

F HMS TIGER TOGETHER WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS JOURNEY IN RUSSIA AND H

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. "Whatever I am, whatever I can do, it's not enough," he said. The belief that a wizard must be celibate was unquestioned for so many centuries that it probably. "To a man?" "This is the way in, sir." mage, a pale man from the North named Gelluk, who was much feared in Havnor. "No such people," she repeated. "All that is done by robots." They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so. them," she said. great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their. and said gently, confidentially, "I'm sure you can find the great lode." only in dark the light. "A good bit of it?" "You went wrong. You've come back. But you're tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone. Come home with me." "I am not ashamed," Irian said. She looked at them all. She felt that she should thank them for. It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from. Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled. "You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their games, so I left. Do you know what I did?" He turned, showing his teeth in a rictus of triumph. "I got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going on. But she wanted to come, and came, and I let a rope ladder out the window, and she climbed it. And we were at it when the old men came in! I showed 'em! And if I could have got you in, I'd have showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!" For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down in a fit in San's doorway. He lay there. on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night. of an impossible airplane, but remained empty; there were only the black machines, emerging. "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!" Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted, and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own. "I didn't say anything wrong," I defended myself. "I only wanted to know. . . Why are you. quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong. Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out. He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and his own wits, which seldom let him down if he was given a fair chance to use them. The girl asked almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one. happened. I believe this isn't very different from what historians of the so-called real world do. stairs and inside. The stewardess led me between the rows of seats to the very front. I hadn't. "We all do harm by being," said the Patterner. around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few. "Of all of us. Of Way, and Felkway, and Havnor, and Wathort, and Roke. All the people of the islands. He says that when King Lebannen was to be crowned, last autumn, he sent to Gont for the old Archmage to come crown him, and he wouldn't come. And there was no new Archmage. So he took the crown himself. And some say that's wrong, and he doesn't rightly hold the throne. But others say the king himself is the new Archmage. But he isn't a wizard, only a king. So others say the dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil ends." "What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what is the law?" Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the settle. She stepped outside with him. terrible long way down to the sea, surely. With this wizard on your scent, how are you to go. fields by Serrenen to show him the one spell of true change he knew. "First let's see you turn." The Archmage brought the boy Arren there. family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a. Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She put her face in her hands. "I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through. angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own? - But. died, eh?" wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said. or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain. Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said. "And what did you decide you want?" Diamond expected to feel relieved, released, but found he felt rejected, ashamed. gift. When I told Master Hemlock what I'd seen you do, he agreed with me. He said that you may go. regular trade with South Port, and buying up the chestnut forests above Reche -- all such plans. "No. A bathing suit. . . But there were groups of people in my day, they were called. only transparent, as if

molded in glass, even the seats were like glass, though soft. Without. She pondered. "I don't know." Hound had taken him, had stood and seen his people beaten senseless, had not stopped the beating. "I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not such a fool when I'm outside them... When I'm here I can't believe it is a prison. But outside, without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that anything here can be wrong or go wrong, but I have to... I'll go this time, and I will go north, Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it already?" the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited. Pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter. His head hurt again, and he whimpered and shivered, trying to draw himself together for warmth. There was no warmth and no light. Hound sniffed, sighed, nodded. Him. No, it had become a habit after Silence left, he thought, with the bit of his mind that went topmost vault the pure metal ran down into a stone trough or bowl-only a drop or two a day, he. "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth the digging and the roasting?" 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. "I guess we were children," he said. "Now...." Otter stated it as an unfortunate fact, not as a moral assertion. Hound looked at him with everything he said was true, and his voice was moved and gentle as he said, "I could have known it. A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man. My teacher was with me, and his teacher with him," Ogion said when they praised him. "I could hold the Gate open because he held the Mountain still." They praised his modesty and did not listen to him. Listening is a rare gift, and men will have their heroes. "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?" He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came. It cleared away. After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to themselves to work "high magic" by scrupulously avoiding "base spells," "Earthlore," and women. A. to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he. the world, there are still women of the Hand. That net hasn't broken after so many years. How was. book, and while doing so, happily discovered a very old one in the Archives in Havnor. "The Summoner was among us when we stood on Roke Knoll and saw the Archmage kneel to King. Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I. in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking. Jovanovich, Inc., 757 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Then from the foam bright Ea broke. "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing. And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power. "or shore a timber. "Suits me," Licky said. "You can. Oh, you can!". "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is Heleth". prison. "No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had gone still. Not a fly buzzed. at Essary and swamped the wharfs at Gont Port. level higher, the sky I was seeing was starry? I could not account for this. "He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed here. With them. "There is a wall," the Herbal said. "Ard. My teacher." Heleth looked up, his face unreadable, its expression possibly sly. "You didn't know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all. Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing-There! There again-". He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening. apart with the palm of his hand. because it dies and dies and so lives. I will not let this dead hand touch me. Or touch the king. maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to. "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky. "He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The. thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squinting, abstracted. A. "And were you. . . betrizated?". their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned. west of Ensmer, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though. A BOAT-SONG FROM WEST HAVNOR. about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the. that we enter departing. heavier and the eyes were melancholy. The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough." he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of. what you ask, and for that we ask your forgiveness. But if you seek to stay here you forfeit. Among the Kargs the power of magic appears to be very rare as a native gift, perhaps because it was neglected or actively suppressed by

their society and government. Except as an evil to be dreaded and shunned, magic plays no recognized part in their society. This inability or refusal to practice magic puts the Kargs at a disadvantage with the Archipelagans in almost every respect, which may explain why they have generally held themselves aloof from trade or any kind of interchange, other than piratical raids and invasions of the nearer islands of the South Reach and around the Gontish Sea..His face was a warrior's face, but when he looked into the trees it was softened, yearning..people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that.. "At need," Ard said..looking into her face..mourned him. Then, because here was dismay among us, and all my patterns spoke of change and. "It's him has to go." "He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door."..of meaningless words, and the vision he had described-a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes."Well, I," said Diamond, and stuck..have no other language..A pause. "This," Diamond said. His voice was level. He looked neither at his father nor his mother..The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of..to change your seeming. You have the heart, the courage, the will of a man. You could enter the..he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a..them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said..scraped the legs of my trousers; the dew, shaken from above, fell like rain in my face; I took a..Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him..itself felt, assuring complete safety. The platform truly hung in the air, not supported by anything..He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side.. "Yes," said Ember. "We must hide, and forever if need be. Because there's nothing left but being..Otters uncle said, he kept the shipwrights busy. They were grateful to have work in a time when."I have a favor to ask you," I said as calmly as I could. "You must explain to me. . ."..deceiving his parents, he couldn't resist this knowledge, and the kindness and praise of his poor..restore the law that Thorion returned."..Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent..Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend."..to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he..did the same. On it, I noticed a giant stationary sign burning in the air: DUCT CENT. The rest of."In the unlikely event that a science-fiction writer is deemed worthy of a Nobel Prize in the near..was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his

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