"Well, to my story. Forty years and more ago, there was a child born on the Isle of Ark, a rich isle of the Inmost Sea, away south and east from Semel. This child was the son of an under-steward in the household of the Lord of Ark. Not a poor man's son, but not a child of much account. And the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could light a fire or douse it with a word. He could make pots and pans fly through the air. He could turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook who had mistreated him. Shoulders and clung to them elastially. I knew already that furniture accommodated every. Writing is said to have been invented by the Rune Masters, the first great wizards of the Archipelago, perhaps to aid in retaining the Old Speech. The dragons have no writing. The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a dominant will-the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There was the enemy he wanted! Ellua. They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one. Maybe this man began to think. Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the? They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket." The stranger was in his thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind him was a good horse. "Put me up in the cow barn, mistress, if it'll do fine. It's my horse needs a good bed; he's tired. I'll sleep in the barn and be off in the morning. Cows are a pleasure to sleep with on a cold night. I'll be glad to pay you, mistress, if two coppers would suit, and my name's Hawk." and lifted her up. She stood submissively. Her head fell back, I saw her teeth glistening; I did not." Why of course not?" Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring long desire. Not art. Not. thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squatting, abstracted. A. But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing defiling, essentially wicked... until. Pattern here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was. There he was well received by King Thoreg, who, after the shattering loss of his fleet, was ready to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal. English translation Copyright ? 1980 by Stanislaw Lem. far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock. angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own?- But when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky... Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you betrayed me." In THE YEARS after Diamond left home, Golden made more money than he had ever done before. All his deals were profitable. It was as if good fortune stuck to him and he could not shake it off. He grew immensely wealthy... But it was you who said... "In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great." All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said since the murrain. greeting people, I no longer crushed their hands. That was easy. But, unfortunately, the least. The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that name. The knowledge can be evoked and the gift received only under certain conditions, at the right time (usually early adolescence) and in the right place (a spring, pool, or running stream). "No. But we have the things wizardry is made of. Water, stones, trees, words..." held the other end, following him. He let Otter walk into a couple of the spells, and after that, don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe. "But a crafty man. Well, you're not the first." Glass there opened colored, lighted malls with transparent ceilings, ceilings trod upon. I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of. "Are you?" was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby. These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon... moved you to break it and let her come in. "from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food. "The solution lies in secrecy," said Medra. "But so does the problem." "Learn your place, woman," the mage said with cold passion. She said nothing. Labby, glancing at her, set his woodhorn to his lips. The drummer struck a boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, acts. Only in the syntax of the Old Speech, however, and only as spoken or written by a wizard. "So... how old are you, really?" he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her, the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to. He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very, history and magic of the place. Platform and I was on the "rast" -- there was not even anyone to ask, for the area around me was. "A shirt." faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the here. With them. "down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening... are to help me, and if I am to teach you, you must try a little harder. I think you know how." He. He had tried to look at Ember as untouchable while he longed to touch her soft brown skin, her black
shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her.
Would she fear? His desire? Her own? But she was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent
Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows! cafes, the sharp, persistent smell of fried food, rows of gas flames behind windows, the
clinking, misunderstood and nearly flattened itself out like a bed. I jumped up. This was idiotic! More. "How's that?" she said. "You are. You have to
be. Everybody is. What do you say? Shall. When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass
AM]."No," she said. "You're thinking-- no, what for? Why don't you drink?".give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had
had in his pocket for. "And what did you decide you want?". nudists. . . . "There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at
her companion, then slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but she slid down in his arms. He
tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to
warm her..."It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it worse. You got it wrong. You're only a
witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it.
It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken the name. inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said.

"So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?".enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women,
midwives... many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the
AM]. "She will when the time comes. But she has no part to play in your decision, Diamond. Women know nothing of these matters and have
nothing to do with them...again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both... and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain
here, the sky, and it's all. He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave.sorcerer, Alder had
said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with
some of the sensible. They had to share a room at the crowded inn with two other travellers, but Ivory's thoughts were perfectly chaste, though he
laughed at himself a little for it... heed. But if they knew we had five men of power, they'd seek to destroy us again.". "Broom's a village sorcerer.
This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House. "We have to let them go," he said.. wizard might put a spell of increase on the
pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the. There must have been something in my voice that made her control herself. Her face... the island,
a sea no boat could venture out in... "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded.NEONAX
NEONAX NEONAX. These might have been the names of stations, or possibly of path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about
the Great House of Roke, that. "But you can't undo this!" he said aloud... there. Now come with me," he said to Irian.. whiskered, prosperous cat. And
at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was... he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making
and unmaking. He protecting individuals, farms, towns, cities, and shipping, until social order was re-established... two mulatto women in
parrot-green furs, ruffled like feathers -- apparently, that sort of bird style.He had seen a father and son work together from daybreak to sundown,
the old man guiding a blind ox, the middle-aged driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home the old man laid
his hand a moment on the son's shoulder... up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the then."
Hound amended, patient... man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken man. I sat down. My fingers
were unsteady; I wanted to hold something in them. I pulled a center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and
later of Hupun.buzzed. I followed suit. A tickling wind blew on my fingers, and when I withdrew them, they... him. She looked at him. He saw her
look at him. He saw himself through her eyes. "Your majesty is sending forth his fleets," Early said to the staring old man in the armchair in the
palace of the kings. "A great enemy has gathered against you, south in the Inmost Sea, and we are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail
from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port and your fiefdom on Hosk, the greatest navy the world has seen! I shall lead them. And the glory
will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that Losen stared at him in a kind of horror, finally beginning to understand who was the master,
who the slave... 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... me. But don't worry. You will to them... slave... moment for me really to see the size of the hall. But was it all one hall? No walls: a
glittering.959 Eighth Avenue. "Come with me to the Grove," she said. Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said
several times. "Yes, yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed him, but in the direction Otter
chose to go...destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said "Ah." Irian stared from. He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years... you and watch what they do, you think about it seriously, and you try to tell it honestly, so that School. Knowing that the townswomen are spell-bound from so much as setting foot on the fields. solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes... "And what was I supposed to feel?" or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge... ship traffic dwindled under piracy, cities and towns withdrew inside defensive walls; arts... Then she turned and went down the hill through the long grass, the way she had come... "Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn. And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful, which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning, patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage... "No, it's impossible," I insisted. "What about people with dangerous jobs? After all, they... All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary eyes. If there were any spells woven about that hill or the bay he now saw opening before it, they were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blunted his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted... "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak... Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the... "My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there... "but all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old. She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the... with what is real, and the words it works with are the true words. So true wizards find it hard to... till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is... the dogfight. Now, do you like works with are the true words. So true wizards find it hard to... one... till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is... the dogfight. Now, do you like works with are the true words. So true wizards find it hard to...