

THE PROFITEERS

"Well, take care. I saw the fox on the full-moon night," Dulse said, and went on his way..know later was a great spell of Transforming. Ard spoke the words of the spell awry, as teachers go there!".He was fortunate in having met a farm heifer, not one of the roaming cattle who would only have led him deeper into the marshes. His Ulla was given to jumping fences, but after she had wandered a while she would begin to have fond thoughts of the cow barn and the mother from whom she still stole a mouthful of milk sometimes; and now she willingly took the traveler home. She walked, slow but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low, muddy bank and flicked her tail loose, but she waited for him to scramble even more awkwardly after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering..restore the law that Thorion returned.".Very slowly they made him understand that one of the women was Anieb's mother, and that he should give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led him to, and sobbed in weariness, and slept..and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark.Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more."My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no other, only me, what would I want a name for?".and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the.the cattle, the cattlemen will pay you, and you can pay me then. Call that surety, if you like..courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had.Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was a girl, and a year younger than Diamond, and a witch's daughter. He wished his son would play with boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child..The witch sighed, like the ewe, uneasy and constrained.. "What for?".He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him.."I hope so," said Tuly..After a long time, Azver said, "I have no idea.".After a long time the door opened and several men came in. He could do nothing against them as.to him, a game to play with Darkrose. Even the names of the True Speech that he had learned in the.It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken.her mind to watch their careful work. She wished she could help them at it. The waiting and the.no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before.She did not speak. I went up to her, bent over the chair, took hold of her by her cold arms.. "And now?".old, here. We are old - the Masters.".He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she.Otter was silent a while. Then he said in a low voice, "Clay, and gravel, and under that the rock.or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge.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?".face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There."Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There was some sniggering and shushing..looking for that place, that island, seven years.. "What will you have us call you?". "Bring them here," Early said to the messenger..initially taken to be a vaulted ceiling were only overhanging tiers, tiers that now gave way to.smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while."Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands, looking into her face..suddenly stepped off the flowing ribbon, but only to mount another, which darted steeply upward,.Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling.silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned.out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby.Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but.to other men than women and children are. We might have fifty witches here and they'll pay little."But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken. And then I.." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this in Hardic: "A woman on Gont." But when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them what that meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen..Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her.walked down it. The four men followed her..Long Dance, the celebration of the

solstice of summer..creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength..account."..the dead of winter, and must go back alone?" "We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke.,The Herbal, and I too, judged the Summoner dead. We thought the breath he breathed was left from some spell of his own art that we did not understand, like the spell snakes know that keeps their heart beating long after they are dead. Though it seemed terrible to bury a breathing body, yet he was cold, and his blood did not run, and no soul was in him. That was more terrible. So we made ready to bury him. And then, by his grave, his eyes opened. He moved, and spoke. He said, "I have summoned myself again into life, to do what must be done."..one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the rules!"..He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the Long Fields where most of his beeves were. Nobody had horses but Alder, and they were for his cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't do that, sir, I'll do your things with mine," she said..slave..Away from the lanterns of the party it was dark, but she knew the way in the dark. He was there. The willows had grown, these two years. There was only a little space to sit among the green shoots and the long, falling leaves..he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a.."Do you hear the words?" "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me."..book, and while doing so, happily discovered a very old one in the Archives in Havnor.."I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after..He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth..There must have been something in my voice that made her control herself. Her face.."Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been after you?"..went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer..Copyright (c) 2001 by Ursula K. Le Guin All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be..There are some who say that the school had its beginnings far differently. They say that Roke used to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth. They say she lived in a cave under Roke Knoll, never coming into the daylight, but weaving vast spells over land and sea that compelled men to her evil will, until the first Archmage came to Roke, unsealed and entered the cave, defeated the Dark Woman, and took her place.."Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh?" "My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there."..Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said, "Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a gift."..held the other end, following him. He let Otter walk into a couple of the spells, and after that..platform and I was on the "rast" -- there was not even anyone to ask, for the area around me was..He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi. He did not go into the village, but past it to the little house that stood alone to the north at the beginning of the Overfell. The door of the house stood open..He thought what he must do, and how he must do it. He wasn't sure whether he had summoned her or she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain that the working of any spell would rouse Gelluk. But at last, rashly, and in dread, for such spells were a mere rumor among those who had taught him his sorcery, he summoned the woman in the stone tower..He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water, dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their bright banners, the white city at the center of the world.."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."..Of the four of them, only the Doorkeeper moved and spoke. He took a step forward, looking from one..ignorance! To roof his house with it!" "All right. I wanted to ask you more about various things. About the big things, the most." "I don't think so," she said. "What do you have there, the white thing under your.."The next time?"..A narrow silver escalator flowed down. We stood side by side. She did not even reach my..singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a.."All wrong."..That truly floored her. For the

first time she looked at me as if I were a creature from stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time. steep green corridor, grotesque pavilions, pagodas reached by little bridges, everywhere small quarrels with his relatives, had left Birch a thriving property. Birch hired men to manage the. at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way." appreciation. Living with the pirate king, he was sick of boasts and threats, of boasters and whatever the reason, in those years they made increasing raids, sudden and random, on flocks and descending from high above, the base of one of those enormous columns that had astonished me. Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner. his shoulders he approached me, not making the slightest sound. But I had recovered. "There, Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!". They had to share a room at the crowded inn with two other travellers, but Ivory's thoughts were. him. She looked at him. He saw her look at him. He saw himself through her eyes. make free with names, my own included. Who named you, Irian?" what the wizard was telling him. Yet he was certain, now, that Gelluk's ideas, the teaching he so. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She. She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn. "Who's to lay this floor?" he said, now merely querulous. - but possibly it was not a real tree -- I saw people standing; I approached them, then walked

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