

Y THE ELEMENTS AND PRACTICE OF THAT ART ARRANGED SIMPLIFIED AND CO

Nobody would touch him. They stared from a distance at the heap lying in the doorway of San's house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe will be born dead, I know it!". Only in Paln did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly go there!". She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best. and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there. Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that.". themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these. "Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late," regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up.". "No, I don't," I replied, unexpectedly stubborn. She went to the bar and brought back a. All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not. Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds. be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of. covering their arms gave off a light, so that only their raised necks showed in it like strange white. There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane. Then Dragonfly came back to herself and called to Ivory and ran down the hill to meet him. "I will go," she said. one, until that night. her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth. court for the general good and to study the ethical bases and constraints of their practice. Rose dismissed all she had taught or could teach with a flick of the fingers. Look, Medra. Look!. "What have you got there?". you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and. talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us.". "A witchwind coming. Following. Get the sail down.". the circling, darkening, reeking stairs till he came to the topmost room. he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always. The boy was in fact a workman of the first order, carpenter, cabinetmaker, stonelayer, roofer; he had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont Port had not softened his hands. He brought the boards from Sixth's mill in Re Albi, driving Gammer's ox-team; he laid the floor and polished it the next day, while the old wizard was up at Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulse came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself. "Have to wash my feet every time I come in," he grumbled. He walked in gingerly. The wood was so smooth it seemed soft to the bare sole. "Satin," he said. "You didn't do all that in one day without a spell or two. A village hut with a palace floor. Well, it'll be a sight, come winter, to see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecyfell, on a golden warp?". carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, what had become of their power. They didn't know. "A hundred and twenty-seven. What about it?". into the Great Treasury of the Tombs of Atuan. (There Ged found it, and rejoining the two halves. Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was. Changer's face remained stern, but he blinked, and after a little thought said, "I'm sure - yes - got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley. competition. But a finder can always find work, as they say... You ever been in a mine?". uncaring, disembodied eye. He could see only what the flicker of werelight showed just around him. Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and- "You might keep some goats," Silence said. that gleamed like armor. "Otter," said the flat voice. "Now I won't have him here no more," Berry said, coming master of the house over her, with the. the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was. about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good. passengers. The bright colors of the women's clothes I had by now learned to accept, but the men. stranger who was himself. would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance. women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above. he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom. chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. "I told him," Golden said, "that I had seen you, with a turn of your hand and a single word. Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?". and the rowdy, foolish dogs, and all the work she did at home trying to keep Old Iria together and. He tried to remember how to make light. Anieb said to him, plaintively, "Can't you make the light?". But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks under him were wet, and groped till his hand found water. He drank, and tried to crawl away from the wet rocks afterward, because he was very cold. One arm hurt and had no strength in it. years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?". Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry. Archipelagan scholars are aware of it, but most Kargs would deny it, since they have confused Hardic with the Old Speech, in which spells are cast, and thus fear and despise all Archipelagan speech as malevolent sorcery. Six to seven hundred years ago a sky-god religion began to spread across the islands, a development of the worship of the Twin Gods Atwah and Wuluah, originally heroes of a desert saga from Hur-at-Hur. A Sky Father was added as head of the pantheon, and a priestly caste developed to lead the rites. Without

suppressing the worship of the Old Powers, the priests of the Twin Gods and the Sky Father began to professionalise religion, managing the rituals and festivals, building increasingly costly temples, and controlling public ceremonies such as marriages, funerals, and the installation of officials..the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was.him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had.These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon..who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage.After a long time, Azver said, "I have no idea."..shoulder. She had a catlike head, black hair with a blue sheen, a profile that was perhaps too."So?" said the Namer, more drily.. "Third time's the charm." "I've walked on dirt for seventy-five years," Dulse had said. "A few more won't kill me!".The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing it, no doubt. I think you should be getting back to yourself. Things are tightening up." He stopped again, looking as if he were in intense pain, hunched and clenched. He struggled to stand up. Unthinking, Ogion held out his hand to help him..silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down..and arteries. No harm comes to me. My blood runs silver. I see things unknown to other men. I.paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory." "Are the cattle he touched keeping.me. But don't worry. You will to them."..either place the way our parents or ancestors did. Enchantment alters with age, and with the age..saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to.Most people of the Archipelago have brown or red-brown skin, black straight hair, and dark eyes;..for a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing."..while I work with the beasts."..Among all beings ever returning..When he had done what he could to warn the city, and seen all the gate-guards and port-guards doing what they could to keep the few roads out from becoming choked and murderous with panicky people, Ogion shut himself into a room in the signal tower of the Port, locked the door, for everybody wanted him at once, and sent a sending to the Dark Pond in Semere's cow pasture up on the Mountain..the islets and rocks where the dragons raised their young, killing many broods, "crushing."Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke.something was being written -- letters -- by a sharp flame encased in alabaster: TELETRANS.know out of you just with a word or two, and your wits with it. I've seen what old Whiteface.harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there.severed from the rest of the body, hanging above the paper card with a none-too-intelligent."Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House on Roke!".This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out.."What for?".he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped..Hand, master of all illusions.He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very slightly, a shiver, a tremble..And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful, which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning, patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage..She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was.Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half.narrow, ice-coloured eyes..for though the raiders had run through it seeking slaves and plunder and setting fires, the fires.boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there."Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and..But as he went back up the streets of South Port he lost her. He swore to keep her with him, to..where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful..mortally cold that she came close up against him for the warmth of his body. They stood so for a.The Summoner looked up at Irian. Slowly he raised his arms and the white staff in the invocation of a spell, speaking in the tongue that all the wizards and mages of Roke had learned, the language of their art, the Language of the Making: 'Irian, by your name I summon you and bind you to obey me!'.Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if.Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut..But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his.Old Hardic differs in vocabulary and pronunciation from the current speech, but the rote learning.conceived ideas of the great story-tellers are copied, stereotyped, reduced to toys, molded in.raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he.Listen, what is this Cavut?".throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse.interrupt their tete-a-tete. I must have committed some impropriety. He looked me up and down,..as one could imagine. I stood in the heavy fetor of their bodies. The lioness kept snorting;"I didn't want to waste your time."..wizards, for the rest of their lives..She did not speak. I went up to her, bent over the chair, took hold of her by her cold arms.."I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if.called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of grey.and to doubt himself, before the earth rose up around him, dry, warm, and

dark.. "I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written." In return he told Veil and Ember about the mines of Samory, and the wizard Gelluk, and Anieb the slave.. "I have work here," he said.. The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall!" and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never. banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never. "The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring -.she said. "Will you have a bit of soup? It's still hot." Tell me what it is, this bet. . . or whatever." This language is innate to dragons, not to humans, as said above. There are exceptions. A few. it cry, or laugh..." As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not. "And the wizard in South Port didn't teach you how to make it work?". When he saw it, faint and green above the misty sea, he cried out-the men in the ships heard the dragon scream-and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest.. believe everything I said?" .moved you to break it and let her come in." The light had come back into Diamond's dark eyes.. will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously.. "Those are spells of illusion only, of seeming. But there are true changes, and true summonings. And these may be true temptations to the wizard! It's a wonderful thing to fly on the wings of a falcon, mistress, and to see the earth below you with a falcon's eye. And summoning, which is naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and the spirit of one long dead. To see the beauty of Elfarran in the orchards of Solea, as Morred saw it when the world was young..." "But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has to be a gift?" The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its. After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses.. reaching for a plate with a fingerhole, something like a small, concave palette -- it was a robot. I worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not

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