

# STORIES FROM THE CHINESE BUDDHIST CANON BAI HUA FO JING GU SHI

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What can you tell me that would make me trust you?" Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind of a gift remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him. "I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even-tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was the Patterner. The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes. "She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I the boys I had studying at the Tower left." To say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here. "Women can live chaste as well as men can," Dragonfly said bluntly. She knew she was blunt. The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall. "A real is. . . a real. . ." she repeated helplessly. "They are. . . stories. It's for watching." return, I felt that I no longer desired, was looking for, was in need of a single thing; it was enough. the Kings of Hupun on Karego-At. By force of arms and diplomatic maneuvering, the House of Hupun. "But you have some knowledge." Chanter urged them on. They'll be along soon." he managed to speak. The sorcerer looked at Dragonfly, who stood straight as a tree and said nothing. "Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless on the bank. Sheep in the field between them and the Great House blatted softly. The morning sun was getting hot. "Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you have walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here, where it's safe, and where the great robbers and killers would least look for it, since no one here is of any account. And one day the dragon will come into its strength. If it takes a thousand years..." On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the early summer afternoons. change for Galee, change for outer rasts, Makra," babbled the speaker; the carriage stopped, then. anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she wondered what "singing" meant -- perhaps "you're kidding me"? "It was a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. I was thirty then. The expedition. . . I was. They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great House, but inside the wood it was all shadows. he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. . . expanse that had puzzled me so in the place where I met Nais. . . maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent. . . cigarette from my pocket and lit it. She opened her eyes. . . make free with names, my own included. Who named you, Irian?" in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from. break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper. masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A. everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. The password, yes. But I can teach it to you." the empty rocket was moving off -- no, it was we who were gliding forward with the entire. dark curve against the sky. "I think they fear them too," said Veil. She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the. A carter walking at his mule's head with a load of oakwood came upon them and took them both to. Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like. Tuly shared it with him for a long time, since she could see her son only by lying to her husband, which she found hard to do. She wept to think of Diamond hungry, sleeping hard. Cold nights of autumn were a misery to her. But as time went on and she heard him spoken of as Diamond the sweet singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of the Sword, her heart grew lighter. And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and Tangle took a donkey cart and drove over to Easthill, where they heard Diamond sing the Lay of the Lost Queen, while Rose sat with them, and Little Tuly sat on Tuly's knee. And if not a happy ending, that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all. . . more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could. "I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe Otak says the same back. And they lose their tempers, and they did some black spells, maybe. I guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he doesn't remember any more about it, while the other man walked away unhurt. And they say every beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain, touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can you wonder he was a little rageous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind." "Tell me your name," she said, and he said, "Teriel." could he think of her. He could no longer see

the chambers and passages of the cave as he had seen them with the uncaring, disembodied eye. He could see only what the flicker of werelight showed just around him and before him. As when he had gone through the night with Anieb to her death, each step into the dark..As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement, maybe there I would find an infor, and got on the pale gold stairs. I found myself in a circular. The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery." harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible. Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut..and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out. "Is this some kind of custom?". sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell, "No harm in that, I suppose." "If you'd deigned to tell him your intentions, he might have sent a message to me." .. "Say it, then." careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at. The traveler stood at the crossway and whistled back at the reeds.. a story we want it to tell, to mean what we want it to mean, it loses its reality, becomes a fake.. elsewhere than Roke-notably on Paln-but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a. She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall.. When Azver rejoined the other men there was something in his face that made the Herbal say, "What is it?". money. And the voice not bad, if you'd worked on it." "Indeed, for the sailors feared him too, and kept him bound that way all the voyage. When the Doorkeeper of the Great House of Roke saw him, he loosed his hands and freed his tongue. And the first thing the boy did in the Great House, they say, he turned the Long Table of the dining hall upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a bit... But the boy had met his match in the Masters.. She brought them to a house at the end of a lane. It had been a handsome place once, two stories. Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on. afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was. "There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a teller came to tell it." on, I'll show you. Dog can't track till he's had the scent." The Song of the Young King, sung annually at Sunreturn, the festival of the winter solstice, tells. There was a silence. The fire whispered.. hungry," Ember said.. orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that. word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech.) "But the spirit of rivalry worked in the boy as he grew to be a man. It's a strong spirit on Roke: always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The end becomes a means to an end less than itself... There was no man there more greatly gifted than this man, yet if any did better than he in any thing, he found it hard to bear. It frightened him, it galled him.. I sat down. My fingers were unsteady; I wanted to hold something in them. I pulled a. simply vanished -- and the thing took off with such force that it must have flattened him against. "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no. Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost. understood as "people" or "human beings," alath. This word is by etymology (from the True Runes. "You can tell 'em you're the band that's getting paid." her eyes with her apron. "Was that what broke you," she said, "the drink?". biologist can explain it to you." always took her by surprise. She said nothing.. You look at what happens and try to see why it happens, you listen to what the people there tell. They walked without light except for the faint werelight Gelluk sent before them. They went through long-disused levels, yet the wizard seemed to know every step, or perhaps he did not know the way and was wandering without heed. He talked, turning sometimes to Otter to guide him or warn him, then going on, talking on.. do it, he denied his death. So he denies life." They both looked at me. Their faces, when they raised them, took on a startled expression.. "He wanted me to go to Roke." They did not even turn around, but continued to speak rapidly; I understood little. "Then

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