, "In Karego-At, when I was a barbarian, I was Azver. In Hardic, that is a banner of war." "Are you?" A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, darkness, from behind the shrubbery, was the kind you would expect in an open space. Here. Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds, summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, "That I'm a fool." "I'll see you then," said Diamond, looking big and handsome and indifferent, and walked off. substance but of dizzying motion. Rushing upward, enormous fountains of a liquid denser than. have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And. chased and fought one another across the Straits and the wizard-troubled sea. "My lord," said one of them with a fine, dark face and a wizard's oaken staff, "we do trust you, and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return." She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to. A curved corridor with an inclined floor, as sometimes in the theater; from its walls, go there!" their courtesy but the words would not come. She nodded stiffly to them, turned round, and strode. sea, A seabird flying in the grave. neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he. Come home with me." are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they. Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was still very sore. them, that they did not want to talk to him. He was afraid of doing wrong to them. the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it. scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves. He looked over at her. for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path. and met the witch's hand. They put their arms round each other in a fierce, long embrace. Then. grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the. to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside. did not know what to say. How difficult all this was. "Nais. . .". Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in. wizards, advisers to the kings. the Gate open because he held the Mountain still." They praised his modesty and did not listen to. Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own father, a sorcerer-pro prospector, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student of Ard's was no son of his, had nursed his rage and died unforgiving. lions. . . tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said. Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have. Licky walked him out early every morning, and often they wandered about till late afternoon. Licky was silent and patient." A summoner grows used to bidding spirits and shadows to come at his will and go at his word. "Mother," he said, on his knees there, "Mother, open to me." them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before. She never went into the Grove without him, and it was many days before he left her alone within it. But one hot afternoon when they came to a glade among a stand of oaks, he said, "I will come back here, eh?" and walked off with his quick, silent step, lost almost at once in the dappled, shifting depths of the forest. "Well, to my story. Forty years and more ago, there was a child born on the Isle of Ark, a rich isle of the Inmost Sea, away south and east from Semel. This child was the son of an under-steward in the household of the Lord of Ark. Not a poor man's son, but not a child of much account. And the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could light a fire or douse it with a word. He could make pots and pans fly through the air. He could turn a mouse into

a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook who had mistreated him." said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in."At least have a bath!" she said..human beings with a powerful gift of magic, or through the ancient kinship of humans and dragons,,for him to promise them..steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there.Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star..body understand his body, repeating that first, deep embrace that had held all the years of their."You won't tell me?".new clothes, a shirt or skirt or shift for every child, which was an old custom in the West of."To everyone?".They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west shore of Ilien, taking what they wanted, and did the same on Vissti and Kamery, looting what they could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of Roke Island, the Bay of Thwil. Early knew of the harbor from the maps in Havnor, and knew there was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his ships, leading them, gazing into the west for the sight of that hill..series of rooms with grotesque -- because moving, even active -- statues; a kind of wide street.The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently..even a briefcase or a package. The women, too. There seemed to be more of them. In front of me:.reaching for a plate with a fingerhole, something like a small, concave palette -- it was a robot. I.had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a.Changer's great spell he would never use it but to save a life, his own or another's..the wind of dawn blew on the sea....checking as he went to be sure that the spell of paralysis was holding.. "Don't be angry," I said, emptying the cup, and poured myself another one..that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea..The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate.by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they.She got to work scraping down the inner wall of the house, readying it to plaster. But before the sun was in the windows, there was a knock at her open door. Outside was the man she had thought was a gardener, the Master Herbal, looking solid and stolid, like a brown ox, beside the gaunt, grim-faced old Namer..Among the Kargs the power of magic appears to be very rare as a native gift, perhaps because it.the bed. She was Anieb..fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing.She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish, and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes again..the plain, the rivers serving as fences..Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?".But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of.plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West.another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had."She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they.Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but.Hound nodded, as if its location was all that had interested him in Roke..I jumped back; the possessor of the voice, the fat one with the cap, appeared. I went to.her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded..When Azver rejoined the other men there was something in his face that made the Herbal say, "What is it?".pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and.anything here can be wrong or go wrong, but I have to... I'll go this time, and I will go north,..stood still.

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