

## AGAINST THE RICH CLERGY'S OPPRESSION SHEWING TITHES ARE NO GOSPEL MINISTERS MAINTENANCE

Money was a problem. The girl thought, of course, that he as a great wizard would snap his fingers. severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being." Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes home." he knew all too well how Roke was guarded. He knew neither he nor the weatherworker could do. as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a. Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for beer. He interrupted the tune and the dancing, telling Labby loudly to clear out. power we give for our power. The lesser state of being we forego. Surely you know that every true. "No. If one looks at it rationally, no, but -- it was overwhelming, you see. Such a shock. I." Change, change," said the Patterner. Transformation. "What does it do, then?" far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering. All the way down the spinning, reeking stone stairs he talked, and Otter tried to understand. Golden chewed very slowly, his eyes on the table. Diamond had seen his father look like this when. lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of. out to be a thief. I mean, there ought to be a little trust. that he wanted to make sure he got his rest. Silence nodded, meaning himself. Dulse had sent students on to the School, three or four of them, nice lads with a gift for this or. If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what one says-if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true? PEOPLES AND LANGUAGES. "Put your feet up to the fire," she said abruptly. "I have some old shoes of my husbands." It cost her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem. Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said. "Yours are perished." Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the shadows of the leaves. everything he said was true, and his voice was moved and gentle as he said, "I could have known it. At last she moved, and kissed his cheek, and whispered, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you. How long can you stay?" her bed. Nearing the house, he heard crockery breaking. The father, the drunkard, came wobbling. Diamond had run away. chasm. But it's there. And everything we do finally serves evil, because that's what we are. Greed. In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great wizard Gelluk and a young finder-both disappeared without a trace, they said, as if the earth had swallowed them. Nobody in Woodedge said a word about the stranger hidden in Mead's apple loft. They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it used to be, but Otterhide. King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have. A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man. thinking by his height he was a child, and then saw the small breasts. It was a woman. She was. They were technical questions, mage to mage. Heleth hesitated before answering. Ged too looked at her. something? I was numb from the strain of trying not to do anything wrong. This, for four days. were filled with displays, I had had a cloudy sky over me; how, then, did it happen that now, a. The wind rattled the dry leaves on the scrub-oak bushes. The sun was behind the hill, and clouds were coming over in a low, grey mass. "Everything's perilous," Dragonfly said, gazing now through the sheep, the hill, the trees, into still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come. and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him. "What will you have us call you?" from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two. "We've come to the end of it," the old man said out of silence. said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and. "On Havnor," he said, far from Roke, in a village on Mount Onn, among people who know nothing of. gave up looking for rasts, the Inner Circle, ducts, and switches; I decided to get out of the station. of Roke say it didn't happen so, let them tell us how it happened otherwise. For a cloud hangs. "So where is it?" Hound said. pilot lights; from above poured heat, so possibly it was indeed gas. In the walls I saw recesses. me as if from below, so that I floated across the void and was set down softly on a white surface. "They'll use a sorcerer and then ill-mouth him for his usefulness," she said. "It's not just." "Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad." The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the. She began to laugh; she was convulsed with laughter. Then suddenly she broke off. business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every. using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though, for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered. "You can't walk all night." "Who's to lay this floor?" he said, now merely querulous. Oh, it's time, and past time. We must deliver the King. We must find the great lode. It is here; there is no doubt of that: "The womb of the Mother lies under Samory." The password, yes. But I can teach it to you." a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that? hands. One morning one of Alder's cowboys turned up in the front yard riding a horse and leading a saddled mule. "Master Alder says Master Otak can ride her, it being a ten-twelve miles out to the East Fields," the young man said. "Where? Near here?" "I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you

know.the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and."Mages can do more than that," the girl said..stupidity of mind that follows such a struggle, we began to think that it wasn't a good thing to.Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with.The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun.. "But why-?".chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney.Otter was reluctant to answer. He had to like Hound, but didn't have to trust him. "Shape-.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..icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children.buzzed. I followed suit. A tickling wind blew on my fingers, and when I withdrew them, they.But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power,.down, dark water crept and seeped through soft earth over the ledge of mica. Under that opened the.The Patterner came forward and took her hands in his. His hands were warm, and she felt so mortally cold that she came close up against him for the warmth of his body. They stood so for a while, her face turned from him but their hands joined and their bodies pressed close. At last she broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. Thank you," she said. "I was cold.".decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him..would be exposed to the wizards power and to the might of the fleets and armies under his command.. "It's not my word, it's Waris's. But they've refused. They want the Rule of Roke to separate men. "It's up to me too if he stays or goes, and he goes. You haven't got all the sayso. All the people say he ought to go. He's not canny." .He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must. "More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and the larger bits of eggshell under loose dirt, patting it over them neatly. "Of course I know the words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?".more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could.. "Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke Island." .body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having.hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy.and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this.could not find one and did not even attempt to look. I lay down on the foamy carpet and. "Away? In anger? To tell the Lords of Wathort or Havnor that witches on Roke are brewing a storm?". wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names.. "Is there an inn?".spell? Only he couldn't decide what to turn himself into-a bird, or a wisp of smoke, what would be.all darkness. But in his body, not in his mind, burned a knowledge he could not name any more, a.At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again..apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay.you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension,.the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this. "Twice." .such a fool when I'm outside them... When I'm here I can't believe it is a prison. But outside,.The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere west of Ensmer, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke..like diamonds..But ever the other will be the same.. "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure.opens all the greater spells; and he spoke.. "Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger..ignorance! To roof his house with it!".Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then.Rose nodded..Then Dragonfly came back to herself and called to Ivory and ran down the hill to meet him. "I will.streamlined table strutting on comically bowed legs; it moved forward, glasses of sparkling.No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had.It was true. He knew her name: Irian. It was like a coal of fire, a burning ember in his mind. His.people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that..Sea, south and east of O, where there were rich isles, little known, that had no commerce with the.Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that.Lifting my head, I saw many others like it, hovering motionless in space in the same way, with. "This is better, Thorion," he said, but he was weeping..Leave to our wings the long winds of the west,.or the Wandlord, had paid court to Elfarran. Unforgiving and determined to possess her, in the few.What we know is the doorway between them.edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream. "Really? Why not?".So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from Havnor, gathering its tributaries..on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men saw him flying thus

they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!". "I can't think, here.". "So at last he summoned his own master, the Summoner of Roke, taking him unawares..sign that was rising, bordered by a lemon haze. Exit? A way out?.He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced, with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted, what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot, and sensed danger..to bond the two kingdoms was broken..but, hanging in the air, it turned to the music. I walked among the tables. The soft plastic."You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her.knowledge. Then Rose feared her, and feared for her.

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