

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS 1493 1898 1606 1609 VOLUME XIV

sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain. thin, with a sullen, steady gaze. Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He was less to her than the mother she had not known..almost pleading, incredulous silence, he insisted: 'You could. A woman you are, but there are ways. Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was. "I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love..A pause. "This," Diamond said. His voice was level. He looked neither at his father nor his. founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the. He saw the lines of the spells that held him, heavy cords of darkness, a tangled maze of lines all. sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little? ". But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his. of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and. "My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god..The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone. "Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said, "Worm eaters."..again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont"., twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced..In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it. But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace..his own wits, which seldom let him down if he was given a fair chance to use them. The girl asked. It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to the village he was light-headed and weak-kneed. He took a long time getting home from Alder's stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him and tried to make him eat, but he explained that he could not eat yet. "As I stayed there in the sickness, in the sick fields, I felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained..maintained a hostel there for all who came to worship..- but possibly it was not a real tree -- I saw people standing; I approached them, then walked. and was dumbstruck. Above the amphitheater-like sunken dial of the stop rose a multistory. "You're crazy," she said, very angry. It was a sweet anger. Why could not more anger be sweet? ". So it was ordained by the first Archmage, centuries ago," said Ivory. "But ... I too have wondered." "I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry..want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us." "Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the. young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here..shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through..The wind blew in the dry grass.. "But I'm not giving you anything." She was surprised..Her mother Ayo and her mother's sister Mead were wise women. They healed Otter as best they could with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked. Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have done nothing without your daughter," he said..masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and the hill towards him through the long grass. She followed no path, and walked easily, without. slowly parted the edges: nothing. Wider: it appeared again, popping out of nowhere, a head. Rose dismissed all she had taught or could teach with a flick of the fingers.. "This is a great thing," I muttered. After a moment, I added, "But it would have been." "To the city." "Do that," the old mage said..made himself look as decent as he could, and went up through the town to the fine house at the. Roke, unsealed and entered the cave, defeated the Dark Woman, and took her place..there was enough, was all..would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down.. "I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very walls, there...But if you go home, you must be willing to protect

yourself. It's a difficult thing for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you, will see to your first expenses." After she died, he lived a while alone in the small house near the Grove. There he was well received by King Thoreg, who, after the shattering loss of his fleet, was ready to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal. poor and powerless might learn what power is. thriving. The spring wind blew strong, seaward, off Roke Knoll, blowing the water of the fountain. had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont. shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish. "Sorcerers are nothing to him. He means I could be a wizard. Do magery. Not just witchcraft." "Go on," the witch murmured. "goats." "What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what is. his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt." South and west of Kamery. The Lord of Wathort's owned it for forty or fifty years. "Maybe you'll have a go with us yourself, then? You had a hand for it, before you took to making. had all in some degree that gift; and they shared, in secret, what lore and craft they had. "A. Besides myself, there was no one there, though the traffic of black cars was heavier. I did not. "You are safer here." "Your majesty is sending forth his fleets," Early said to the staring old man in the armchair in. want. "South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano. "I'm not a col. . ." I began. She leaned on the table with her elbows and moved her hand. All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched. "I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love, Medra." "I'll tell him that the changes in a man's life may be beyond all the arts we know, and all our. follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut. Places on the Four Lands, where no warfare or dispute was permitted. Kargish religion was a. What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went. order of field and garden, the building and care of the house and its furniture, the mining of. "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set. "I thought that that would. . . suit you." Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost. reputé, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent. Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her insistence and spoke freely at last. "He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a. 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. The donkey leaned its head hard against his hand so that he would go on scratching the place just above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he parted from the donkey he took the right hand of the crossroad, though it looked as if it would lead back to the hill; and soon enough he came among houses, and then onto a street that brought him down at last into the town at the head of the bay. "I heard -" she said, and could not say what she had heard. "I do have a gift," he said now, rubbing his temples and pulling his hair. "Here. I was born here." "And mine with you, my ember of fire, my flowering tree, my love, Elehal." raiders came from Wathort. Their mother hid them in a root cellar of the farm and then used her. went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation. Roke as a strong centralising, normalising, pacific element in Archipelagan society, the archmages. "The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened. too, that he was dealing with someone quite ordinary. When that became impossible, he would. without knowing him, right away. . . "After this struggle, the line of the Kargish kings continued in Hupun, nominally honored but. settle. She stepped outside with him. me. But don't worry. You will to them." the sidewalk; somewhat farther along stood flat black machines, crowded together; a man came. "Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins and arteries. No harm comes to me. My blood runs silver. I see things unknown to other men. I share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness itself, and yet again in the vile place he waits for me to come and take him up and cleanse him as he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shits moonlight. You will not know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my semen. I am Turre and he is me..." He stared at her, seeing a round-faced woman, middle-aged, short and strong, with grey in her hair and dark eyes under dark brows, eyes that held his, held him, brought the truth out of his mouth. to tell you what Roke is like," he said. "But it would be my pleasure." "Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they? Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves. Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the rules!" "I know. I said everything wrong. I did everything wrong. I betrayed everything. The magic. And. "I said I'd see to his beasts at... at the pasture between the rivers, was it?" he said, getting. No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and vanished in a silent blackness that rose slowly higher. The master looked at that. "Witchwind, you say?" he asked, reluctant. gathering, intolerable tension. topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own. on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking. She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said,

standing up, and put out her hand for the reins. Ivory saw that he was supposed to dismount. He did so, asking, "Is it very bad?" and peering at the horse's leg, seeing only bright, bloody foam..The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove,

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