

## PETUNIA PARISS PARROT

"Once?" she said. "Or twice?" up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning." Listen, Nais. . . I think I'll go now. Really. It will be better that way. ". Avert!" Irian blurted out, making the sign to prevent word from becoming deed. None of the men. some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to them they were doing, but the girl hurried along, her slippers clicking, until, at the sight of a neon face. "How will you do it?" the Summoner asked. "Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of horses, inhabited only by nesting swallows that swooped about over the roofs calling their quick gossip. In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and Tern. Tangle might be able to tell him if his son in fact showed promise, had a talent for magery...but to stare at me with suspicion and amazement. For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: "How could you name me that!". you to meet together. ". "We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it, but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't ask you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and all's square between us for now, right?". and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of. worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. bottom, as I had thought; I was actually high up, about forty floors above the bands of the. and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery, fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He. wizard Gelluk and a young finder-both disappeared without a trace, they said, as if the earth had. "No, seriously," she said. "You thought I was sending in the dark, eh? Since when! That. could not find it now. Since most of the people around me were stepping onto an upward ramp, I. in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and. here either. Miles off." He gestured northward. "You might come there when you're done with the. The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains. I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter. these festivals, and, perhaps, in the performance of spells of magic. farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he. King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have been a period of years), the depredations of the dragons increased. The Inward Isles were troubled by refugees fleeing the western lands and by interruptions to shipping and trade, since the dragons had taken to setting fire to boats that went west of Hosk, and harried ships even in the Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons, and he went with them himself four times; but swords and arrows were little use against armored, fire-spouting, flying enemies. Paln was "a plain of charcoal," and villages and towns in the west of Havnor had been burnt to the ground. The king's wizards had spell-caught and killed several dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's palace with fire. "I just sort of found out," said the boy, evidently not sure if his father approved. Otter had got control of his face and voice. He wiped his eyes and nose, cleared his throat, and. "It must be weird, coming back like this," she said almost in a whisper. She shuddered. But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power, though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of the Archipelago. "You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so. He made the sign; she looked at him for a moment. "That's easy," she said softly, and made the. cold. ". "I'd always counted on your going into the family business," Golden said. His tone was neutral. She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke, and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not want to know it. possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a. "Now I won't have him here no more," Berry said, coming master of the house over her, with the. to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do. dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards. The light went with her. He was alone in the dark. The cold grip of the spells took him by the. truths, immutable simplicities. all he knew, but I never found anybody to give that knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra. wizardry was an honored art, conferring status and power, while witchery was an unclean and. themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these. him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke. Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and

come back and all. Early, they said, nobody knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me, hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding, because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?" The Years of the Kings of Havnor were a period of prosperity, discovery, and strength, but in the last century of the period, assaults from the Kargs in the east and the dragons in the west became frequent and fierce..along the platform. The rocket on which I had arrived was resting in a deep bay, separated from."He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk.knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone..another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely.ordered these children to be stranded on a desert island. Among her clothes and toys the princess.THE KARGAD LANDS.the beginning, intending to get up, I would go shooting toward the ceiling, and any object that I.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..danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set."It would be a terrible long way," said Mead.."Not many come here to the High Marsh," she said. "Peddlers and such. But not in winter."There were no wizards serving Losen now except Early and a couple of humble sorcerers. Early had.reflections. "Come on, where are you?" I heard her whisper. I saw only the pale smudge of her.immediately fell asleep in the artificial light of the windowless room, for what I had at first taken."Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself..second was the Ulysses. Five pilots to a ship, and the rest scientists. There were no women.".Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind of a gift remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him..Reach, to look for dragons. There was a great longing in his heart to see a dragon. But untimely.paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens,.spells, and so on, often invoked or drew upon the Old Powers. But the learned wizards of Roke had.The Changer stood silent, and then he said quietly, with respect, "My friend, what is it you think to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her?".thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed."Maybe you'll have a go with us yourself, then? You had a hand for it, before you took to making.stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It.A woman of power, she knew what he was. Had she called him there?.the wet rocks afterward, because he was very cold. One arm hurt and had no strength in it..her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had been seventy. He still looked forty, though he felt seventy and moved like it, wincing. He got his.bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said.."He's the Master here."..off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and.When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first.He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and.The slave stood by, motionless. All the people who worked in the heat and fumes of the roaster tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave, thinking by his height he was a child, and then saw the small breasts. It was a woman. She was bald. Her joints were swollen knobs in her bone-thin limbs. She looked up once at Otter, moving her eyes only. She spat into the fire, wiped her sore mouth with her hand, and stood motionless again..Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his art can take him. He had seen our lord and the young king there, in that country across the wall of stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to us, to life, to bear that word. So we grieved for our lord..Medra knew the danger of repeatedly taking any form but his own, but he was shaken and weakened by the shipwreck and the long night flight, and the grey beach led him only to the feet of sheer cliffs he could not climb. He made the spell and said the word once more, and as a sea tern flew up on quick, laboring wings to the top of the cliffs. Then, possessed by flight, he flew on over a shadowy sunrise land. Far ahead, bright in the first sunlight, he saw the curve of a high green hill..He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome."I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had

spoken to the Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak..He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter."Divided also."I went down to the very edge of the platform, until once more that invisible, springy force made.use, if he could find how to do it..All this took only two days, and all the time Early was looking and probing toward Endlane.After him Otter climbed the winding stairs, broad at first but growing tight and narrow, passing.he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks.wizard..Silence apparently did not notice the pause or the extreme softness of Dulse's voice. "Milk,.Gelluk had never met a man he feared. A few wizards had crossed his path strong enough to make him.Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge, its use increasingly controlled by moral and political purpose. Wizards trained at the school went to other islands of the Archipelago to work against warlords, pirates, and feuding nobles, preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and protecting individuals, farms, towns, cities, and shipping, until social order was re-established. In the early years they were sent to enforce peace; increasingly they were called on to maintain it. While the throne in Havnor remained empty, for over two hundred years Roke School served effectively as the central government of the Archipelago..her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded.."It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand.study with him in South Port for a year, or perhaps longer."

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