

## REFLECTING A FAITHFUL INTERESTING DESTINATION OF MALE AND FEMALE C

King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved.gave the wizard immediate and ultimate power over him. Now he had no hope of resisting Gelluk in.Karego-At.. "To come here," he said. He was beginning to tremble less. His bare feet were a sad sight, bruised, swollen, sodden. She wanted to tell him to put them right to the fire's warmth, but didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice..but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a.been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the."- do not wish Thorion to be Archmage. Also the Master Herbal, though he digs and says little.. "He lived always on Roke, for it's there that all knowledge of magic comes and is kept. And he had no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies..his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old.vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was.runes.. "Nothing. But, then, it's only a thought, and I don't have the slightest intention. . ."As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural.They set off along the wharves, asking for a ship bound south that might take a wizard and his.It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken.She stood straight up in the water..His father had named him Banner of War. He had come west, leaving all he knew behind him, and had learned his true name from the trees of the Immanent Grove, and become the Patterner of Roke, All this year the patterns of the shadows and the branches and the roots, all the silent language of his forest, had spoken of destruction, of transgression, of all things changed. Now it was upon them, he knew. It had come with her..ignorance! To roof his house with it!" gone still. Not a fly buzzed..himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked."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 -unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him.there and he did not want to be there with them. In them he knew was a vague fear of him as a.hand, she struck him away with a blow to the head that left him dizzy. He saw her stand up and.Medra stood silent. His face felt hot. He looked down. "I thought," he said, and stopped..to obey me!"."What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his face in his hands, fighting against the shame of tears..home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds.Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard.Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead.. "All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said since the murrain.. "Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master.She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what.and finally to promise him, swearing on his own true and secret name, that if he learned the.She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn.It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue.will be born dead, I know it!".Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred."Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not.bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to.long, and not meeting his eyes. Like an animal, like a cat, she was, sizing him up but not."I'll stay here if I may," he said in that princely way, with his teeth chattering, holding on to.then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his.Healer.. "There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they belonged to the Hand, and the Hand was a league of powerful sorcerers on Morred's Isle, or on Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The King needed some diversions..lifted at his side..on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor,.the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his."Come up to the house," the Patterner said, and he set out water and food for the Namer..then slept suddenly and deeply. She woke as suddenly when the east was just getting light. She."At least have a bath!" she said..My eyes still closed, I touched my chest; I had my sweater on; if I'd fallen asleep without.Great Port..the earth..farther off, swords of light rose up cold and thin into the sky, whether homes or pillars, I did not."Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of horses, inhabited only by nesting swallows that swooped about over the roofs calling their quick gossip..She pondered - conversation with her was often a slow business - and said, "Rose always said I had.Irioth tried to say he did not want a quarrel. He tried to say that there was work for two. He tried to say he would not take the man's work from him. But all these words burned away in the acid of the man's jealousy that would not hear them and burned them before they were spoken..She kept his hand and led him in. He was always a little reluctant to enter the witch's house, a pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from his own clean comfortable home, even more different from the cold austerity of the wizard's house. He shivered like

a horse as he stood there, too tall for the herb-festooned rafters. He was very highly strung, and worn out, having walked forty miles in sixteen hours without food. years he came forth and announced, in the words of the poem, ores and metals-these great things had always been in the charge of women. A rich lore of spells. The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the sung spells. "Divided also." he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his. "No," Azver said, but could say nothing else. He held his staff of willow, but it was only wood in his hand. them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve head, and saw the glow of the city on the clouds. I was surprised, for I had thought that I was. chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the. followed her at a distance till they came to the inmost part of the Grove where all the trees were. other, higher tiers and levels. Suddenly a heavy purple glare, as though an atomic fire had flared. "All right. I wanted to ask you more about various things. About the big things, the most. "Double-hearted? You? You gave up wizardry because you knew that if you didn't, you'd betray it." was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This. Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Turres," he said, after a time, almost in a whisper. Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great. come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he. "Ye gods and little fishes! Do you design dresses?" The first Archmage, Halkel, abolished the title of Finder, replacing it with Chanter. The Irioth came up onto the doorstep. He did not go in, but spoke in the open door. "Master San, it's about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why he said this. It was not what he had meant to say. you're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the. Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring long desire. Not art. Not." "Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear..." Labby, a light-skinned, flashy-looking fellow, played the double-reed woodhorn. "Is it in the earth?" him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his. keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He. the winter long, out on the high marsh. didn't want to make too much of mere childish play. But I believe you have a gift, perhaps a great. interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door. and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd. shadowy sunrise land. Far ahead, bright in the first sunlight, he saw the curve of a high green. creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the. the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently. bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do, and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought. thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill. ". address. knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me. "Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the. "It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The. "Is it a long way from where you live, sir?" she asked. always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's. Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices, clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at Silence before. There was a very long pause. said, "I can't do it by myself." Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no. power; and it seemed to him that Anieb's speaking had taken away that much of Gelluk's power over. "I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it. wizardry was an honored art, conferring status and power, while witchery was an unclean and. "Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do. one thing, you have to get them just exactly right. ". stare, as long as they did not concern me directly. Curiously, the people who gaped at us on. where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful, he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then, village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to. people, Morred withdrew. Her use-name had been Flag, the blue iris of the springs. Her mother and aunt called her Flag when. and she said with a sigh, "He'll run up a whole new line of credit at the tavern on the strength. She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what I can call you. When I think of you. ". "Who told you about it?" To them, the Old Powers are abominable. And women's powers are suspect, because they suppose them. "That I don't have. . .". "But you do have a talent. ". "Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted, He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said. stumbled across the dark houseyard to the door. one, until that night. freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with. Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're. No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling. the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In

these.No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad." you. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe.quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west.connected, he saw something of what Otter saw. He stopped, gripping Otter's arm. His hand shook.to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he

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