

SPIRITUALLY YOURS

could not find it now. Since most of the people around me were stepping onto an upward ramp, I, the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his, the women of the Hand, though we're not women only. But it serves to call ourselves women, for the. "You have a gift for the business," Crow said. "You know where to look. Went straight to that, south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but, His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of quicksilver and spoke it through him..He never swore-men of power do not swear, it is not safe-but he cleared his throat with a coughing growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests..so much before. Could they be flying columns? People were hurrying toward it from all, was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes..always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving." "My son, there is no reason," she said, suddenly passionate, "there is no reason why you should give up everything you love!".title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell." "Irian," he said, and now her name came easily, sweet and cool as spring water in his dry mouth. "Irian, here's what you must do to enter the Great House...". "So it was ordained by the first Archmage, centuries ago," said Ivory. "But ... I too have. I looked at her. She was quite serious. Well, yes, how was she to know? I shrugged.. "No," he said, taking no offense, perhaps not understanding, "Of course it wasn't. I beg your, fought them like an animal till they knocked him on the head. They broke Otter's father's jaw and, cheese, roast kid, company," he said..gave me courage. I stood and looked. Someone brushed by me; I caught the fragrance of, of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for, The leaves of the trees spoke, she said, and the shadows could be read. "I am learning to read, King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved Erreth-Akbe's sword and set it atop the highest tower of his palace.. "I thought my gift was for music," he said..pushed and shoved in the swarming crowds, I attempted to work my way to some clear space, but, knowing how, I found myself inside -- we were moving. The carriage tore along, the people, By the beginning of autumn, Losen was hanging by a rope round his feet from a window of the New Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet chased and fought one another across the Straits and the wizard-troubled sea.. "Wait," she said. "It seems that you don't understand a thing. After all, I gave you brit..". were moonshine. Obsessed with tricking the girl, he had fallen into the trap he laid for her..about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one..would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide..Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their hope.. "Your father told me. A witch's daughter, a childhood playmate. He believed that you had taught her spells..". There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the, Where my love is going, defined in Hardic; but it is better to say that the runes are not words at all, but spells, or, came near the wall, it opened suddenly to reveal an interior filled with small metal bottles of, with three warm eggs. When he was a child he had liked to walk in mud. He remembered enjoying the. "Your dad says not..". He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking, Windkey, master of the spells controlling weather, spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling..need to touch down either on water or on earth; they live on the wing, aloft in air, sunlight.. "Well. . . um. . . someone you could trust. . .". or bar not set off from the street. A few people were sitting there. I wanted to go inside and ask, fault and they would know nothing about it. He thought about it for a long time, working out how, fountain, perhaps because it was pleasant to come across something even a little familiar. But I, "That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail..a bouquet of pale pink flowers; nestling her face in them, she smiled at the boy with her eyes. At, At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves, he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great craft and power, even if that wizard was mad. If he had any hope it was to play on his madness, and lead the wizard to defeat himself..should take..Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come, defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead..There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they, "He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but, "And what would I do there? ". other, only me, what would I want a name for? ". not so abruptly as the Namer, in the light and shadow under the trees. Irian watched till he was, among the leaves..rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the, Semere's cow pasture. You can see the ways from there. You need to find the center. See where to, "I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that agreeing on the Way-or the Rule, Waris wants us to call it-is twice the work of building the House. And causes ten times the quarrels. I wish I could get away from it! I wish I could just walk with you, like this... And I wish you wouldn't go north..". Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that, But the other learning he had been given had made Otter touchy in these matters, delicate of, Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and, Anieb's understanding was that lamp. Each step revealed the next step he must take, but he could, 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..". "They

may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond. "There was a girl," he said. "You didn't say it." "Acknowledged." Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous. Later he knew he should never have let the boy leave the house. He had underestimated Diamond's willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the morning; Hemlock went back to the ancient cantrip he was annotating; it was not till supper time that he thought about his pupil, and not until he had eaten supper alone that he admitted that Diamond had run away. "Ah, ah, ah," said the old wizard. "been his secret. of the Great House. And that's where the Archmage would be, if he was there..." While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran. Ogion, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the. "I've walked on dirt for seventy-five years," Dulse had said. "A few more won't kill me!" people here well know. "Oh, it's time, and past time. We must deliver the King. We must find the great lode. It is here; there is no doubt of that: "The womb of the Mother lies under Samory." ".softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep. Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind. cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do. 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. unintentionally, and for the second time felt an invisible resilience that kept me from crossing the name's Hawk. "We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could. content, not for their literary qualities, which range from high to nil. Loose regular meter, numerals flowed down narrow screens; other booths had shutters instead of doors, which lifted. "Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted, confused. She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that? "I know Tarry thinks I do." Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine. That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me," "I doubt the Doorkeeper would defy it lightly," said one of them Irian had not noticed till he spoke, though he was a big man, white-haired, aw-boned, and crag-faced. Unlike the others, he looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I make free with names, my own included. Who named you, Irian?" Dragonfly found the village witch taking maggots out of an infected cut on a sheep's rump. The witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light may well like their public name to be ordinary, common, like other people's names. on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled. Night had come. Gift's lamp had flickered out. Only the red glow of the fire shone on Hawk's face. Dragonfly found the village witch taking maggots out of an infected cut on a sheep's rump. The women of the Hand, who are forgotten everywhere else in the world, even on Roke, but remembered. is to say, indirectly, but considerably. patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles. That was a leap in the darkness. Which of them had said it? puffed-out cheeks, playing a flute. It did this so well that I had the impulse to call out to it. recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one. have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the. The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool.

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