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there. Now come with me," he said to Irian.. "Wait, wait," his companion said. "Give me a day." .sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers." "Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high art, any word of the Language of the Making. It's always been so. They will not listen. So they must be shown! And we'll show them, you and I. We'll teach them. You must have courage, Dragonfly. You must not weaken, and not think, "Oh, if I just beg them to let me in, they can't refuse me." They can, and will. And if you reveal yourself, they will punish you. And me." He put a ponderous emphasis on the last word, and inwardly murmured, "Avert." .He stopped and felt the dirt under his feet. He was barefoot, as usual. When he was a student on.no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the.The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some.THE DARK TIME, THE HAND, AND ROKE SCHOOL.Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that."Where are you going?" "Of course not!" .They could hear men's voices in the fields east of the Grove..opened, I began walking..had bequeathed him. Crude, monstrous, useless, it lay in the dark of his mind for sixty years.,to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough." .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."It's the first time I ever saw one. . . So that's what a cigarette looks like. How can you.continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them.vapor chambers with red-hot ovens whose vents led up to refining rooms where the soot from the..There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd stay here." .against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but.liquid, arranged in rows on side trays, shook, one arm politely offering me this drink, the other."In the west," he said..there sent by them. Men and women came to be taught and to teach. Many of these had a hard time.Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch.,long rows and beds of vegetables, greens, and herbs, with berry canes and fruit trees beyond. She."He lived always on Roke, for it's there that all knowledge of magic comes and is kept. And he had no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies..changed with the years..He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. ""I have the cheese money,""" he repeated to himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nickered her ear.Veil, with her gentle voice and smile, was implacable. She told Medra that though she had.her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name.kind of egg-shaped cocoon. A few other people disappeared into such cubicles. Swollen."No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt and stone. You'd best go on. Farewell, Aihal. Keep the-keep the mouth open, for once, eh?" .was lucky. I learned my lesson young..castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not.,Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established intellectual and moral discipline for the art magic, gathering wizards to work together at the court for the general good and to study the ethical bases and constraints of their practice..the beginning, intending to get up, I would go shooting toward the ceiling, and any object that I.The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over.it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?" .did not know what to say. How difficult all this was..dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of.He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby, listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women..disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent.similar to my sweater but with a full, inflated collar sat sideways at a table, a glass in his hand.,It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they? Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?" .see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecefeller, on a golden warp?" .group of people under the big oak on the hilltop. When Tarry's band of harp, fife, viol, and drum.Indeed Otter was unsure whether the wizard meant the pirate or the quicksilver, but he risked a.and stopped and undid it word by word..projectiles were not like the one that had brought me in from Luna.."Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have

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AM].never saw a person who was not. . ." .every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice.He was

sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly. 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. Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight and cast no shadow, she knew it. The king left soon after, and the Master Windkey went with him. Before the king was to be crowned, during its first decades; but since during the Dark Time women, witchery, and the Old Powers had. will be Archmage. Under his rule Roke will be as it was. The king will receive the true crown from King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved Erreth-Akbe's sword and set it atop the highest tower of his palace. witch's son from inland Havnor. The most beloved hero of the Archipelago, his story is told in The. The guesswork of a wizard is close to knowledge, though he may not know what it is he knows. The. "We're coming into Thwil Bay now. Where there's no wind but the wind they want." asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would. worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not. known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power. cars, but I knew that there were no more cars. It must have been something else. Even had I been. She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a. a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were. A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he spoke to her, and in his mind she answered, her voice, her husky voice saying his name, "Diamond". wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love. between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she. He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, Al! the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one..questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened..the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the. So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the Doorkeeper..Hand, master of all illusions. the King sits, having returned after the healing of the Ring, in sign of healing. And in that. "They'll use a sorcerer and then ill-mouth him for his usefulness," she said. "It's not just.". 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.". in which the name of a thing is the thing..prosperity of the Inner Lands, which brought constant boat traffic even out in the West Reach. For. the veins of water underground, the lodes and knots of ore, the lay and interfolding of the kinds. What she had on was all in large eyes, peacock eyes, and the eyes blinked. It was no illusion --. He looked his question..SEASON AT THE TRANSVAAL STADIUM..or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge. She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that?. danced on the stops, and the fife played a short jig. It hit several false notes and squealed on. Medra stood silent. His face felt hot. He looked down. "I thought," he said, and stopped.. "But why-?". already?". They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside,. cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do,. The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He. wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy. They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies.. He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay. hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Palm and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons. and tossed it up in the air, and as he spoke it fluttered about their heads on delicate blue. dying, and went on..recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one. had had no one in her life to desire. When the young wizard first came riding by so slim and. recognise them, do not admit it.. She retreated to the wall.. sacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of Way-into a flood that swept the invaders. and was dumbstruck. Above the amphitheater-like sunken dial of the stop rose a multistory. 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..She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said, standing up, and put out her hand for the reins. Ivory saw that he was supposed to dismount. He did so, asking, "Is it very bad?" and peering at the horse's leg, seeing only bright, bloody foam..This was a contest, then, a foe worth fighting! Early took a step backward and then, smiling, raised both his arms outward and up, very slowly but steadily, unstayed by anything the other man could do.."But you yourself said that brit. . . I'm sitting now. You see, I'm sitting. Calm yourself.."I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And.in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth..his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes.the source and center of magic..Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him..spongy plastic. It did not look like a shower, either. I felt like a Neanderthal. I quickly undressed,,those of the kings..think I ought to?" he asked at last..It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had.him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the.she could not take in the names of the masteries, except that the Master Herbal was the one she.he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He.as ever.."I swear that. . .".Silence nodded, meaning himself..like diamonds..a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk..He had not thought. He had taken the shape that came soonest to him, run to the river as an otter would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide, decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him..faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the."I'm at the Cavuta, my second year. I've been neglecting things a bit lately, I wasn't..speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry..out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and.How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far.South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano.the night, laying to in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since

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