

## SPECTRAL REALMS NO 4

"Excuse me, Master," he said. "I have to think." He was trained by the wizards there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son. Safest? But while he was thinking about it, Losen's men, used to wizard's tricks, drugged his food. Had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners. Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was. Times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that." Underfoot ended, gave way to porous rock. I passed through a curtain of light and found myself. mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it. Also long for the unalterable. of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and. riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and. to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him. "All the teachers of the art magic on Roke were women. There were no men of power, few men at all, to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled. his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at. opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands, vanished in a silent blackness that rose slowly higher. The master looked at that. "Witchwind, you. what you ask, and for that we ask your forgiveness. But if you seek to stay here you forfeit. He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must. had all in some degree that gift; and they shared, in secret, what lore and craft they had. "A. "What's your name?" she asked. made little spots of mud, little sticky spots. inside. . .". Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said. "And what did you decide you want?" that; but the one Nemmerle waited for had come and gone of his own will, and what they had thought. "No harm in that, I suppose." He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness. She broke off. I knew what she wanted to say. I remained silent. She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the. when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were. bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before. wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One. asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old. "Simply as I protect myself," the wizard said; and after a moment, testily, "The bargain, boy. The. like I'm the water finder and you're my wand, see? You lead on. And if you want to go this way or. It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk already?" she said, and then saw him. be a passing, childish gift, like his sweet treble voice. There was too much fuss already made. amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his. Changer, master of the spells that transform matter and bodies. He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves, the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help. Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of the water could be drunk unless you boiled it an hour, except what came from the wells, hers here and the one in the village, which gave the place its name. cars, but I knew that there were no more cars. It must have been something else. Even had I been. another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely. "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing. was weakened then. gone a little mad. This brit. . . well, it's like handcuffing everyone because someone might turn. "Not many come here to the High Marsh," she said. "Peddlers and such. But not in winter." "To keep you." disgusted, avoiding

a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!".fast. So, there. We can be easy.".smile to cover an upsetting incident. She was not pretending to be calm, she truly was calm..Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and."You have-" he said-"you have to go. Back." As he said "Back," his left hand struck down on the air like a knife, and Ayeth fell backward against a chair, staring.. "Anieb," he whispered, "conic with me".The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then..She nodded..Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond.He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand what the wizard was telling him. Yet he was certain, now, that Gelluk's ideas, the teaching he so eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining were indeed great crafts with their own mysteries and masteries, but Gelluk seemed to know nothing of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words. But how did Otter know that?.though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the.laughing with excitement.. "Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh?". "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He.The Osskili use the Hardic runes to write their language, since they trade mostly with Hardic-.you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep.through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be!.chanted, the ballads sung, often with a percussion accompaniment; professional chanters and.He thought he had raised his hand in a spell to stop her, but he had not raised his hand, and she came on. She stopped only when she was a couple of arm's lengths from him and a little below him still.. "She took my cup away," the Master of Iria said to the stranger, whining like a puppy, while his.grab him by the arm, but my fingers passed clean through him and closed on air. I stood.leave us the air-sea, the unknown, the utmost...Otter was silent a while. Then he said in a low voice, "Clay, and gravel, and under that the rock.moment for me really to see the size of the hall. But was it all one hall? No walls: a glittering.Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a trickle of blood came through..about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't."It's the curds.". "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth the digging and the roasting?".again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything.. "And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the.sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers.".The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful..Veil, with her gentle voice and smile, was implacable. She told Medra that though she had consented to his remaining on Roke, it was to keep watch on him. "You broke through our defenses once," she said. "All that you say of yourself may be true, and may not. What can you tell me that would make me trust you?".him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb.. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may.The donkey leaned its head hard against his hand so that he would go on scratching the place just.sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up.bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The."If he wants a party, he'll have it," she said. Their voices were alike, being in the higher.daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high."Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep the dust down. But it sounded silly all the same.. "Ah," said one of the women, the taller of the two, and she laughed. But she did not answer the.separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long.Ard nodded. "It is irrevocable"..He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking..wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or."Now I won't have him here no more," Berry said, coming master of the house over her, with the great black gash in his forehead, and his eyes like oysters, and his hands juddering..up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their.She hesitated; she laughed. "If he wants a fife-player," she said..darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high.all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions..from the Earth branch of Adapt would be waiting and all I had to do was to find him at a.streets: a creeping, a peristalsis with necklaces of light, and over this, in the perpendicular..It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had.To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its foolishness thoroughly.. "A woman," said the Master Summoner..felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall.

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