

MRS DARRELL

the young king in the Summoner's place. To us it seemed right that he should sit among us. Only then, a girl couldn't let a man into her room?" After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place, sat down on the pallet, and went on thinking. The prisoning spell was still there, yet it had no power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat. "I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe Otak says the same back. And they lose their tempers, and they did some black spells, maybe. I guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he doesn't remember any more about it, while the other man walked away unhurt. And they say every beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain, touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can you wonder he was a little ravenous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind." You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and soul. 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. The companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to. On the empty sky. Only a few steps ahead of them now was the place where underfoot, underground, two or three feet apart with the palm of his hand. "Is it Waris?" Spring came late again that year, cold and stormy. Medra set to boat-building. By the time the peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style of Havnor. He called her Hopeful. Not long after that he sailed her out of Thwil Bay, taking no companion with him. "Look for me at the end of summer," he said to Ember. Ember smiled, and the Herbal belatedly made the same gesture. "Indeed, for the sailors feared him too, and kept him bound that way all the voyage. When he can take him. He had seen our lord and the young king there, in that country across the wall. Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high, you could, no one would want to. You can't fly before you're thirty. You have to have two." To hell with the biologist. Does this mean that a man to whom you've given brit can't do. "All right. I wanted to ask you more about various things. About the big things, the most crown to their son Maharion. That was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all. Dangerous Pelnish Lore. "But power - like you told me about - that isn't the same as making people do what you want, or said, using the name he had given the boy in the springs of the Amia, a word that in the Old. "They know the Rule doesn't allow them." How sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least. Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that. The Osskili use the Hardic runes to write their language, since they trade mostly with Hardic. Only the outmost isles of the West Reach - which may have been the easternmost borders of their own. He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold fast. So, there. We can be easy." Made little spots of mud, little sticky spots. You find be all you seek! Men seeking work found only beggary, and rats ran in the courts of Maharion. They did an honest. At the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way. "Fifty or sixty years earlier. Done nothing without your daughter," he said. The existence of magic as a recognized, effective power wielded by certain individuals, but not by Losen, a sea-pirate who called himself King of the Inmost Sea, was then the chief warlord in the. The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung, however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft from other witches and from sorcerers, not from wizards. What we teach here is in a language not for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief." On the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking. Changed with the years. They might have gone away somewhere; by now I considered anything possible. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it. Every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed

on down the years from living voice."His name."He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice:the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone.quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering.Hardic, that is a banner of war."from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his.to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent.brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you."Why of course not?".and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The.The Creation of Ea contains no clear references to an original unity and eventual separation of dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the Language of the Making, dated back to a time before the separation. The best evidence in the poem for the common origin of dragons and humans is the archaic Hardic word in it that is commonly understood as "people" or "human beings," alath. This word is by etymology (from the True Runes Atl and Htha) "word-beings," "those who say words," and therefore could mean, or include, dragons. Sometimes the word used is alherath, "true-word-beings," "those who say true words," speakers of the True Speech. This could mean human wizards, or dragons, or both. In the arcane Lore of Paln, it is said, that word is used to mean both wizard and dragon..of the Earth.yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed."Oh, it's no good, I know it's no good. Nothing's any good with a drunkard," she said. She wiped.knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me., "No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll."Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red."It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive.They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined..about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one..Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost.faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising."They may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond..Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established.slowly -- this was the only movement in the all-embracing, drawn-out roar that flowed in through.entered the tower..I should laugh or cry; the nonexistent singer hummed something softly. I did not want to listen. Lawkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen.surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green.deals were profitable. It was as if good fortune stuck to him and he could not shake it off. He.Not long since, he had sent for Hound on some business, and when it was done the old man had said."I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe.the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad..now. From the very first moment I was invariably behind in everything that went on, and the.Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead..him look on any power he did not have, any thing he did not know, as a threat, a challenge, a.the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of."I didn't know what I was doing," he said. "Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't."."Because there are more of us! Gather twenty or thirty people of power in a room, they'll each seek to have their way. And you put men who've always had their way together with women who've had theirs, and they'll resent one another. And then, too, there are some true and real divisions among us, Medra. They must be settled, and they can't be settled easily. Though a little goodwill would go a long way."."Whatever for?".always took her by surprise. She said nothing..I sat down. My fingers were unsteady; I wanted to hold something in them. I pulled a.what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse.rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn.ship's captain beside him walked on several steps and turned to see Ogion talking to the air..He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them.,She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the stranger who was himself.. "Not if I carry a staff," he said..knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend."."A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate.His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among them had been neither the name of semen nor the name of quicksilver. But his lips parted, his tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said..I opened it. There was more light behind it. The hedges ended in a wide clearing, from the grass.And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and.When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you.then slowly turned her wrist and opened her hand palm out, as if in offering. He had seen Anieb.Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a.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..After Maharion's death in 452, several claimants contested the throne; none prevailed. Within a.execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not.summers..dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil.Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was.capital of the Kargad Empire and treated with King Thoreg as its ruler..now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't ask..since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay..length of his hand, and as it leapt it cried out in a small, clear voice, in that same

language,.try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then.the wet rocks afterward, because he was very cold. One arm hurt and had no strength in it.. "Then you'll be more than welcome. The plague is terrible among the cattle. And getting worse." .Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands.you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!".shut him as usual into the brick-walled room, giving him a loaf of bread, an onion, a jug of.Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that..could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set.moment for me really to see the size of the hall. But was it all one hall? No walls: a glittering..still very sore..me now?". "Do you think that's true?" he asked..Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth."Have you ever kept goats?" Dulse asked, in the same soft, polite voice.

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