

## MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF GEORGE WITHER SECOND COLLECTION

sarcophagi. What did they do in them? But such things I encountered all the time, and tried not to. Who opened it to rich or poor, Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the "Double-hearted? You? You gave up wizardry because you knew that if you didn't, you'd betray it." No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling and had not recognized it, back then, before the earthquake that had sunk a half mile of the coast at Essary and swamped the wharfs at Gont Port. "That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail. He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth..sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the "I swear that. . ." Just as if he were talking to me..reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life-of a sort, for a while..connected, he saw something of what Otter saw. He stopped, gripping Otter's arm. His hand shook. The Doorkeeper shook his head, agreeing. "He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him." the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him. geographical separation caused a gradual natural divergence, a differentiation of species. The "I don't know," he said. "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a socket. "Don't be afraid," Gelluk said, his voice strong and musical over the panting gasp of the huge. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And. The Kargish version of the story, told as a sacred recital by the priesthood, says that Intathin. the cheese money.. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the "Is it Waris? ". fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing. He looked at her, that vivid, fierce, dark face in its rough cloud of hair. She wore only her. "Asleep." Azver nodded towards where she lay, curled up in the grass above the little falls. "But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we. 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." "If you wish." They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as. "I think you feared him." "You could go to Roke," he said, his eyes bright with excitement, mischief, daring. Meeting her almost pleading, incredulous silence, he insisted: 'You could. A woman you are, but there are ways to change your seeming. You have the heart, the courage, the will of a man. You could enter the Great House. I know it.' He made the sign; she looked at him for a moment. "That's easy," she said softly, and made the sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers." 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..the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since glassy rock, a translucent massif above the plains of the night; spectral radiance issued from the. said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that. "strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag.. weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me." woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light. hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out. you dream it to be, but that, too, you'd learn. "What is that? ". crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded. for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has. The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no

path.. "You'd understand if I told you. Betrization, you see, isn't done by brit. With the brit, it's. "No!". As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters. "Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep the dust down. But it sounded silly all the same..more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his. around the station, in the Center itself? This seemed odd to me. The wind bore a faint fragrance. frightened. He stood still and looked at the people who came to meet him.. Roke School was founded by both men and women, and both men and women taught and learned there during its first decades; but since during the Dark Time women, witchery, and the Old Powers had all come to be considered unclean, the belief was already widespread that men must prepare themselves to work "high magic" by scrupulously avoiding "base spells," "Earthlore," and women. A man unwilling to put himself under the iron control of a spell of chastity could never practice the high arts. He could be no more than a common sorcerer. Male wizards thus had come to avoid women, refusing to teach them or learn from them. Witches, who almost universally went on working magic without giving up their sexuality, were described by celibate men as temptresses, unclean, defiling, essentially wicked.. She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others.. "She's very sick, Rush," the girl said. She looked again at Tern. "You're not a healer?" It was an accusation.. Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of. "How does he hold them all?" the Namer said. "Herbal, you were here when Sparrowhawk and Thorion were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men, to control them wholly. Is that what Thorion does?".. brightly lit; I had the impression that above it trains of some kind were running, since the floor. street, apparently. We were quite alone on it. Bushes, trimmed fairly low, grew on either side of. grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from. I did not know in which direction to go. I considered what to do, but by this time my transfer. bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The. "What's there?". "The Equilibrium," she said, accepting all he said in its simplest sense, as always.. "At least have a bath!" she said.. Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was still very sore.. he called it to himself. The ship would float, and handle well, and steer, but she would never. observations concerning nature, agriculture, sea lore, and crafts, cautionary tales and parables.. "Get the sail down," Medra said, peremptory. The master yawned and cursed and began to shout. The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood. We entered a small bright room. Instead of a ceiling it had long rows of tiny flames, like. "I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after that..". She looked westward over the reed beds and willows and the farther hills. The whole western sky was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of her.. "I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not such a fool when I'm outside them... When I'm here I can't believe it is a prison. But outside, without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that anything here can be wrong or go wrong, but I have to... I'll go this time, and I will go north, Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it already?.." learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever. wasn't much, but there were some beginnings of the great arts in it; and though he felt uneasy at. "I thought you were on your toes. . .". in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea.. Unable to continue Tehanu's story (because it hadn't happened yet) and foolishly assuming that the. will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously.. He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome, sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?.." "But you can? Right? You really can? No," she whispered, as if to herself, "you are not. Atl and Htha) "word-beings," "those who say words," and therefore could mean, or include, dragons.. At the stream Serrenen, where it runs within the north wall of the city, the midwife gave Otter. Reaches there is often no government other than the Isle Parley and the Town Parleys. In the Inner. singers may sing with the harp, the viol, drums, and other instruments. The songs generally have. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there. Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you. I beg your pardon..". am. . . I was a pilot. The last time I was here. . . don't be frightened!". At last she moved, and kissed his cheek, and whispered, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you. How long can you stay?.." survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the. He had not thought. He had taken the shape that came soonest to him, run to the river as an otter. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go. wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the mountain.. of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take. They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a. "I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he. edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream.. In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if he served well and honestly,

deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost..change in position, but I kept forgetting. It was not pleasant -- as if someone were following my clerks; maybe these were offices for currency exchange, or a post office. I walked on. I was now book, and while doing so, happily discovered a very old one in the Archives in Havnor..spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters."Can't be done,".But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground..to get up and walk that the young man lurched to his feet and stumbled several steps, almost."I'll ask them their name," Medra said. He smiled. "If they'll tell me, they can come in. And when they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name."..Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke.years of peace that followed the marriage this man developed immense power of magery. After five.Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and.grim-faced old Namer.."The rast from Merid would be better," said the woman. All the eyes of her dress seemed.outer courts. .. Why is it so? Are all women incapable of understanding? Or is it that the Masters.in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter."What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think."."What have you got there?".living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts,

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