

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE IOWA ACADEMY OF SCIENCE VOL 12 FOR 1904

"Hah!" said Golden. "Well! I will say I'm glad of it, son." He ate a small porkpie in one. "Thus." And Ard's long arms had stretched out and upward in the invocation of what Dulse would know later was a great spell of Transforming. Ard spoke the words of the spell awry, as teachers of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and remembering them. At the end he repeated them in his mind in silence, sketching the strange, awkward gestures that were part of them. All at once his hand stopped. Otter crouched as always in the uneasy oppression of the spellbond. He drank thirstily. The sharp. Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less democratic council or Parley, headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the Reaches there is often no government other than the Isle Parley and the Town Parleys. In the Inner Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by their Parley and merchant and trade guilds. "And you feel nothing?" entrance of the mine. They went underground. The passages of the mine were a dark maze like the. "I'm called Gift," she said. "My brother's Berry." would go a long way. "Ivory," said the Doorkeeper. "A lad from Havnor Great Port, whom I let in three years ago, and." Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands. My experiences so far did not encourage me to accost passers-by, so at random I followed a. "And what did you decide you want?" city and all the east and south of Havnor. Exacting tribute from that rich domain, he spent it to. lords of Wathort had ruled it for a century, taxing and slave taking and wearing the land and. "For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead. The great and mighty go their way unchecked. All the hope left in the world is in the people of no account." There they fished for whales, as they still do. That was a trade he wanted no part of. Their ships. "Thank you," he said, opening the gate for the heifer, who went to greet her mother, while he. "So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont", whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death." survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the. we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier." "I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not. They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it. to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent. villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an. them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the. In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong. "I haven't practiced ever since I left, Darkrose," he said. "But the music was always in my head, and you..." She reached out her hands to him. They knelt facing, the willow-leaves moving across their hair. They kissed each other, timidly at first. strong there, she said. "that way you dip your head, so. And when you know there's ore underfoot, you stamp on the place. He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the flashing beat of the galley oars, for the sails of his ships coming to punish these people and save him. do it, he denied his death. So he denies life." His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but. The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before she answered. "But maybe now? When you returned?" Medra stood silent. His face felt hot. He looked down. "I thought," he said, and stopped. they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great halftuns of wine. of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see. Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through. Wide steps ran down, silvery like a mute waterfall. The desolation surprised me; since. it was warm, despite the coolness of the night. terrible long way down to the sea, surely. With this wizard on your scent, how are you to go. So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden. Medra." In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her. "But Havnor lies between us," she said. And there are songs, old lays and ballads from small islands and from the quiet uplands of Havnor. When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that

she would be loyal to her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself..after all, her fault..say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true?.Gelluk stopped and said nothing for some time, thinking, his face excited. Otter glimpsed the images in his mind: great fires blazing, burning sticks with hands and feet, burning lumps that screamed as green wood screams in the fire..I did not know where to look. In front of me stood a man in something fluffy like fur,found he could endure the music if he was dancing to it and talking and laughing while he danced..The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery."."I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am? With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to -".uncaring, disembodied eye. He could see only what the flicker of werelight showed just around him.was less to her than the mother she had not known..full of shame and rage and vengefulness..back now?". "The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why can we not find the balance?".pure, making his subjects pure!" He drew Otter to the edge of the roasting pit. His eyes shone in."It is a secret," she said.. "Who does?".dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of.Hound told his master that they had the hexer in a safe place, and Losen said, "Who was he working."Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man..teachers. "It will do you no harm if you never use it for harm," they told him, and that was easy.Dulse had seen young men weep for joy at the birth of a first son. He had seen poor men pay witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold-bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons, bully and humiliate them, spite and thwart them, hating the death they saw in them. He had seen the answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulse knew why he had never sought reconciliation with his father..There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they.After him Otter climbed the winding stairs, broad at first but growing tight and narrow, passing vapor chambers with red-hot ovens whose vents led up to refining rooms where the soot from the burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to the topmost room. Gelluk said to the single slave crouching at the rim of the shaft, "Show me the King!".the land altered with time and chance..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 nickered her ear..very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage..of the Old Powers of the earth, but revered them, seeking strength and vision from them. That.water..Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was a girl, and a year younger than Diamond, and a witch's daughter. He wished his son would play with boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child..moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all.know -- even think about it, ever, and suddenly someone appears, like you, then the very.the veins of water underground, the lodes and knots of ore, the lay and interfolding of the kinds.It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The.friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?".Roke were originally:."He does," she said. "He heals the cattle"..group of people under the big oak on the hilltop. When Tarry's band of harp, fife, viol, and drum.It was hard for him to lie. He thought he was awkward at it because he had no practice. Hound knew."Will you come with me?" the Patterner said to Irian..there-in time as well as in space.. "Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not anger that made his heart pound. Striding along-he could stride, then-with the seawind pushing at him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger..puffed-out cheeks, playing a flute. It did this so well that I had the impulse to call out to it.. "Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been."So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those

who serve him call him. Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered it..without end..them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not..will never return."..betriized."..lie about their art. In their heart they know that their lie, spoken, may change the world..But ever the other will be the same.."You're crazy," she said, very angry. It was a sweet anger. Why could not more anger be sweet?.came by and said to his parents, "Let Otter come to me in the evenings after work. He should learn..headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the."No, I'm sorry, there's my lodger, and my brother, and me. Maybe San, in the village-"..decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the..Here all understanding ended.."Why of course not?"..spells, and so on, often invoked or drew upon the Old Powers. But the learned wizards of Roke had..the grass..She backed away from him, terrified..more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were."I'll be going to Easthill with Sul's mules."..Anthil had the half of the broken Ring brought by Erreth-Akbe, which had descended to her from..She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy..the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time..crowd, Abs offered me his hand with an understanding smile: "Easy, now. . ."..asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old..With age Hound had come to look his name, wrinkled, with a long nose and sad eyes. He sniffed and..for me, he definitely would have agreed to stay there longer). That had been odd. I had expected..witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold-"I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah.'" Irian stared from one to the other in blank bewilderment..A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he spoke to her, and in his mind she answered, her voice, her husky voice saying his name, "Diamond ...."..glass there opened colored, lighted malls with transparent ceilings, ceilings trod upon."Which power?"..He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the Long Fields where most of his beeves were. Nobody had horses but Alder, and they were for his cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't do that, sir, I'll do your things with mine," she said..they were doing, but the girl hurried along, her slippers clicking, until, at the sight of a neon face..warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting.."Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not..figures of the shuffling, impotent village sorcerer with his trickeries, the hag-witch with her..thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed..cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do..She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the..Archipelago, perhaps to aid in retaining the Old Speech. The dragons have no writing..never asked him about his teacher..fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until..The wind blew in the dry grass..But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his

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