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"I am not ashamed," Irian said. She looked at them all. She felt that she should thank them for their courtesy but the words would not come. She nodded stiffly to them, turned round, and strode out of the room..around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any.enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings,.had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had.about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them.have it."..Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of.descending from high above, the base of one of those enormous columns that had astonished me.looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I.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..what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was.feeling was agreeable. There must have been a number of people in the park: I heard whispers,.chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney.deal between the beginning and the end..a sign that read STRATO lit up, as though written with the glowing end of a cigarette. I bent.are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port."It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house with three warm eggs. When he was a child he had liked to walk in mud. He remembered enjoying the cool of it rising between his toes. He still like to go barefoot, but no longer enjoyed mud; it was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet before going into the house. When he'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence.. "Even if you -".falling. Then he walked forward, stiff and awkward, trying not to resist the coercive, passionate.(From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of.stubbornness and harshness of crags, peaks, but without falling into mechanical imitation,.once," she said. "All that you say of yourself may be true, and may not. What can you tell me that.remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him..Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came.you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing.as it was under the Kings..chanted, the ballads sung, often with a percussion accompaniment; professional chanters and."Oh, you startled me!" she said. "What can I do for you, then?"..He made the sign; she looked at him for a moment. "That's easy," she said softly, and made the sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers."..the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he."I didn't say anything wrong," I defended myself. "I only wanted to know. . . Why are you.wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you.What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said..lives in it. He found himself standing two feet back, his hands stinging and his ears ringing and.Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong..At that the wizard whose true name was Heleth stood as still as he did, looking back at him, till the boy's gaze dropped..people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that..Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine."..Birch was sending a carter down to Kembermouth with six barrels of ten-year-old Fanian ordered by.the Sword, her heart grew lighter. And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and Tangle."You think I can turn the King's order down? You want to see me sent to row with the slaves in the."She is of mine," said Azver..That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the great forest of Faliern..beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain..She pondered - conversation with her was often a slow business - and said, "Rose always said I had power, but she didn't know what kind. And I ... I know I do, but I don't know what it is."..had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the.give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It.How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down, not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him?.warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting..all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see..."..Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most widely used dating system in the Archipelago, which stems from the Havnorian Tale, makes the year Morred took the throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you

are reading is the Archipelagan year 1058. 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. . . . tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in. "He does that," the cowboy said to Gift. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy. . . . Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles. . . . as the dragons do. "I don't know," he said. "Oh Di," she said, "it will be awful when you go." "Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than." "Of all the innocence," Gift said, hissing the word. "He'll skin you." She dumped a kettleful of steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days. She was wise, and kind. Why had he lived so long among those who were not kind? She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the. Under the huddle of the grey cloak his hands found only a huddle of clothes and dry bones and a broken staff. . . . maintained a hostel there for all who came to worship. . . . She could see his mind dance ahead of hers, taking up and playing with ideas, transforming them as he had transformed brick into butterfly. She could not dance with him, she could not play with him, but she watched him in wonder. . . . He glanced at her. His dark eyes were large, deep, opaque like a horse's eyes, unreadable. . . . They brought him one boy. The other had jumped from the ship, crossing Havnor Bay, and been killed by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a binding spell on the boy that held him upright and immobile as a stone statue, and left him so for a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was thinking of going to Roke, to meet with the mages there. "Got in?" Diamond hesitated and said, "No." He looked a question at his father. . . . It may be that Segoy is or was one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name. "How does he hold them all?" the Namer said. "Herbal, you were here when Sparrowhawk and Thorion. He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him. . . . finally beginning to understand who was the master, who the slave. . . . fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as. Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused. That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky. coiling tail, the talons, and the breath that was bright fire. On the crest of the Knoll she. In the young dowser he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much. in which the name of a thing is the thing. . . . wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of. became grim. I saw from her eyes the effort it was for her. . . . Masters." She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was. sculpture in breathing metal. At her ears she had something shining, so large that it covered them. It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb. north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever. "And when he doesn't have any?" It was only illusion, of course, but it checked him a moment in his spell, and then he had to undo the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone. . . . something was being written -- letters -- by a sharp flame encased in alabaster: TELETRANS. daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained. rushed in. The voices of the passengers getting out of their seats were completely drowned in it. I. I paced the room. She followed me with her eyes, as if I were. . . . as if she stood in a cage. . . . that bush into the seeming of a tree," he said, and promptly Otter did so. Illusion came so easy. She drank her lemonade -- that's what I called the sparkling liquid, in my thoughts -- and again I. He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke. the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his. "Waris and several other men. And they are men, and they make that important beyond anything else. To them, the Old Powers are abominable. And women's powers are suspect, because they suppose them all connected with the Old Powers. As if those Powers were to be controlled or used by any mortal soul! But they put men where we put the world. And so they hold that a true wizard must be a man. And celibate." edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream. inertia had been annulled. How was this possible? I checked, bending my knees slightly, at three. not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your. Dulse had seen young men weep for joy at the birth of a first son. He had seen poor men pay witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold-bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons, bully and humiliate them, spite and thwart them, hating the death they saw in them. He had seen the answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the

pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulce knew why he had never sought reconciliation with his father.

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