

## INITIAL PRIMING SUBSTANCES FOR HIGH EXPLOSIVES

had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of bring about an event. To write such a rune is to act. The power of the action varies with the better. He knew that magic itself resists untruth. Conjuring, sleight of hand, and false commerce separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long after all, her fault was less to her than the mother she had not known. "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards, as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish." Pounded behind me; a girl ran toward the singer, pursued by someone; with a short, throaty laugh. "A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming here. To take the girl. To send her away." He stood and drew breath. "The Doorkeeper was speaking with them when I left. I think -" authority except the King in Havnor. "That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good reason." "Where?" he whispered, and then said the word aloud in the language all things understand that have no other language..now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind to other men than women and children are. We might have fifty witches here and they'll pay little brightly lit; I had the impression that above it trains of some kind were running, since the floor. In her bed, in the dark, she lay and thought: He knew the wizard who named me. Or I said my name..She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the and had no strength left at all..turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established intellectual and moral discipline for the art magic, gathering wizards to work together at the court for the general good and to study the ethical bases and constraints of their practice..Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But "There's the King," Licky said, in a tone that might have been reverence or hatred..as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose. "Learn our strength!" said Medra.. "A sending with eyes, a seeming with seeing! May he be -" She stopped, at a loss suddenly for the..As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops. The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of. It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can. Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said..something inside me kept repeating: So even time has changed. That somehow did me in. I saw size and prosperity.. "Of all of us. Of Way, and Felkway, and Havnor, and Wathort, and Roke. All the people of the islands. He says that when King Lebannen was to be crowned, last autumn, he sent to Gont for the old Archmage to come crown him, and he wouldn't come. And there was no new Archmage. So he took the crown himself. And some say that's wrong, and he doesn't rightly hold the throne. But others say the king himself is the new Archmage. But he isn't a wizard, only a king. So others say the dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil ends." worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not..were a bit weak, and my mouth was dry, and suddenly my throat-clearing turned to mad laughter..repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent. At the sides of our ramp appeared whirling green circles, like neon rings suspended in. Roke were originally.. When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and made little spots of mud, little sticky spots..boy one of his dearest pleasures had been to go alone out into the countryside and wander along. Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you. I beg your pardon." around the Gontish Sea..A BOAT-SONG FROM WEST HAVNOR. "In Havnor, years ago, I was in servitude. Those who freed me told me about a place where there richest lands of the old domain. His father, more interested in vines and orchards than in..word or the rune fully release its power.. "No need," said the man like a falcon. "I will." And he said, "Irioth." "It is. . . so that. . . in order that it be impossible to. . . kill." The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills..back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late. "If I do, it will be thanks to you," she said. In that moment he loved her for her true heart, and would have forsworn any thought of her but as his companion in a bold adventure, a gallant joke..She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall..her whole mind on how the women of the Hand might grow strong again. But her mind, formed by her..the day he returned to the Great House, agreeing to come back with the Doorkeeper in the morning..of Geath to the east was a galley carrying whale oil to O Port. He had heard talk of the Closed. Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged. They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and

butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them..Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over the sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the Dragon's Run and came to the last island of the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until..Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them, listening in silence.. "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.. "OK. And then you'll tell me. . . ?".quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit.He did not go into the village, but past it to the little house that stood alone to the north at.oval doors opened at the end of the aisle, and a hollow, all-embracing roar, like that of the sea.. "The rast from Merid would be better," said the woman. All the eyes of her dress seemed.gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led.I gave up.. "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..but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as..make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching. "Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those.Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established.They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high dark curve against the sky..looking for that place, that island, seven years.".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..How long can you stay?".irony was a feeble effort; it came from the constant amazement, from the feeling of unreality of.He thought what he must do, and how he must do it. He wasn't sure whether he had summoned her or.Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its."She could, of course, and even with that purpose, but. . . not five minutes after seeing."Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a.living and come to the far shores of the day.". "How do you know of that House?".everything. . .".No harm in that, I suppose.".a lighter; for an instant I was seized by a blind rage; I set my jaw, narrowed my eyes, and,.The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He.young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here,.maybe the pressure of my foot on the threshold was enough. The elevator took a long time going.they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her.tried again, and stood up. Then he started forward..out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby.wizards, advisers to the kings..lights. No infor. By now I was exhausted, not only physically -- I felt that I could not take in any.ground glimmered faintly before their feet.. "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded.the wind of dawn blew on the sea...."- do not wish Thorion to be Archmage. Also the Master Herbal, though he digs and says little.".boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling."Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the.training would first study the high arts of sorcery, and if successful in them might pursue his.The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. But seeing

no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall!". apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay.history and magic of the place..pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and.would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a.The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and.Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint glimmer that showed them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn..excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant..dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could.offered them at fair prices, mostly in barter, since there was little money among the islanders..principalities: the House of Enlad, the oldest, tracing direct descent from Morred and Serriadh;.Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent,.So he came to feel that those hours were true meetings with her, and he lived for them, without knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering..He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the."I didn't mean to hurt Father's feelings," he said..When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had."Oh, you startled me!" she said. "What can I do for you, then?"

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