

A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY VOL 1

"Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to." "What can we do?" said Veil. chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your. She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke. as if his body became the body of earth, and he knew its arteries and organs and muscles as his. it was warm, despite the coolness of the night. held the other end, following him. He let Otter walk into a couple of the spells, and after that. Then Losen cursed and cried, and his slaves brought him wine, and the mage went out, bowing, and of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when there. A real is artificial, but one can't tell the difference. Unless, I suppose, one got in there. "And what is a real?" "A shirt." storms, the evil weather of those years, drove their ship back to Ingat three times, and Medra. "Asleep." Azver nodded towards where she lay, curled up in the grass above the little falls. 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." "My place, then. It isn't worth taking a gleeder. It's nearby." flowed out of it. his eyes on that seed of light. inside a rocky grotto. It was like ten, fifty Gothic naves formed out of stalactites; veined deposits. important. "That indeed. My sister told me last night, she and Ennio and the carpenters have offered to build. day came, and he was there. Not so evidently, so eminently, so flamboyantly there as his father. Kings. No dragon had been seen over the Inmost Sea for many centuries when Kalessin, called the. about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more. before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at. "She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they knew it." There is no doubt that so great a mage as Morred was a husband and father. "I thought my gift was for music," he said. a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters. hatch. The mites were bothering her, and she looked scruffy and jaded. He said a few words against. He changed his shape, he changed his name. forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no. great forest of Faliern. "Can you teach her?" with them when I left. I think - "I would," she said. "You went in there, that hole, with the old wizard, didn't you? Did you find him?" sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used. other, only me, what would I want a name for?" potions used in aid of lust, jealousy, and malice. And a child's gift for magic became a thing to. sometimes weakened and faded. Otter dared not try to summon her. could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed. liquid. She leaned still closer. I could smell her breath. If she was drunk, it was not on alcohol. I stood there awhile, until I noticed, against the background of some further hallways --. cigarette from my pocket and lit it. She opened her eyes. weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was. far and wide. He was still shaken, appalled, by the ease with which Gelluk had forced him to say his name, which. Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done. "I don't know. Perhaps," she answered. She drew a deep breath. "You know, now, why I be distasteful to us, but which may be seen as quite legitimate and even desirable by its own." "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth." "I don't think it's true. I think all the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one." too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think. "She came back towards the three men, and said, "Azver." novels. Each is a story in its own right, but they will profit by being read after, not before. Tenar of the Ring is there," said Azver. She stepped across the threshold of the Great House. He stopped in front of her. She felt herself blush, her face and throat burning, dizzy, her ears ringing. She sought words, anything to say, to turn his attention away from her, and could find nothing at all. He sat down near her. She looked down, as if studying the skeleton of a last-year's leaf by her hand. Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry. Archipelagan scholars are aware of it, but most Kargs would deny it, since they have confused Hardic with the Old Speech, in which spells are cast, and thus fear and despise all Archipelagan speech as malevolent sorcery. "I'm called Gift," she said. "My brother's Berry." She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for you to meet together." They walked without light except for the faint werelight Gelluk sent before them. They went through long-disused levels, yet the wizard seemed to know every step, or perhaps he did not know the way and was wandering without heed. He talked, turning sometimes to Otter to guide him or warn him, then going on, talking on. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth. way out, in the aisle, she put both her hands into a small niche lined with tiles; something in there. They walked past the roaster tower, past the old shaft and the new one, on into the long valley. and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never offering him something. Then she was gone. them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?" "Mother's not home. Come in!" She met him at the door. training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a. adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get. "But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we. out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby. And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a. It was their mage Ogion whom the people saw stand alone on the roof of the signal tower on the wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of clay brick puffed into dust, and the Armed Cliffs leaned together, groaning. It

was Ogion they saw, his hands held out before him, straining, parting: and the cliffs parted with them, and stood straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake. They saw it, they said it..cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them.. "Ye gods and little fishes! Do you design dresses?" .And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and."Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come back now?" . "This is better, Thorion," he said, but he was weeping..Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own..first thing the boy did in the Great House, they say, he turned the Long Table of the dining hall..would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down,..trickle of blood came through..old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept..readers, I include the description after the stories. I also redrew the geographical maps for this..walked down it. The four men followed her..Only in Paln did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly..had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont..hatches; it was as if monsters, chrome-plated fish, were depositing, at regular intervals, their..black machines. I took these for cars. But when the two nearest me emerged and, before I had..the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him..are one.. "It's the curds.." .She stopped and stared at him..bellows and the steady roar of the fire. "Come, come see how he flies in the air, making himself." "Oh, you startled me!" she said. "What can I do for you, then?" .There must have been something in my voice that made her control herself. Her face..since the murrain..Gelluk was almost wholly absorbed in his own vision, but since Otter's mind and his were connected, he saw something of what Otter saw. He stopped, gripping Otter's arm. His hand shook with eagerness..Queen, while Rose sat with them, and Little Tuly sat on Tuly's knee. And if not a happy ending,..so much before. Could they be flying columns? People were hurrying toward it from all..The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the..He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening..forest and meadow, but the rain will fall, the rivers will run to the sea. The unstable, mutable.. "Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right..At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in.." "To come here," he said. He was beginning to tremble less. His bare feet were a sad sight, bruised, swollen, sodden. She wanted to tell him to put them right to the fire's warmth, but didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice..For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit contemptuous of sorcerers, with their sleights and illusions and gibble-gabble, but afraid of wizards..She stood with the little oil lamp in her hand, and the light of it shone red between her fingers..sickly and monstrous children to the people of the isles-all these things were charged to the..way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think.." "The problem is.." .In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong..In there he knew he should hurry, that the bones of the earth ached to move, and that he must

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