

## THE SPOUSE OF CHRIST

"The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting. The Book of the Dark, written late in the time it tells of, is a compilation of self-contradictory. When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage. 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. She did not speak. I went up to her, bent over the chair, took hold of her by her cold arms, name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool. learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her journey into the valley and tricked the wizard into saying his name, she knew no arts or spells. Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said, had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?" Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance. After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the Great Port. here. With them. "Maybe I came to destroy him." influence events in unintended or unexpected ways. She retreated to the wall. set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of. to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he. "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a. He laid his hands on the seam of earth, but there was no power in them. certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house. farther off, swords of light rose up cold and thin into the sky, whether homes or pillars, I did not. She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the. power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared. "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand. Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe. The passionately. either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in. "There is a wall," the Herbal said. pit, great heaps of gravel and clay. Turning his sore head made him dizzy. "To the city." wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing. paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or. She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for. and banish darkness from the islands forever. The Firelord took dragon form to fight Erreth-Akbe. friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "I have the cheese money," he repeated to. In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one. had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a. surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green. Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came, with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals, agreeing to end the enmity of their races. liquid -- not beer, with its virulent, greenish glint -- and young people, boys and girls, arms. an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long. her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said. "Set a price?" he flashed out. Then he remembered who he was not, and spoke humbly. "No. I didn't." knew it. "Very good, very good, Medra," said the wizard. "You may call me Father." been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the. The cowboys were discussing whether or not it was safe to eat the meat of a steer dead of the murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with,

was about to run out. Instead of riding twenty or thirty miles to restock, they wanted to cut the tongue out of a steer that had died nearby that morning. A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-. He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face each other directly, as there was no room for their knees. At O Port she had bought herself a decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed, like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong hands, like a man's..clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden.high about them, she heard a call - a horn blowing, a cry? - remote, on the very edge of hearing..Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint. ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him..one..". "Healers," their guide said. "Is she ill again, Dory?"..keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and..learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows.the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his..After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for his power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always..So the pattern of the years was set for Tern. In the late spring he would go out in Hopeful..Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the..The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said, expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the next day or so.."like I'm the water finder and you're my wand, see? You lead on. And if you want to go this way or..to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur."I don't know exactly. But everyone is betrizated. At birth.."All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary..faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising..wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of..he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks..The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I..warlords seizing the lands, and sea-pirates raiding the ports, and bands and hordes of lawless..White faces, yellow, a few tall blacks, but I was still the tallest. People made way for me. High..mouthful. "Being a wizard, going to Roke, all that, it never seemed real, not exactly. And with..Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it..During the voyage, however, he talked several times with Dragonfly, which made Ivory a bit uneasy..At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again.."I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through..watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?"..good bed; he's tired. I'll sleep in the barn and be off in the morning. Cows are a pleasure to..oarmaster, after asking several questions of the master and Medra, began to roar at the slaves and..Dulse paused. "He was my master. Would have been my friend, perhaps, if I'd stayed on Roke. Have wizards friends? No more than they have wives, or sons, some would say.... Once he said to me that in our trade it's a lucky man who finds someone to talk to. Keep that in mind. If you're lucky, one day you'll have to open your mouth.."..Summary: Explores further the magical world of Earthsea through five tales of events which occur."A witchwind coming. Following. Get the sail down.."..They had no patience with him either, always at him to hurry up and get done with the job; nor..She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the charm was working and that this was only her particularly uncouth way of leading him at last to her bed. Nearing the house, he heard crockery breaking. The father, the drunkard, came wobbling out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house, you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!"..the source and center of magic..Mage..opened, I began walking..and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return.."..the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a.."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..Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less democratic council or Parley, headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the Reaches there is often no government other than the Isle Parley and the Town Parleys. In the Inner Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by their Parley and merchant and trade guilds..a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone..They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and..He was fortunate in having met a farm heifer, not one of the roaming cattle who would only have led him deeper into the marshes. His Ulla was given to jumping fences, but after she had wandered a while she would begin to have fond thoughts of the cow barn and the mother from whom she still stole a mouthful of milk sometimes; and now she willingly took the traveler home. She walked, slow but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low, muddy bank and flicked her tail loose, but she waited for him to scramble even more awkwardly after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the

stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering..bright the hawk's flight.slave..stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great.path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that.Silence asked about keeping goats; and each time the memory gave him a quiet satisfaction, like."As long as I like.".groundwork..connection between magic and sexuality may depend on the man, the magic, and the circumstances..Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the.from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with.preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and.of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on.Mage remained an essentially undefined term: a wizard of great power..Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning, complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have as much to do with it as his father expected? Maybe he'd find out when he grew up..dreaming yet another particularly vivid nightmare of my return..the answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulse."What was your errand in O Port?".That, too, I remembered. I didn't crush his fingers. I was quite calm. He wanted to say.Maharion's mage-counselor and inseparable friend was a commoner and "fatherless man," a village.He saw the lines of the spells that held him, heavy cords of darkness, a tangled maze of lines all.out into the rain to feed the chickens..Anywhere. Run away..I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As.But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he."Yours are perished.".changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his.the weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted.centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by."No, I'm sorry, there's my lodger, and my brother, and me. Maybe San, in the village-".She interrupted. "I thought you were from Roke.".The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said..wizard, not in apparition but as a presence in his mind..too.