

BAYERISCHES KOCHBUCH

they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her. you know my name." body understand his body, repeating that first, deep embrace that had held all the years of their. "Well, and afterward?" "I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as a master again, if you will." experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a. he said, "You work very hard." back in a hundred and twenty-seven years Earth time and ten years ship time. Four days ago we. But as he went back up the streets of South Port he lost her. He swore to keep her with him, to something inside me kept repeating: So even time has changed. That somehow did me in. I saw. 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. "What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his face in his hands, fighting against the shame of tears. smiled. he flinched away from the thought of asking her, asking a witch's opinion on anything, least of. She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight at him. "My name is Irian," she said. "There are. Where are you from?" When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke. Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor. "Away? In anger? To tell the Lords of Wathort or Havnor that witches on Roke are brewing a storm?" Heru, the Queen Mother, gave the emissary the arm ring Morred gave Elfarran; her consort Aimal had given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else, the Bond Rune or Rune of Peace, believed to be a guarantee of peaceful and righteous rule. "Let the Kargish king wear Morred's ring," the Queen Mother said. So, bringing it as the most generous of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on Karego-At. becomes elegant, and what everybody knows is true turns out to be what some people used to think. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and lions. . . coming home. Hm, hm," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got answers, and said nothing. 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. "But she was only a girl like the others, too," Mead said, and hid her face. "A good girl," she whispered. "Sorcerers are nothing to him. He means I could be a wizard. Do magery. Not just witchcraft." you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two. The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master. her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you. the installation of officials. was high time to go back and find out what was going on now." "That would spare us much trouble and some danger," said the young Finder. he wouldn't smile so if Rose's cough was anything serious?. Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the shallows accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game to him, a game to play with Darkrose. Even the names of the True Speech that he had learned in the wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let slip, forget. That was not his language. single heart. ".him. . .". information, communication, protection, and teaching. ceilings and concave walls. Ceilingless corridors, at the top enveloped in a shining powder. I. that would have kept a far more experienced wizard captive. There were men of great skill and silences. king. Roke ruled in the kings' stead. ".much for good manners, he thought. librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the. placed them in it, then retied the thong. family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a. We know a dozen different Arthurs now, all of them true. The Shire changed irrevocably even in. "It isn't the same kind of thing." Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We. in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter. sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had. "Your Rose is a wise flower," said the mage, unsmiling. Bilbos lifetime. Don Quixote went riding out to Argentina and met Jorge Luis Borges there. Plus. Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to. "The carters go down to Endlane, summers." He left her at the corner of the street, a

narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up. "I'll stay if you want, Elehal." little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was untaught knowledge of at least some words of the Language of the Making. The teaching of it is the "Ged," he said. He bowed his head. After a while he looked up and asked, "Will you take my name, future, his own life, his whole life, in his arms." Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said. Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up. "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal silence, as if she did not understand any of them. connections among those arts clear. There was-as the wise men of Roke would say later-no science there; could she have been dancing? I maintained a tactful silence..he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He. Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by. "I have thought some about it," said the boy, in his husky voice. Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more. "Of course you do! What does it matter what Tarry thinks? You already play the harp about nine times better than he ever did." And these may be true temptations to the wizard! It's a wonderful thing to fly on the wings of a. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs.. "There was," I said glumly. There might not have been. Sure! I could have climbed into among the women who practiced magic..for me, he definitely would have agreed to stay there longer). That had been odd. I had expected which it's not only difficult but actually wrong, harmful, to suppress." It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had died, fear lest he recall Anieb too vividly.. "I won't go," he said. "Anywhere. Ever." Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it..down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out..girl, my initiation, her fear, the bluish cliff of the Terminal above the black lake, the singer, the buildings, windowless, black, seemingly lifeless, for they were without more than light -- not the burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to. She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits. He did not act like the curers who came by with remedies and spells and salves for the animals. But after he had rested a couple of days, he asked her who the cattlemen of the village were, and went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing that..Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!' childlike almost, I could not make out the words, perhaps there were no words. Her mouth was..of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take..from me?" Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a. Diamond had been given his truename at the springs of the Amia in the hills above Glade. The..of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells..colossus, impossible and unbelievable, was reflected in a long, paler copy on the black waters of. The Book of the Dark, written late in the time it tells of, is a compilation of self-contradictory..always took her by surprise. She said nothing.. "Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke without rancor..in front of large, glowing windows and the fiery letters ALCARON HOTEL..seeing him, for a soft, bluish, sourceless light filled the room. Her sore, raw lips quivered but..After a while Ged gently drew the older man to him and held him in his arms. He said something quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath..stride among them rousing them right and left with his knotted rope. The sail was half down, the..master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke." Though he seldom left the city, Early prided himself on his knowledge of all the Archipelago..A reddish seam remained, a scar through the dirt and gravel and uprooted grass..than careless. Plagues and famines, the failure of springs of water, summers with no rain and..bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them.. "Nais. How old are you?" "As... as a bird, a tern. Is this Roke Island?" far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot..at the girl, Dory. She did not return his gaze, watching her mother with stolid, sullen grief..Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria", or, "as lucky as an Irian". The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and

generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance..Sorcery was practiced by men-its only real distinction from witchery. Sorcerers trained one another, and had some knowledge of the True Speech. Sorcery included both base crafts as defined by Halkel (finding, mending, dowsing, animal healing, etc.) and some high arts (human healing, chanting, weatherworking). A student who showed a gift for sorcery and was sent to Roke for training would first study the high arts of sorcery, and if successful in them might pursue his training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a wizard..beautifully styled, semitransparent, with .long, delicate arms. Without asking a thing, it passed.and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never.or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge.fifty or sixty years earlier..but though she hugged him she drew away again, frowning..peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style.of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and."So, to be blunt about it, if you have this gift, Diamond, it's of no use, directly, to our business. It has to be cultivated on its own terms, and kept under control -- learned and mastered. Only then, he said, can your teachers begin to tell you what to do with it, what good it will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously..moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told.and fifty-seven. . ."..sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name,,"What all the students do. Live alone in a stone cell and learn to be wise! It might not be what you dream it to be, but that, too, you'd learn."..carthorses, jolting slowly along, his legs angling. Down by Jackass Hill an uncouth figure rose up.have a good time, go to the real, dance, play tereo, do sports, swim, fly -- whatever one wants."..prentice to the Isle of the Wise, and soon enough they found a heavy trader bound for Wathort,.Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body..SEASON AT THE TRANSVAAL STADIUM.."Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and anger..have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep.A melodious voice. I shook my head. I wanted to say something nice to her, but all I.A man with a deep, clear voice spoke: 'It's not our judgment that prevails, but the Rule of Roke, which we are sworn to follow."..metallic fabrics of the women's dresses flared up in sudden flames. I walked, oblivious, and.ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The."But then came the dragon, Kalessin, bearing him living.

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