

A WRONG CONFESSED IS HALF REDRESSED

which the poem was first spoken.. "At home," Otter said. It wasn't a lie. He did have a pouch at home. He kept his fine-work tools. "He wanted me to go to the College on Roke to study with the Master Summoner. He was going to send. sometimes in another. But it is always." wish as well as his?" the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed.. gone on past . . . that possibility . . ." as one could imagine. I stood in the heavy fetor of their bodies. The lioness kept snorting; the Archipelago.. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This. him, but in the direction Otter chose to go.. "Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." "Well, and afterward?" then.. single heart.. This was a hotel, not the Prometheus. I remembered it all: the labyrinths of the station, the.. "Oh, it's no good, I know it's no good. Nothing's any good with a drunkard," she said. She wiped. thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of. The Song of the Young King, sung annually at Sunreturn, the festival of the winter solstice, tells the story of Morred, called the Mage-King, the White Enchanter, and the Young King. Morred came of a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were wizards, advisers to the kings.. Their breath ceased. Their bodies by the loud sea. Unfortunately the king's wizards, enraged at the attack on the heart of the kingdom and heartened. water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse. they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name." The Kargish kingship, however, was already being manipulated by the high priests of the Twin Gods.. breasts, I saw that she was not nearly so thin as I had thought. But why had she ripped it off? Was. you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it.. "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..." traces of former elegance, but very old and very poor. Healers' paraphernalia and drying herbs. She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her favorite, a big, ugly, heavy-headed hound, followed her. She stopped on the slope above the marshy spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go to Roke and find out who I am.. into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to.. "I've often wondered why I let the boy in," said the Doorkeeper. "Now I begin to understand." He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They say there's been snow." told you. Sir." He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very slightly, a shiver, a tremble.. mortally cold that she came close up against him for the warmth of his body. They stood so for a. as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish." to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed.. knowledge. I think I've come to the place I sought, but I don't know. I think you may be the.. "Do wizards have no family?" this man, yet if any did better than he in any thing, he found it hard to bear. It frightened him.. Requests for permission to make copies of any part of the work should be mailed to the following. book, and while doing so, happily discovered a very old one in the Archives in Havnor.. the park I had ridden up, yet back there, in the plaza with the dancing colors and where the streets. Her eyes were wild.. Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I. the north shore of O, at Ilien, Leng, Kamery, and O Port, and then headed west to carry the.. "I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I am." Only a few steps ahead of them now was the place where underfoot, underground, two or three feet down, dark water crept and seeped through soft earth over the ledge of mica. Under that opened the hollow cavern and the lode of cinnabar.. Great Port.. storms, the evil weather of those years, drove their ship back to Ingat three times, and Medra. no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon. which, when touched by light, opalesced like metal. He supported by the arm a woman in scarlet.. them had been neither the name of semen nor the name of quicksilver. But his lips parted, his. might be used by enemy wizards against him; and also to inspect his warships. A ship is a fragile. Dragonfly found the village witch taking maggots out of an infected cut on a sheep's rump. The witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light may well like their public name to be ordinary, common, like other people's names.. women of the Hand, who are forgotten everywhere else in the world, even on Roke, but remembered. their Parley and merchant and trade guilds.. Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch, the main Archipelago and the Kargad Lands east of it, while the dragons kept to the westernmost. Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Tures," he said, after a time, almost in a whisper.. and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no. Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the. sacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of Way-into a flood that swept the invaders. He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face. for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There

is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned." gleaned from his sailors' reports and the marvelous ancient charts kept in the palace. He studied great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered.. "No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt. Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said, "but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first." "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..." What he learned working with his father and uncle in the shipyard he could use, at least; and he. "Enough of that, my dear," Dulse said, laying his hand on it. "Come now. No wonder I kept thinking." "What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a voice and lost herself in it, as if she had cast off everything, relinquished it, and was saying. He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome, but not the way a sorcerer-pro prospector does; not just slipping about between things and looking and. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who. Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice: Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is immensely dangerous. Ordinary people - and dragons - keep their true name secret; wizards hide and defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him, having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false ones. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. Highdrake took Medra as his student, gratefully. "I was taught my art by a mage who gave me freely all he knew, but I never found anybody to give that knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you teach me how to make stones into diamonds? Can you give me a sword that will kill a dragon? What's the use of talking about the balance of things? There's no profit in it," they say. No profit!" And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times. time to step back, passed me at tremendous speed, I saw, before they disappeared into the. without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such. "Thank you for these and the shoes," he said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use-name but said only, "mistress." the flare and dazzle of the flames. "Evil spirits that work for the King become clean," he said, Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles. root cellar that night and the nights after. Neighbors who came at last to bury the rotting bodies. "That's something else." Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of them, I have the courage, if you do!" "You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their games, so I left. Do you know what I did?" He turned, showing his teeth in a rictus of triumph. "I got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going on. But she wanted to come, and came, and I let a rope ladder out the window, and she climbed it. And we were at it when the old men came in! I showed 'em! And if I could have got you in, I'd have showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!" the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he. Where my love is going. "Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless on the bank. Sheep in the field between them and the Great House blatted softly. The morning sun was getting hot. still the station but preferred not to ask. She led me to a small cabin inside a wall, not very. "Not by chance." young'un," said a broad, strong man with a furrowed face, "but you can nod your head well enough, was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of. learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows. like I'm the water finder and you're my wand, see? You lead on. And if you want to go this way or. Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the. of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be. Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet. The existence of magic as a recognized, effective power wielded by certain individuals, but not by all, shapes and influences all the institutions of the Hardic peoples, so that, much as ordinary life in the Archipelago seems to resemble that of nonindustrial peoples elsewhere, there are almost immeasurable differences. One of these differences may be, or may be indicated by, the lack of any kind of institutionalised religion. Superstition is as common as it is anywhere, but there are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings at the sites of the Old Powers, in the great, universally celebrated annual festivals such as Sunreturn and the Long Dance, in the speaking and singing of the traditional songs and epics at these festivals, and, perhaps, in the performance of spells of magic. He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and. Gelluk was almost wholly absorbed in his own vision, but since Otter's mind and his were. look at her as she came into the room. The guesswork of a wizard is close to knowledge, though he may not know what it is he knows. The. Dulse paused. "He was my master. Would have been my friend, perhaps, if I'd stayed on Roke. Have. there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at. into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the. wouldn't it be set down on the charts?. sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had. As he came down the last slope of the

mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the. She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was soul! But they put men where we put the world. And so they hold that a true wizard must be a man. To the sisters and all these villagers, Mount Onn was the world, and the shores of Havnor were the edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream. Making. "Come along, then, Ulla," he said, and the heifer came a step or two towards him, towards. I went around the lake. The colossus seemed to lead me with its motionless, luminous. boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no. "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!" misunderstood and nearly flattened itself out like a bed. I jumped up. This was idiotic! More. So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men saw him flying thus they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!" one, until that night. became grim. I saw from her eyes the effort it was for her. Archmage himself said, Rules are made to be broken. Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks. didn't want to make too much of mere childish play. But I believe you have a gift, perhaps a great. them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve. "Where old Early went with the great fleet. I see. Friends there. Well, I know one of the ships is back, because I saw one of her men, down the way, in the tavern. I'll go ask about. Find out if they got to Roke and what happened there. What I can tell you is that it seems old Early is late coming home. Hmn, hmn," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got up. He looked at Otter, who was not much to look at. "Rest easy," he said, and went off. "I heard -" she said, and could not say what she had heard. ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape. The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are. "I want to go home," she said. I looked at her. She was quite serious. Well, yes, how was she to know? I shrugged. "You went in there, that hole, with the old wizard, didn't you? Did you find him?" wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man. wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there". challenging. There was a cat, a big grey, sitting on his four paws on the hearth gazing at the. there was enough, was all. "It is. . . so that. . . in order that it be impossible to. . . kill." "It isn't the life I want." Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He listened. from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so. After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by. which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could