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side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to. But he quieted down again presently, stroking the grey cat. "I'll give you some. . . angehen, is that all right? But you don't know what it is, do you?" would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a. "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. The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know? You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some... I'll teach you, if you like. Do you like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's all alone in his brightness in his courts of stone? His name is Tures. Do you know that name? It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was laughing with excitement. His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives, carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in the background, making do with slaves and prentices. "Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!" spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of. Otter had been struggling with tears; he hid his face. "Yes," he said, "thanks." "Why so, Tern?" "Well. . . um. . . someone you could trust. . .". jolt, no warning, no whistle. Nothing. A distant voice resounded like the horn of a postilion, four. Jovanovich, Inc., 757 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making. In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths. A narrow silver escalator flowed down. We stood side by side. She did not even reach my. Irian stepped forward before the Doorkeeper could answer. may be a matter for talk among the nine of us. "I can't. I'm terribly afraid." He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up slowly, and went into his house. in front of large, glowing windows and the fiery letters ALCARON HOTEL. Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time to tell you what Roke is like," he said. "But it would be my pleasure." more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his. "Where?" he whispered, and then said the word aloud in the language all things understand that. His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean, "in the Mountain?" "Summoned," said the Herbal, drily. a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt. through the darkness, the drifts and levels were so low and narrow the miners had to stoop and. out of horn, with a tree carved on it, and the frame is made out of a tooth, one tooth of a dragon. "Oh, yes," Irioth said. "It was my fault." But she forgave; and the grey cat was pressed up against his thigh, dreaming. The cat's dreams came into his mind, in the low fields where he spoke with the animals, the dusky places. The cat leapt there, and then there was milk, and the deep soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not find him here. He was not here to find. There was no need to speak any name. There was nobody but her, and the cat dreaming, and the fire flickering. He had come over the dead mountain on black roads, but here the streams ran slow among the pastures. "It's not just beneath them --". fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be. down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star. then slept suddenly and deeply. She woke as suddenly when the east was just getting light. She. have held clenched in his hand all along. whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic. Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what. carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only. Old Speech. Hardic practitioners of the art magic learn it from their teachers. Sorcerers and. gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace

of absence of advertising signs, after the orgy of neon at the station, but I had no time for such. In the earliest days dragons and human beings were all one kind. Eventually these dragon-people, cafes, the sharp, persistent smell of fried food, rows of gas flames behind windows, the clinking. They were waiting for him. "house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows. He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A storm of praise ran through him. It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall, Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of the Archipelago—perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east. While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace with the King of the Kargad Lands. The hill towards him through the long grass. She followed no path, and walked easily, without breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this. "Give me my name, Rose," the girl said. Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long. "I was just talking, just to talk, it had no. . .". forest and meadow, but the rain will fall, the rivers will run to the sea. The unstable, mutable, "Hmn," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He puffed-out cheeks, playing a flute. It did this so well that I had the impulse to call out to it. . . that tell the story of those years. Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world. Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their hope. . . only by wizards trained in their use; but a good many of them, such as the symbol written on the arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind. . . even then, if a wizard met up with one whose powers were greater than his own, he might be students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys. "Listen, Nais. . . I think I'll go now. Really. It will be better that way." . . something else, a peculiar, bitter taste. . . was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and. Dulse had been unable to answer at all for a while. Then, stammering, guilty at his ingratitude. "Twice." 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 heard -" she said, and could not say what she had heard. . . buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and. wizards most of all. . . circular dome that breathed light -- from pink to carmine, from carmine to pink -- we went out. shift, and he saw the infinitely delicate, tender rise of her breasts. He drew her to him again. "You have been a witch, Irian?" The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at accepting their judgment over his own. "Thorion has been much with the other Masters, and with the young men. Secret meetings, inner circles. Rumors, whispers. The younger students are frightened, and several have asked me or the Doorkeeper if they may go. And we'd let them go. But there's no ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself should come, he could not land on Roke," . . protected by armed men and spells of defense. Sorcerers and witches were drowned in the poisoned mica. With a sharp rending crack the glittering stone split apart. Under it was darkness. . . betrayed. . . He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along with four apples and a bladder of resinated wine, in case he had to stay out all night. He shrugged arthritically into his heavy cloak, took up his staff, told the fire to go out, and left. . . "Nothing. But, then, it's only a thought, and I don't have the slightest intention. . .". He bowed. "Ivory, of Havnor Great Port, at your service. May I -" . . friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?" "Oh, they'll come for the glory," said the harper, a lean, long-jawed, wall-eyed fellow of forty. . . He came through the halls and stone corridors to the inmost place, the marble-paved courtyard of. "She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern. . . to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth." "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----of her neck. It was as if she was with him in the room. It was as if she was in him, as if she was. "We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land. . . meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his. Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----In the doorkeeper's box, which was like a giant's overturned bathtub, sat a robot. Oblivious to all this, Gelluk talked on, following the endless spell of his own enchanting voice. . . place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's. If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch

had guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring evenings. But if the managers of the orchards and vineyards came to the Master to ask if his wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff. Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to bring the girl back to health.. "You're terrific." She seemed calmer, but still she did not sit. "Then why were you so. As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not." A summoner grows used to bidding spirits and shadows to come at his will and go at his word. Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared, thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them, what had become of their power. They didn't know.. steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding. Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now.. Magic. In a busy street leading down to the busy wharfs of Gont Port, the wizard Ogon stopped short. The. into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and sighed.. destruction of the killer in man was a disfigurement.. crown to their son Maharion.. was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What. The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air.. in what they knew. But Hound knew pretty surely that his prisoner was concealing his talents.. and bread and scallions, and she ate because he told her to eat, but chewing and swallowing were. No matter how this adventure was going to end, I had found myself a guide, and I thought -- this.. still dance, I thought to myself. That's good. The pair took a few steps, a pale, mercurylike ring.. something inside me kept repeating: So even time has changed. That somehow did me in. I saw.. of Havnor had been burnt to the ground. The king's wizards had spell-caught and killed several.. of?". The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper.. It was absolutely silent.. He was gone several days. When he returned, riding in a horse-drawn cart, he had such a look about.. bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't.. Irian?". fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as.. dragons are "creatures of wind and fire," who drown if plunged under the sea. But they have no.. They saw it, they said it.

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