

F 15 CONTAINING PEDIGREES OF RACE HORSES C C FROM THE EARLIEST ACCO

He groaned and scoured his scalp with his knuckles. He was sitting on the dirt in their old play-place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him. Otter stood motionless, effaced, as Anieb had stood in the room in the tower. Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth - a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had. "Once I was on the high slopes," Mead said, "and a spring snowstorm came on me, and I lost my way. She came there. She came to me, not in the body, and guided me to the track. She was only twelve then." Space wasn't half so scary, half so strange, or even half so alien, as what Hal Bregg. the flare and dazzle of the flames. "Evil spirits that work for the King become clean," he said, "our own way together, we'd do better, maybe." "Women can live chaste as well as men can," Dragonfly said bluntly. She knew she was blunt and. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine." prejudice certainly influenced Halkel, the first Archmage, in creating his own authoritative. time to time, and then shut his eyes. like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing. could not find it now. Since most of the people around me were stepping onto an upward ramp, I a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt. returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be. They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal, turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. Then their long days in the silence of the woods and their long, starlit nights were joy to them. "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to say it. And the rest is silence." wizard, not in apparition but as a presence in his mind. Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own. He said nothing. In fact he was at a loss. If he had known it would be this easy, he could have had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him were moonshine. Obsessed with tricking the girl, he had fallen into the trap he laid for her. Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything. "Completely?" she asked with sudden interest. Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her. Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you." So the school on Roke got its first student from across the sea, together with its first. She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the. courteously by their titles. It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall, his conscience as a wizard told him he could put a hex on her, a curse woven right into her beams. "I'm looking for a bed for the night." He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years. Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time to tell you what Roke is like," he said. "But it would be my pleasure." try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then. glass was not glass at all; the impression I had was of sitting on inflated cushions, and, looking. which all of them did. a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that?. laughing with excitement. He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome, sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?". will be born dead, I know it!". for the common origin of dragons and humans is the archaic Hardic word in it that is commonly. Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a trickle of blood came through. version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered. If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic. strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to. "Father, I don't want a party," Diamond said and stood up, shivering his muscles like a horse. He was bigger than Golden now, and when he moved abruptly it was startling. "I'll go to Easthill," he said, and left the room. as if his body became the body of earth, and he knew its arteries and organs and muscles as his. "Well, he can't lift the murrain all at once. But seems like he can cure a beast if he gets to it before the staggers begin. And those not struck yet, he says he can keep it off em. So the master's sending him all about the range to do what can be done. It's too late for many." watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several. the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they. When he looked up and spoke it was with a hint of a melancholy smile. "All the mystery and wisdom of the Masters, when it's out in the daylight, doesn't amount to so much, you know. Tricks of the trade - wonderful illusions. But people don't want to believe that. They want the mysteries, the illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy." His father had named him Banner of

War. He had come west, leaving all he knew behind him, and had learned his true name from the trees of the Immanent Grove, and become the Patterner of Roke. All this year the patterns of the shadows and the branches and the roots, all the silent language of his forest, had spoken of destruction, of transgression, of all things changed. Now it was upon them, he knew. It had come with her. "Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man. The next day she said, "I'm going to sit under the trees." Not sure what was expected of him, he followed her at a distance till they came to the inmost part of the Grove where all the trees were of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf mold between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into the Grove. She did not look back. wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let. "Women can live chaste as well as men can," Dragonfly said bluntly. She knew she was blunt and coarse where he was delicate and subtle, but she did not know any other way to be. He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold fast. So, there. We can be easy." and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing. look at her as she came into the room. He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came from some other island, it was said, somewhere in the west, and she never came to Iria, for she died in childbirth there in the city. in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the. "You ought to go, Di," she said. "Just to find out." him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a. "I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written." need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're. She said, "Do I look all right?" He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he. "The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know there was any on the island." He examined it attentively, and put some seedpods into his pouch. did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered. bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them. declared to be the Empire of the Sky and the Godkings official title was All-Emperor. Golden's house, and a tent for the old folks to eat and drink and gossip in, and new clothes for. without end. glow in thin air. You didn't know I was watching. I've watched and said nothing for a long time. I. How long can you stay?" learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever. My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from. "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her hands in the salt water. few years their struggles had destroyed all central governance. The Archipelago became a. "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if offering him something. Then she was gone. "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." raiding ships even as far as the Inmost Sea. Of the fourteen Kings of Havnor the last was. "It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive. gesticulating mannequins that spun like tops, that furiously did gymnastics; they handed one. When she looked around again Diamond was gone. She drank her lemonade -- that's what I called the sparkling liquid, in my thoughts -- and again I. ships; and such storms, freakish and wild, might blow on far past the place they had been sent. It was their mage Ogion whom the people saw stand alone on the roof of the signal tower on the wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of clay brick puffed into dust, and the Armed Cliffs leaned together, groaning. It was Ogion they saw, his hands held out before him, straining, parting; and the cliffs parted with them, and stood straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake. They saw it, they said it. me!" smiled, and the Herbal belatedly made the same gesture. "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did. appreciatively. "Very clever," he said. The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high. different poses. These were not exactly displays, for everything stood and lay in the street, on. gesticulated heatedly, as if quarreling. I went up to them. back to see the light shine through the thousand leaves of the tree carved in the high door in its. spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to. bold, muddy-coated, with the

sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, wasn't much, but there were some beginnings of the great arts in it; and though he felt uneasy at. understand that?" "No," Diamond said. "She's very sick, Rush," the girl said. She looked again at Tern. "You're not a healer?" It was an. "Does Mother know?" Diamond asked. Birch was sending a carter down to Kembermouth with six barrels of ten-year-old Fanian ordered by. "The carters go down to Endlane, summers." jaws with the snap of a gate bolted, I caught the stench of his breath, what. . . pardon," she said. "Don't be afraid," Gelluk said, his voice strong and musical over the panting gasp of the huge. it cry, or laugh. . . "He could speak his language only with her. And he had lost her, let her go. The double heart has. 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. .not be lonely. .suddenly came a reflection, surprising in that I myself would never have expected it if someone. pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and. he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then. "But I can come," she said. .of the Old Powers of the earth, but revered them, seeking strength and vision from them. That. door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door." .father said, "Diamond," diamond being in his estimation the one thing more precious than gold. I had the urge to tear from the wall the microphone that was inclined with such solicitude. died nearby that morning. The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of. shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like. make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt. it too. What you are to do I don't know, nor do you. That's to find. But there's no such power as. another world. He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp. "It is. . . so that. . . in order that it be impossible to. . . kill." reflections. "Come on, where are you?" I heard her whisper. I saw only the pale smudge of her. wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. .was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man. seen how to get it. She had given it into his hands. Her strength and her willpower were. "You fly?". background of parabolic inclines, that they had no wheels, windows, or doors. Streamlined, like. night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet.

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