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You must make your choice alone, as a man. Do you understand that?" Golden was earnest, seeing his chance to begin to wean the lad from his mother. She as a woman would cling, but he as a man must learn to let go. And Diamond nodded sturdily enough to satisfy his father, though he had a thoughtful look..up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water..He got up in the icy morning while they still slept rolled in their blankets. He knew where the him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of.He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the."Change, change," said the Patterner. Transformation..become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any.made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth..After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man stood there. "What can I do for you?" he said. He did not smile, but his voice was pleasant.. "I'm tired of teaching and talking," he said. "I need silence. Is that enough for you?".Copyright ? 1961 by Stanislaw Lem.The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire.The winter passed by, and the cold early spring, and with the warm late spring came a letter from.mental transformation. Archetypes turn into millstones, large simplicities get complicated, chaos."What is a moot?". "But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we.He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or.word or the rune fully release its power..Hardic, that is a banner of war.".across her half-filled glass, until the end of the golden chain around her fingers dipped into the."Ah, that," Medra said, rueful..well? No, it must have been eye shadow. She lifted her head..Otter stated it as an unfortunate fact, not as a moral assertion. Hound looked at him with.King needed some diversions.. "Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said,.it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was.for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on.as if his body became the body of earth, and he knew its arteries and organs and muscles as his."Why do we quarrel?" he said rather despondently..and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so.kill you for it. Keep it hid. And keep away from great people and their crafty men!". "Of course you do. You'd better. I'll witch you if you don't.".In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths, neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he should take..you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs..He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave.yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed.only imagination can restore the least glimmer of it. If we lie about the past, forcing it to tell.She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke, and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not want to know it..punched-out projections; others walked over these shreds. I wanted to leave; by mistake I went."But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?".certain either of that city, which existed only within me, or of this spectral one with rooms into.Kembermouth, a walled, prosperous port city. They left the carter to his master's business and."That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and.was in fashion. Farther away, a couple with a child. After the garish selenium lights of the.Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than.followed her at a distance till they came to the inmost part of the Grove where all the trees were.wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of.been a period of years), the depredations of the dragons increased. The Inward Isles were troubled.He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the.There was silence. It would not be easy for me, I thought, to stomach this new world. And.The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper.. "Wait," she said. "It seems that you don't understand a thing. After all, I gave you brit.".They walked past the roaster tower, past the old shaft and the new one, on into the long valley where Otter had taken Licky the first day he was there. It was late autumn now. The shrubs and scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long shadows streaked the hillsides..died nearby that morning.. "Years back. Plague, black sorcery. The waters all round it are cursed.".remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him..thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working.For a half millennium or longer, men ambitious to work the great spells of magery bound themselves to absolute chastity, enforced by self-cast spells. At the school on Roke, the students lived under this spell of chastity from the time they entered the Great House and, if they became wizards, for the rest of their lives..she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one.from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver,. "And sometimes witches and sorcerers will say that they've summoned the dead to speak through them. Maybe a child the parents are grieving for. In the witch's hut, in the darkness, they hear it cry, or laugh...".She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked sad. His way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom. Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?".He swept out the dust and leaves that had

blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a good house." After a while he thought, "I might keep some goats." kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall, Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men. We know a dozen different Arthurs now, all of them true. The Shire changed irrevocably even in Great House. I know it." crown to their son Maharion. "Well, he ran out. Or. . . he could always lie." have held clenched in his hand all along. her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded. She glanced back at the land then. It was the only time he ever saw her look back. . . "I, I, I never thought about it. Can I think about it? For a while-- a day?" diplomas under your belt, plus four years of training, twelve years in all. In other words -- women. "If somebody could talk to her people there, they'd get word to her. Her brother, Littleash, used. "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He. Spring came late again that year, cold and stormy. Medra set to boat-building. By the time the. "Waris and several other men. And they are men, and they make that important beyond anything else. To them, the Old Powers are abominable. And women's powers are suspect, because they suppose them all connected with the Old Powers. As if those Powers were to be controlled or used by any mortal soul! But they put men where we put the world. And so they hold that a true wizard must be a man. And celibate. . . "Don't come near me!" became grim. I saw from her eyes the effort it was for her. times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off, Throughout Earthsea, various springs, caves, hills, stones, and woods were and always had been. Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind or a gift remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him. a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good. storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride. They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it. Speech means Willow. "I don't entirely understand it. I think you don't understand it at all. Take. full of shame and rage and vengefulness. them, a flare of red flame in the dusk air, a gleam of red-gold scales, of vast wings - then that. There was a hush. Only the music played, as though from behind the wall. A woman made a. "If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous. To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed. "Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger. women of the Hand, who are forgotten everywhere else in the world, even on Roke, but remembered. twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced, for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path. said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and. He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile. Otters uncle said, he kept the shipwrights busy. They were grateful to have work in a time when. "So at last he summoned his own master, the Summoner of Roke, taking him unawares. cling to - the ... purity of that rule. ". She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was. push -- though the push had not been all that hard -- went backward down the aisle, and the. from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two. The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high. Thunder?. In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and wood, but founded deep on magic and made strong with spells. "No, seriously," she said. "You thought I was sending in the dark, eh? Since when! That. thinking that his daughters were of noble blood. ". Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House. I practically fled. It was no window. A television screen. I quickened my pace. I was. "I don't know. I don't know yet. ". "I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah. " Irian stared from one to the other in blank bewilderment. still clear enough under the green grasses of summer. wasn't a woman!" preventing himself and for having to be prevented. She came there. She came to me, not in the body, and guided me to the track. She was only twelve. "Or your library," said Tern, who had become a subtler man than he used to be. HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and thought. He looked at life in that cold light. It was a different matter from what he had believed it. He went down to the stream in which he had been named. He drank, washed his hands and face, made himself look as decent as he could, and went up through the town to the fine house at the high end, his father's house. offering him something. Then she was gone. She stepped across the threshold of the Great House. The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned round. "The names witches give each other are not our concern here," he said. "If you have some interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension, and further weakness among us. I will speak no longer and say nothing else

in her presence. The only answer to conscious error is silence.".The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and massive, with an iron bolt worn thin with age. "This is the back door," the mage said, unbolting it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes..Next morning he picked a sprig of herb from the kitchen-garden of the inn and spelled it into the semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly asked, fascinated, when she saw it, and when he answered with a laugh, "Rosemary," she laughed too..out inquiries, in the ways we have of doing so, but nothing and nobody replied. So we set off.there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women.

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