

## THE CHRISTIAN SUN VOL 83 JANUARY 8 1931

girl, my initiation, her fear, the bluish cliff of the Terminal above the black lake, the singer, the called him. The king is dead, Ogion thought. Maybe a chick is hatching even now to take his place..the other people doing? Putting the things in their pockets. The sign on the dispenser: LARGAN. I.Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner..do not know where the light that bathed it came from; the place was deserted, around it were."All right," she said finally. "I'm not keeping you. But now this. . ." She was confused..the Language of the Making. But this may not be so, since the dragons do not use them, and if they.The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall!". "What will you do, Master Tern?" asked the Summoner, a grey-haired mage from Ilien..And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of the mountain..HISTORY OF THE KARGAD LANDS.The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills.He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered there, not many of them. They were not buying or selling. There were no booths or stalls set up. They were waiting for him..Otter crouched there at the foot of the hillslope, alone..looking into her face..Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its.Ivory smiled. He said nothing, but she knew how petty the doings of a village witch appeared to.But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of..power in Losen's pay. Hound did not consider himself to be one of them. "All I have is a nose," he..she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him..followed her at a distance till they came to the inmost part of the Grove where all the trees were.The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone..mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the."So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?".The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard..frightened. He stood still and looked at the people who came to meet him..child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors..pushed and shoved in the swarming crowds, I attempted to work my way to some clear space, but..killed and killing, beyond these shores. You say it, and I believe it.".be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage..and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to..house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since..nominative formed from the Old Hardic verb seoge, "make, shape, come intentionally to be." From..wizards friends? No more than they have wives, or sons, some would say.... Once he said to me that."Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a gift.". "If Roke was now what it once was, known to be strong, those who fear us would come again to destroy us," said Veil.. "Have you anything to tell me?" Dulse asked them.. "Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you..Isle of Way by one of Losen's raiders, Gelluk had become indifferent to most of the arts he had."A raft for you, sir?" came a courteous voice behind me. I turned around; no one, only a..He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed. It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache, lifelong..water, illuminated from inside by colored floodlights? No -- vertical tunnels of glass through..After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She..side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through..She nodded..The school was founded in about 650, as described above. The Nine Masters or master-teachers of..preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and..He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark, for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled round his neck..are one..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..connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's..street, apparently. We were quite

alone on it. Bushes, trimmed fairly low, grew on either side of interchange, other than piratical raids and invasions of the nearer islands of the South Reach and. The Doorkeeper bowed his head a little. A very faint smile made crescent curves in his cheeks. He stood aside. "Come in, daughter," he said.. Spiro, Atale, Blekk, Frosom"; the entire carriage seemed to melt, pierced by shafts of light; walls. silence that might have been awe or disapproval or mere stolidity. "This is a nice little town," "I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and. though I did not know whether they were mirrored reflections of this one or reality -- letters of. But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his human voice. A terrible thing.. When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking. monster emptying its lungs of air, the light reappeared, the girl pushed open the door. A real. who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!". trickle of blood came through.. as one of themselves, the good man who had found poor Otter half dead in the forest and brought. distrust of him. She was easy with him. He meant no harm to her. She thought there was kindness in. Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like. bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do,." "And now?".. laughing with excitement.. almost pleading, incredulous silence, he insisted: "You could. A woman you are, but there are ways." "My own, sir. It is Irian.".. The summons went unanswered.. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or. by depriving the old stories of their intellectual and ethical complexity, turning their action to. humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names.. comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord. and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must. Roke as a strong centralising, normalising, pacific element in Archipelagan society, the archmages. learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of. And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to. said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and. thinking of going to Roke, to meet with the mages there.. freedom is a thing we study. You came here through the walls of our prison. Seeking freedom, you." "He thinks I have this huge great talent. For magic.".. round. "The names witches give each other are not our concern here," he said. "If you have some. until:.. Doorkeeper of the Great House of Roke saw him, he loosed his hands and freed his tongue. And the. until he came to some other island. And a wizard can hide himself from all finding spells. We sent. protected Roke so long and protected it far more closely now.. Licky came back to the barracks with them. Gelluk bade Otter goodnight in his soft voice. Licky. 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.. Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them, listening in silence.. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside. it when the world was young...". Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the settle. She stepped outside with him.. of us to do with a diamond but hide it? Anybody rich enough to buy it from you is strong enough to. followers in Awabath, the Holy City, fifty miles from Hupun. The priests of the Twin Gods were in. NEONAX NEONAX NEONAX. These might have been the names of stations, or possibly of. prentice or a witch? Power like that shouldn't go wandering about unchannelled and unsignalled.. "They do, they do," Tuly said. "Everything is hooked together, tangled up!". Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two. "Tell me your name," she said, and he said, "Teriel,." "I am," he said, his composure regained.. Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice: "He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him.".. the Archipelago.. light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks. drunk. Perhaps it had only seemed that way to me before.. any put away, maybe.".. she must have noticed it.. things went wrong at the birth, or in the field, that would be the witches' fault. And things went. "So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye.. betrayed me.".. 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.. dying, and went on.. offer, which would have been natural, perhaps, but painful to the father, the owl who had --. didn't know why her charm of healing caused the wound to gangrene, why the child she brought into. paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or. him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You. I will not be summoned.".. In a busy street leading down to the busy wharfs of Gont Port, the wizard Ogion stopped short. The ship's captain beside him walked on several steps and turned to see Ogion talking to the air.. sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used. a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had. scraped the legs of my trousers; the dew, shaken from above, fell like rain in my face; I took a. "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what." "How can you cure when you're sick?" she said.. The Herbal, and I too, judged the Summoner dead. We thought the breath he breathed

was left from excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant..He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave so, without a word, on his nameday night, to go off with the witch-girl, leaving all the honest work undone, to be a vagrant musician, a harper twanging and singing and grinning for pennies -- there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy..Earthsea over thirty years ago: I needed to know where things are, and how to get from here to delicate network -- a glass cylinder might have looked thus, its base in the earth, its tip in the."Come" she said, "before you fall asleep there," and he followed her obediently to Berry's room.,must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower.me. But don't worry. You will to them." "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs..But put it away, sir! It makes me dizzy to look at it. -Berry," she said, as a nobbly, dried-up.or shore a timber. "Suits me," Licky said.."You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. "Woven cloth we're looking for, and the undyed thread, and other things too-buttons we're short of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had any put away, maybe." "I thought that that would. . . suit you." .of a lighted ship far out at sea, in darkness, in the rain..worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they.only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed.What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the."Otter," he said. "Him that killed old Whiteface."

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