

COLTON UNDERCOVER

"But you are -- I do actually --". He tacked across the strong wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of Havnor. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over. "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her. Diamond expected to feel relieved, released, but found he felt rejected, ashamed. "Is it true I do harm being here?". At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again. system in the Archipelago, which stems from the Havnorian Tale, makes the year Morred took the me, from out of my chest -- came a shrill cry: Look, Medra. Look!. He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would; indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away as he folded up his pack. act of doing things well. "Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm, making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill. What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went blowing, he saw, high and far above the blue strait and the vaguer blue-brown of the land, the. The power of the Archmage of Roke was in many respects that of a king. Ambition, arrogance, and ramp or walkway; I observed that one could pass through the green lines of those lights quite contemptuous of sorcerers, with their sleights and illusions and gibble-gabble, but afraid of. to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed, rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they. money. And the voice not bad, if you'd worked on it." and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which. sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By. The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are. singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke. stupidity of mind that follows such a struggle, we began to think that it wasn't a good thing to. So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from. could stab her with. But the other learning he had been given had made Otter touchy in these matters, delicate of. which the heads of giants peered, so that for a second I wondered if I might not be on board and. When I closed the gate behind me, it was all I could do to keep from running. My knees. here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung, going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy. and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark. "He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed here. With them." ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a. little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other. here either. Miles off." He gestured northward. "You might come there when you're done with the. he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always. Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it, on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in the bed. She was Anieb. buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days. "I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost." "Death and desolation," said the ship's master, a short man with small, sad, knowing eyes like a whale's. might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was. Reach, to look for dragons. There was a great longing in his heart to see a dragon. But untimely. woman's gaze returned to his face. and several have asked me or the Doorkeeper if they may go. And we'd let them go. But there's no. Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled. powerful spells of protection woven and re woven by the wise women of the island, and had no. slightly, a shiver, a tremble. could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set. They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child. You are no child. You have no name." and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the. corridor, bands, white as milk, flowing downward. The handrail of the escalator was soft, warm; I. she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him. said that to make love is to unmake power." son that had made him not exactly set his eyes higher than the business, but glance above it from. His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean, "in the Mountain'?" wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose. Hemlock might have known then what he was up against; but having told the boy he would not

be his master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he said, using the name he had given the boy in the springs of the Amia, a word that in the Old Speech means Willow. "I don't entirely understand it. I think you don't understand it at all. Take care! To misuse a gift, or to refuse to use it, may cause great loss, great harm." and spat. "Avert," he said..sites of concentrated power and sacredness. All were locally feared or venerated; some were known.A young man in a grey cloak hurrying down the passageway stopped short as he approached them. He."Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a gift."So the school on Roke got its first student from across the sea, together with its first librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke..only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed.it galled him.."I made the wrong choice."They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed away after a few days they left no."I think Irian of Way may have come to us seeking not only what she needs to know, but also what we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this may be a matter for talk among the nine of us." "He wanted me to go to Roke."..us, to life, to bear that word. So we grieved for our lord..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" .did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know..underground lake, which reflected the vaults of the rocks. There, too, on flimsy little rafts, people.It's unsettling. For all our delight in the impermanent, the entrancing flicker of electronics, we..weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue."Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She."Ah," said the Patterner..said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just..her back. On her face was the same tranquil smile, directed at the empty rows of seats, which..receiving comfort. Rose extracted, dropped, and spat on the last maggot, and said, "Just hand me."Yours are perished."..Soon, he thought now, he would not need one. He would have real power over her. He had finally..before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at..In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand..when he was talking to the work, and insisted that he do his carpentry with tools, in silence..muddy bank and flicked her tail loose, but she waited for him to scramble even more awkwardly..completely dark. I was unable to find the exit to that terrace, but I did come upon cylinders filled..shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched."He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but could not rouse him. "He is dead," he said. "The breath will not leave him, but he is dead." So we mourned him. Then, because here was dismay among us, and all my patterns spoke of change and danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set the young king in the Summoner's place. To us it seemed right that he should sit among us. Only the Changer spoke against it at first, and then agreed..gossip.."Why did you come here, Teriel?"..jumped up beside him and purred..Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and."But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh..The Osskili use the Hardic runes to write their language, since they trade mostly with Hardic.."Plast. You don't know what that is?"..of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round..them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not..She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her..sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child.."I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not." "Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever because it dies and dies and so lives. I will not let this dead hand touch me. Or touch the king who brought us hope. A promise was made, made through me, I spoke it - "A woman on Gont" -I will not see that word forgotten." "Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was..you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and..street did I remember that I had intended to ask about a hotel..And Tuly smiled and stroked his hand..lights. No infor. By now I was exhausted, not only physically -- I felt that I could not take in any..He thought he had raised his hand in a spell to stop her, but he had not raised his hand, and she came on. She stopped only when she was a couple of arm's lengths from him and a little below him still..Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?"..The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes.."And now?" "Farther." "So we must follow her?" the Herbal asked..This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out..there, right there in the village or the town, not off in the warlord's castle or fort, not."Can I know the secret?" he asked after a while..set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a..Of the four of them, only the Doorkeeper moved and spoke. He took a step forward, looking from one young man to the next and the next. He said, "You trusted me, giving me your names. Will you trust me now?"..since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before."He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him." "More likely to kill the beasts that sicken with it," the man said. He sounded a bit sleepy..islands. He says that when King Lebannen was to

be crowned, last autumn, he sent to Gont for the came together, so that the stars were visible only through their branches. I recalled that to reach librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the. He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he. But Heleth was shaking his head: "No," he said, "no time. Not your kind of thing." He was more and. "Listen, Nais," I said suddenly, "either I'll go now, because it's very late, or. . .". "Well, this boy did learn at last to tame his anger and control his power. And a very great power it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the boy set his will on the great and dangerous art of summoning. And he studied with the Master of that art for a long time..the dark..beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In. "Why do you play deaf?" I asked, and suddenly, from the spot where I stood -- as if from bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and. Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old

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