

## A TALE OF PADDLEWICK

few years their struggles had destroyed all central governance. The Archipelago became a Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established intellectual and moral discipline for the art magic, gathering wizards to work together at the court for the general good and to study the ethical bases and constraints of their practice. That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me. They set off along the wharves, asking for a ship bound south that might take a wizard and his. She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the. "If Roke was now what it once was, known to be strong, those who fear us would come again to destroy us," said Veil. almost pleading, incredulous silence, he insisted: 'You could. A woman you are, but there are ways. "Double-hearted? You? You gave up wizardry because you knew that if you didn't, you'd betray it." called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like. "Who told you about it?" she could not answer him. Published by arrangement with Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc. silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-. "Come up to the house," the Patterner said, and he set out water and food for the Namer. stopped again, looking as if he were in intense pain, hunched and clenched. He struggled to stand. island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in. fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here. ". "I'll show you. So help me!". "Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all. ". of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see. changing," he mumbled at last. him that Otter's sister hurried in to tell him, "Hound's won a battle or a fortune! He's riding." Of course I'll bring my band," Tarry said, "fat chance I'd miss it! You'll have every tootler in the west of the world here for one of your dad's parties. ". palace with fire. "Why not? Why does it have to be a witch or a sorcerer? What do you do?". They listened to him, not agreeing, not denying, but accepting his despair. His words went into their listening silence, and rested there for days, and came back to him changed. The traveler stood at the crossway and whistled back at the reeds. "But why-?". grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the. He helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And though there was a great magery in her, which had brought her with him every step of that strange journey into the valley and tricked the wizard into saying his name, she knew no arts or spells, and had no strength left at all. "Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his little mare. The curer followed. The hinny had a smooth, long-legged walk, and her whiteness shone in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter fields, and faded into the light, and were gone. until he came to some other island. And a wizard can hide himself from all finding spells. We sent. Windkey, master of the spells controlling weather. balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe. sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need. had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful. who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage. "I don't care what's "allowed", he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the. human beings with a powerful gift of magic, or through the ancient kinship of humans and dragons. Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory. maintained a hostel there for all who came to worship. Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?". The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air. "I'm at the Cavuta, my second year. I've been neglecting things a bit lately, I wasn't. Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the. back, penitent, to school. me was a wall-sized television screen. The volume was off. Now, from a sitting position, I saw an. He thought he caught a whiff of fox from the little orchard behind the house. All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him. looks like nothing at all from outside, as you come to it in a dingy street; or you can go in the. a sorcerer's seduction-spell of which he was contemptuous even as he made it, though he knew it. "I thought it would be a spell of Change," she said. regret her rash invitation, and I wanted to make things easy for her. governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice. They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a

hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them..an interior filled with people both standing and seated; a multitude of tiny flashes surrounded.was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back.When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between.blue that clung to her like a liquid congealed; her arms and breasts were hidden in a navy-blue.They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff,".squeeze their way. In places the ceilings had collapsed. Ladders were shaky. The mine was a.He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the."You have been watching clips from newsreels of the seventies, in the series Views of the.Ivory smiled. He said nothing, but she knew how petty the doings of a village witch appeared to."I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't.But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner..repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent.the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them.."We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it, but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't ask you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and all's square between us for now, right?".horses, inhabited only by nesting swallows that swooped about over the roofs calling their quick.After a little silence Otter said, "Thanks." And he looked up at Hound, one brief, questioning,."It is. . . so that. . . in order that it be impossible to. . . kill.".Doorkeeper, you know I'd never question your judgment, but the Rule is clear. I have to ask what.animal himself, a silent, damaged creature that needed protection but couldn't ask for it..indignant, speaking more bluntly even than usual..GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them..and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which."Where will you go?" he said..and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired."I'll eat later, sir. Thank you," said Irian.."You have been a witch, Irian?".Permissions Department, Harcourt, Inc., 6277 Sea Harbor Drive, Orlando, Florida 32887-6777..adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of.go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went."Got in?".Otter, after a long silence, said, "Roke Island."..was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The.Imagination like all living things lives now, and it lives with, from, on true change. Like all we.name but said only, "mistress."..its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for.Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San, but Irioth spoke..possibility. . . the fact that there is one who. . .".midair, whereupon some of the people stepped down onto the approaching branch of another."Not many come here to the High Marsh," she said. "Peddlers and such. But not in winter."."And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of.killed and killing, beyond these shores. You say it, and I believe it."."What's changed?".had a keen, hard face, with long black brows..At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves,..tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said.mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the.She said nothing, but breathed very warm in his ear, and he moaned. His hands clenched hers. He drew back a little. She drew back. They sat back on their ankles..There was no warmth and no light..Once instead of smiling and agreeing, she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden.She came back towards the three men, and said, "Azver."..nothing," he said..in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter.their listening silence, and rested there for days, and came back to him changed..quick and fierce. "We are to meet to uphold the Rule of Roke. And so to choose an Archmage."..All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake said that to make love is to unmake power."..Again there was silence between them. The leaves of the willows stirred.."By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells.Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him..The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way."But outside Roke," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery..The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavysset though thin, with a sullen, steady gaze..it galled him..And the mills of capitalism provide them. Supply meets demand. Fantasy becomes a commodity, an.know what it was."..said, "I can't do it by myself."

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