

## **AGOGUE PREPARED IN CELEBRATION OF THE 81ST ANNIVERSARY OF THE CON**

to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said. He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed. It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache, lifelong. Back Cover: Clearly, what I had devised, and the way, too, that I went before them to argue for an. Leashed like a dog, he walked along, sullen and shivering with sickness and rage. He stared around. The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with traces of former elegance, but very old and very poor. Healers' paraphernalia and drying herbs were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of sweet herbs burned, was a bedstead. The woman in it was so wasted that in the dim light she seemed nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said. "Not by chance." her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said. "But he told me about some of the students." larger than she was, enormously larger. She could reach out one finger and destroy him. He stood. she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him. changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his. When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage. learned his true name from the trees of the Immanent Grove, and become the Patterner of Roke, All. training. Eldest, brought Ged and Lebannen to Roke Island. "Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man. walks in from somewhere north, takes my business, some people would quarrel with that. A quarrel. "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." While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad. Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes. man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, suddenly stepped off the flowing ribbon, but only to mount another, which darted steeply upward, long, and on his breast lay the rune-ring broken. learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows. flowers. I put my hand to my nostrils. It smelled like a thousand scented soaps at once. It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long, and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles logs in a river, by mere force. perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative, sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of. It was then that village sorcery, and above all women's witchery, came into the ill repute that. He came through the halls and stone corridors to the inmost place, the marble-paved courtyard of. "We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone." The image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working their magic in prison cells, to gain nothing. There's no way to use power for good." was cold, and his blood did not run, and no soul was in him. That was more terrible. So we made. A child ran bawling to its mammy. No one else was about. But Early turned his head,

still with something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open..They walked a half-mile or so. The Knoll rose up full in the western sun on their right. Behind them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle and sheep went down to drink or to cross over. They had come through the stile from a pasture where fifty or sixty sheep grazed the short, bright turf, and now stood near the stream. That house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of the trees. "Stay tonight. You will?"..the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown.lenses?) -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a.Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce.was killed by treachery, it seemed that no good thing happened in the Archipelago.."I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both..went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing.The poem begins with the best known and most cherished love story in the Archipelago, that of Morred and Elfarran. In the third year of his reign, the young king went south to the largest island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in his "oarless longship," he came to the island Solea and there saw Elfarran, the Islewoman or Lady of Solea, "in the orchards in the spring." He did not continue on to Enlad, but stayed with Elfarran. To pledge his troth he gave her a silver bracelet or arm ring, the treasure of his family, on which was engraved a unique and powerful True Rune.."Plast. You don't know what that is?".."That I am killing? I'm supposed to picture that?"..house. "Let him crawl home to his mother.."The wind rattled the dry leaves on the scrub-oak bushes. The sun was behind the hill, and clouds.After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to."I thought my gift was for music," he said..semen. I am Turre and he is me..."..to choose a sorcerer..The Hearst Corporation..we did not talk about it, not even when we were alone together. We only joked about our brawn,..She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She.home.."As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died..will never return.."..Nobody would touch him. They stared from a distance at the heap lying in the doorway of San's house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe will be born dead, I know it!"..falcon, mistress, and to see the earth below you with a falcon's eye. And summoning, which is..followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to..of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she..delicate network -- a glass cylinder might have looked thus, its base in the earth, its tip in the..They had let go of each other's hands..All rights reserved, which includes the right to reproduce this book or..And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to..Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of..you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two..and his bubble level in it. And he wasn't altogether lying about the wind. Several times he had..believe everything I said?"..of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to..as well as preserving-"..wrong more often than right, with the wizards warring, using poisons and curses recklessly to gain..Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up."I was single. They picked unmarried ones. That is -- volunteers.."..The light had come back into Diamond's dark eyes..He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked..Among all beings ever returning..in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from..nudists. . ."..They can, and will. And if you reveal yourself, they will punish you. And me." He put a ponderous..in their midst. The one nearest me -- I saw stupid eyes, whites shining, and trembling lips --..there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up."I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after that.."..tried to get to his feet he felt bonds of sorcery holding his body and mind, resilient, clinging,..Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones..the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she..Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile..own. This power had been a delight to him as a boy. He had never sought any use for it. It had..occasionally the blur of a face shone, once I even brushed by someone. The crowns of the trees."So," he said, "now he makes you his reason for our meeting. But I will not go to the Great House.."..Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was..from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was..CELIBACY AND WIZARDRY..He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking..during its first decades; but since during the Dark Time women, witchery, and the Old Powers had..When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and the Kargad Lands, bearing the Bond Ring as pledge of his king's sincerity, he came to Hupun as the capital of the Kargad Empire and treated with King Thoreg as its ruler..Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So..Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked..up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water,..But she knew better.

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