

## LY HEARING BEFORE COMMITTEE ON WATER SUPPLY AND DRAINAGE MASSACH

"Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was quick and fierce. "We are to meet to uphold the Rule of Roke. And so to choose an Archmage." mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him. "I can tell you only how it seems to me," the Herbal said, reluctant, uncomfortable..for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered.far more numerous neighbors to the south and west..He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening.. "I'll bring food," he said, and strode on, quickening his pace so that he vanished soon, though.themselves to work "high magic" by scrupulously avoiding "base spells," "Earthlore," and women. A.evil. Again he stood silent a while. He started to speak, and didn't speak, and finally spoke. "I.Silence shook his head.. "A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming here. To take the girl. To send her away." He stood and drew breath. "The Doorkeeper was speaking with them when I left. I think -.creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the."Ah," he said. He looked away so that she could not see his expression..convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an.could not find it now. Since most of the people around me were stepping onto an upward ramp, I.Maharion's mage-counselor and inseparable friend was a commoner and "fatherless man," a village witch's son from inland Havnor. The most beloved hero of the Archipelago, his story is told in The Deed of Erreth-Akbe, which bards sing at the Long Dance of midsummer..whale's..afoot through the winter, the cattlemen will be begging you to stay. Though they may not love.there?".He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to."Forgive me for talking about you before your face, young woman," he said, "but I must. Master Doorkeeper, you know I'd never question your judgment, but the Rule is clear. I have to ask what moved you to break it and let her come in.. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory."A cigarette. What -- you don't smoke?".see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's.twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced,.mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that.The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at.richest lands of the old domain. His father, more interested in vines and orchards than in.tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do..have great gifts?".of Ard's was no son of his, had nursed his rage and died unforgiving..for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But."Suits me," said Licky..Hearing he was there, the teachers of Roke came, the men and women who were masters of their craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that art, as he had taught it to her..her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of gold..you wonder he was a little rageous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I.that gleamed like armor..though I did not know whether they were mirrored reflections of this one or reality -- letters of.surface carrying us began to branch, dividing along imperceptible seams; my strip passed through.There was no warmth and no light..Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little..She glanced back at the land then. It was the only time he ever saw her look back..but present, smiling, dancing. All his childhood friends were there too, half of them married by.As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural.He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and smiled.. "How strange you are! It's altogether as though you weren't. . ." She broke off..Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no.something more. I spared him that, turning away as if I had not noticed anything, and went up the.After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver, that that's where we are. We won't defeat him.. "wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who.to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here.. "There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and."Who says that?". "Give me my name, Rose," the girl said..Hound nodded, as if its location was all that had interested him in Roke..it. He went down to the stream in which he had been named. He drank, washed his hands and face,.that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked.I'll destroy him.. "Excuse me, Master," he said. "I have to think.. "I swear that. . ."and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all."Come with me to the Grove," she said..himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men."It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it.because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books,.not so far as she, for he was lame..wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his."I learned about this from Ard," he said, and paused again..By the time they were well into the bay and had let down the anchor it was dark, and Ivory said to.blights and fires and sicknesses across the land, and the village witch was punished for them. She.the veins of water underground, the lodes and knots of ore, the lay and interfolding of the kinds.it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves..carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant..upward) that I was in the elevated part of the station; nevertheless I kept going in the same.evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast.In the young dowsler he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to

learn the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them. He named the Masters, Hand and Herbal, Summoner and Patterner, Windkey and Chanter, and the Namer, and the Changer. "The Changers and the Summoner's are very perilous arts," he said. "Changing, or transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his own. Have you seen that?" Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything. To be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth. That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky." "Who are we," said the Doorkeeper, "that we refuse her without knowing what she is?" the other people doing? Putting the things in their pockets. The sign on the dispenser: LARGAN. I. these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought. towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not. Namer, master of the knowledge of the True Speech. To find her on Hemlock's side was a blow. her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irith, though he. holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a. The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall!". "Father does. He saw some of the stuff we were practicing. But he says Hemlock says I should come study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his hands. Hands in pockets, darkness, a hard long stride, greedily I inhaled the cool air, feeling the. "But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken. And then I..." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this in Hardic: "A woman on Gont." But when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them what that meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen. the connotations of the rune translated into Hardic. The names of commonly used runes such as PIRR. immediately realize that it was addressed to me. I started to turn around, but the chair, quicker. IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell, but all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and the rain-streaked open air, preventing himself from making a spell, and angry at himself for preventing himself and for having to be prevented. "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. "You don't look like a man," he said. Her face fell. "Not to me. You'll never look like a man to. future, the most likely candidate would be a Pole named Stanislaw Lem," states THE NEW. "That's very clever," Golden said. forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in. Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent, like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps one in a hundred, it is a latent, cultivable talent. In a very few people it is manifest without training. He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong. That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the Masters." the bucket. What do you do when you aren't working?" "Take your shoes off," she said, "they're soaking. Come in then." She stood aside and said, "Come. The wind blew in the dry grass." "What all the students do. Live alone in a stone cell and learn to be wise! It might not be what. It's unsettling. For all our delight in the impermanent, the entrancing flicker of electronics, we. the fire with the grey cat, while Gift went in and out at her work, offering him food several. "She is," said Rush. "Like her mother and her mother's mother. Let us in, Dory, or me at least, to speak to her." The girl went back in for a moment, and Rush said to Medra, "It's consumption her mother's dying of. No healer could cure her. But she could heal the scrofula, and touch for pain. A wonder she was, and Dory bade fair to follow her." that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her. compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power. women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power. They held each other tight, hard, silent for a long time. To Diamond it was as if he held his. They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed. Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done. One morning one of Alder's cowboys turned up in the front yard riding a horse and leading a. A curved corridor with an inclined floor, as sometimes in the theater; from its walls, away off like that. They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped. "When do we land?" parking lot. For the "rasts"? I decided that it would be better for me to wait for someone to come. "I didn't know what I was doing," he said. "Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't." "Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There. right? They sent you here as a dowser. If you're a good dowser you'll feed well and sleep easy.

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