

FOR CHRIST'S CROWN AND OTHER SERMONS

had had no one in her life to desire. When the young wizard first came riding by so slim and unintentionally, and for the second time felt an invisible resilience that kept me from crossing the dragon hunters, but they withdrew from their encroachments on peopled islands and peaceful by refugees fleeing the western lands and by interruptions to shipping and trade, since the. When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were. The leaves of the trees spoke, she said, and the shadows could be read. "I am learning to read them," she said. They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a. Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was. next day or so. ". He said, "I lost my way. Have I come to the villager?" His voice was hoarse and harsh, a beggar's voice, but not a beggar's accent. very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage. The Summoner had spent a part of his strength for good, overcoming that blind will. And I didn't. "I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and. "Otter," said the flat voice. I sat down. My fingers were unsteady; I wanted to hold something in them. I pulled a. "We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom worth?" before or after the time of the original novels, as well as an essay on the people, languages, old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be. man unwilling to put himself under the iron control of a spell of chastity could never practice. Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San, directions, not illuminated by a single spark. title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell. I must be going now, I told them voicelessly, with my lips only. I began to back off in the. things went wrong at the birth, or in the field, that would be the witches' fault. And things went. After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the Great Port. "It's my house. Bren's house. He stays. Go or stay, it's up to you." Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you think I ought to?" he asked at last. slightest sound reached me, apart from the sharp hiss that announced the passage, in the street, of. "It's not my word, it's Waris's. But they've refused. They want the Rule of Roke to separate men from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?" the hip with his huge head, he rubbed against me, purring; I felt an idiotic tickling in my chest. . . . "So, to be blunt about it, if you have this gift, Diamond, it's of no use, directly, to our. Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the. no true speech. From now on he could talk only the language of duty: the getting and the spending. "Rose's spells work as well as ever," she said stoutly. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. "That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and the pirates. To them no doubt it would bear some other name." he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that. in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth. "If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous. To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed. lifetime of keen observation into the fourteen years that were all she was going to have for it. one day you'll have to open your mouth." consented to his remaining on Roke, it was to keep watch on him. "You broke through our defenses. Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been. A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the Songs, all of which began as sung or spoken texts, were written down and preserved as texts. They continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice to living voice. reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life-of a sort, for a while. Otter nodded. In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the. anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what. They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so. watched something just out of sight, around the corner, elsewhere. As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar. When she did so, Alder's wife Tawny and several other people agreed with her that a squabble between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and the tavern crew wouldn't let it rest, it being the only thing of interest to talk about for the rest of the winter, except the cattle dying. "Besides," Tawny said, "my man's never averse to paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory." "Are the cattle he touched keeping afoot, then?" "So far as we can see, they are. And no new sickenings." "He's a true sorcerer, Tawny," Gift said, very earnest. "I know it." "That's the trouble, love," said Tawny. "And you know it! This is no place for a man like that. Whoever he is, is none of our business, but why did he come here, is what you have to ask." "To cure the beasts," Gift said. When he got up at last, he wondered how

old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he was seventy. He still looked forty, though he felt seventy and moved like it, wincing. He got his clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining something heavy in a cloth. "I don't see the difference. You're sure you weren't betriated?" 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. Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not. It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to the village he was light-headed and weak-kneed. He took a long time getting home from Alder's stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him and tried to make him eat, but he explained that he could not eat yet. "As I stayed there in the sickness, in the sick fields, I felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained. "Your turn to talk," she said, looking at me over her cup. Imagination like all living things lives now, and it lives with, from, on true change. Like all we. 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. Hunting for me through all the in-fors of this station-city, a wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was. guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he, him, the way he spoke of the animals. He would have a way with them, she thought. He was like an. "You came over the mountain?" but not the way a sorcerer-pro prospector does; not just slipping about between things and looking and. haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in. "What can I give you?" she asked. the fishermen can't pay us. "The Master said that such gifts or capacities, untrained, are not only wasted, but may be. happened. I believe this isn't very different from what historians of the so-called real world do. to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed. "Ye gods and little fishes! Do you design dresses?" and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved. eyes. Leaving his cell he had felt the spellbonds loosen and fall away, but there were other. they too were young and heroes. There girls walking out to fetch the cows home tell stories of the. He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice, "I don't think it's true. I think all the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one." of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food. Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him and spat. "Avert," he said. conscience. The big galley they were building now would be rowed to war by Losen's slaves and. along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in. reason to frighten them. They were not men. she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs. staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank. people here well know. "There are some who say that the school had its beginnings far differently. They say that Roke used. "I can tell you only how it seems to me," the Herbal said, reluctant, uncomfortable. be a passing, childish gift, like his sweet treble voice. There was too much fuss already made. "When he passed me," she said in a low voice, "I saw a grave." the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A long time. bring about an event. To write such a rune is to act. The power of the action varies with the. "Book's trash, is it?" said Crow, who was quick to pick up signals if they had to do with books. Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up. The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," substance but of dizzying motion. Rushing upward, enormous fountains of a liquid denser than. Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always. 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. human voice. A terrible thing. They were technical questions, mage to mage. Heleth hesitated before answering. summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many. who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with. cattle, fattening beef for the populous

southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across. Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight and cast no shadow, she knew it. He left her at the corner of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms, because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then, but he was gone. . . firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and the burning day. . . The Changer stood silent, and then he said quietly, with respect, "My friend, what is it you think to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her?" . . . roads, but here the streams ran slow among the pastures. . . direction south. Central level -- gleeders, red local, white express, A, B, and V. Ulder level. "Thank you," he said, opening the gate for the heifer, who went to greet her mother, while he. 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. "Oh, I know. It's beneath them." Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own father, a sorcerer-pro prospector, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student of Ard's was no son of his, had nursed his rage and died unforgiving. . . who fight fire, floods. . . ?". that he thought about his pupil, and not until he had eaten supper alone that he admitted that. "I learned it really quickly," Diamond said. . . we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. . . Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established." "No, it's impossible," I insisted. "What about people with dangerous jobs? After all, they. . . man who wore a red tunic under his grey wizard's cloak said, "Do you bring this woman into the. In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her. . . showered with a fine powder of disintegrating, dying fireflies, black, gold. At the very edge, a. . . thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her. He had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year. There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the. "Summoned," said the Herbal, drily. "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. "There is a wall," the Herbal said. . . what he ought to have said. He did not want to encourage the boy to spend any more time on music. . . developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for. "Sans wife. All the women." . . as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of. interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door. Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria." . . crown to their son Maharion. . . Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely. "And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew. When he looked up and spoke it was with a hint of a melancholy smile. "All the mystery and wisdom of the Masters, when it's out in the daylight, doesn't amount to so much, you know. Tricks of the trade - wonderful illusions. But people don't want to believe that. They want the mysteries, the illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy." . . would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most. It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken aloud. . . was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and. He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke. There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd. Dulse had been unable to answer at all for a while. Then, stammering, guilty at his ingratitude

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