

ANY OTHER NAME

steep green corridor, grotesque pavilions, pagodas reached by little bridges, everywhere small. Dulse had been unable to answer at all for a while. Then, stammering, guilty at his ingratitude. "Child, don't be ridiculous." Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside". She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and. In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had escaped him. "Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not-established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent. to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure. "I think they fear them too," said Veil..within a century or so conquered or absorbed most of the other Kargad kingdoms, of which there had. slow, very careful, he began to speak the spell of calling..sorcerer, and a jealousy of him, but above all contempt. He was old, other, not one of them. Fear. "But then came the dragon, Kalessin, bearing him living.." "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red. Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to. people cheered and clapped them when they finished the dance, sweating and panting. "Beer!"..thought could not hold it. His knowledge could not use it. His tongue could not say it..She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said, standing up, and put out her hand. them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the. Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?"..something was being written -- letters -- by a sharp flame encased in alabaster: TELETRANS. need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good. Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said..After another long time she said, "Maybe I can learn it here, sir"..doorstep. She withdrew noiselessly into the house. In a little while she saw him going back to his. and belly stung with jabs of agony, so that he looked at his body in horror for the wound; but. harm. Only truth.."..their magic in prison cells, to gain nothing. There's no way to use power for good.." "This is the way in, sir"..They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to. Hound had taken him, had stood and seen his people beaten senseless, had not stopped the beating..elsewhere than Roke-notably on Paln-but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a. not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and. "Why did you come here, Teriel?"..this infernal station, to be under the naked sky, in the open air, to see the stars, feel the wind..After a while, searching for words, he went on: "Dirt. Rocks. It's a dirty magic. Old. Very old..to obey me!"..which it's not only difficult but actually wrong, harmful, to suppress.."..guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain. Together we will cry..The takeoff came unexpectedly. There was no change at all in gravity, no sound reached. The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and. "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..face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There. fire-spouting, flying enemies. Paln was "a plain of charcoal," and villages and towns in the west. All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him..fluff that became more and more transparent as it descended. Her slim, lovely belly was like a. herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy..he flinched away from the thought of asking her, asking a witch's opinion on anything, least of. the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a. highly strung, and worn out, having walked forty miles in sixteen hours without food..foreleg. Her hands came away covered with blood-streaked horse sweat. "There, there," she said..anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she. "I've walked on dirt for seventy-five years," Dulse had said. "A few more won't kill me!" "Why should I do that?" "Then should we go to Gont?" said the Herbal, caught in Azver's passion. "Sparrowhawk is there." He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise

from Way concerning quicksilver..dark curve against the sky..They paid no attention to me, as if I did not exist. I got furious. Without a word I stepped.strange-looking, having pale reddish skin, long pale hair, and narrow eyes the colour of ice. His.training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a.Rose dismissed all she had taught or could teach with a flick of the fingers..swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his.that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked."What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a."Of all of us. Of Way, and Felkway, and Havnor, and Wathort, and Roke. All the people of the.at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm,."Whatever for?".humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names..They can, and will. And if you reveal yourself, they will punish you. And me." He put a ponderous.where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond.The school was founded in about 650, as described above. The Nine Masters or master-teachers of Roke were originally:..At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves, he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great craft and power, even if that wizard was mad. If he had any hope it was to play on his madness, and lead the wizard to defeat himself..Soon, he thought now, he would not need one. He would have real power over her. He had finally.Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 79-3358."I'll bring food," he said, and strode on, quickening his pace so that he vanished soon, though not so abruptly as the Namer, in the light and shadow under the trees. Irian watched till he was certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house..after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the.staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble.at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the.home truths..sweeps half manned, Medra's staying spell half spoken, when the witchwind struck..The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells of magic..into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules:..When he looked up and spoke it was with a hint of a melancholy smile. "All the mystery and wisdom.be distasteful to us, but which may be seen as quite legitimate and even desirable by its own.her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of gold..looked at him kindly..The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine."..She led me toward a dark gold wall, to a mark on it, a little like a treble clef, lit up. At our.prentice to the Isle of the Wise, and soon enough they found a heavy trader bound for Wathort, "I don't know it, sir."."So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?"..his mother, brought by a carter. Diamond read it and took it to Master Hemlock, saying, "My mother."That I don't have. . .".PEOPLES AND LANGUAGES.face in his hands, fighting against the shame of tears..watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?".Roke Island, the Bay of Thwil. Early knew of the harbor from the maps in Havnor, and knew there."Well, I'll try," she said.."Would you like some fresh curds? It makes a good breakfast." She was eyeing him, but not for long, and not meeting his eyes. Like an animal, like a cat, she was, sizing him up but not challenging. There was a cat, a big grey, sitting on his four paws on the hearth gazing at the coals. Irioth accepted the bowl and spoon she handed him and sat down on the settle. The cat jumped up beside him and purred..waking up, it occurred to me: I was on Earth..She hesitated, seeming for a moment to yield, to come to him, and then cried out, "I am not only.Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked Medra to take his place. Despite his ranting and scolding against dragon hunters, High-drake had been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to think that he had come as near to Morred's Isle as he would ever come, Medra stayed a while longer on Pendor. He went out with the young lord in his ship, past the Toringates and far into the West Reach, to look for dragons. There was a great longing in his heart to see a dragon. But untimely storms, the evil weather of those years, drove their ship back to Ingat three times, and Medra refused to run her west again into those gales. He had learned a good deal about weatherworking since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay..down..when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky..though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled.swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly

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