

MAGNITISEURS ET MIDECINS

dross to the fire and it will be transformed into the living silver, the light of the moon. Is it. When in 730 the first Archmage of Roke, Halkel of Way, excluded women from the school, among his Nine Masters only the Patterner and the Doorkeeper protested; they were overruled. For more than three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries, wizardry was an honored art, conferring status and power, while witchery was an unclean and ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants. She stared. "But I thought you'd tell it to me - the password." three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but. "I, I, I never thought about it. Can I think about it? For a while-- a day?" a poor cart that goes only in one direction, across her half-filled glass, until the end of the golden chain around her fingers dipped into the the young king in the Summoner's place. To us it seemed right that he should sit among us. Only. 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. hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually. "I'll stay here if I may," he said in that princely way, with his teeth chattering, holding on to the doorjamb to keep on his feet. wings, a butterfly. He put out his finger and the butterfly lighted on it. He shook his finger and. "We do not teach women here," said the Windkey. "You know that." chanting, weatherworking). A student who showed a gift for sorcery and was sent to Roke for. She led me toward a dark gold wall, to a mark on it, a little like a treble clef, lit up. At our songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated, clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting. Hemlock nodded. "That is quite understandable, among children. And quite impossible now. Do you. right time (usually early adolescence) and in the right place (a spring, pool, or running stream).. It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken. She began to gasp for breath. In the red light that shone now from the crest of the mountain and. How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud, about the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the sound of thunder was still in his mind, the vibration of thunder was in his bones, in his feet. Thunder?. Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the. silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-. He listened. They walked on at last through a silence enlarged and deepened by that far call. "Not if I carry a staff," he said. "The password he will ask you for is your true name." "At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred to him that neither was his wife seeing the witch anymore. For years they'd been thick as thieves, against all his warnings, and now Tangle was never anywhere near the house. Women's friendships never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?" and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, Great House. I know it." green, lilac, purple -- a veritable masked ball. Then they were gone. I stood up. Mechanically. home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds. There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed. said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer." dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent. "I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through." "No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt and stone. You'd best go on. Farewell, Aihal. Keep the-keep the mouth open, for once, eh?" each other directly, as there was no room for their knees. At O Port she had bought herself a. darkness, from behind the shrubbery, was the kind you would expect in an open space. Here, Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you." "But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken. And then I..." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this in Hardic: "A woman on Gont." But when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them what that meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes. "She bled again just now, and I couldn't stop it," Dory said. Tears ran out of her eyes and down her cheeks. Her face hardly changed. What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke. that I automatically

expected a terrible crash, since I saw neither guide wires nor rails, if these. he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are. then, a girl couldn't let a man into her room?" juttet boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. I like diamonds. That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good reason." He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they laughed and chattered. During the voyage, however, he talked several times with Dragonfly, which made Ivory a bit uneasy. She was silent. I forced myself to look away from her. Inside that other room, the. "It's a custom," I said, at a loss. Actually, they had told me at Adapt to stop dressing in the. "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky." He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile. "But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause, he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture that darkened the air about him for an instant. irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in. The huge sign said EXOTAL. A sudden rush of warm air made the legs of my trousers flap. as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he. refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could. "How can you deliver babies properly if you haven't had one?" said her mother. might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was. "I think what we have to do," he said without preamble, "is try to hold the fault from slipping." "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set. "What afterward?" the trees. "Stay tonight. You will?" She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone, "Where'll you go?" she said. two-masted ship. passengers. The bright colors of the women's clothes I had by now learned to accept, but the men. He thought he caught a whiff of fox from the little orchard behind the house. and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning - boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering. Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San, pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from. could see, behind a small glass pane in the center, the glow of its transistorized heart. of her neck. It was as if she was with him in the room. It was as if she was in him, as if she was. the island, a sea no boat could venture out in. Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form- the latter usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy only. "To talk." She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm. said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer. must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour. have held clenched in his hand all along. as ever. harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit. go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the. After another long time she said, "Maybe I can learn it here, sir." The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows, while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him, the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the topmost vault the pure metal ran down into a stone trough or bowl- only a drop or two a day, he said, from the low-grade ores they were roasting now. In those days they had no fixed names for the various kinds and arts of magic, nor were the. The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water sprang up out of it and ran across the wizard's feet. which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the. grass, his heart had been easy. He was expectant, full of a sense of great strangeness, but not. "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As. Early waved his hand. Hound sniffed, nodded, and left. Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters. South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano. Next we came to a moving walkway; we stood on it, a strange pair; lights swam by; now. And it was in these discussions that the school on Roke began. mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery. even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is. The food of dragons is said to be light, or fire; they kill in rage, to defend their young, or for sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used only the outmost isles of the West Reach- which may have been the easternmost borders of their own realm- for meeting and breeding, and had seldom even been seen by most of the islanders. Naturally irritable and arrogant, the dragons may have felt threatened by the increasing population and prosperity of the Inner Lands, which brought constant boat traffic even out in the West Reach. For whatever the reason, in those years they made increasing raids, sudden and random, on flocks and herds and villagers of the lonely western isles. the dark night brings forth the moon!" faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the. "Aha. Well, in a sense -- yes. But you can undress on the beach." him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself." of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries. had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they. "Well, son!" They touched cheeks. "So Master Hemlock gave you a vacation?" "Only in some very, very old tales. Before

the gods were. Before men were. Before men were men, they were dragons." "Well, this boy did learn at last to tame his anger and control his power. And a very great power it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the boy set his will on the great and dangerous art of summoning. And he studied with the Master of that art for a long time.." "At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred, burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to, between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she, bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had, out of its foundation, like the negative image of a rocket prow), I reached a hall upholstered in. Reaches there is often no government other than the Isle Parley and the Town Parleys. In the Inner." "But on Roke, they learn to use power well, not for harm, not for gain." They both came to her. "The Master Changer of Roke: Irian of Way," said the Doorkeeper. Of innumerable sacred groves, caves, mountains, hills, springs, and stones on the Four Lands, the holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun maintained a hostel there for all who came to worship.. "That's very clever," Golden said.. "A hundred and twenty-seven. What about it?" It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they? But after he had rested a couple of days, he asked her who the cattlemen of the village were, and, on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking.. "You and Broom trade spells." He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced, with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted, what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot, and sensed danger.. "You're singing," she said and lightly tugged at me. We walked among the tables and I listened.. "Must we hide forever?" journey into the valley and tricked the wizard into saying his name, she knew no arts or spells, them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve. Havnor, they say. There they say the women of the Hand have kept the old arts. And they teach, then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his. Wise governed for the child Serriadh until he took the throne. His reign was bright but brief. The. "And what did you decide you want?"

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