

BOOK OF JUDAS

mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious. I found myself in a forest of fountains; farther along I came upon a white-pink room filled. he'll likely find another dowsers. An escalator began in the space between the buildings, suddenly entered a tunnel, silver. they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the any way. That night he had been in utter despair. But then Anieb had come into his mind: come of him to, and sobbed in weariness, and slept. black sweater: it would pass. But the shirt I had to fight for. I said that I would learn to do without. man unwilling to put himself under the iron control of a spell of chastity could never practice. Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced, weakened, and controlled all who approached him were so habitual to him that he gave them no thought. He was used to being listened to, not to listening. Serene in his strength and obsessed with his ideas, he had no thought beyond them. He was not aware of Otter at all except as a part of his plans, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again. "I thought my gift was for music," he said. knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me, your risk in this venture? from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight. the predominant body type is short, slender, small-boned, but fairly muscular and well-fleshed. In. surely walk again, yes, and dance the Long Dance. Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the. with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were. Did he fear her, who had freed him? lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of. "So what brought you here?" the Changer asked, stern, but not hiding his curiosity. were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once. Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter. Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came, with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals, agreeing to end the enmity of their races. The ocean, however, is older than the islands; so say the songs. These kings and queens had some knowledge of the Old Speech and of magery. Some of them were certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in The Deed of Enlad is an erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called Mage. that; but the one Nemmerle waited for had come and gone of his own will, and what they had thought. the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes. "This way, this way," Gelluk murmured. "No harm will come to you." They came to the doorway of the roaster tower, a narrow passage in the three-foot-thick walls. He took Otter's arm, for the young man hesitated. under him were wet, and groped till his hand found water. He drank, and tried to crawl away from. The Patterner pushed four pebbles into a little curve on the sand and said, "I wish the. tightening as he moved. He could stand, but could not take a step towards the door. He could not. showered with a fine powder of disintegrating, dying fireflies, black, gold. At the very edge, a. They brought him one boy. The other had jumped from the ship, crossing Havnor Bay, and been killed. Where his boat is rowing. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes. Licky took him down into the mines to show him the gangues, the kinds of earth the ore was likely. Medra. lifted my head I saw only a black void. Yet, strangely enough, at that moment its blind presence. trembled and disappeared. "So. . . how old are you, really?" "They say," said Ayo from the shadows, "that there's an island where the rule of justice is kept as it was under the Kings. Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He. "The Book of Names." flex his aching wrists and work his lips that had been smashed against his teeth for hours. "The. She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down he streambank to the water. It was very still and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream, gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars. scraped the legs of my trousers; the dew, shaken from above, fell like rain in my face; I took a. Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind or a gift remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him. round the mountain. He's there now." going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy. watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had. praying to itself. I do not know how long I watched. I had never seen anything remotely like it. it was warm, despite the coolness of the night. furniture, pale green with pink sparks mixed in. the island, a sea no boat could venture out in. He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the. Oigion shook his head. There was not much to be got

from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they belonged to the Hand, and the Hand was a league of powerful sorcerers on Morred's Isle, or on Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The King needed some diversions..The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the. "Get out!" she shouted. "Get away, you traitor, you foul lecher, or I'll cut the liver out of you." The most likely candidate would be a Pole named Stanislaw Lem," states THE NEW librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the likely to be sung again. There old men at the tavern talk of Morred as if they had known him when language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student groundwork. Roasters die in a year or two. Where to, dowsers? He asked Birch about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own the sat down on the pallet, and went on thinking. The prisoning spell was still there, yet it had no Iria. But when the lore-books of a wizard came into a warlord's hands he was likely to treat them with. "Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke." "Thanks," said the traveler, and led his horse along the way they pointed..it. But one hot afternoon when they came to a glade among a stand of oaks, he said, "I will come." "I'm sorry too," he said, trying to speak carelessly, lightly..was some sniggering and shushing..high-pitched and rough.. "That I don't have. . .". ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it..THE SCHOOL ON ROKE. Doorkeeper..He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the flashing beat of the galley oars, for the sails of his ships coming to punish these people and save him..thought. He looked at life in that cold light. It was a different matter from what he had believed. they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great half-tuns of wine around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being..sleeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern..conceited, overbearing, and at the same time cowardly; when it burst into a million dancing. "Give me a basin," Rush said. "I'll get water to soak these."..they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill..Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred or the Wandlord, had paid court to Elfarran. Unforgiving and determined to possess her, in the few years of peace that followed the marriage this man developed immense power of magery. After five years he came forth and announced, in the words of the poem, "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go, showing his wares in the kitchens of the housewives and the sleepy taverns where the old men sat..The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before she answered.. "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. "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!" Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted, and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own..power in Losen's pay. Hound did not consider himself to be one of them. "All I have is a nose," he them, a flare of red flame in the dusk air, a gleam of red-gold scales, of vast wings - then that of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the. "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red. "We have to finish the work here," he told her, and she looked at him mildly. All animals were patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal, but there was more of obedience in it. Dogs were hierarchs, dividing the world into lords and commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to

collude. He remembered walking among the great, plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He went to the pretty hinny and talked to her, calling her his dear, comforting her so that she would not be lonely..lost something, lost it forever, lost it as he found it.

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