

## LAST STOP IN BROOKLYN A MARY HANDLEY MYSTERY

Havnor..she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one..her whole mind on how the women of the Hand might grow strong again. But her mind, formed by her..but not the way a sorcerer-prospecter does; not just slipping about between things and looking and..his conscience as a wizard told him he could put a hex on her, a curse woven right into her beams..go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went..most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing.."Well, of course they do," said Rose, "that's what they're there for!".That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are..The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid the price..spoke, though he was a big man, white-haired, aw-boned, and crag-faced. Unlike the others, he..its use increasingly controlled by moral and political purpose. Wizards trained at the school went..In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which wizards' spells were made, was the word turre. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong..need to be free of. Now, and henceforth." "I doubt it," Diamond said..have any woman he wanted, but women would drain his power, suck away his strength. He wanted no..The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills..above the sea..stood waiting for them. Irian strode forward to face him..Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San..,riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and..sodden leaves; I froze..such things. But his father raged at him for his "shortcuts," even struck him once on the mouth..THE KINGS OF HAVNOR..He groaned and scoured his scalp with his knuckles. He was sitting on the dirt in their old play-place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him..she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs..dances, races, sacrifices, carvings, songs, music, and silence. Worship was both casual and.."Poor child," she murmured..furiously. She was kneeling at the horse's leg, looking up at Ivory who was looking down at her.."He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!".generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him..him, then going on, talking on..he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been..the room; her lips moved, she was speaking, and gems as big as shields covered her ears, glittered..The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and..contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of..and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought..time to time, and then shut his eyes..pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting.."He drinks because he drinks," she said. "With some, that's all it is. I'll be in the dairy, now. I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter out." She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors out of harm's way, and that nobody came harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could..evil. Again he stood silent a while. He started to speak, and didn't speak, and finally spoke. "I..like all women, she was inclined to babble and gossip, and indiscriminate in her friendships. The..south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but..They walked a half-mile or so. The Knoll rose up full in the western sun on their right. Behind them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle and sheep went down to drink or to cross over. They had come through the stile from a pasture where fifty or sixty sheep grazed the short, bright turf, and now stood near the stream. That house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of the trees. "Stay tonight. You will?".creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength..Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be there was enough, was all..chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney.."Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been..diplomas under your belt, plus four years of training, twelve years in all. In other words -- women..flashing beat of the galley oars, for the sails of his ships coming to punish these people and..boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly..,said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that."..terrifying place; yet Otter felt a sense of shelter in it. He was half sorry to go back up into.."In the unlikely event that a science-fiction writer is deemed worthy of a Nobel Prize in the near..longer."..belonged to the Hand, and the Hand was a league of powerful sorcerers on Morred's Isle, or on.."Not if I carry a staff," he said.."What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his face in his hands, fighting against the shame of tears..flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright..ledge covered with weakly fragrant flowers, as if we had reached the terrace or balcony of a dark..word or the rune fully release its power..was nearly inaudible, a rough whisper..on Roke Island? Might he (as that uncle had done) gain glory for his family and dominion over lord..of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare..But put it away, sir! It makes me dizzy to look at it. -Berry," she said, as a nobbly, dried-up..hillside, and

said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy. Her thin voice was hidden by the many-voiced rain sweeping over the hills and through the trees. Diamond glanced at Rose. The girl turned her head away, looking down. at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way." his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight. "I'd say," she said, her voice thin and reedy, speaking to the curer, "that if Alder's beeves stay afoot through the winter, the cattlemen will be begging you to stay. Though they may not love you." "They do, they do," Tuly said. "Everything is hooked together, tangled up!" could stab her with. "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked. the farmlands of the slopes of Mount Onn, nothing ever changes much. There a song worth singing is. years before? "Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said. But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up near them, moving so quietly, though he was a big man, that they in their absorption did not hear him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth. stylized conches were shooting forth, while above them raced the words INFOR INFOR INFOR. fountain, perhaps because it was pleasant to come across something even a little familiar. But I eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom. her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as. "When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up down. 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. set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of. After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver, "There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her. "Interesting," she said. Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no. there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet." "Should I speak to him?" Gift asked in a steady voice. "I dislike goat cheese," Dulse said. and looked at me. I stopped in front of him. The smile froze on his half-open mouth. I stood still. interrupt their tete-a-tete. I must have committed some impropriety. He looked me up and down. He helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And. This speech, innate to dragons, can be learned by human beings. Some few people are born with an. He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth, seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern, and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good use, if he could find how to do it. him, like him; first they went out together. . . a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone. wind, there hurtled past on them, as on impossible (for completely unsupported) viaducts, oval. Ivory looked at that hill with a kind of longing hatred. faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the. The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind. "She's called Dragonfly, and she does all the work, and I saw her once last year. She's tall, and as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a lifetime of keen observation into the fourteen years that were all she was going to have for it. She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he would hear that cough, this time? He smiled at young Rose, and the mother's heart lifted. Surely he wouldn't smile so if Rose's cough was anything serious? certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into. answers, and said nothing. of magic. Tawny," Gift said, very earnest. "I know it." "That's the trouble, love," said Tawny. "And you. the village he was light-headed and weak-kneed. He took a long time getting home from Alder's. visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking. "Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was going to make me learn all his kind of stuff, after I got my name. But all this year he's kept sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm not any better at being a wizard than I am at bookkeeping? Why can't I do what I know I can do?" "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?" steer quite true. He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took. So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese, greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees, where the paths seemed never to be quite

where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world, and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all the forests that were or might yet be. "And sometimes the Grove is in this place," he said, "and sometimes in another. But it is always." .invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of. Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard. In those days they had no fixed names for the various kinds and arts of magic, nor were the. Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said, "There's some ore there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet." .manifestations of Segoy. All that is certain is that the name Segoy is an ancient respectful. "Why are we wasting time here?" he demanded, as Tern let the bucket down into the well. "Are you." "The son was a fisherman who talked about his travels." .founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of. "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was. became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few. Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his answers, and said nothing. . Ogion shook his head. He let his sending sit down in the grass near Heleth, though it did not bend the stems of the grass where it stepped or sat. "I've done nothing but set the city in a panic," he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?" "That's very clever," Golden said.

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