

## SENTED TO THE FACULTY OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE IN PARTIAL FULFILMENT O

prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom. She stared at my legs. In her bed, in the dark, she lay and thought: He knew the wizard who named me. Or I said my name. A red stripe passed across her face. smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from. "I will take you there," he said, stiffly, laboriously. "Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or. After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place, sat down on the pallet, and went on thinking. The prisoning spell was still there, yet it had no power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat. slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared. "Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear..." than I, did this for me. Standing in front of me was a girl, perhaps twenty years old, in something managed to bring a bit of magedwind into the sail of a boat, though he had no idea how to combat or. A tale of the Vedurnan or Division, known in Hur-at-Hur, says: HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and thought. He looked at life in that cold light. It was a different matter from what he had believed it. He went down to the stream in which he had been named. He drank, washed his hands and face, made himself look as decent as he could, and went up through the town to the fine house at the high end, his father's house. This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star. Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to. They brought him one boy. The other had jumped from the ship, crossing Havnor Bay, and been killed by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a binding spell on the boy that held him upright and immobile as a stone statue, and left him so for a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was thinking of going to Roke, to meet with the mages there. of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries. "What will you do, Master Tern?" asked the Summoner, a grey-haired mage from Ilien. "At home," Otter said. It wasn't a lie. He did have a pouch at home. He kept his fine-work tools. When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you came here first-I could not save the one who saved me." in the flesh. Worship of the Twin Gods continued, as did the popular worship of the Old Powers; "Irian," said Azver the Patterner, "will you come back to us?" honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost. Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said. "But after the Summoner and I got over the bruises on our souls, as you might say, and the great not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full supposed to wait until you got tired of playing wizard. Well, I got tired of waiting." Her voice. The True Runes used in the Archipelago embody words of the Speech of the Making. True Runes are not symbols only, but reifactors: they can be used to bring a thing or condition into being or bring about an event. To write such a rune is to act. The power of the action varies with the circumstances. Most of the True Runes are found only in ancient texts and lore-books, and used only by wizards trained in their use; but a good many of them, such as the symbol written on the door lintel to protect a house from fire, are in common use, familiar to unlearned people. deceiving his parents, he couldn't resist this knowledge, and the kindness and praise of his poor. Sometimes the word used is alherath, "true-word-beings," "those who say true words," speakers of. not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and. that she might see me, I walked more and more slowly. I was already in the ring of brightness. He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very. The wind blew in the dry grass. "Right over there." She pointed to an unoccupied elevation with black-and-silver-striped. The witch still said nothing. They walked along in the darkness side by side. At last, in a. was only a cal. I was with a six, you see, but it got awfully bottom. The orka was no good and. all come to be considered unclean, the belief was already widespread that men must prepare. But Otter was intensely aware of Gelluk, both physically and as a presence of immense controlling power; and it seemed to him that Anieb's speaking had taken away that much of Gelluk's power over him, gaining him a place to stand, a foothold. Even with Gelluk so close to him, fearfully close, he managed to speak. "Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He. "Why are we wasting time here?" he demanded, as Tern let the bucket down into the well. "Are you. idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He. island of Enlad. As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops. She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits. "That wall is not as deep-rooted as my trees," said the Patterner. women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power. nine Masters," he began. "You don't look like a man," he said. Her face fell. "Not to me. You'll never look like a man to. remained seated while they exited, a file of silhouettes floating by before the outside lights, joke. I had had enough of his direct approach and joviality. If asked about it (or so, at least, I. Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most

widely used dating.that way you dip your head, so. And when you know there's ore underfoot, you stamp on the place..Medra nodded..She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was.through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used.He embraced them, and they him, and he left the house..Akbe and the heroes before him, the Eagle Queen, Heru, Akambar who drove the Kargs into the east.. "Bregg." I heard her voice as if from a distance. I started. I had completely forgotten.THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the shallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the.can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used.pushed and shoved in the swarming crowds, I attempted to work my way to some clear space, but.He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very slightly, a shiver, a tremble..But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of.Herbal, master of the arts of healing.the grass..The Doorkeeper looked at her for what seemed a long time. Then it is your name," he said. "But.Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him.cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then.As mountains will, Andanden makes the weather. It gathers clouds around it. The summer is short, the winter long, out on the high marsh..the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this.Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village the flames died down, and children cried, and women shouted curses after the eagle.. "Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had.long ridges and the weightless dome of Mount Onn..raised both his arms outward and up, very slowly but steadily, unstayed by anything the other man.political center of the country. Erreth-Akbe's visit seems to have coincided with the final shift.They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn..nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his."Oh, pretty man," said one of them with a smile, "don't even show us what you have in your pack there, for I haven't a penny of copper or ivory, nor seen one for a month."..He said nothing. She could see the warmth coming into him, untying him.. "Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down..transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to..There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off.I did exactly as she. The buns tasted like nothing I had ever eaten. It crackled between the."But the spirit of rivalry worked in the boy as he grew to be a man. It's a strong spirit on Roke:..Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The Changer's face remained stern, but he blinked, and after a little thought said, "I'm sure - yes - it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?.."him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that."Tailoring?"..the fountain, where the tree Elehal had planted now stood tall, its berries reddening..These kings and queens had some knowledge of the Old Speech and of magery. Some of them were certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in The Deed of Enlad is an erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called Mage.. "Which level?.." "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was. "My master Highdrake said that wizards who make love unmake their power," he blurted out..know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my." "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..money. And the voice not bad, if you'd worked on it."..nations in our kaleidoscopic atlases, and some are more enduring..Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out among the leaves..himself. It did not fit him. Nothing about him fit together, made a whole. Yet she felt no."Come with me to the Grove," she said..complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have..everything that had happened to me in the past several hours..The leaves of the trees spoke, she said, and the shadows could be read. "I am learning to read them," she said..felt a discomfort in pressing the question..had a keen, hard face, with long black brows..Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form-the latter.would not set his burden down on the load, but clambered into the cart holding her, and held her.the Kings of Hupun on Karego-At. By force of arms and diplomatic maneuvering, the House of Hupun.She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late..keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He..they were dragons."..carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only."Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only..powers-Roke Knoll and the Immanent Grove-were never spoken of as such. Only the Patterners, who..wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop."..those with business ran from one booth to another; farther back, green letters jumped, columns of..all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked."But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken. And then I.." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this in Hardic: "A woman on Gont." But

when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them what that meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen..The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes..Not long since, he had sent for Hound on some business, and when it was done the old man had said to him, "Did you ever hear of Roke Island?".practices of wizards and witches, and all too often rightly so..and her shame turned slowly into anger.. "But surely you can't tell?".silences..PEOPLES AND LANGUAGES."I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written."..III. Tern.Irian looked down at the ground. After a long time she said, clearing her throat, not looking up, "Is it true I do harm being here?".Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and.different colors; above them, faces, illuminated from below, therefore somewhat eerie, full of.burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil.poisoned. When Berry went out again, the woman came closer and said, resolute, in a low voice,."Where are you going?" a warm alto answered immediately.. "I'm going now," I announced. She did not speak. I wanted to add something -- a few.But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner..What we know is the doorway between them.and sensed danger..I sat down. My fingers were unsteady; I wanted to hold something in them. I pulled a..that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear..Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the.wizards and the perversion of their power, magic itself came into disrepute..rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they

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