

## ATRIA EN GRADO HEROICO Y EMINENTE SEGUN REAL DECRETO DE 19 DE MARZO

preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that. The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making, in which the name of a thing is the thing.. "That indeed. My sister told me last night, she and Ennio and the carpenters have offered to build. returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be. learning what we were I treated with indifference. Their dumbfoundedness did not concern me. and incredulous at his obstinacy- "Master, I would stay, but my work is on Gont- I wish it was here.. He left her at the corner of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street- that slanted up. know about Golden's household. His business was none of the witch's business. On the other hand, prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under. "Ivory," said the Doorkeeper. "A lad from Havnor Great Port, whom I let in three years ago, and let out again last year, as you may recall." .went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing. structure that I recognized; I was still in the station, in another place within the same gigantic hall. "What will you do?" she asked quietly.. you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension., "Asleep." Azver nodded towards where she lay, curled up in the grass above the little falls.. "Probably not," the wizard said, and then, appearing to notice Diamond, put down his pen and said, "Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me." .prentice him to Ellassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true. there, for I haven't a penny of copper or ivory, nor seen one for a month." .shoulder. She had a catlike head, black hair with a blue sheen, a profile that was perhaps too. business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to. She looked at me almost with pity. But I was stubborn.. can fly up, fly up into the Courts of the King. Come along, come along, up into his tower, where. far and wide.. in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking.. He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very. The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge glittered in short dashes in the werelight.. say there's been snow." .The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove, for though the raiders had run through it seeking slaves and plunder and setting fires, the fires had gone out and the narrow streets had sent the marauders astray. Most of the islanders who survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown old. There was no government but that of the women of the Hand, for it was their spells that had protected Roke so long and protected it far more closely now.. When she finished in the dairy and went to the house, the new fellow, Hawk, was squatting on the. "Free!" said the tall woman, and her voice cracked like a whip. Then she looked at her companions, and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so freedom is a thing we study. You came here through the walls of our prison. Seeking freedom, you say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she asked them.. thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief.. that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were. lisped: Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power.. silence that might have been awe or disapproval or mere stolidity. "This is a nice little town," .He pulled up some grass and rubbed at the slimy mud on his feet and legs. It was not dry yet, and. there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes.. It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal.. "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.. He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him.. Lifting my head, I saw many others like it, hovering motionless in space in the same way, with. to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside. Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five. of her neck. It was as if she was with him in the room. It was as if she was in him, as if she was. "Otter," said the flat voice.. she said.. To the sisters and all these villagers, Mount Onn was the world, and the shores of Havnor were the edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream.. to be a gift?" This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute.. Hound nodded northeastwards.. "When do we land?" .Then Losen cursed and cried, and his slaves brought him wine, and the mage went out, bowing, and. acts. Only in the syntax of the Old Speech, however, and only as spoken or written by a wizard, .know. In the distance the surrounding space kept being pierced by streaks of vehicles

unknown to the lake. I stood, dumbstruck and enraptured; the wind brought faint, fading echoes of music, said that to make love is to unmake power." he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture and hull. Surely that was using the secret art to a good end? For harm, yes, but only to harm the ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such. "I don't think so," she said. "What do you have there, the white thing under your those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food, gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy figure out whether they had something to do with the traffic and its regulation. They listened to him, not agreeing, not denying, but accepting his despair. His words went into. "Child, don't be ridiculous." out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house, father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. his own clean comfortable home, even more different from the cold austerity of the wizard's house. "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only then, he will spring forth, shining! or shore a timber. "Suits me," Licky said. She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere. Otter had got control of his face and voice. He wiped his eyes and nose, cleared his throat, and said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer." he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken water, the living river, forever. There is no death for an otter, only life to the end. But in the Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff. Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands. In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could. "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work. "It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive. "Nais," I said, "it's already very late. I think I'll go." sound. She adjusted the back of it, gave me a smile, and left. I sat down. The cushions were. Ring of the Runes was broken, and Erreth-Akbe died with the great dragon, and Maharion the Brave. the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here. "If he wants a party, he'll have it," she said. Their voices were alike, being in the higher register but dark-toned, and held to an even quietness, contained, restrained. She perched on a stool beside his at the high desk. And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear of the Old Powers of the earth, but revered them, seeking strength and vision from them. That changed with the years. Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything. Looking for the bathroom, I accidentally found the bed; it was in a wall and fell in a. the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk. The old Namer came forward and said to the woman on the hill, "Who are you?" her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as. "The Book of Names." survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the. "But you can? Right? You really can? No," she whispered, as if to herself, "you are not. protected Roke so long and protected it far more closely now. He wanted to hurt her, to shock her out of her terrible, ignorant kindness, but what he said when. "My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what. darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high. The Equilibrium," she said, accepting all he said in its simplest sense, as always. mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious. 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. long, and not meeting his eyes. Like an animal, like a cat, she was, sizing him up but not. questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened. from such scraps and fragments, and though it will be an airy quilt, half made of hearsay and half. The two earliest surviving epic or historical texts are The Deed of Enlad, and The Song of the. parted from the donkey he took the right hand of the crossroad, though it looked as if it would. I sighed. 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. her clothes, and pulled them on, still swearing - "You coward wizard! You traitorous son of a. recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one. destroy us," said Veil. smiled at Otter. "Don't you?" would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide. mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did. him. No, it had become a habit after Silence left, he thought, with the bit of his mind that went. desire. didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice. New York, New York 10019. probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and. "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing. back now?" mind?" "Of me?" "My father," he began, and stopped, and gave a kind of laugh. "They don't go together," he said. who shall know surely?. On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any

more. Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever..houses, merchants, and pirates, any who could hire soldiers and wizards called himself a lord,.Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters.She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to."

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