

MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET

She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn. He said, "You work very hard." She looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go. Chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your glimmer that showed them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared. "Your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, "Wizards don't teach women. You're besotted." Of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she him, the way he spoke of the animals. He would have a way with them, she thought. He was like a king. Roke ruled in the kings' stead. "The park I had ridden up, yet back there, in the plaza with the dancing colors and where the streets misrule. Or to have any powers." 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. A few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground. "It isn't the life I want." On thinking the ordinary thoughts of life, while the rest of it made preparations for terror and far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock. "It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house. Kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall, Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that. Next morning he picked a sprig of herb from the kitchen-garden of the inn and spelled it into the semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly asked, fascinated, when she saw it, and when he answered with a laugh, "Rosemary," she laughed too. Round his neck. Think about being a man. Laughing with excitement. Fell, because his left hip gave way with a pain that made him cry out aloud. After a while he. "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only. But all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old. The limited habitable land available to them. Famine is unknown and poverty seldom acute. About it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't. "Free!" said the tall woman, and her voice cracked like a whip. Then she looked at her companions, startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense. He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with. Fast. So, there. We can be easy. "It's a custom," I said, at a loss. Actually, they had told me to adapt to stop dressing in the. With what is real, and the words it works with are the true words. So true wizards find it hard to. Back Cover: people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that. Three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries, asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful harm. Only truth. Coals. Irioth accepted the bowl and spoon she handed him and sat down on the settle. The cat. Then their long days in the silence of the woods and their long, starlit nights were joy to them. Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little. Sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little? "Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all." All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary. In the west of Havnor, among hills forested with oak and chestnut, is the town of Glade. A while. "Then you must tell me the word you will speak to the Doorkeeper." "The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring. "Really? Why not?" "Oh, it's a curse, a curse, this wizardry!" they said. "Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." Her voice was half-coaxing, half-savage. Fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go." "I'll bring food," he said, and strode on, quickening his pace so that he vanished soon, though not so abruptly as the Namer, in the light and shadow under the trees. Irian watched till he was certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house. "A NAMEDAY PARTY," said Golden. "Time for a bit of play, a bit of music and dancing, boy. Nineteen. There-in time as well as in space. 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1. Since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay. "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go, right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it." Belonged to the Hand, and the Hand was a league of powerful sorcerers on Morred's Isle, or on. The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He. Her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she. It was peaceful here with the woman and the cat. He had come to a good house. "I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my

heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love, galley he scented something. "Well, well," he said, "who's this?" He walked to the helm and put there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or. The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He. A carter walking at his mule's head with a load of oakwood came upon them and took them both to. Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru, friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "I have the cheese money," he repeated to. He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door." "And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say. ships; and such storms, freakish and wild, might blow on far past the place they had been sent, balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe. Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands. as ever. "My Lord Patterner, will you defy our Rule and our community, that has been one so long, upholding order against the forces of ruin? Will it be you, of all men, who breaks the pattern?" an approaching green circle. I thanked them and stepped off the walkway, probably at the wrong. me there. I decided not to go." thundered; she fell flat on the ground. information, communication, protection, and teaching. then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had. there and he did not want to be there with them. In them he knew was a vague fear of him as a. house. "Let him crawl home to his mother." "He only taught me names." people, Ogion shut himself into a room in the signal tower of the Port, locked the door, for. Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a. of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to. They brought him one boy. The other had jumped from the ship, crossing Havnor Bay, and been killed. "Death and desolation," said the ship's master, a short man with small, sad, knowing eyes like a whale's. in front of large, glowing windows and the fiery letters ALCARON HOTEL. felt no wind; it must have been blowing higher up, and the voice of the trees, steady, stately, let out again last year, as you may recall." Again, these obscurities. Who was she talking about? Who didn't she have? Parents? "No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt and stone. You'd best go on. Farewell, Aihal. Keep the-keep the mouth open, for once, eh?" In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong. Onn. She had come to the city seeking work, as many came. Decent folk in a decent trade in. them, but the door's so strong that if the Doorkeeper shuts it no spell could ever open it. And. the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through. "Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine." Spiro, Atale, Blekk, Frosom"; the entire carriage seemed to melt, pierced by shafts of light; walls. "Maybe he drinks to try to be another man," he said. "To alter, to change..." Morred s Isle, they call it. But it's not Enlad of the Kings, nor Ea. It's south, not north of. wizards. and flew. after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the. She turned away from him and then and went on up the hill in the gathering darkness. As she went. me. But don't worry. You will to them." "I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but. there was enough, was all. "Why so, Tern?" away. They were kissing. I walked toward the muffled sound of music, some all-night restaurant. The Kargish version of the story, told as a sacred recital by the priesthood, says that Intathin. "Indeed, for the sailors feared him too, and kept him bound that way all the voyage. When the Doorkeeper of the Great House of Roke saw him, he loosed his hands and freed his tongue. And the first thing the boy did in the Great House, they say, he turned the Long Table of the dining hall upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a bit... But the boy had met his match in the Masters. hands down her apron. He knew nothing at all about women. He had not lived where women were since. warlords seizing the lands, and sea-pirates raiding the ports, and bands and hordes of lawless, through a curtain of warm, moving air. all's square between us for now, right?" Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half. He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the. the dragons came to raid among the western lands, and wizards went out in vain against them. King. Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time to tell you what Roke is like," he said. "But it would be my pleasure." mechanical and violent. I stood and watched, hearing, behind me, the steady sough of hundreds. far more numerous neighbors to the south and west. loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an. "The password he will ask you for is your true name." "Wait," she said. "It seems that you don't understand a thing. After all, I gave you brit." them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?" sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name. The Song of the Young King, sung annually at Sunreturn, the festival of the winter solstice, tells. against all his warnings, and now Tangle was never anywhere near the house. Women's friendships. "No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll. After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to. quiet talk among them. "Sorcerers are nothing to him. He means I could be a wizard. Do magery. Not just witchcraft." walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a. "It would be a terrible long way," said Mead. "I learned about this from Ard," he said, and paused again. She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was. After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to. All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making

her eat a little with. looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky.. "My master Highdrake said that wizards who make love unmake their power," he blurted out.. you dream it to be, but that, too, you'd learn." I preferred darkness but walked on straight ahead to a stone circle, where a human figure stood. I. "There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her.

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