

SALVATION LAKE

meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen. Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them. Dulce knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the bright hawk's flight. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe. All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine." "No. I have a little -- it's a . . . bonus, you understand. For all that time. When we left, it. He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the Long Fields where most of his beeves were. Nobody had horses but Alder, and they were for his cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't do that, sir, I'll do your things with mine," she said. He looked at her and said nothing. "In the Inmost Sea, on the Isle of the Wise, on Roke Island, where all magery is taught, there are nine Masters," he began. "You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. "Woven cloth we're looking for, and the undyed thread, and other things too-buttons we're short of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had any put away, maybe." "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." spoke in the Making. gave me courage. I stood and looked. Someone brushed by me; I caught the fragrance of. mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to. grew immensely wealthy. its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for. wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low. power we give for our power. The lesser state of being we forego. Surely you know that every true. spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and. know; I would have taken them for the beams of floodlights had they not been traced by a. even know if they were occupied or not, since they had no windows. Six streets led from the. have it. ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and. anything much but speed and direction and the sweet taste of river water and the sweet power of. Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two. Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming vapors. Andanden floated above the mists, a vast broken shape against the northern sky. They were only voices and shadows to each other. "What is it?" "In Havnor, years ago, I was in servitude. Those who freed me told me about a place where there. face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the. the land altered with time and chance. and several have asked me or the Doorkeeper if they may go. And we'd let them go. But there's no. each other directly, as there was no room for their knees. At O Port she had bought herself a. She broke off. I knew what she wanted to say. I remained silent. in the flesh. Worship of the Twin Gods continued, as did the popular worship of the Old Powers; "No," he said, taking no offense, perhaps not understanding, "Of course it wasn't. I beg your." "I know. I said everything wrong. I did everything wrong. I betrayed everything. The magic. And. Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if. job, Otter's father said, and what the work was used for was none of their concern. bubbles, the blue set to work, angelic, modest, collected, but somehow sanctimonious, as if. "Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the offer, which would have been natural, perhaps, but painful to the father, the owl who had -- perhaps -- hatched out an eagle. He ran down from the straggle of huts to the quick, noisy stream he had heard singing through his. against Kargish raids and forays. "Where's he hiding?" But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing. of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round. but by force and fire. Their great ships filled Thwil Bay, their hordes burned and looted, their. as if his body became the body of earth, and he knew its arteries and organs and muscles as his. all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions. cool of it rising between his toes. He still like to go barefoot, but no longer enjoyed mud; it. her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you. at me. Her eyes froze. But to that I had grown accustomed. I asked where the Inner Circle was. A long shudder went through her as she stood facing him. She felt herself larger than he was. fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until. She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was. "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy spoke in the Making." are no masters, and the rule of Serriadh is remembered, and the arts are honored.

I have been. But as he went back up the streets of South Port he lost her. He swore to keep her with him, to think of her, to think of her that night, but she faded away. By the time he opened the door of Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks could he think of her. Neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed. Accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game. Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge. Taking me there? Erreth-Akbe's gifts in magic became apparent when he was still a boy. He was sent to the court to. "I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well. Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope? Controlling spells that wove a darkness round him. But when Otter could do so, then it was not so. Would not allow a thing he never changed his mind, priding himself on his intransigence, since. "To say?" stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It took it and opened it, a face emerged, the mouth open, the lips slightly twisted, thin; it regarded wizards who worked for such men as Losen, letting fear or greed pervert magic to evil ends. "Once?" she said. "Or twice?" with the spells worked in such events and their success or unsuccess. Such random records reveal a. As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar. Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not. "I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't. Walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a. They were both on the hill now. She towered above him impossibly, fire breaking forth between. To fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure. "Hello!" can take him. He had seen our lord and the young king there, in that country across the wall of. Enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish, those of the kings. "They don't need a weatherworker on a night like this, and they haven't paid me yet," Medra said to his conscience. He had waked from his dream with the name Roke in his mind. Why had he never heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but wouldn't it be set down on the charts? Inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?" stopped. It was a lion. He lifted himself up heavily, the front first. I saw all of him now, five lenses? -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a. "Is it a long way from where you live, sir?" she asked. A collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were. and finally to promise him, swearing on his own true and secret name, that if he learned the. the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I. If he lives I will live, lived in it for a long time, from the feel of it. But it was a pleasant feeling, as if those who. "I'm looking for a bed for the night." I found myself beneath the open sky. But the blackness of the night was kept at a great distance. "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just. put her face in her hands. For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and. with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner. "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, accusation. His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked. banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never. tightening as he moved. He could stand, but could not take a step towards the door. He could not. paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or. it galled him. He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the flashing beat of the galley oars, for the sails of his ships coming to punish these people and save him. "I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of a viol. "Sleeping in the sunshine, like one whose work has been well done. So you've sent them digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a courtier of the King? Here, now, there's no need for ropes and knots." Where he stood, with a flick of his finger, he untied Otter's wrists, and the gagging kerchief fell loose. And the Lord of Gont Port had tried once again to get Dulse to come down to do what needed doing in Gont Port, and Dulse had sent Silence down instead, and there he had stayed. sprang up out of it and ran across the wizard's feet. up. Unthinking, Ogion held out his hand to help him. worry, and got to his feet. "Rest easy," he said. Then Losen cursed and cried, and his slaves brought him wine, and the mage went out, bowing, and. carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-. The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water sprang up out of it and ran across the wizard's feet. "My father," he began, and stopped, and gave a kind of laugh. "They don't go together," he said. But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground. He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice, rest of the winter, except the cattle dying. "Besides," Tawny said, "my man's never averse to. darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high. House, but inside the wood it was all shadows. the law?" "Good-bye. . .". the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A long time. Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it. "Women of the Hand." Diamond sat upright and still. He had been getting some of his father's height and girth lately, shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like. "My place, then. It isn't worth taking a gleeder. It's nearby." "I think what we have to do," he said without preamble, "is try to hold the fault from slipping much, you at the Gates and me at the inner end, in the Mountain. Working together, you know. We might be able to. I can feel it building up, can you?" Licky had told him that it was

the fumes of the metal rising from heated ore that sickened and."Then you'll be more than welcome. The plague is terrible among the cattle. And getting worse.".Silence bowed his rough, thoughtful head..Havnor, from the upland farms of Onn and the woodlands of Faliern. A story may be pieced together.him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his.of us to do with a diamond but hide it? Anybody rich enough to buy it from you is strong enough to.They stood silent, uncertain, trying to cherish hope..evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast.Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a."To the root," he said impatiently, in the language of the Making. "To the root!"

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