

## SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES DURING THE FIRST SESSION OF THE THIRTY SECOND

him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself." vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was. "And you asked me, What can you tell me that could make me trust you?". That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good reason." He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it..with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to.as if expecting to find stilts that would account for my height. He did not say a word..It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard..and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north..It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should know them now..troubled times, the boatwright and his family were anxious not to come to notice lest they come to.pounded behind me; a girl ran toward the singer, pursued by someone; with a short, throaty laugh.He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the High Marsh..was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his."Wait," I said. "Do you have anything to drink?". "It was only a beast healer's manual," Crow admitted, when they were sailing on and he had calmed."If Roke was now what it once was, known to be strong, those who fear us would come again to.never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him..sleep with on a cold night. I'll be glad to pay you, mistress, if two coppers would suit, and my.again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself..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..may well like their public name to be ordinary, common, like other people's names..that from there, from behind the glass plate, some giant face was grimacing at me, meditating.stay on after we land..if only they could come to Roke..He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be!.It cost him a great effort to speak..him, gaining him a place to stand, a foothold. Even with Gelluk so close to him, fearfully close.. "Imagine that you are doing what I said to you..severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being..On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales.in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is.the.knowing. I preferred not to ask, so I turned away. A young man, wearing something that looked..He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver..but he was gone.. "The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was now what it once was- if we had more people of the true art gathered here, teaching and learning as well as preserving-".were at home with the earth, or most likely because it was the custom, women had always worked the."I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you know.They were waiting for him..bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before."We do not teach women here," said the Windkey. "You know that..or another he came at last to Geath in the Ninety Isles..Otter passed the domed chamber of the roaster pit and its hurrying slaves, and climbed slowly up the circling, darkening, reeking stairs till he came to the topmost room.. "Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed is many-pocketed pouch.the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they.teeth like a freshly baked roll, but immediately crumbled and

melted on the tongue; the brown. "Thank you for these and the shoes," he said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use-name but said only, "mistress." The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some. Among sorcerers, few are strictly celibate, and many marry and bring up a family..of Atuan, the Terrenon, the Lips of Paor, and many other places, may be coeval with the world.there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up."Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke.He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver."..had held him. "Tell Thorion we will meet him on Roke Knoll," he said. "When he comes, we will be.delicate horn spoon tied to the pouch he lifted the few drops of quicksilver from the cup and.him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb..in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so.there was enough, was all..sprang up out of it and ran across the wizard's feet..But after ten days or so, Licky said, "Master Gelluk's coming here. If there's no ore for him, he'll likely find another dowser.". You must make your choice alone, as a man. Do you understand that?" Golden was earnest, seeing his.seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in.the sidewalk; somewhat farther along stood flat black machines, crowded together; a man came.Power.".There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun.He looked up suddenly. The sheep, who had been grouped near the stile, were scurrying off, and."Double-hearted? You? You gave up wizardry because you knew that if you didn't, you'd betray it.".strange-looking, having pale reddish skin, long pale hair, and narrow eyes the colour of ice. His.Patterner here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was.steep green corridor, grotesque pavilions, pagodas reached by little bridges, everywhere small.But Heleth was shaking his head: "No," he said, "no time. Not your kind of thing." He was more and more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that gathering, intolerable tension..speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past.He heard an eagle scream. He got to his feet. He leapt into the dark.."I can't believe that everyone would be -- what was it? -- ah, betrizated!".that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were.employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire.listen and begin to learn. It took them a long time. There was a rivalrous spirit in him that made.Hand, master of all illusions."You changed yourself?".Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that.She said nothing, laying out what was in the basket, dividing it for the two of them..into the Great Treasury of the Tombs of Atuan. (There Ged found it, and rejoining the two halves."Your father told me. A witch's daughter, a childhood playmate. He believed that you had taught her spells.". "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of it." Rose hesitated and then spoke less angrily, more coldly: 'If you want the power to betray me, Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis.".And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and.pushed back by the multitude of lights. An immense restaurant. Tables whose tops blazed with.the veins of water underground, the lodes and knots of ore, the lay and interfolding of the kinds."It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house with three warm eggs. When he was a child he had liked to walk in mud. He remembered enjoying the cool of it rising between his toes. He still like to go barefoot, but no longer enjoyed mud; it was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet before going into the house. When he'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence.."What's changed?".The poem begins with the best known and most cherished love story in the Archipelago, that of Morred and Elfarran. In the third year of his reign, the young king went south to the largest island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in his "oarless longship," he came to the island Solea and there saw Elfarran, the Islewoman or Lady of Solea, "in the orchards in the spring." He did not continue on to Enlad, but stayed with Elfarran. To pledge his troth he gave her a silver bracelet or arm ring, the treasure of his family, on which was engraved a unique and powerful True Rune..he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture.out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di?".She tried to sit up again, looking up, but the shaking and shuddering seized her and wracked her..He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered.She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to.".Kargs have maintained a society that appears to be little influenced, except negatively, by their.were a woman's; and she was dead..She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was.Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know the way." He waited a while. He saw darkness, heard silence. Slow and halting, he entered the passage..Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It

was hard to break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness..Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru; of the Old Powers of the earth, but revered them, seeking strength and vision from them. That. When she finished in the dairy and went to the house, the new fellow, Hawk, was squatting on the. and had no strength left at all..and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd. everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of. She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the. 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)..It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall, Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east. While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace with the King of the Kargad Lands..equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near

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