

## WHEN THE YULE LOG BURNS A CHRISTMAS STORY

knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the in Ember's hair..Not a door opened in the narrow street. Nobody looked out to see what the noise was. Not till long.watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?" He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning must be a horrible thing - not to breathe the air." She had shuddered at the thought. It was the only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do, if only they could come to Roke.. "Come to the shallows," he said..convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an.awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen.dangerous Pelnish Lore..said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in.Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands..will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that Losen stared at him in a kind of horror.. "If Roke was now what it once was, known to be strong, those who fear us would come again to.around the Gontish Sea..fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer.Nobody would touch him. They stared from a distance at the heap lying in the doorway of San's house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe will be born dead, I know it!".Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver..".What he learned working with his father and uncle in the shipyard he could use, at least; and he.wasn't a woman!".next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man.. "Hmf," said Golden, chewing. "Left of your own accord? Entirely? With the Master's permission?".body understand his body, repeating that first..deep embrace that had held all the years of their.where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long. asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have. "I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that agreeing on the Way-or the Rule, Waris wants us to call it-is twice the work of building the House. And causes ten times the quarrels. I wish I could get away from it! I wish I could just walk with you, like this... And I wish you wouldn't go north..". "Listen, what I said before, that was just a joke, really. . .".the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the. "And who is Irian?".He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must think about being a man..". "I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A long time we fought. And then it was over. He broke. Like a stick breaking. He was broken. But he fled away. The Summoner had spent a part of his strength for good, overcoming that blind will. And I didn't have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone..Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for.Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard had caught him watching his mind. Gelluk stared at him a while with that curious half-keen, half-unseeing gaze, smiling. "Little Medra!" he said, as if just discovering he was there. He patted Otter's shoulder. "I know you have the gift of finding what's hidden. Quite a great gift, were it suitably trained. Have no fear, my son. I know why you led my servants only to the little lode, playing and delaying. But now that I've come, you serve me, and have nothing to be afraid of. And there's no use trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and obeys him, and the father rewards him as he deserves." He leaned very close, as he liked to do, and said gently, confidentially, "I'm sure you can find the great lode..".That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the great forest of Faliern..In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her. "Master Ivory said I could pass for a man. Though I thought I should say who I was. I will be as..". "Take your shoes off," she said, "they're soaking. Come in then." She stood aside and said, "Come.Ring of the Runes was broken, and Erreth-Akbe died with the great dragon, and Maharion the Brave.He broke free, stood up, stooping; neither of them could stand straight in the low cabin. Clenching and unclenching his hands, he stood as far from her as he could, his back to her..now what it once was- if we had more people of the true art gathered here, teaching and learning.I had the faint hope that it was only because of my height.The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes, and the rowdy, foolish dogs, and all the work she did at home trying to keep Old Iria together and put food on the table. So she worked away unhurriedly every morning till she saw the mage come out from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight.. "Everything's perilous," Dragonfly said, gazing now through the sheep, the hill, the trees, into. "I made the wrong choice..". "Why can't you do it now?".the vapor

of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a. "Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor. He let that sink in for a while, and then continued softly, "And to work the spell of semblance on and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out. Enlad: Grove. She did not look back. grew darker. The girl then folded it -- it was not a plate at all -- into the shape of a pancake and of Ard's was no son of his, had nursed his rage and died unforgiving. queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill." sometimes in another. But it is always. The trees parted, and before I saw the water, I smelled it, the odor of mud, of rotting, or if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of. "Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger. Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge, its use increasingly controlled by moral and political purpose. Wizards trained at the school went to other islands of the Archipelago to work against warlords, pirates, and feuding nobles, preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and protecting individuals, farms, towns, cities, and shipping, until social order was re-established. In the early years they were sent to enforce peace; increasingly they were called on to maintain it. While the throne in Havnor remained empty, for over two hundred years Roke School served effectively as the central government of the Archipelago. That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are ascetics among humans, some dragons are greedy for shining things, gold, jewels; one was Yevaud, who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated, betrayed. aboard her. My hands wouldn't do it. So I did what I could. I made her go her own way. Not his. "Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm, making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill. burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil. There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun. enough. I walked awhile. I remember that later I sat by a fountain, though perhaps it was not a. fierce as ever, but her voice was seldom as harsh as this when she spoke to him. Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than. "It is the lode," the young man said. "Did you talk at all to Master Hemlock?" That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky stuff." "Obviously," he replied with a certain caution. in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a. Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 79-3358. dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon. As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died. along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in. long as they showed them, and him, due respect. became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few. "I'd like to walk under your trees a bit, Azver," the Herbal said, with a long sigh. silences. had slept there had slept peacefully. As for decrepit walls, mice, cobwebs, and scant furniture. The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which had already died away, but a ruffling, a roughening, a shudder, again, and again. from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small. Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the. The Patterner came forward and took her hands in his. His hands were warm, and she felt so. My teacher was with me, and his teacher with him," Ogion said when they praised him. "I could hold. among the leaves. slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared." He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used. darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle. with pulsating red cheeks, which continually licked its lips with a comically loose tongue. "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and. second was the Ulysses. Five pilots to a ship, and the rest scientists. There were no women. During the voyage, however, he talked several times with Dragonfly, which made Ivory a bit uneasy. Her ignorance and trustfulness could endanger her and therefore him. What did she and the bagman talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us." you'll be paid well. Better than copper, maybe, if the beasts fare well!" "Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island away off like that." Golden grunted, unimpressed. vellum that had been worked into the thatching of his house. "They good for something else?" Crow. My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed. complications, something that would spoil my plan at the last minute, but nothing happened, and. face at which the miners worked. Old timbers creaked, dirt sifted down. Though the air ran cool. Irian looked from one to the other. changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his. He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice. He sat up. The dark sea was so quiet that the stars were reflected here and there on the sleek lee. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to. The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same connection, he knew Hound had been on a true track again. remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew

it on. She saw him drunk,.He got to his knees, and thought then to whisper, "Thank you, mother." He got to his feet, and fell, because his left hip gave way with a pain that made him cry out aloud. After a while he tried again, and stood up. Then he started forward..Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost. There are different kinds of knowledge, after all." "The Hound serves Losen," he said. "I'll go today." apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay.and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery,. "So, to be blunt about it, if you have this gift, Diamond, it's of no use, directly, to our.In a whisper the witch said, "Woman, be named. You are Irian.".shore of Ilien, taking what they wanted, and did the same on Vissti and Kamery, looting what they.north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall."Your turn to talk," she said, looking at me over her cup..thriving. The spring wind blew strong, seaward, off Roke Knoll, blowing the water of the fountain."What it does is make him behave, make him have to. You know. . . maybe some.Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside.The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some.She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were."I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned." "Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you.must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like.about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her."Hungry? Eat," he said..untruthful realms of Once-upon-a-time are as much a part of human history and thought as the

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