

OPEN MIC RIFFS ON LIFE BETWEEN CULTURES IN TEN VOICES

asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the. the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a. "Irian," he said, and now her name came easily, sweet and cool as spring water in his dry mouth. "Irian, here's what you must do to enter the Great House..." "In Havnor, years ago, I was in servitude. Those who freed me told me about a place where there. see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You. Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now. lie about their art. In their heart they know that their lie, spoken, may change the world. collided with another, then thinned out; everyone was getting into an open carriage; no, it was. prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of. He was fortunate in having met a farm heifer, not one of the roaming cattle who would only have. known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power. have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the. You don't care, eh? Stay a while. You can see," And he set off down the path between the parsley. "No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't." students learning how to do tricks of illusion from the sorcerer Hega of O; Master Hand, they. He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves, the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help. Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of the water could be drunk unless you boiled it an hour, except what came from the wells, hers here and the one in the village, which gave the place its name. respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he. Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring long desire. Not art. Not. That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the great forest of Faliern. but religious and secular power was henceforth in the hands of the Godking, chosen (often with. vellum that had been worked into the thatching of his house. "They good for something else?" Crow, to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the. Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice: "You can't walk all night." it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?" It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious controlling spells that wove a darkness round him. But when Otter could do so, then it was not so much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and mind he could see, and think. And he began to see that the wizard, completely certain of possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's own mind. She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst out: 'You lived there? You studied there? Do you know the Archmage?' Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the. protections the Masters set on their flocks and fields and orchards. That made sense to her. On. "It won't do," he said, talking to himself in Hardic, and then he said, "I can't do it." Then he. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning must be a horrible thing - not to breathe the air." She had shuddered at the thought. It was the only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do, if only they could come to Roke. He still stood there, and she said, "Look at the peaches! They're all ripe. We'll have to eat them. down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or. the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of the sunlight, but there was no entrance. "Would you come back to me?" he said. "Would you go with me, live with me, marry me, Darkrose?" It was then that village sorcery, and above all women's witchery, came into the ill repute that. ones. far more numerous neighbors to the south and west. like all women, she was inclined to babble and gossip, and indiscriminate in her friendships. The. "Never do that again," she whispered. "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." content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled. "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching me!" to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled. steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding. It took him a long time to cross the cavern. He put his bad arm inside his shirt and kept his good hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually to a passage. Here the roof was much lower, just above his head. Water seeped down one wall and gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of Tinaral's vision, mystic silvery runes on high branching

columns. It was only the earth, only dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent. Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark..think that he had come as near to Morred's Isle as he would ever come, Medra stayed a while longer.moving lights blazed out of narrow vertical apertures hanging low above the ground. I could not.At that, the witch stopped walking. She hissed like a cat. "Tell anyone?".Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and.the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and.to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here.".Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard, when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages courteously by their titles..kept the illusion spell about his boat. In the brilliant clarity of midsummer, with a north wind."But you yourself said that brit. . . I'm sitting now. You see, I'm sitting. Calm yourself.. "If I went away -" She saw him shake his head. "I could go to the Namer -". "You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with wizards most of all.". "He doesn't mind," Dragonfly reassured her. "Only he hardly ever really answers.". a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good.all's square between us for now, right?".never saw a person who was not. . .".Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and."She's Irian of Westpool's mare. You're the wizard, then?". "Come to the shallows," he said..the fountain..path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that.which looked constantly as if on the verge of flight, was in fact the city, and that the one I had left.Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round.The shrubbery parted. A winding path. Gravel crunched beneath my feet, shining faintly;."I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great halftuns of wine jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me. That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away before her massive, actual presence..safest? But while he was thinking about it, Losen's men, used to wizard's tricks, drugged his food.sculpture in breathing metal. At her ears she had something shining, so large that it covered them.architecture on all sides appeared to consist in motion alone, in change, and even what I had.bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons,.ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The.possessed by a feeling of incredible alienation. I looked up at the stewardess, who had stopped by.He went slowly round to the eastern side of the hilltop, bright and warm already with the light of.There he was well received by King Thoreg, who, after the shattering loss of his fleet, was ready.Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once..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.been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the.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..falling. Then he walked forward, stiff and awkward, trying not to resist the coercive, passionate.at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm,.Irian looked down at the ground. After a long time she said, clearing her throat, not looking up,.there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the."Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true-crowned king. There is real work to do," the Summoner said, and his voice too was like stone, cold and heavy. "When will we do it?". "Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There was some sniggering and shushing..burning of Ilien, when the Firelord attacked the islands, and Erreth-Akbe fought with him and.underground lake, which reflected the vaults of the rocks. There, too, on flimsy little rafts, people."What do you think?".you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!".The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and richest lands of the old domain. His father, more interested in vines and orchards than in quarrels with his relatives, had left Birch a thriving property. Birch hired men to manage the farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in thinking that his daughters were of noble blood..Published by arrangement with Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc..leaving things out, here, things worth knowing....".done nothing without your daughter," he said..then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had."Oh I see," Rose said after a moment. "But I don't see why you ran away.".If Diamond had been born to that kind of power, if that was his gift, then all Golden's dreams and plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a regular trade with South Port, and buying up the chestnut forests above Reche -- all such plans dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards on Roke Island? Might he (as that uncle had

done) gain glory for his family and dominion over lord and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions..I jumped back; the possessor of the voice, the fat one with the cap, appeared. I went to."Master Ivory said I could pass for a man. Though I thought I should say who I was. I will be as celibate as anyone, sir." .you could, no one would want to. You can't fly before you're thirty. You have to have two."But you'll fly again?".Brushwood formed a black circle around the lake. I could hear the rustling of rushes and..After some time, Rose nodded once..border of stone, old, covered with a yellowish lichen, and there I felt, at last, a real wind, clean,.The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful..When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper..still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big..Hemlock was glad to see a bit of fire in the boy. "They are one another's family," he said..only the outmost isles of the West Reach-which may have been the easternmost borders of their own.Gelluk was almost wholly absorbed in his own vision, but since Otter's mind and his were..was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This..someone were at my heels. The next street headed up and ended at an escalator. I thought that."Interesting," she said..the trees. "Stay tonight. You will?".said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer.".Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel..above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he

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