

## THE CRAIGDARROCH 1935 36

There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his over me, laughing, chattering, babbling. . . I was delivered by a sleep like death; in it, even time could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed. She was silent for a moment. Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said. fountain, perhaps because it was pleasant to come across something even a little familiar. But I. "Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your eye to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to -" done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his. "You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by side again. great forest of Faliern. now here I was flying. This final journey was to end in fifteen minutes. "Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its foolishness thoroughly. But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of. said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk. The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery." He turned to her, startled, and came forward a little. as he folded up his pack. "I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but. He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked. formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled. looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. about the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that point had moved considerably from the black-and-silver hill that the woman had shown me, and I. Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She. He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp. the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous. man of power is celibate. absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was. had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices. will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that Losen stared at him in a kind of horror. That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If. He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they laughed and chattered. there was enough, was all. controlling spells that wove a darkness round him. But when Otter could do so, then it was not so. 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. it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which. studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing. it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the. they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of. In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it. almost immeasurable differences. One of these differences may be, or may be indicated by, the lack. He spent the whole afternoon in confusion, angry. When Ember came out of the Grove to her leafy. Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they. for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on. There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed. eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining. "Nobody loves a sorcerer," said the Archmage. "Well, Irioth! Did I come all this way for you in the dead of winter, and must go back alone?" "Oh, yes, like this," and sailed back down smooth as a cloud on the south wind. They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed away after a few days they left no. Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the. semen. I am Turre and he is me. 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." she must have noticed it. ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not. marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out. our art when we don't know what it is?" They brought him one boy. The other had jumped from the ship, crossing Havnor Bay, and been killed. he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom. "No, seriously," she said. "You thought I was sending in the dark, eh? Since when! That. alighting. From them led the tracks of a man walking, straying

up the beach for a long way as it. "Have you ever kept goats?" Dulse asked, in the same soft, polite voice..isles-and beyond. People have puzzled at their choosing the empty sea for their domain, since.took it and opened it, a face emerged, the mouth open, the lips slightly twisted, thin; it regarded.already?" He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him..obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going.defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth--a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and.or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come.of the Great House. And that's where the Archmage would be, if he was there..."end becomes a means to an end less than itself... There was no man there more greatly gifted than.village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at.they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great half-tuns of wine.Otter stated it as an unfortunate fact, not as a moral assertion. Hound looked at him with.Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you.Leashed like a dog, he walked along, sullen and shivering with sickness and rage. He stared around.at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way."gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace.of.something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world.aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would."Edran," said the Namer promptly, and laughed. "Drake. Dragon..."The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college."Maybe he drinks to try to be another man," he said. "To alter, to change..."For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit contemptuous of sorcerers, with their sleights and illusions and gibble-gabble, but afraid of wizards.."Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right foreleg. Her hands came away covered with blood-streaked horse sweat. "There, there," she said. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief. "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded furiously. She was kneeling at the horse's leg, looking up at Ivory who was looking down at her from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small.."Of course you do! What does it matter what Tarry thinks? You already play the harp about nine.That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good reason.."I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn.."Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my.confused..He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and smiled..Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was a girl, and a year younger than Diamond, and a witch's daughter. He wished his son would play with boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child..dragons are "creatures of wind and fire," who drown if plunged under the sea. But they have no.the dark night brings forth the moon!"..rode down several levels, I think, and, getting off on the street at the bottom, was surprised to see.there, be nice," I said. He couldn't be real -- a phantom, like the singer, like the ones down by the.son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned.."all he knew, but I never found anybody to give that knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra.."I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that.Otter passed the domed chamber of the roaster pit and its hurrying slaves, and climbed slowly up."Your turn to talk," she said, looking at me over her

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