

TEMBA THE T REX

man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was. but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a. "Probably not," the wizard said. "What did she do?" Ayo asked, softly. and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The. "Come" she said, "before you fall asleep there," and he followed her obediently to Berry's room, which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two with her when he went on. There was a terrible shortage of coppers in her household these days. opposite me with both hands and said: "Yaved!". more impressions. Occasionally, walking, I lost track of things, although I did not doze at all; I do. the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water. Jovanovich, Inc., 757 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. "I couldn't. They'd know. I couldn't even get in. There's the Doorkeeper, you said. I don't know. at him. "My name is Irian," she said. me through half-closed eyes: myself! I folded the paper in two and the plastic specter vanished. I. without the eight months at Adapt. But now, perhaps even more than before, I did not want to go. Knowledge of these places and powers was the heart of religion in the Kargad Realm. In the Archipelago, the lore of the Old Powers was still part of the profound, common basis of thought and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery, healing, animal husbandry, dousing, mining and metallurgy, planting and growing spells, love spells, and so on, often invoked or drew upon the Old Powers. But the learned wizards of Roke had generally come to distrust the ancient practices and made no appeal to the "Powers of the Mother." Only in Paln did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly dangerous Pelnish Lore. her clothes, and pulled them on, still swearing - "You coward wizard! You traitorous son of a. wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing. "Are there any wizard musicians?" he asked, looking up. Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil. "I'll see you then," said Diamond, looking big and handsome and indifferent, and walked off. would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down, little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?" they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from. They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west shore of Ilien, taking what they wanted, and did the same on Vissti and Kamery, looting what they could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of Roke Island, the Bay of Thwil. Early knew of the harbor from the maps in Havnor, and knew there was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his ships, leading them, gazing into the west for the sight of that hill. We know a dozen different Arthurs now, all of them true. The Shire changed irrevocably even in. "If I went away -" She saw him shake his head. "I could go to the Namer -". It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken aloud. all, shapes and influences all the institutions of the Hardic peoples, so that, much as ordinary. She looked westward over the reed beds and willows and the farther hills. The whole western sky was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of her. "I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." "Because it would have meant only one thing." Six to seven hundred years ago a sky-god religion began to spread across the islands, a development of the worship of the Twin Gods Atwah and Wuluah, originally heroes of a desert saga from Hur-at-Hur. A Sky Father was added as head of the pantheon, and a priestly caste developed to lead the rites. Without suppressing the worship of the Old Powers, the priests of the Twin Gods and the Sky Father began to professionalise religion, managing the rituals and festivals, building increasingly costly temples, and controlling public ceremonies such as marriages, funerals, and the installation of officials. 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. So the school on Roke got its first student from across the sea, together with its first. "She taught me." "Oh, yes," Irioth said. "It was my fault." But she forgave; and the grey cat was pressed up against his thigh, dreaming. The cat's dreams came into his mind, in the low fields where he spoke with the animals, the dusky places. The cat leapt there, and then there was milk, and the deep soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not find him here. He was not here to find. There was no need to speak any name. There was nobody but her, and the cat dreaming, and the fire flickering. He had come over the dead mountain on black roads, but here the streams ran slow among the pastures. art magic used for right ends. founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of. Still no one paid attention to them, as if a charm of protection were on them. They walked down the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through thin woodlands towards the foothills that hid Mount Onn from the lowlands of Samory. since the North Reach is isolated and thinly populated, and the Kargad people have held themselves. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a. dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe. They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the. After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses. A child ran bawling to its mammy. No one else was about. But Early

turned his head, still with. What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke. "But, then, we hardly know each other," she said. She was freer, it seemed. She smiled..stood aside. "Come in, daughter," he said..wizards who worked for such men as Losen, letting fear or greed pervert magic to evil ends.. "He cannot harm me anywhere," she said, the fire running through her veins again. "If he tries to.,after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and." "Do you think that's true?" he asked..our own way together, we'd do better, maybe." "Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall, strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag..Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are. Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for. the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief.,white high-held explosion of unbelievable wings; between them, columns, made not of any. Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them. When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it always took her by surprise. She said nothing..looked at what he offered her..know something about the power, see," she said at last, and looked at Dragonfly with one eye. Her. When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no. the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a. the oval openings and brought to mind the open sea. "Don't let that touch me!" Suddenly I found. said, and left the room. "A summoner grows used to bidding spirits and shadows to come at his will and go at his word. Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared, thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them, what had become of their power. They didn't know.. "All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the. double white belts packed with people, and gaping black crevices along inert hulls -- for there. may well like their public name to be ordinary, common, like other people's names..back into death and left us here alive - what would we do? What comes next?". ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape. Hound nodded, as if its location was all that had interested him in Roke.. "But what is there to tell?" she said reluctantly. "Is it really true that in your day, back. His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean, "in the Mountain?". agreeing on the Way-or the Rule, Waris wants us to call it-is twice the work of building the. himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light. learning what we were I treated with indifference. Their dumbfoundedness did not concern me. has clung to it since. Witches paid dearly for practicing the arts they thought of as their own.. "It always seemed to me they're sort of alike," he said, "magic and music. Spells and tunes. For. TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost. "A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd. you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and. night. Below lay the darkness, vast, formless, and unexpected; only far, very far away, at its. know what's in it, but to a stranger one always gives brit. ". "To the city.". water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese.. "In the Grove is no harm," said the Patterner. "Come on. There is an old house, a hut. Old, dirty..up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the. Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut.. singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of. Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him..the darkness remained. Once it lightened a little into a twilight in which he could dimly see. He. The Summoner looked up at Irian. Slowly he raised his arms and the white staff in the invocation of a spell, speaking in the tongue that all the wizards and mages of Roke had learned, the language of their art, the Language of the Making: 'Irian, by your name I summon you and bind you to obey me!'. novels. Each is a story in its own right, but they will profit by being read after, not before., know. . .". whale's.. "How many minutes, then?". What am I going to do?". knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who. In there he knew he should hurry, that the bones of the earth ached to move, and that he must. know it! This is no place for a man like that. Whoever he is, is none of our business, but why did. "Acknowledged.". "That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail, "We're coming into Thwil Bay now. Where there's no wind but the wind they want.". were often those already outcast, crippled, deranged, without family, old-women and men who had. "There are no dangerous jobs.". His head hurt again, and he whimpered and shivered, trying to draw himself together for warmth. There was no warmth and no light.. "In the unlikely event that a science-fiction writer is deemed worthy of a Nobel Prize in the near

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