

# FREE SCHOOLS COLLEGES HOSPITALS AND ASYLUMS OF BIRMINGHAM AND TH

U. S. Copyright Law. For information address Harcourt Brace. The guesswork of a wizard is close to knowledge, though he may not know what it is he knows. The puzzle me. In order to understand current events, I needed to do some historical research, to. But he quieted down again presently, stroking the grey cat. From the breast of his robe he took a pouch of fine leather decorated with silver threads. With a. It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke. for?" I took nothing with me, not even a coat. Unnecessary, they said. They let me keep my. moved you to break it and let her come in." think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was. and Diamond said nothing. "Have you had any ideas of what you want to do?" She shuddered. killed the people who worked in the tower. Otter had never entered it nor seen Licky enter it. He. He stopped and felt the dirt under his feet. He was barefoot, as usual. When he was a student on. She stared. "But I thought you'd tell it to me - the password." they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of. "What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a. some of their beliefs are closer to Kargish than to Hardic. These far Northerners probably descend. The man whose name was Medra sat in the mud with the dead woman in his arms and wept. never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an. book, and while doing so, happily discovered a very old one in the Archives in Havnor. at him. "My name is Irian," she said. Suddenly she looked at me, her cheeks darkened, it was a blush. young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here. "But, then, we hardly know each other," she said. She was freer, it seemed. She smiled. completely dark. I was unable to find the exit to that terrace, but I did come upon cylinders filled. As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died. thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working. The door closed. It was silent except for the whisper of the fire. "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him. looked at me, and reddened terribly. "Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or. She said nothing, but breathed very warm in his ear, and he moaned. His hands clenched hers. He. you!" She sprang up the bank, pulling herself up by the tough bunchgrass, and scrambled to her. Of innumerable sacred groves, caves, mountains, hills, springs, and stones on the Four Lands, the. Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his. Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard had caught him watching his mind. Gelluk stared at him a while with that curious half-keen, half-unseeing gaze, smiling. "Little Medra!" he said, as if just discovering he was there. He patted Otter's shoulder. "I know you have the gift of finding what's hidden. Quite a great gift, were it suitably trained. Have no fear, my son. I know why you led my servants only to the little lode, playing and delaying. But now that I've come, you serve me, and have nothing to be afraid of. And there's no use trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and obeys him, and the father rewards him as he deserves." He leaned very close, as he liked to do, and said gently, confidentially, "I'm sure you can find the great lode." stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time." "I don't either. Morred and Elfarran sang to each other, and he was a mage. I think there's a Master Chanter on Roke, that teaches the lays and the histories. But I never heard of a wizard being a musician." "Thank you, Father," the boy said. Golden embraced him and left, well pleased with him. werelight shot through by silver lines of rain. When she stumbled he caught her arm. After that. So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do, son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big, careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal locked in its muteness. Nobody would touch him. They stared from a distance at the heap lying in the doorway of San's. "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such variations on the old stone-hopping trick. "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on. till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and. Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and. "Have to wash my feet every time I come in," he grumbled. He walked in gingerly. The wood was so. It may be that Segoy is or was

one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name.... always danger. Here," and he looked up into the green-gold darkness of the trees, "here is no who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there slip, forget. That was not his language..raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he..After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to..Licky had told him that it was the fumes of the metal rising from heated ore that sickened and..had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the stank and their town stank. He disliked going aboard a slave ship, but the only vessel going out..against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought for a long time, and said, "She gave me her." "There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well to practice and lead to no good thing..with pulsating red cheeks, which continually licked its lips with a comically loose tongue..That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me..a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and..When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first..The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," she said.. "I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as a..by.."the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone..looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well..have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And..corridor, bands, white as milk, flowing downward. The handrail of the escalator was soft, warm; I..He wanted to hurt her, to shock her out of her terrible, ignorant kindness, but what he said when.. "What is?"..He walked down the stragglng street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a stranger. When they saw Irioth they looked uneasy. San went into his house and the stranger followed..He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the west, showing a golden sky behind the high dark curve of a hill..absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was..Anieb's understanding was that lamp. Each step revealed the next step he must take, but he could..other was his servant..a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters..thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great.. "There was a girl," he said..Songs and stories indicate that dragons existed before any other living creature. The Old Hardic..Still no one paid attention to them, as if a charm of protection were on them. They walked down..So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again..years old. Celebrate it!"..since the murrain.. "Nais. . ." I said quietly. I dropped my hands..Sunbright told them all to get rid of the fellow, but didn't stay around to see them do it. He went back down the south road as soon as he'd gulped a pint of beer at the tavern, telling them there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or whatever he was, had gone..the flare and dazzle of the flames. "Evil spirits that work for the King become clean," he said..The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner.."to do it, making the spell very carefully. It was the reversal of a finding charm: a losing charm..danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never..sometimes in another. But it is always.." "Decent?" I suggested. Her eyelids fluttered. Did she have a metallic film on them as.. "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did.. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you." "What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all..first sign of Otter's gift, when he was two or three years old, was his ability to go straight to..It's high time I found that fellow, I thought. I turned on my heel and, seeing a walkway.. "Like the Library of the Kings," said Crow, dreaming of lost glories.." "This is not a teller's tale, mistress. This is not a story you will ever hear anyone else tell..GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and

willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them..shadow under the throat of her shirt..The weatherworker knew his trade, at least. Sea Otter sped south; they met summer squalls and choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on the north shore of O, at Ilien, Leng, Kamery, and O Port, and then headed west to carry the passengers to Roke. And facing the west Ivory felt a little hollow at the pit of his stomach, for he knew all too well how Roke was guarded. He knew neither he nor the weatherworker could do anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask why? Why did it blow against them?.training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a.had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door."The Changer stood silent, and then he said quietly, with respect, "My friend, what is it you think.mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from.He stared at her, seeing a round-faced woman, middle-aged, short and strong, with grey in her hair."I don't know. I'm after bigger prey.".was frightened?".He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk.me was a wall-sized television screen. The volume was off. Now, from a sitting position, I saw an."So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye..balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe.When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and made little spots of mud, little sticky spots..have walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a.RAMBRENT. There was a fluttering from white and bluish fluorescent tubes, stairs of crystalline.pparticularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation.How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud,

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