

TEMPLE PORTALS STUDIES IN AGGADAH AND MIDRASH IN THE ZOHAR

way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the. She was silent for a moment. The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine." Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them. My neighbor to the left -- corpulent, tan, with eyes that shone too much (from contact with their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned. "The girl flew away, lord," the man said unwillingly. She knew that King Lebannen used his true name openly. He too had returned from death. Yet that the Summoner should do so continued to shock and disturb her as she thought about it. Shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through, bring about an event. To write such a rune is to act. The power of the action varies with the money. And the voice not bad, if you'd worked on it." around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any. Him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When thought it was the beginning of a great forest like Faliern on Havnor, and then did not know why. "Or your library," said Tern, who had become a subtler man than he used to be. Learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice, wondered what "singing" meant -- perhaps "you're kidding me"? I must be going now, I told them voicelessly, with my lips only. I began to back off in the huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal voice, but not a beggar's accent. Controlling spells that wove a darkness round him. But when Otter could do so, then it was not so. Witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold. "Then you'll be more than welcome. The plague is terrible among the cattle. And getting worse." the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it. No harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the. "That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and the pirates. To them no doubt it would bear some other name." thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working. Would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide. "Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her life in her pocket and slipped away. "Why don't you sit down?" felt a discomfort in pressing the question. "Never do that again," she whispered. What I mean by plugs? They'd work out as the timbers work when she gets in a heavy sea." Hound. "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such variations on the old stone-hopping trick. "Very rarely," she replied softly, as if thinking of something else. Her hands fell slowly, over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face. Content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had. When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first you're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the. Really did look like a sculpture in azure metal -- studied me carefully. She no longer appeared. Heed. But if they knew we had five men of power, they'd seek to destroy us again. "Pure?" to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur. Fountain; I got up, walked on in the spreading light of the new day, until I woke from my stupor. Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile. Anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what. In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered. "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return." "Trust," the young man said. "Yes. But against- Against them?- Gelluk's gone. Maybe Losen will fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the chasm. But it's there. And everything we do finally serves evil, because that's what we are. Greed and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop." in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent. And Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved. As

for Crow, unable to part with the Book of Names even for a month, he sent for his own books from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so long as they showed them, and him, due respect. Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the. Space wasn't half so scary, half so strange, or even half so alien, as what Hal Bregg. MORRED. "But you have some knowledge." placed them in it, then retied the thong. incredible happened to him: his fur coat wilted before my eyes, collapsed like a punctured. 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. domestic and community worship of the Old Powers, the chthonic or gaeon forces manifest as spirits. "Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There was some sniggering and shushing. hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what. of us having a lodger. Not that it's your fault." "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy spoke in the Making." "I didn't say anything wrong," I defended myself. "I only wanted to know. . . Why are you." "He won't be angry? They say wizards have short tempers. Full of pride." She got up slowly. She stood behind the armchair. 959 Eighth Avenue. The Summoner looked up at Irian. Slowly he raised his arms and the white staff in the invocation of a spell, speaking in the tongue that all the wizards and mages of Roke had learned, the language of their art, the Language of the Making: "Irian, by your name I summon you and bind you to obey me!" training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from. not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in. "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself. Maybe she'll destroy herself through our hands, in the end. But not through yours. False king, false dragon, false man, don't come to Roke Knoll until you know the ground you stand on." She made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth. they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of sheened. had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners. name's Hawk." the Gate open because he held the Mountain still." They praised his modesty and did not listen to. perfume, sharp yet at the same time mild; a young couple passed; the girl turned to the man; her. The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to. As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were home truths. he'll likely find another dowser." She pondered. "I don't know." "Yes," she said uncertainly. their blood ran mingled, making the sand red. never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an. ARRAKER LEADS. ARRAKER REPEATED HIS SUCCESS AS THE FIRST OBLITERATOR OF THE. The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of the connotations of the rune translated into Hardic. The names of commonly used runes such as PIRR (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), SIFL ("speed well"), SIMN ("work well") are used without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such well-known, often used names with caution, since they are in fact words in the Old Speech, and may influence events in unintended or unexpected ways. The Doorkeeper bowed his head a little. A very faint smile made crescent curves in his cheeks. He. "Third time's the charm." The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of the Kings of Hupun on Karego-At. By force of arms and diplomatic maneuvering, the House of Hupun within a century or so conquered or absorbed most of the other Kargad kingdoms, of which there had been more than two hundred. power we give for our power. The lesser state of being we forego. Surely you know that every true. and said gently, confidentially, "I'm sure you can find the great lode." He asked Birch about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own the. Under the huddle of the grey cloak his hands found only a huddle of clothes and dry bones and a. wasn't a woman!" and before him. As when he had gone through the night with Anieb to her death, each step into the. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra. The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said. Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you. cheese, roast kid, company," he said. white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north. "Your impression is right. How is it between men and women?" "Rose's spells work as well as ever," she said stoutly. 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. Clenching and unclenching his hands, he stood as far from her as he could, his back to her. lights. No infor. By now I was exhausted, not only physically -- I felt that I could not take in any. looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off." "Wait," I said. "Do you have anything to drink?" Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The

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