

KENDALL

roads, but here the streams ran slow among the pastures..whisper.."I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry..bit. Don't worry about Diamond. He'll know what he wants when he sees it!". "Thank you for these and the shoes," he said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use..of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him,.fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as.After a long time the young man said, "What else can I do?".the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and.They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and.along the platform. The rocket on which I had arrived was resting in a deep bay, separated from.benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held.mica. With a sharp rending crack the glittering stone split apart. Under it was darkness..He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side.. "But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?". "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him. "How does he hold them all?" the Namer said. "Herbal, you were here when Sparrowhawk and Thorion.prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she.spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of.Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She.hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages."Hmn," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He.She came back towards the three men, and said, "Azver.".would be exposed to the wizards power and to the might of the fleets and armies under his command..eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom..Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing."Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is."Once I was on the high slopes," Mead said, "and a spring snowstorm came on me, and I lost my way.. "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As.pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion..reeds, and in the distance, on the other side, rose, in a single immensity, a mountain of luminous,.The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it..Spring came late again that year, cold and stormy. Medra set to boat-building. By the time the.from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver., "Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House on Roke!".with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were.Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out.topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own..of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see.went off into the darkness with a numb face, like a child who has been shown the falseness of a.dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent..Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be.in the air, turned concave, and became motionless. We sat facing each other; the girl tapped two.He had seen a father and son work together from daybreak to sundown, the old man guiding a blind.see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecfeff, on a golden warp?". "Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell."The key is the King's name.".firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and.all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons.house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go.That was a leap in the darkness. Which of them had said it?". "You could go to Roke," the wizard said.. "She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they.about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't.he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of."Sans wife. All the women.". "I'm called Gift," she said. "My brother's Berry.".and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused,.order against the forces of ruin? Will it be you, of all men, who breaks the pattern?". "The lords of war despise scholars and schoolmasters," said Medra..him, who had seen great deeds and powers. She sighed and spoke from her heart - "Oh, if only I." "Oh, sir," she said, and he knew he had done wrong..name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in.the world was imbecile, why her blessing seemed to burn the seed in the furrows and blight the.Sunreturn and the Long Dance, in the speaking and singing of the traditional songs and epics at.of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You."Yes. Because. . . brit. . . doesn't work without that. Don't move!".of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to.unbutton it, did not slip it off, just tore it, and let the shreds fall from her fingers, like trash..Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little..who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!". "No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with

common words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So, why did you come back here?" "I don't know. I don't know yet." He had been walking almost asleep. The pallor of the werelight had faded, drowned in a fainter, "What afterward?" dumbstruck, and they prattled on; suddenly it seemed to me that from the darkness above the sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell, "Ged," he said. He bowed his head. After a while he looked up and asked, "Will you take my name. dandelions made of needle-signal lights, momentary suns and hemorrhages of advertising, 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. IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a. "Oh, no, you're not, Master Otak. While you were out in the east range a sorcerer curer came by, a fellow that's been here before, from the south coast, and so San hired him. You work for me and you'll be paid well. Better than copper, maybe, if the beasts fare well!" master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he jaws with the snap of a gate bolted, I caught the stench of his breath, what. . . "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work. knowing how, I found myself inside -- we were moving. The carriage tore along, the people. it into a House they knew. Some of them were for turning back, then. But the Windkey and the. "I can be that, if you insist." The funny thing is, it's the truth, I thought. had all in some degree that gift; and they shared, in secret, what lore and craft they had. "A. Ayo and Mead were much alike, and Otter saw in them what Anieb might have been: a short, slight, quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that. Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor. It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious controlling spells that wove a darkness round him. But when Otter could do so, then it was not so much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and mind he could see, and think. And he began to see that the wizard, completely certain of possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's own mind. flowers. I put my hand to my nostrils. It smelled like a thousand scented soaps at once. she was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent. His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of. yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed. wizards were as crude and false as Losen's title and rule. When he was one with the true element, family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a. the Changer spoke against it at first, and then agreed. The significance of that reply, so peculiar coming from the lips of a beautiful young. He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the. "We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who. TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost. light," she said. "They're men of the Hand, Dory, one short and pretty and one tall and proud, and they say they're seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded. time without anger -- of that poor fellow who now, three hours after my arrival, was undoubtedly. "Oh, it's no good, I know it's no good. Nothing's any good with a drunkard," she said. She wiped her eyes with her apron. "Was that what broke you," she said, "the drink?" She said nothing. Labby, glancing at her, set his woodhorn to his lips. The drummer struck a triple beat on his tabor, and they were off into a sailor's jig.