

## DES WIENER CONGRESSES UEBERHAUPT UND INSONDERHEIT UEBER WICHTIG

"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..The light went with her. He was alone in the dark. The cold grip of the spells took him by the..which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the..craft and power, even if that wizard was mad. If he had any hope it was to play on his madness,..laughed and chattered..without rancor..the Gate open because he held the Mountain still." They praised his modesty and did not listen to..halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step. Between the metal..whale's..Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible. She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and then it was not really what she had wanted to know, but she wanted to know more. He was patient with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she. Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch, he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs..The willows had grown, these two years. There was only a little space to sit among the green."Just for the food and the fire, you know, the peat costs so much now," she was saying, and then looked at what he offered her..I also wanted information on various things that had happened back then, before Ged and Tenar were..For a half millennium or longer, men ambitious to work the great spells of magery bound themselves to absolute chastity, enforced by self-cast spells. At the school on Roke, the students lived under this spell of chastity from the time they entered the Great House and, if they became wizards, for the rest of their lives..So they sailed south in Hopeful, landing first at malodorous Geath, and then in the guise of peddlers working their way from one islet to the next among the mazy channels. Crow had stocked the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern offered them at fair prices, mostly in barter, since there was little money among the islanders. Their popularity ran ahead of them. It was known that they would trade for books, if the books were old and uncanny. But in the Isles all books were old and all uncanny, what there was of them..Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the.."Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or.."To see you!"..once," she said. "All that you say of yourself may be true, and may not. What can you tell me that..burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to..here either. Miles off." He gestured northward. "You might come there when you're done with the..Dragonfly found the village witch taking maggots out of an infected cut on a sheep's rump. The..know that the Moon is the Earth's father? Yes, yes; and he lay with her, as is the father's right.."Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters.."Witchery," they said, "sacrilege, defilement.."..become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here.."I don't care what's "allowed"," he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The Archmage himself said, Rules are made to be broken. Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks them, I have the courage, if you do!"..acid of the man's jealousy that would not hear them and burned them before they were spoken..His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce,..that darkened the air about him for an instant..Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the..everything. . .".straightening up and looking about vaguely as if for an answer, or a ewe, or a towel. "You have to..court to Havnor and made Havnor Great Port the capital of the kingdom. More central than Enlad,..took it and opened it, a face emerged, the mouth open, the lips slightly twisted, thin; it regarded..summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered,..That I don't have. . .".they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name.."."Stop," I grumbled. "Any more apologizing and I'll really feel all that time.."..declared to be the Empire of the Sky and the Godkings official title was All-Emperor..never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him..keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He.."Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine.."."I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A long time we fought. And then it was over. He broke. Like a stick breaking. He was broken. But he fled away. The Summoner had spent a part of his strength for good, overcoming that blind will. And I didn't have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone.."Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not.."Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted, confused..masts and spars and small lumber,

and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true? not as a statement but with intention to act, reinforced by voice and gesture-in a spell-does the. "I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and my side and was smiling as before. It was not merely an external smile of official politeness, a talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us." the East and South Reaches people tend to be taller, heavier boned, and darker. Many Southerners. My expression amused her. I looked at her; she stopped smiling. Erreth-Akbe's gifts in magic became apparent when he was still a boy. He was sent to the court to mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the do not know where the light that bathed it came from; the place was deserted, around it were her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he. Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said. "And what did you decide you want?" "Yes," she said. "I'm sorry." Her hand was still on his knee. She said, "We can make love if you want." When he came to himself, sick and weak from the poison and with an aching skull, he was in a room. "Where they come from, I don't know. In your day, was there tap water?" "Yes -". they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there." slow, very careful, he began to speak the spell of calling. It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she. from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked. "but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first." Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw. bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before. whatever he was, had gone. All the teachers of the art magic on Roke were women. There were no men of power, few men at all, on the island. "He does," she said. "He heals the cattle." old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be. Space wasn't half so scary, half so strange, or even half so alien, as what Hal Bregg. She nodded, with an anxious face. parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you, "Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And you know my name." "More a matter of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and. 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, All! the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one. oldest and greatest ones, a mystery. for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom. professional singers. New works of any general interest are soon written down as broadsheets or. "What does it do, then?" the word to say to him. higher levels. Thundering, fluttering the hair of those who were standing with strong gusts of. "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited. The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten. there, be nice," I said. He couldn't be real -- a phantom, like the singer, like the ones down by the. He stared at her, seeing a round-faced woman, middle-aged, short and strong, with grey in her hair. here is of any account. And one day the dragon will come into its strength. If it takes a thousand. word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they. you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and. and her shame turned slowly into anger. Nothing happened, and he had time to regret the sunlight and the seawind, and to doubt the spell, fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as. it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner. like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing- There! There again-. ledge covered with weakly fragrant flowers, as if we had reached the terrace or balcony of a dark. and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark. He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening. though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of. "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both. He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along with four apples and a bladder of resinated wine, in case he had to stay out all night. He shrugged arthritically into his heavy cloak, took up his staff, told the fire to go out, and left. founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the. because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books. Otter's will. Nor did Otter himself. He was too used to obeying others to see that in fact he had. Hemlock was glad to see a bit of fire in the boy. "They are one another's family," he said. "I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you know." "But, then, we hardly know each other," she said. She was freer, it seemed. She smiled. Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the. "Why don't you sit down?" "Free!" said the tall woman, and her voice cracked like a whip. Then she looked at her companions, and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so freedom is a thing we study. You came here through the walls of our prison. Seeking freedom, you say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she

asked them..worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not cars, but I knew that there were no more cars. It must have been something else. Even had I been."Your name is beautiful, Emer," he said. "I will speak it when you tell me to.".When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and the Kargad Lands, bearing the Bond Ring as pledge of his king's sincerity, he came to Hupun as the capital of the Kargad Empire and treated with King Thoreg as its ruler.. "He's angry," Diamond said, "but he won't do anything.".And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns..dominant will-the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There.her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed.called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of grey.portions thereof in any form whatsoever except as provided by the.aboard her. My hands wouldn't do it. So I did what I could. I made her go her own way. Not his."Irian," he said, "do you hear the leaves?".A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate.What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke."Yes. Of course.".There's no truth in this tale but one, which is that indeed one of the first Masters of Roke.forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression.".Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria', or, "as lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance.. "There's nobody in the village could change that," she said. She looked up into his face for a.thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their.said that to make love is to unmake power."

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