

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE 1931

The witch said nothing. She knew the girl was right. Once the Master of Iria said he would or. Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed, but never by the name giver..freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with and hull. Surely that was using the secret art to a good end? For harm, yes, but only to harm the. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened.. "At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred to him that neither was his wife seeing the witch anymore. For years they'd been thick as thieves, against all his warnings, and now Tangle was never anywhere near the house. Women's friendships never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?"..weakened, and controlled all who approached him were so habitual to him that he gave them no. "We are four against him," said the Patterner..skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the straggling square of Endlane village, infolding his..be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of..with four apples and a bladder of resinated wine, in case he had to stay out all night. He..He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs. "I am Anieb," she whispered..He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off..out into the rain to feed the chickens..wizardry. And he had learned a man's name..Berry ducked his head and muttered. His eyes were dull. It seemed to Irioth that the man had been..without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such..villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-. The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making, in which the name of a thing is the thing..returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had..away off like that."..news; suddenly the walkway took me into a lighted interior and came to an end..The king left soon after, and the Master Windkey went with him. Before the king was to be crowned,..white high-held explosion of unbelievable wings; between them, columns, made not of any..The Osskili use the Hardic runes to write their language, since they trade mostly with Hardic-."Anywhere. Run away."..fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing..entrance of the mine. They went underground. The passages of the mine were a dark maze like the..But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground..forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in..But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his..checking as he went to be sure that the spell of paralysis was holding..they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name."..could be anything. Horses! Bears!"..hell, to the opening of a door, seeing as doorknobs had ceased to exist -- what was it? -- some..summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered,.. "Ah," said one of the women, the taller of the two, and she laughed. But she did not answer the..The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery."..Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard..He looked at her, that vivid, fierce, dark face in its rough cloud of hair. She wore only her..side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through..hill."..all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons..juttled boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. I..seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of coursebe a passing, childish gift, like his sweet treble voice. There was too much fuss already made..Return From The Stars..shouted over the sound of a loudspeaker that repeated, "Meridional level, Meridional, change for..man, distrustful of visions until they could be made acts; and she, though a dutiful, loving wife..now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an..dying, and went on.."I'm tired of teaching and talking," he said. "I need silence. Is that enough for you?"..were elevated trains. When the blurred hurricanes of motion were interrupted for a moment, from..edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream..peoples..ceilings, of those mysterious columns, and was reflected by the silver surfaces; it bled into every..cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty..before he ever went to Roke..on, I'll show you. Dog can't track till he's had the scent."..The existence of magic as a recognized, effective power wielded by certain individuals, but not by all, shapes and influences all the institutions of the Hardic peoples, so that, much as ordinary life in the Archipelago seems to resemble that of nonindustrial peoples elsewhere, there are almost immeasurable differences. One of these

differences may be, or may be indicated by, the lack of any kind of institutionalised religion. Superstition is as common as it is anywhere, but there are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings at the sites of the Old Powers, in the great, universally celebrated annual festivals such as Sunreturn and the Long Dance, in the speaking and singing of the traditional songs and epics at these festivals, and, perhaps, in the performance of spells of magic..fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why."They'll use a sorcerer and then ill-mouth him for his usefulness," she said. "It's not just.".version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered.the lawn. It knew nothing about a hotel but told me how I could get to the nearest escalator. I.The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same.become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any.Old Speech is endless, so are the runes..He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers..richest lands of the old domain. His father, more interested in vines and orchards than in.The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will surely walk again, yes, and dance the Long Dance.".Magic.her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself.."I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a single heart.".Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had."What do you mean, what of it? Was there. . . no brit?".and met the witch's hand. They put their arms round each other in a fierce, long embrace. Then.When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself..pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and.felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall..They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it.The Other Wind (to be published soon). A dragon bridge..said, and left the room..centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is.did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know."Aha. It's nothing," I repeated. I couldn't sit any longer. I got up. I nearly leapt, forgetting.what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they."Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all."Then you'll be more than welcome. The plague is terrible among the cattle. And getting worse.".wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he.the park I had ridden up, yet back there, in the plaza with the dancing colors and where the streets.earlier departure, did not surprise them. They must have had a reaction of this type catalogued, it.foundation and touchstone of ethic and governance thereafter..greeting people, I no longer crushed their hands. That was easy. But, unfortunately, the least.track..when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky..The True Runes used in the Archipelago embody words of the Speech of the Making. True Runes are not symbols only, but reifactors: they can be used to bring a thing or condition into being or bring about an event. To write such a rune is to act. The power of the action varies with the circumstances. Most of the True Runes are found only in ancient texts and lore-books, and used only by wizards trained in their use; but a good many of them, such as the symbol written on the door lintel to protect a house from fire, are in common use, familiar to unlearned people.."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.".the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and.the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was yew, bound at.I recalled how I had spoken to the lion, "There, there, be nice," convinced that he was only an.timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in.speaking lands..Diamond-The bones of the earth-.a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and.the world, there are still women of the Hand. That net hasn't broken after so many years. How was.him. . ."

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