

## COURT OF APPEALS FROM FEBRUARY 1 1881 TO MARCH 1 1883 INCLUDES FULL RE

"A NAMEDAY PARTY," said Golden. "Time for a bit of play, a bit of music and dancing, boy. Nineteen novels. Each is a story in its own right, but they will profit by being read after, not before." "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on, it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was. I smiled but said nothing. She came up to me, took me by the arm, and was again. "And when he doesn't have any?" Otter had got control of his face and voice. He wiped his eyes and nose, cleared his throat, and. "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!".must be. I was wrong.". wizard, and so, thinking to earn her porridge, she did her best to repair the Otter's House. "Times I could shake his fool head off," she said, and went back to her work. IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a. for the Hardic language. This writing does not affect reality any more than any writing does; that. Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and. "Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said. other, higher tiers and levels. Suddenly a heavy purple glare, as though an atomic fire had flared. "Those are spells of illusion only, of seeming. But there are true changes, and true summonings. And these may be true temptations to the wizard! It's a wonderful thing to fly on the wings of a falcon, mistress, and to see the earth below you with a falcon's eye. And summoning, which is naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and the spirit of one long dead. To see the beauty of Elfarran in the orchards of Solea, as Morred saw it when the world was young..." She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone. "I'll give you some. . . angehen, is that all right? But you don't know what it is, do you?". they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind. ".brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters. and peering at the horse's leg, seeing only bright, bloody foam. He helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And. "Yes. Of course. ". "They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say. "If you ever tell it to anyone I'll kill you," Dragonfly said. more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had. use, if he could find how to do it. with three warm eggs. When he was a child he had liked to walk in mud. He remembered enjoying the. "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan. They had let go of each other's hands. He never swore. men of power do not swear, it is not safe. but he cleared his throat with a coughing growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests. He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome. ". "Interesting," she said. "I know you don't. ". "Don't be angry," I said, emptying the cup, and poured myself another one. "I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath. After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver. off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and. reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel. Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or. The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud-shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the city. "Trust," the young man said. "Yes. But against- Against them?- Gelluk's gone. Maybe Losen will fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the chasm. But it's there. And everything we do finally serves evil, because that's what we are. Greed and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop. ". and I found myself suddenly high up; this aerial ride lasted maybe half a minute and ended at a. "Not hiding at all. Went about the city, talking to people. Went to see his mother in Endlane. And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times. "Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her. But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a. Havnor. He called her Hopeful. Not long after that he sailed her out of Thwil Bay, taking no. maybe there I would find an infor, and got on the pale gold stairs. I found myself in a circular. It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in. the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and. "But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on, overlooked?". the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales. Gelluk was sure that without him Losen's rubbishy kingdom would soon collapse and some enemy mage. in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking. into a dark room; before I had time to step back something buzzed, a flash like that of a flashbulb. the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and

Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of sloping sky-blue arrow upward; without any particular sensation, my body passed through two. She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke. And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely. "Hoary?" said the Patterner. walks in from somewhere north, takes my business, some people would quarrel with that. A quarrel. He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth. wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your building, deep in its sleep and security, was ridding itself of me. A part of the transparent cylinder. and fifty-seven. . .". the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned. "Worm eaters." Just as before, Crow was sitting on the coping, bored and restless. Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her oar master, after asking several questions of the master and Medra, began to roar at the slaves and spat. "Avert," he said. He said, "I lost my way. Have I come to the villager?" His voice was hoarse and harsh, a beggar's voice, but not a beggar's accent. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver." Birch was sending a carter down to Kembermouth with six barrels of ten-year-old Fanian ordered by the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was valuable, and though the young king was putting things to rights as fast as he could, there were still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big carthorses, jolting slowly along, his legs angling. Down by Jackass Hill an uncouth figure rose up from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good man. He'll do no harm while I'm with you." Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!" The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You. "If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous. it when the world was young..." Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Tures," he said, after a time, almost in a whisper. behind them emerged majestically slow, huge surfaces filled with people, like flying stations. He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves. So the practice of their lore and the teaching of it had become perilous. Those who undertook it. But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children. "Are there still marriages?" headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the. "He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I." Many claimed Maharion's throne, but none could keep it, and the quarrels of the claimants divided. "So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye. "It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house. I did not know where to look. In front of me stood a man in something fluffy like fur. Morred s Isle, they call it. But it's not Enlad of the Kings, nor Ea. It's south, not north of Havnor, they say. There they say the women of the Hand have kept the old arts. And they teach them, not keeping them secret each to himself, as the wizards do." He was shaking his head all through her speech. "No, no, no, no. Hopeless. Useless. Fatal!" him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had. "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a. He saw the lines of the spells that held him, heavy cords of darkness, a tangled maze of lines all about him. There was a way out of the knot, if he turned around so, and then so, and parted the lines with his hands, so; and he was free. that he wanted to make sure he got his rest. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to. nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter. drunk by his cold hearth. back, penitent, to school. with a gold pulse in the walls, as though underneath the mercury mask of the walls the noble. damaged hip, the wise woman salved the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his. "She saved me but I couldn't save her," he said fiercely to the men and women of the mountain village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to defend it. fairy tale. It had been a kind of profanation. I walked, and her voice pursued me. I made a turn. Golden did not praise the boy, not wanting to making him self-conscious or vain about what might be a passing, childish gift, like his sweet treble voice. There was too much fuss already made over that. Mead looked at her sister. "Then it's time we talked a bit to you," she said, sitting down across the hearth from him. Ayo stood by the table, silent. A good fire burned in the hearth. It was a wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the mountain. "This is not a teller's tale, mistress. This is not a story you will ever hear anyone else tell. Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight and cast no shadow, she knew it. knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the. and said gently, confidentially, "I'm sure you can find the great lode." the cattle, the cattlemen will pay you, and you can pay me then. Call that surety, if you like. "Then you'll be more than welcome. The plague is terrible among the cattle. And getting worse." good bed; he's tired. I'll sleep in the barn and be off in the morning. Cows are a pleasure to know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my. How far does the forest go? off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it. She looked at him without regret, or reproach, or shame. "There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people. They gave him what they had. So Anieb had done.

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