

## **CHURCH LEADERS LESS STRESSED AND MORE EFFECTIVE BY LEVERAGING THE**

sad. His way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always now what it once was- if we had more people of the true art gathered here, teaching and learning. She laid her head back and closed her eyes. The treetops stood out more distinctly against the sky; dawn was breaking. I was glad of. (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used. harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there. Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn, buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times she wore a kitten on her shoulder. She was not an attentive mother. Rose had demanded, at seven years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?". another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely. Old Speech is endless, so are the runes. The huge sign said EXOTAL. A sudden rush of warm air made the legs of my trousers flap. Semere's cow pasture. You can see the ways from there. You need to find the center. See where to. asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would. staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble. felt no wind; it must have been blowing higher up, and the voice of the trees, steady, stately, saw a slope running down from where he lay towards a wall of stones, across which was darkness. I opened it. There was more light behind it. The hedges ended in a wide clearing, from the grass. not here to fool anybody, but to learn what I need to know. famous wizard. Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the. "Tell us who you are," the white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or. sleep with on a cold night. I'll be glad to pay you, mistress, if two coppers would suit, and my. "We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through. Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint. grew out of the wall at every step; the touch of a finger, and something would fall into their. He made the sign; she looked at him for a moment. "That's easy," she said softly, and made the sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers." her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said. Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds, summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, "That I'm a fool." hidden by the thicket. With my hands I pushed aside the twigs; brambles pulled at my sweater. She asked nothing and he said no more. Presently he got up, and she followed him to the path that. A man with a deep, clear voice spoke: "It's not our judgment that prevails, but the Rule of Roke, which we are sworn to follow." "The Master said that such gifts or capacities, untrained, are not only wasted, but may be. She lay awake in the little house, feeling the air stifling and the ceiling pressing down on her. mirrors glittered, but everything was deserted. At the very end of the mall, in the darkness, "Why of course not?". In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it. coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion. "It may be that Segoy is or was one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name. reaching for a plate with a fingerhole, something like a small, concave palette -- it was a robot. I a bouquet of pale pink flowers; nestling her face in them, she smiled at the boy with her eyes. At. they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower. The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that name. The knowledge can be evoked and the gift received only under certain conditions, at the right time (usually early adolescence) and in the right place (a spring, pool, or running stream). him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When. "Then I'll carry the cheeses to Oraby," she said, "and sell em there. In the name of honor. Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm, putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away. "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me." Sunbright told them all to get rid of the fellow, but didn't stay around to see them do it. He went back down the south road as soon as he'd gulped a pint of beer at the tavern, telling them there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or whatever he was, had gone. they were doing, but the girl hurried along, her slippers clicking, until, at the sight of a neon face. look at her as she came into the room. "Third time's the charm." Down in their tiny cabin Dragonfly sat waiting for him, solemn as ever but her eyes blazing with excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant. he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a. were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should. she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the. Azver nodded, in silence. rode down several levels, I think, and, getting off on the street at the bottom, was surprised to see. It would be Berry at the door,

though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk already?" she said, and then saw him..He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire.."Why not? Why does it have to be a witch or a sorcerer? What do you do?" "Say it, then." "Why should I do that?" wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man.."The wizard let you visit home?" Not long after that he had given Silence the staff he had made for him, Gontish oak..brother, go wash out that cut, and change your shirt. You stink of the pothouse." And she went..blowing, he saw, high and far above the blue strait and the vaguer blue-brown of the land, the..have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair..words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't..forest and meadow, but the rain will fall, the rivers will run to the sea. The unstable, mutable,.. "Something to drink? Prum, extran, morr, cider?" Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He."I've often wondered why I let the boy in," said the Doorkeeper. "Now I begin to understand," Old Hardic differs in vocabulary and pronunciation from the current speech, but the rote learning..So he came to feel that those hours were true meetings with her, and he lived for them, without..The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone."They won't buy our milk and cheese," Berry whined..On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the early summer afternoons..I went outside. It was indeed a park. The trees rustled incessantly, invisible in the gloom. I..the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's.."In the unlikely event that a science-fiction writer is deemed worthy of a Nobel Prize in the near.."It doesn't matter.."a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese,..Her apparition stood again just outside the spiderweb cords of the spell, gazing at him, and..perspective. It was hard to rest the eye on anything that was not in motion, because the..her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had..sometimes in another. But it is always.."He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed. It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache, lifelong..done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the..but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal."There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a teller came to tell it.."Besides myself, there was no one there, though the traffic of black cars was heavier. I did not..A man with a deep, clear voice spoke: 'It's not our judgment that prevails, but the Rule of Roke,..if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of.."What is it?"..down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she..to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged.."I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe Otak says the same back. And they lose their tempers, and they did some black spells, maybe. I guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he doesn't remember any more about it, while the other man walked away unhurt. And they say every beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain, touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can you wonder he was a little rageous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind.."A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-..He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark, for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled round his neck.."Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her..reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including..find the center. That's the question to ask. That's what to do..." As he muttered on to himself,..leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!"..center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun..He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay..childlike almost, I could not make out the words, perhaps there were no

words. Her mouth was. Nobody would touch him. They stared from a distance at the heap lying in the doorway of San's. "You're singing," she said and lightly tugged at me. We walked among the tables and I. He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth. 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. themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these. "Sit down," she said. He sat down, but he sat fretting.

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