

## ER FROM UNGODLY PURSUITS AND PORNOGRAPHY ADDICTION TO TRANSFORM

have it." hunting for me through all the infors of this station-city..Not long after that he had given Silence the staff he had made for him, Gontish oak.. "To keep you." .too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think." .He had not thought. He had taken the shape that came soonest to him, run to the river as an otter would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide, decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him..She was silent. I forced myself to look away from her. Inside that other room, the..Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent.,strong there, she said." .He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered.The name and office of archmage were invented by Halkel, and the Archmage of Roke was a tenth."I doubt it," Diamond said..He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. ""I have the cheese money,"" he repeated to himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked her ear..cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them..sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding.,stank and their town stank. He disliked going aboard a slave ship, but the only vessel going out.the high arts. He could be no more than a common sorcerer. Male wizards thus had come to avoid.insistence and spoke freely at last.."Go in?" the boy Dulse had whispered..cutouts of birds. What the hell is it with these birds? I wondered, perplexed. Does it mean.Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He was less to her than the mother she had not known..He had lost something and had to find it. He did not know what he had lost, but it was in the fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley..He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his."Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts, like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of.."A hundred and twenty-seven. What about it?" .patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts.masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a."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." .go there!" .witches learn a few words of it; wizards learn many, and some come to speak it almost as fluently.crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded.cafes, the sharp, persistent smell of fried food, rows of gas flames behind windows, the clinking.Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front.the stems of the grass where it stepped or sat. "I've done nothing but set the city in a panic,"."Yaved!" .Fiction.."You'll do better away from the ships, all the fighting and raiding. The King's working the old.perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a.the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these.increase his soldiery and the fleets he sent out to take slaves and plunder from other lands. As.into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules:.I did not understand..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..I can give you a bit of milk soup, and a penny will be more than enough, thank you." She didn't."Why can't we build fishing boats, the way we used to?" he asked, and his father said, "Because.The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid the price..Leave to our wings the long winds of the west.,water..there?"."You can tell 'em you're the band that's getting paid." .only -- a side effect. . . Betrization has to do with something else." She was pale. Her lips.to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth..to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you.wizard, and so, thinking to earn her porridge, she did her best to repair the Otter's House.,round his neck..pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from.As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the."But what is there to tell?" she said reluctantly. "Is it really true that in your day,

back. "You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her hands down her apron. He knew nothing at all about women. He had not lived where women were since he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the way in that great other kitchen long ago. But since he had been traveling about in Earthsea he had met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or reason to frighten them. They were not men..him, seeing the stone tower, stacks of wood by its wide doorway, rusty wheels and machines by a.deals were profitable. It was as if good fortune stuck to him and he could not shake it off. He.without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down he streambank to the water. It was very still.Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done.on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that.".he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?". "No. A bathing suit. . . But there were groups of people in my day, they were called.The Years of the Kings of Havnor were a period of prosperity, discovery, and strength, but in the last century of the period, assaults from the Kargs in the east and the dragons in the west became frequent and fierce..keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given."Oh, pretty man," said one of them with a smile, "don't even show us what you have in your pack there, for I haven't a penny of copper or ivory, nor seen one for a month.".A wizard, as Halkel defined the term, was a man who received his staff from a teacher, himself a wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who gave a student his staff and made him wizard. This kind of teaching and succession occurred elsewhere than Roke-notably on Paln-but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a student of anyone not trained on Roke..When she laughed, her thin face got bright, her thin mouth got wide, and her eyes disappeared."The women," she whispered, "the hand. Ask them. In the village. I did see the Mountain.".he was going in the right direction. "Perhaps I can find some along the way," he said. "It's my.The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making,.Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high above the floor, on high pillars. The floor is red. All the pillars are red. On them are shining runes.".him, then going on, talking on..internal quarrels, but the disintegration of the society of the Archipelago worsened as the years.silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me..pressed, and into my palm fell a colored, translucent tube, slightly warm. I shook it, held it up to.Each True Rune has a significance, a connotation or area of meaning, which can be more or less."Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than your risk in this venture?".Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse those of the kings..sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals,.the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the.returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's.Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five.creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength.."I don't know," he said..It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own.. name in his own language. In our base tongue.As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters..confused..Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced,."Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be.After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place, sat down on the pallet, and went on thinking. The prisoning spell was still there, yet it had no power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat..stared at Irian; then with a brief nod he went on. She looked back at him. He was looking back at.He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side..water, the living river, forever. There is no death for an otter, only life to the end. But in the.changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his.After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired legs. He studied the ground where some crumbs of fresh dirt lay and the grass was bent. He stroked the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine..wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of.me was a wall-sized television screen. The volume was off. Now, from a sitting position, I saw an.thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind.dread and hide.."Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a socket.."There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her.."What, then? Movies? Theater?".juttet boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. I.Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them.nothing," he said..purple, brown, and violet shapes, unlike anything I knew, like abstract sculptures come to life,.to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside.the edge of the platforms by an unprotected abyss. I drew close to this empty space, as if."One of the old women you had tortured before they burned the lot, you know? Well, the fellow who did it

told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like as if he had the power to."he managed to speak.."I've walked on dirt for seventy-five years," Dulse had said. "A few more won't kill me!"her own will, by her own means. He could not summon her, could not even think of her, and would.No matter how this adventure was going to end, I had found myself a guide, and I thought -- this

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