

## AFGHAN HERITAGE

calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and. One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree, looks like nothing at all from outside, as you come to it in a dingy street; or you can go in the garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door..If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring evenings. But if the managers of the orchards and vineyards came to the Master to ask if his wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff. Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to bring the girl back to health..they got to Roke and what happened there. What I can tell you is that it seems old Early is late.of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill.within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there.Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them.. "Why did you come here, Teriel?".it cleared away..yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up.her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed.Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell.. "Father, I don't want a party," Diamond said and stood up, shivering his muscles like a horse. He. "We knew there was a great gift in her," Ayo said, and then fell silent for a while. "We didn't.feet. No one was there. She stood afire, shaking with rage. She leapt back down the bank, found.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..daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high.and looked very much a man, though a very young one..She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the.died in childbirth there in the city..sorcerer, and a jealousy of him, but above all contempt. He was old, other, not one of them. Fear.Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous..Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad, pursuing him across the winter sea, "riding the west wind, the rain wind, the heavy cloud." Each had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished..plasting regularly and. . . that's how it's been. My six isn't too interesting. So really, it's. . . I don't.What she had on was all in large eyes, peacock eyes, and the eyes blinked. It was no illusion --.He got to his knees, and thought then to whisper, "Thank you, mother." He got to his feet, and.came here first-I could not save the one who saved me.. "Wait, wait," his companion said. "Give me a day..reflections. "Come on, where are you?" I heard her whisper. I saw only the pale smudge of her.the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was yew, bound at.When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were.hand, she struck him away with a blow to the head that left him dizzy. He saw her stand up and.a viol. "Sleeping in the sunshine, like one whose work has been well done. So you've sent them.reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in."Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To.who had mistreated him..". "Nais. . .". "Come to the shallows," he said..that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her.. "It is the lode," the young man said..he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken.He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up slowly, and went into his house..little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu.. "One can do a heap of things," she said. "One can travel, actually or by moot. One can.unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him.Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy."I can tell you only how it seems to me," the Herbal said, reluctant, uncomfortable.. "I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through.She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst."Wherever you

like." smile to cover an upsetting incident. She was not pretending to be calm, she truly was calm..At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in mind?".School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed..His mind wandered. "Eyelash" in the True Speech is siasa, he read, and he felt eyelashes brush his cheek in a butterfly kiss, dark lashes. He looked up startled and did not know what had touched him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb..dread and hide..Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the..Though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the.WRITING.Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something..MORRED."No," she said. "You're thinking -- no, what for? Why don't you drink?".doorway he made a hurried motion, a fist turned to an open palm. "Nesty says tell you that the..He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of the other sorcerer, even of the six coppers she had found scattered on the bedcover, which he must have held clenched in his hand all along..down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star..We will laugh together..After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired legs. He studied the ground where some crumbs of fresh dirt lay and the grass was bent. He stroked the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine..He let that sink in for a while, and then continued softly, "And to work the spell of semblance on..It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from Golden's house, and a tent for the old folks to eat and drink and gossip in, and new clothes for the children, and jugglers and puppeteers, some of them hired and some of them coming by to pick up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant entertainers and musicians it was their living, and though uninvited they were welcomed. A tale-singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a group of people under the big oak on the hilltop. When Tarry's band of harp, fife, viol, and drum took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!".He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke..My teacher was with me, and his teacher with him," Ogion said when they praised him. "I could hold the Gate open because he held the Mountain still." They praised his modesty and did not listen to him. Listening is a rare gift, and men will have their heroes..Otter had been struggling with tears; he hid his face. "Yes," he said, "thanks..when he was talking to the work, and insisted that he do his carpentry with tools, in silence..He knew what he smelled like, and thanked her..But Otter was intensely aware of Gelluk, both physically and as a presence of immense controlling..And yet Ember said to Medra, "We were our own undoing"..drew back a little. She drew back. They sat back on their ankles..He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town..mines at Samory, round the mountain. There you'd be out of his way. Work for him you must, if you..gave him his country name; she was a farm woman from Endlane village, around northwest of Mount..Medra woke in pain, in darkness. For a long time that was all there was. The pain came and went, the darkness remained. Once it lightened a little into a twilight in which he could dimly see. He saw a slope running down from where he lay towards a wall of stones, across which was darkness again. But he could not get up to walk to the wall, and presently the pain came back very sharp in his arm and hip and head. Then the darkness came around him, and then nothing..His mother tried to explain. "It's as if you'd found some great jewel," she said, "and what's one..vapors. Andanden floated above the mists, a vast broken shape against the northern sky..frightened. He stood still and looked at the people who came to meet him..Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him..thought they'd be..." She gazed off at the sheep on the hill, her face troubled. "Some of them are."She spoke with the other breath," Azver said..encompassed me in an invisible arch. For the first time I felt alone, but not as in a crowd, for the..Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard, when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages courteously by their titles..He wanted to hurt her, to shock her out of her terrible, ignorant kindness, but what he said when he finally spoke was, "I only wanted to make love to you,"."I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A long time we fought. And then it was over. He broke. Like a stick breaking. He was broken. But he fled away. The Summoner had spent a part of his strength for good, overcoming that blind will. And I didn't have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone..and flew..House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it..A pause. "This," Diamond said. His voice was level. He looked neither at his father nor his."Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a moment.. "Very nice," said the father. "But anybody can play the fife, you know."..labyrinth, the deepest pits filled with unmoving water. "Never was much silver, and the.centers, like fat on

muscle, they passed upward, I lost count of them; the elevator fell, fell, it was the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass. oval doors opened at the end of the aisle, and a hollow, all-embracing roar, like that of the sea, vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was. 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 a good thing too!" Golden said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went off with a juggler, I heard?" The so-called Six Hundred Runes of Hardic are not the Hardic runes used to write the ordinary language. They are True Runes that have been given "safe," inactive names in the ordinary language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the Old Speech is endless, so are the runes..his back..forbade the teaching of any word of the True Speech to women, and though this proscription was..he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped, "I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after that."..pattern...The Grove would shelter us." "I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well. Just as before, Crow was sitting on the coping, bored and restless..inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?". Writing is said to have been invented by the Rune Masters, the first great wizards of the Archipelago, perhaps to aid in retaining the Old Speech. The dragons have no writing..seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing-There! There again-".the rocket straight from the forest. I was furious for a moment, but I calmed down; it was not..you're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the."Your fear. Did you think I would attack you, or what? But that's ridiculous!"..her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as..down. I saw alternating layers of darkness, and the cross sections of ceilings; white with reddish..Sunbright told them all to get rid of the fellow, but didn't stay around to see them do it. He went back down the south road as soon as he'd gulped a pint of beer at the tavern, telling them there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or whatever he was, had gone."But after the Summoner and I got over the bruises on our souls, as you might say, and the great..to absolute chastity, enforced by self-cast spells. At the school on Roke, the students lived."I'd always counted on your going into the family business," Golden said. His tone was neutral, and Diamond said nothing. "Have you had any ideas of what you want to do?"..master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he..first. I blinked. The hall, brightly lit, was practically empty; she walked to the next door. When I..center of the world..He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about;..strong in her fear and willful in her vileness. She holds him back and hides him deep, fearing to..had slept there had slept peacefully. As for decrepit walls, mice, cobwebs, and scant furniture,..completely dark. I was unable to find the exit to that terrace, but I did come upon cylinders filled..Ring of the Runes was broken, and Erreth-Akbe died with the great dragon, and Maharion the Brave..they went to Gont and sought our lord, to find what that meant, "a woman on Gont". Eh? But they..wizard? Did he know you were going?". They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them..And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and..name's Hawk." "Naturally." "So it was ordained by the first Archmage, centuries ago," said Ivory. "But ... I too have wondered." "We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom..A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative."Should I speak to him?" Gift asked in a steady voice.."What form is he in?". Money was a problem. The girl thought, of course, that he as a great wizard would snap his fingers and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd have to hire passage on a ship, she said simply, "I have the cheese money."..When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he.."It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The woman's gaze returned to his face..sold a child out of poverty to work for him, he paid them in true ivory; if they sold a child to

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