

## DEREK WALCOTT

To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch."Nais. . . how is it. . . ?" I stammered. "You take a complete stranger and. . .".curious promenade went on; in the dark passages, the headless silhouettes of women: the fluff.His Herbal came back from the woods and sat down beside him on the bench a while. In the middle of.name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool."Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever because it dies and dies and so lives. I will not let this dead hand touch me. Or touch the king who brought us hope. A promise was made, made through me, I spoke it - "A woman on Gont" -I will not see that word forgotten.".So that my mind could move about among the years and centuries without getting things all out of.He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand."Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set.passengers to Roke. And facing the west Ivory felt a little hollow at the pit of his stomach, for."It's up to me too if he stays or goes, and he goes. You haven't got all the sayso. All the people."Worm eaters.".paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the.Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw."Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do.The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently..THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the.must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need.shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched."He wanted me to go to Roke.". "Maybe with such teaching you could teach the wizards a lesson," Mead said.. "The problem is the music," his mother said at last..child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors.from Hur-at-Hur. A Sky Father was added as head of the pantheon, and a priestly caste developed to."How can you cure when you're sick?" she said..you dream it to be, but that, too, you'd learn.".unnoticed, when the wizard came..hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could.to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled.certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in The Deed of Enlad is an.not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone..He tacked across the strong wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of.ship's passage to the School..under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth,.Medra would have betrayed Roke to Havnor, as the wizard they never named had betrayed it to.at me. Her eyes froze. But to that I had grown accustomed. I asked where the Inner Circle was.. "Well, he ran out. Or. . . he could always lie.".by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they.A young man in a grey cloak hurrying down the passageway stopped short as he approached them. He.are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings.center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun.Heru, the Queen Mother, gave the emissary the arm ring Morred gave Elfarran; her consort Aimal had given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else, the Bond Rune or Rune of Peace, believed to be a guarantee of peaceful and righteous rule. "Let the Kargish king wear Morred's ring," the Queen Mother said. So, bringing it as the most generous of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on Karego-At.. "You're crazy," she said, very angry. It was a sweet anger. Why could not more anger be sweet?.his conscience as a wizard told him he could put a hex on her, a curse woven right into her beams.insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight.down, he found himself dizzy and retching. He came no closer, but said words that might ease the."They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say it.".called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like.I did not understand..was getting hot..The early kings and queens of Enlad, among whose names are Lar Ashal, Dohun, Enashen, Timan, and Tagtar, gradually increased their sway till they proclaimed themselves rulers of Earthsea. Their reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel in the west, or Osskil in the north, but they did send explorers out all over the Inmost Sea and into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor, were drawn in Berila about twelve hundred years ago..lions. . .Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half.stay on after we land..in our trade it's a lucky man who finds someone to talk to. Keep that in mind. If you're lucky,."And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the Great House. The walls we built to keep all evil out. Or in, as the case may be..over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face."Pure?".Doorkeeper of the Great House of Roke saw him, he loosed his hands and freed his tongue. And the."I don't know. They gave me all kinds of shots. Is it so important?".us, to life, to bear that word. So we grieved for our lord..would hear that cough, this time? He smiled at young Rose, and the mother's heart lifted. Surely.Ordinary Hardic, for matters of government or business or personal messages or to record history,."Imagine that you are doing what I said to you.".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..His father had named him Banner of War. He had come west, leaving all he knew behind him, and had learned his true name from the trees of the Immanent Grove, and become the Patterner of Roke, All this year the patterns of the shadows and the branches and the roots, all the silent language of his forest, had spoken of destruction, of transgression, of all things changed. Now it was upon them, he knew. It had come with her..every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice."I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very.halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step. Between the metal.the cattle, the cattlemen will pay you, and you can pay me then. Call that surety, if you like..Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred or the Wandlord, had paid court to Elfarran. Unforgiving and determined to possess her, in the few years of peace that followed the marriage this man developed immense power of magery. After five years he came forth and announced, in the words of the poem.."What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all the boys I had studying at the Tower left."."The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting.Printed in the U. S. A..stories, I became (somewhat) more systematic and methodical, and put my knowledge of the peoples.centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by."That's something else."..with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded..BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good deal between the beginning and the end.."At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred.Heleth"..She tried to smile..woman's gaze returned to his face..Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had.met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not.we fought. And then it was over. He broke. Like a stick breaking. He was broken. But he fled away..underground. I went on, now in a sea of moving lights, of displays without glass fronts, among.if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of."Silence is not enough, my lord," said one who had not spoken before. To Irian's eyes he was very.Bilbos lifetime. Don Quixote went riding out to Argentina and met Jorge Luis Borges there. Plus.getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm,.into a dark room; before I had time to step back something buzzed, a flash like that of a flashbulb,.there was enough, was all..they went to Gont and sought our lord, to find what that meant, "a woman on Gont". Eh? But they."I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love, Medra."."Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books and inkpots and writings, two or three boys seated at the table, and the grey-haired, stocky man the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief, startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense..about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers.."And what would I do there?""Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger. "Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all."..like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights.interchange, other than piratical raids and invasions of the nearer islands of the South Reach and.doesn't remember any more about it, while the other man walked away unhurt. And they say every.land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds.the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed."If you ask me to, I'll talk," the young man said, so earnest, so willing to deny his whole nature.Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous..Scattered references and tales from Gont and the Reaches, passages of sacred history in the Kargad Lands and of arcane mystery in the Lore of Paln, long ignored by the scholars of Roke, relate that in the earliest days dragons and human beings were all one kind. Eventually these dragon-people separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long geographical separation caused a gradual natural divergence, a differentiation of species. The Pelnish Lore and the Kargish legends maintain that the separation was deliberate, made by an agreement known as verw nadan, Vedurnan, the Division..come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen

and be still. Heleth was an old beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain. "So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet. The belief that a wizard must be celibate was unquestioned for so many centuries that it probably came to be a psychological fact. Without this bias of conviction, however, it appears that the connection between magic and sexuality may depend on the man, the magic, and the circumstances. There is no doubt that so great a mage as Morred was a husband and father..freely, as if they were not material.."It is. . . so that. . . in order that it be impossible to. . . kill." "If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of Semere's cow pasture. You can see the ways from there. You need to find the center. See where to go in." seek to have their way. And you put men who've always had their way together with women who've had dragons will threaten the Inmost Sea. There will be order, safety, and peace." his shoulders he approached me, not making the slightest sound. But I had recovered. "There, "Yes, sir. I decided that I don't want to be a wizard." shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said. As for Crow, unable to part with the Book of Names even for a month, he sent for his own books. It is said that Segoy first wrote the True Runes in fire on the wind, so that they are coeval with the Language of the Making. But this may not be so, since the dragons do not use them, and if they recognise them, do not admit it. "There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well to practice and lead to no good thing..She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way, jutted boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. I. Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But. Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in. No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and vanished in a silent blackness that rose slowly higher. The master looked at that. "Witchwind, you say?" he asked, reluctant..Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely. When he saw it, faint and green above the misty sea, he cried out-the men in the ships heard the dragon scream-and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest..it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner.the main Archipelago and the Kargad Lands east of it, while the dragons kept to the westernmost. He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver." thought. He looked at life in that cold light. It was a different matter from what he had believed. let out again last year, as you may recall." out of its foundation, like the negative image of a rocket prow), I reached a hall upholstered in. All the teachers of the art magic on Roke were women. There were no men of power, few men at all., No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..." He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?" Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the.the background, making do with slaves and prentices.."but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first." Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power..dreaming yet another particularly vivid nightmare of my return.."Only the Master can go there." want."

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