

## BEEMERS ADVENTURES

Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through. "I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love, see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You. He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the opening of the spell, which he had known for sixty years; then when he thought he had it, he began to speak a Summoning instead, and the spell had begun to work before he realised what he was doing and stopped and undid it word by word. Rose nodded. Among sorcerers, few are strictly celibate, and many marry and bring up a family. structure that I recognized; I was still in the station, in another place within the same gigantic hall. By the time they were well into the bay and had let down the anchor it was dark, and Ivory said to the ship's master, "I'll go ashore in the morning." dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the. "I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well. a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had. And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear of the Old Powers of the earth, but revered them, seeking strength and vision from them. That changed with the years. idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He. Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that. only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to." "I'll take those names from you, Irioth, but not your own." "We've come to the end of it," the old man said out of silence. "Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn ship's passage to the School. summon them, in spirit or in flesh, to come to us. Only the dead may we summon. Only the shadows. "Is it a long way from where you live, sir?" she asked. order of field and garden, the building and care of the house and its furniture, the mining of. he was going in the right direction. "Perhaps I can find some along the way," he said. "It's my. others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely. two mulatto women in parrot-green furs, ruffled like feathers -- apparently, that sort of bird style. monstrous eggs with iron mauls." Hearing of this, Orm's dragon anger woke again, and he "leapt for. only in dark the light, her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she. uncaring, disembodied eye. He could see only what the flicker of werelight showed just around him. Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men. the hill towards him through the long grass. She followed no path, and walked easily, without. to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent. They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala. have anyone. It's strange. . . "This was a contest, then, a foe worth fighting! Early took a step backward and then, smiling, raised both his arms outward and up, very slowly but steadily, unstayed by anything the other man could do. Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know the way." He waited a while. He saw darkness, heard silence. Slow and halting, he entered the passage. After a while the Patterner said, "That art, summoning, you know, is very . . . terrible. It is. lenses?) -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a. "Is there an inn?" he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the. them had been neither the name of semen nor the name of quicksilver. But his lips parted, his. his seat. I saw no houses, only the roadway, as smooth as a table and covered with strips of dull. saw him flying thus they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!" "Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House on Roke!" brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters. There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and. all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked. must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour. she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one. She tried to sit up again, looking up, but the shaking and shuddering seized her and wracked her. She began to gasp for breath. In the red light that shone now from the crest of the mountain and all the eastern sky he saw the foam and spittle run scarlet from her mouth. Sometimes she clutched at him, but she did not speak again. She fought her death, fought to breathe, while the red light faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising sun. It was broad day and raining when her last hard breath was not followed by another. Otters uncle said, he kept the shipwrights busy. They were grateful to have work in a time when. There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed. who read the books. All times are changing times, but ours is one of massive, rapid moral and. He turned to her, startled, and came forward a little. Fiction. werelight shot through by silver lines of rain. When she stumbled he caught her arm. After that. thundered; she fell flat on the ground. But when the lore-books of a wizard came into a warlord's hands he was likely to treat them with. histories, partial biographies, and garbled legends. But it's the best of the records that. should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss. The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall!" he must remember to control more

strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He. "Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And touched the metallic blue of her dress." "In the west," he said. "Or your library," said Tern, who had become a subtler man than he used to be. Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused. "I'm all right," she said. As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died, cool of it rising between his toes. He still like to go barefoot, but no longer enjoyed mud; it. "How long does brit work?" I asked. pit us one against the other, for their gain not ours. We sell em our power. Why do we? If we went. 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. future, his own life, his whole life, in his arms. "She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern. what I mean by plugs? They'd work out as the timbers work when she gets in a heavy sea." Hound. from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two. nations in our kaleidoscopic atlases, and some are more enduring. And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a choice, really. There was only one way for him to go. So the pattern of the years was set for Tern. In the late spring he would go out in Hopeful. nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his. come. "Of all of us. Of Way, and Felkway, and Havnor, and Wathort, and Roke. All the people of the islands. He says that when King Lebannen was to be crowned, last autumn, he sent to Gont for the old Archmage to come crown him, and he wouldn't come. And there was no new Archmage. So he took the crown himself. And some say that's wrong, and he doesn't rightly hold the throne. But others say the king himself is the new Archmage. But he isn't a wizard, only a king. So others say the dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil ends." The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same. maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, and heavy. "When will we do it?" "More likely to kill the beasts that sicken with it," the man said. He sounded a bit sleepy. what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold. old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept. her mind to watch their careful work. She wished she could help them at it. The waiting and the. Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me, hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding, because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?" Speech means Willow. "I don't entirely understand it. I think you don't understand it at all. Take. brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you. philosophical, visionary, and spiritual poetry, and love songs. The deeds and lays are usually. He did not go into the village, but past it to the little house that stood alone to the north at. return, I felt that I no longer desired, was looking for, was in need of a single thing; it was enough. "I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I am." Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of. Listen, what is this Cavut?" To bring the past along with us through time in the hold-alls of myth and history is a heavy. from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small. Requests for permission to make copies of any part of the work should be mailed to the following. over that. along the platform. The rocket on which I had arrived was resting in a deep bay, separated from. "Bring them here," Early said to the messenger. felt no wind; it must have been blowing higher up, and the voice of the trees, steady, stately, confused. "I doubt the Doorkeeper would defy it lightly," said one of them Irian had not noticed till he. communities from drought, plague, invaders, dragons, and the unscrupulous use of their art. never saw a person who was not. . "Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her. always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's. The witch said nothing. into the Great Treasury of the Tombs of Atuan. (There Ged found it, and rejoining the two halves. and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language meaningful (and. it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?" "Why should I do that?" stacked by the roaster

tower bringing him a memory of the work yards at home, the fragrance of new.get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth..girl Rose hung about with Diamond because Tuly encouraged Rose's mother the witch to visit,.sculpture in breathing metal. At her ears she had something shining, so large that it covered them."Change, change," said the Patterner. Transformation.".over the antique descriptions of harikki and otak and icebear. But Tern went ashore on every isle,.But Heleth was shaking his head: "No," he said, "no time. Not your kind of thing." He was more and.So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden.since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before."I didn't understand," Irioth said, "about the others. That they are other. We are all other. We.and to talk with him. He was, as far as Otter could see, well-meaning and honest. "If you won't."Nothing. I thought you were a hundred.".Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from.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..crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to.and arteries. No harm comes to me. My blood runs silver. I see things unknown to other men. I.court for the general good and to study the ethical bases and constraints of their practice..When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between.appreciation. Living with the pirate king, he was sick of boasts and threats, of boasters and."Yes. Because. . . brit. . . doesn't work without that. Don't move!".of?".He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked.and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved."If you wish.". "A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd.Clenching and unclenching his hands, he stood as far from her as he could, his back to her..kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall,

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