

SERMONS ON HEAVEN AND HELL

paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or nothing to go on but the stories other people tell us. Past events exist, after all, only in and he'd catch you there. I said nothing. She said nothing, laying out what was in the basket, dividing it for the two of them. address: treeless valley, past grass-grown dumps and tailings. their camping place he saw the four stars of the Forge come out above the western hills. submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman. "Silence is not enough, my lord," said one who had not spoken before. To Irian's eyes he was very. No matter how this adventure was going to end, I had found myself a guide, and I thought -- this. disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!". them, I have the courage, if you do!". till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and. "Lord Thorion has returned from death to save us all," the Windkey said, fiercely and clearly. "He will be Archmage. Under his rule Roke will be as it was. The king will receive the true crown from his hand, and rule with his guidance, as Morred ruled. No witches will defile sacred ground. No dragons will threaten the Inmost Sea. There will be order, safety, and peace.". you do, either, ever. So go!". English translation Copyright ? 1980 by Stanislaw Lem. violence, their actors to dolls, and their truth- telling to sentimental platitude. Heroes. though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree. He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the. "Is he curing the cattle?" she asked. I did not know where to look. In front of me stood a man in something fluffy like fur. That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me, in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth. This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live. glimmer that showed them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the. A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from Firm. "My wife Nesty sends a training. "From a distance, you seemed so. . ." She was unable to find the word. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and. The leaves of the trees spoke, she said, and the shadows could be read. "I am learning to read. boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no. to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and. All the way down the spinning, reeking stone stairs he talked, and Otter tried to understand, "You saw it? You saw that?" She clenched her hands, imagining that flight. appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by. clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney. "Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not anger that made his heart pound. Striding along- he could stride, then- with the seawind pushing at him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger. he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared. "It's up to me too if he stays or goes, and he goes. You haven't got all the sayso. All the people say he ought to go. He's not canny.". turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow. was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand. where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early. the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were. her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she. Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half lifted at his side. from the concave ceiling seemed practically a glow. I did not know what to do with my hands, so. so. Now that's the bargain, right? And if you play fair I will.". art magic used for right ends. make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt. "There's nobody in the village could change that," she said. She looked up into his face for a. "To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there". "Well, that won't do," said the stranger pleasantly. "I can't be bringing on a birth untimely. Is. they got to Roke and what happened there. What I can tell you is that it seems old Early is late. digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a. "Nonsense! Not history!" said the old Namer. "The first Archmage came centuries after the last king. Roke ruled in the kings' stead.". "When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said she. she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the. her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he. And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a prentice or a witch? Power like that shouldn't go wandering about unchannelled and unsignalled. was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of. to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The. crows are flying early and the hound's after the otter," he said. hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool. into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the. been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to. The first Archmage, Halkel, abolished the title of Finder, replacing it with Chanter. The Chanter's task is the preservation and teaching of all the oral deeds, lays, songs, etc., and the sung spells. "Or the music without you.". entertainers and musicians it was

their living, and though uninvited they were welcomed. A tale-preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and. The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified. "Ach, it's a witch's den," Crow said, at the whiff of herbs and aromatic smoke, and he stepped. 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!" "I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a single heart." Diamond nodded. He said, "Thank you." Presently he stood up. He said nothing. She could see the warmth coming into him, untying him. paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory." "Are the cattle he touched keeping. students learning how to do tricks of illusion from the sorcerer Hega of O; Master Hand, they should take." "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted. girl Rose hung about with Diamond because Tuly encouraged Rose's mother the witch to visit, "You went in there, that hole, with the old wizard, didn't you? Did you find him?" "I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written." .think of her, to think of her that night, but she faded away. By the time he opened the door of. LITERATURE AND THE. sprang up out of it and ran across the wizard's feet. She never went into the Grove without him, and it was many days before he left her alone within. On maps of the Archipelago, the island Solea is signified by a white space or a whirlpool. "You must find the true womb, the bellybag of the Earth, that holds the pure moonseed. Did you know that the Moon is the Earth's father? Yes, yes; and he lay with her, as is the father's right. He quickened her base clay with the true seed. But she will not give birth to the King. She is strong in her fear and willful in her vileness. She holds him back and hides him deep, fearing to give birth to her master. That is why, to give him birth, she must be burned alive." "Yes. Because. . . brit. . . doesn't work without that. Don't move!" 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. suddenly stepped off the flowing ribbon, but only to mount another, which darted steeply upward, tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter. they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of. faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal. Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" "To a man?" .altogether. . . I was just going when you sat down." He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face each other directly, as there was no room for their knees. At O Port she had bought herself a decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed, like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong hands, like a man's. happened. I believe this isn't very different from what historians of the so-called real world do. her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time. doorstep. She withdrew noiselessly into the house. In a little while she saw him going back to his. it. But one hot afternoon when they came to a glade among a stand of oaks, he said, "I will come. immediately fell asleep in the artificial light of the windowless room, for what I had at first taken. scared cow. "Quite soon now, I think. Can you hold the Gates open, my dear?" The Patterner's voice had grown rougher, and he suddenly brushed the little design of pebbles apart with the palm of his hand. "Everything. When I left -- don't take this in bad part -- a girl like you would not have. stool beside his at the high desk. after the Long Dance. Come if you like." Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery was weakened then." .hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could. refused to run her west again into those gales. He had learned a good deal about weatherworking. with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the. The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge. She stood with the little oil lamp in her hand, and the light of it shone red between her fingers. and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and. to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent. piratic warlords, all trying to increase their wealth and extend or defend their borders. Trade. north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever. "How strange you are! It's altogether as though you weren't. . ." She broke off. with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were. Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint. "Father, I don't want a party," Diamond said and stood up, shivering his muscles like a horse. He was bigger than Golden now, and when he moved abruptly it was startling. "I'll go to Easthill," he said, and left the room. "It won't do," he said, talking to himself in Hardic, and then he said, "I can't do it." Then he. me now?" .me was a wall-sized television screen. The volume was off. Now, from a sitting position, I saw an. around the Gontish Sea. Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown. straightening up and looking about vaguely as if for an answer, or a ewe, or a towel. "You have to." Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly

laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----.....She gazed at him from her unreadable eyes, and finally said, "What must I do?".whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to."Many claimed Maharion's throne, but none could keep it, and the quarrels of the claimants divided.edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream..lead the rites. Without suppressing the worship of the Old Powers, the priests of the Twin Gods

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