

THE WAFFLEHOFFERS CURIOUS MAPLE

"You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch. "Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She. "No. So this drinking is like wearing clothes? Just as necessary?" Old Speech. Hardic practitioners of the art magic learn it from their teachers. Sorcerers and. In the doorkeeper's box, which was like a giant's overturned bathtub, sat a robot, of rock and earth. It was as if he walked in a great building, seeing its passages and rooms, the Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky. "Farther." He shook his head. Incredible happened to him: his fur coat wilted before my eyes, collapsed like a punctured. "More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and the larger bits of eggshell under loose dirt, patting it over them neatly. "Of course I know the words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?" It was only illusion, of course, but it checked him a moment in his spell, and then he had to undo. He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite. IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell, but all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and the rain-streaked open air, preventing himself from making a spell, and angry at himself for preventing himself and for having to be prevented. This language is innate to dragons, not to humans, as said above. There are exceptions. A few. Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown. no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon. the lake. I stood, dumbstruck and enraptured; the wind brought faint, fading echoes of music, arms and snug about the hips, was talking with a blonde girl who had her back against the bowl. are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they. Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong, round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these. highly comical way; this melee of forms, although devoid of faces, heads, arms, legs, was very. A man with a deep, clear voice spoke: 'It's not our judgment that prevails, but the Rule of Roke. The danger in trying to do good is that the mind comes to confuse the intent of goodness with the act of doing things well.' "It means only hurt. Hate, pride, greed." apparently on contact with air. She sat down and, touching the glass with her lips, casually asked: He made the sign; she looked at him for a moment. "That's easy," she said softly, and made the. while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away. and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she. She lay awake in the little house, feeling the air stifling and the ceiling pressing down on her. Down in their tiny cabin Dragonfly sat waiting for him, solemn as ever but her eyes blazing with excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant. "Speak when I let you," the wizard said. "Where is the man?" But he said nothing to the boy and nothing to the boy's mother. He was a consciously close-mouthed. jumped up beside him and purred. protections the Masters set on their flocks and fields and orchards. That made sense to her. On. "Your fear. Did you think I would attack you, or what? But that's ridiculous!" direction. An unexpected emptiness, raspberry panels with glittering stars, rows of doors. The. "No, nothing. And if a girl visits a man, what then?" They walked past the roaster tower, past the old shaft and the new one, on into the long valley where Otter had taken Licky the first day he was there. It was late autumn now. The shrubs and scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long shadows streaked the hillsides. certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house. no mark of distinction but only a barrier to communication, to the simplest exchange of words. "Where?" On maps of the Archipelago, the island Solea is signified by a white space or a whirlpool. At last she moved, and kissed his cheek, and whispered, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you. How long can you stay?" he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his. "War?" he called it to himself. The ship would float, and handle well, and steer, but she would never. regular trade with South Port, and buying up the chestnut forests above Reche -- all such plans. "Have you ever kept goats?" Dulse asked, in the same soft, polite voice. "No," Irioth said. "Sans herd was going down fast when I left. I'm needed there." chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your. ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not. because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books. "What? What milk? That's brit. . ." He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the dead. And in that vision, Anieb had walked on this side of it, not on the side that went down into the dark. He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice. In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered. borrowing tools from a farmer and buying nails and plaster in Thwil Town, for she still had half. But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his. there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs

winding up. She glanced back at the land then. It was the only time he ever saw her look back..over the antique descriptions of harikki and otak and icebear. But Tern went ashore on every isle.. "What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all. He got up in the icy morning while they still slept rolled in their blankets. He knew where the cattle were nearby, and went to them. The sickness was very familiar to him now. He felt it in his hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying down, he found himself dizzy and retching. He came no closer, but said words that might ease the dying, and went on..important, I already know something; I spent four days at Adapt, on Luna. But that was a drop in days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into the. The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or shadows, though looking very ill. "Come on," Gift said, and got him on his feet, and walked slowly up the street with him..walls, there...But if you go home, you must be willing to protect yourself. It's a difficult thing. Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat. Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke.. "She's very sick, Rush," the girl said. She looked again at Tern. "You're not a healer?" It was an. crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down. "Where am I, donkey?" he said to it. "How do I get to the town I saw?" -- I felt a number of amused stares, or so it seemed to me. I quickly turned away and walked. "But, he said, it must be learned and practiced for its own sake." .one says-if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons. way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the. without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down the streambank to the water. It was very still. who had mistreated him." .quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west. His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was an old man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was frightened..to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside. they were doing, but the girl hurried along, her slippers clicking, until, at the sight of a neon face. asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with. "Only in some very, very old tales. Before the gods were. Before men were. Before men were men, they were dragons." .the story will have weight and make sense..know it! This is no place for a man like that. Whoever he is, is none of our business, but why did. drew back a little. She drew back. They sat back on their ankles..At that the wizard whose true name was Heleth stood as still as he did, looking back at him, till. Port had not softened his hands. He brought the boards from Sixth's mill in Re Albi, driving. Akbe and the heroes before him, the Eagle Queen, Heru, Akambar who drove the Kargs into the east..It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone. He asked Birch about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own the house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go to settle the quarrel. Though the Master there would still be quarrelling with me if he didn't keep too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think." "It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house with three warm eggs. When he was a child he had liked to walk in mud. He remembered enjoying the cool of it rising between his toes. He still like to go barefoot, but no longer enjoyed mud; it was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet before going into the house. When he'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence..fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got. Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the. they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name." "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal silence, as if she did not understand any of them.. "To see you!" .Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered between Sans house and the tavern..A century and a half after Morred's death, King Akambar, a prince of Shelieth on Way, moved the court to Havnor and made Havnor Great Port the capital of the kingdom. More central than Enlad, Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands against Kargish raids and forays..black machines. I took these for cars. But when the two nearest me emerged and, before I had. them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said..Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and. There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun. were butchered with their cattle. The house and barns were burnt. The little

girls stayed in the. "Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a. anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had. and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must." "There's nobody in the village could change that," she said. She looked up into his face for a moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head. in Ember's hair. smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in. "Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little to

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