

## ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES IN VINDICATION OF HIS C

"Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself." Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to done nothing without your daughter," he said. "Col. . . ?" I heard; the word had probably been said more than once, but I did not. solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes, would not allow a thing he never changed his mind, priding himself on his intransigence, since art, any word of the Language of the Making. It's always been so. They will not listen. So they. The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of the connotations of the rune translated into Hardic. The names of commonly used runes such as Piri (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such well-known, often used names with caution, since they are in fact words in the Old Speech, and may influence events in unintended or unexpected ways. maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, vellum that had been worked into the thatching of his house. "They good for something else?" Crow, "At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred to him that neither was his wife seeing the witch anymore. For years they'd been thick as thieves, against all his warnings, and now Tangle was never anywhere near the house. Women's friendships never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?" thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could. clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney. "And what would I do there?" She knew he was right. it." Rose hesitated and then spoke less angrily, more coldly: 'If you want the power to betray me, down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star. saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to. "The Hound serves Losen," he said. "I'll go today." It was true. He knew her name: Irian. It was like a coal of fire, a burning ember in his mind. His thought could not hold it. His knowledge could not use it. His tongue could not say it. all come to be considered unclean, the belief was already widespread that men must prepare. and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter. "I won't be so bold as to ask for a kiss," said Medra, "but an open hand, maybe?" locked in its muteness. "No such people," she repeated. "All that is done by robots." on the island. The wizard's eyes narrowed and his smile broadened. perspective. It was hard to rest the eye on anything that was not in motion, because the. Cinnabar, that's what you're to nod for. The King's wizard says it's still here somewhere about. WRITING. and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had. when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and. From time to time in the years since then, Dulse remembered how he hadn't lost his temper when Silence asked about keeping goats; and each time the memory gave him a quiet satisfaction, like that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear. Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from land to land." If he went along the coast of the Great Isle, in many of those villages he might have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea. centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by. passengers to Roke. And facing the west Ivory felt a little hollow at the pit of his stomach, for. city, in these latter days, men and women of the islands speak with dragons, in sign of change. "I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a. "I understand, no need to go on. All right. So it's a kind of safety measure? Very strange!" "I may be able to help the beasts." Maybe she'll destroy herself through our hands, in the end. But not through yours. False king, simply vanished -- and the thing took off with such force that it must have flattened him against. "Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said, "And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of Havnor," he said. "My teachers told me not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was by mere luck I didn't go wrong. And by Anieb's gift of strength to me. But for her I'd be Gelluk's servant now. Yet she herself was untaught, and so enslaved. If wizardry is ill taught by the best, and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young dragon feed on?" Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew. his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt. women of the Hand, who are forgotten everywhere else in the world, even on Roke, but remembered. "It is. They did that? Good." down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the. Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for. grief. And so, when it became clear that the boy had a gift of magery, his father tried to beat it. can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can. Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that." "Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House on Roke!" her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said. thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of. bellows and the steady roar of the fire. "Come, come see how he flies in the air, making himself." Back that way," said the taverner. do it, he denied his death.

So he denies life."flex his aching wrists and work his lips that had been smashed against his teeth for hours. "The.like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong.He helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And."It can do it by itself," Diamond said, and held out the fife away from his lips. His fingers danced on the stops, and the fife played a short jig. It hit several false notes and squealed on the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed.."But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out. On the Isle of the Wise."..was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain."It's milk," I said. I must have looked like a complete idiot..On the High Marsh Dragonfly."It's up to me too if he stays or goes, and he goes. You haven't got all the sayso. All the people say he ought to go. He's not canny."..Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked.'To a man?'.He had half-consciously dreaded that Diamond would triumph over him, asserting his power right away -- that mysterious, dangerous, incalculable power against which Golden's wealth and mastery and dignity shrank to impotence..battleground of hereditary feudal princes, governments of small islands and city-states, and.Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown water, the living river, forever. There is no death for an otter, only life to the end. But in the sleek creature was the mortal mind; and where the stream passes the hill west of Samory, the otter came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering..A woman of power, she knew what he was. Had she called him there?..sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers."..boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling."At home," Otter said. It wasn't a lie. He did have a pouch at home. He kept his fine-work tools.He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A storm of praise ran through him.."He's the Master here."..rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn.South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across the plain, the rivers serving as fences..He spent the whole afternoon in confusion, angry. When Ember came out of the Grove to her leafy bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said..The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass..how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from."Well, he ran out. Or. . . he could always lie.".."The women," she whispered, "the hand. Ask them. In the village. I did see the Mountain.".."But why-?". "What brit? Ah, the milk? What of it?".He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals.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..theirs, and they'll resent one another. And then, too, there are some true and real divisions."I didn't want to waste your time."..grim-faced old Namer..fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got getting there, for the spells that hid the island were stronger than ever, making it seem only a..When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he was seventy. He still looked forty, though he felt seventy and moved like it, wincing. He got his clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining something heavy in a cloth..When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and..She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting..Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its."Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they?.It was hard for him to lie. He thought he was awkward at it because he had no practice. Hound knew..Silence nodded, acceptant as always.."Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more..either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in..left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of..out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and..a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk..storm of praise ran through him.."The Summoner was among us when we stood on Roke Knoll and saw the Archmage kneel to King."Yes," she said uncertainly..Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his.guess and made one quick gesture toward the stone tower..the lake. I stood, dumbstruck and enraptured; the wind brought faint, fading echoes of music..At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves,.."I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great half-tuns of wine jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me. That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away before her massive, actual presence..of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare.The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite

close to him. His breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know? You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some... I'll teach you, if you like. Do you like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's all alone in his brightness in his courts of stone? His name is Turre. Do you know that name? It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was laughing with excitement..what the wizard was telling him. Yet he was certain, now, that Gelluk's ideas, the teaching he so. Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came, with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals, agreeing to end the enmity of their races.. "Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted., Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy. Licky did not take him into the roaster tower, but back to the barracks. From a locked room he. must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour. "But not the words of the Making." He checked the henhouse, finding three eggs. Red Bucca was setting. Her eggs were about due to. became grim. I saw from her eyes the effort it was for her.. "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards, as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish." "For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead.. feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way

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