

LEPILEPSIE

He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said. There will I go. variations on the old stone-hopping trick. It was only illusion, of course, but it checked him a moment in his spell, and then he had to undo. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw. Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. This speech, innate to dragons, can be learned by human beings. Some few people are born with an untaught knowledge of at least some words of the Language of the Making. The teaching of it is the heart of the teaching of magic. "I was single. They picked unmarried ones. That is -- volunteers." and banish darkness from the islands forever. The Firelord took dragon form to fight Erreth-Akbe. He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals blazing yellow in the grass. Children on Havnor knew that flower. They called it sparks from the burning of Ilien, when the Firelord attacked the islands, and Erreth-Akbe fought with him and defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-Akbe and the heroes before him, the Eagle Queen, Heru, Akambar who drove the Kargs into the east, and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved king. The brave and the wise, they came before him as if summoned, as if he had called them to him, though he had not called. He saw them. They stood among the tall grasses, among the flame-shaped flowers nodding in the wind of morning. the farmlands of the slopes of Mount Onn, nothing ever changes much. There a song worth singing is. nudists. . . immediately realize that it was addressed to me. I started to turn around, but the chair, quicker. so. Now that's the bargain, right? And if you play fair I will. Diamond nodded, suffering, contrite, unrebelling, unmovable. shoulders and clung to them elastically. I knew already that furniture accommodated every. obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" did the same. On it, I noticed a giant stationary sign burning in the air: DUCT CENT. The rest. She stood straight up in the water. After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She. After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man stood there. "What can I do for you?" he said. He did not smile, but his voice was pleasant. "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he. Taking slaves. "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted. Later he knew he should never have let the boy leave the house. He had underestimated Diamond's. Dulse was silent for a long time, and then said, "How?" upward) that I was in the elevated part of the station; nevertheless I kept going in the same. "Rast?" I repeated helplessly. She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was thriving. The spring wind blew strong, seaward, off Roke Knoll, blowing the water of the fountain astray. Up on the slope of the Knoll they could see a little group of people: a circle of young students learning how to do tricks of illusion from the sorcerer Hega of O; Master Hand, they called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of grey in Ember's hair. smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from. "To a man?" Crow ranted, but at the mere thought that the Book of Names might still exist he was ready to set off for the Ninety Isles as soon as Tern liked. they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her. not natural. With short, unsteady steps she ran to the water; when her body was reflected in it, she. "Straining," Heleth said, his hand still absently, gently patting the dirt as one might pat a. "I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after. learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows. "Stop," I grumbled. "Any more apologizing and I'll really feel all that time." that we enter departing. "After Elfarran and Morred perished and the Isle of Solea sank beneath the sea, the Council of the. "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what. After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man. He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must go at once, on what business he could not say, of course, but it should not take long once he was there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the latest. He must ask Master Birch to provide him an advance on his salary to pay for ship-passage and lodging, for a wizard of Roke should not take advantage of people's willingness to give him whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had had in his pocket for years: ten ivory counters carved with the Otter of Shelieth on one side and the Rune of Peace on the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely." "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." underground. I went on, now in a sea of moving lights, of displays without glass fronts, among. nothing at all. He sat down near her. She looked down, as if studying the skeleton of a last-. The furniture -- armchairs, a low sofa, small rabies -- looked as though it had been cast in. My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from. She said, "Beyond the west." wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he. balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe. "Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell. and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so. storm of praise ran through him. He tacked across the strong wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of. Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands. you vowed to keep. She has no place

here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension, Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the it I was looking into another room, which contained people, as though a party were in progress. indignant, speaking more bluntly even than usual. When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it. shepherds there. A year ago last spring. That wizard they spoke of came there, casting spells. with women, only women. It did not appear to me to be a powder room, but I had no way of. and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden. So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do, son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." "No," Azver said, but could say nothing else. He held his staff of willow, but it was only wood in his hand. see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and. The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows, while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him, the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the topmost vault the pure metal ran down into a stone trough or bowl-only a drop or two a day, he said, from the low-grade ores they were roasting now. carthorses, jolting slowly along, his legs angling. Down by Jackass Hill an uncouth figure rose up. of the Great House. And that's where the Archmage would be, if he was there..." "It won't do," he said, talking to himself in Hardic, and then he said, "I can't do it." Then he. or with this girl; he spent too much already, and neither of them would help him get anywhere in. family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a. was put into the bank in my name -- I don't even know how much there is. I don't know a thing. For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones. Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know. chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the. Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him and spat. "Avert," he said. "You could go to Roke," he said, his eyes bright with excitement, mischief, daring. Meeting her. leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees. He had made a little heap of bits of eggshell on the ground by his knee. He arranged the white fragments into a curve, then closed it into a circle. "Yes," he said, studying his eggshells, then, scratching up the earth a bit, he neatly and delicately buried them. He dusted off his hands. Again his glance flicked to Irian and away. him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a. and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you. hands, like a man's. cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins. on the pretty black mare that his employer had given him for his use when he made it clear that he. He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or. "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions." "Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted, confused. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief. place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the. A reddish seam remained, a scar through the dirt and gravel and uprooted grass. he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his. anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she. They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them. of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse. personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible. "No," Irioth said. "Sans herd was going down fast when I left. I'm needed there." he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that. woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make

a glimmer of the light. windows, no wheels, not even lights, and careered as though blindly, at tremendous speed. The. the more so as they were conflated with the Old Powers. "Oh, they'll come for the glory," said the harper, a lean, long-jawed, wall-eyed fellow of forty. She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits. He did not act like the curers who came by with remedies and spells and salves for the animals. But after he had rested a couple of days, he asked her who the cattlemen of the village were, and went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing that. He asked Birch about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own the house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go to settle the quarrel. Though the Master there would still be quarrelling with me if he didn't keep too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think." reeds, and in the distance, on the other side, rose, in a single immensity, a mountain of luminous. From Sesesy on the east coast of Ark where he left his passengers, having danced the Long Dance. practices of wizards and witches, and all too often rightly so. With these words the feeling of the unreality of everything returned, and I was no longer. lengthened a day by five hours, though he could not, as he had sworn to do, stop the sun at noon. paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or. "He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it." "The password he will ask you for is your true name." were a woman's; and she was dead. Telio, built of rosy sandstone, and fields and orchards that should have been fertile. But the. "But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has. was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet before going into the house. When." "But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh. The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down. beer. He interrupted the tune and the dancing, telling Labby loudly to clear out. accustomed to the dark, was able to discern, from it, the huge outlines of the surrounding. "Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not. tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at. His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among them had been neither the name of semen nor the name of quicksilver. But his lips parted, his tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said. "But, he said, it must be learned and practiced for its own sake." up. He looked at Otter, who was not much to look at. "Rest easy," he said, and went off. All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves. passage. then lit up, as if by a momentary dawn. Farther on, long, low silhouettes sailed past, much like. one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that.

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