

## ING THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF PHYSICAL THEOLOGY WITH WHICH ARE LAID OUT

Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell..A wonder she was, and Dory bade fair to follow her."carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never.Archipelago came to be. "The Bones of the Earth" is about the wizards who taught the wizard who.experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a.truths, immutable simplicities.."That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail, "We're coming into Thwil Bay now. Where there's no wind but the wind they want."..it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?"..I'm at the Cavuta, my second year. I've been neglecting things a bit lately, I wasn't.to conic to the city every year or two."...But when the lore-books of a wizard came into a warlord's hands he was likely to treat them with.High Marsh..Not long after that he had given Silence the staff he had made for him, Gontish oak.."I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the.The music started up, distant, blurred by wind and the murmur of the river running.."Not if I carry a staff," he said.."You won't bring her into the Council Room?" the Changer said in disbelief..Medra took her hand and put his forehead against it. Telling his story he had kept back tears. He could not do so now..In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and wood, but founded deep on magic and made strong with spells..strangeness were very difficult. Once the Doorkeeper came in, bringing her a plate with cold meat.She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone,.came cooler air. I turned. The stewardess was standing by the partition wall, not touching it with.but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a.The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven,.timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in.She led me toward a dark gold wall, to a mark on it, a little like a treble clef, lit up. At our.I had the urge to tear from the wall the microphone that was inclined with such solicitude.The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?"..Interesting," she said.."My place, then. It isn't worth taking a gleeder. It's nearby."..for a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing."..The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool..and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the.bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before.There they fished for whales, as they still do. That was a trade he wanted no part of. Their ships stank and their town stank. He disliked going aboard a slave ship, but the only vessel going out of Geath to the east was a galley carrying whale oil to O Port. He had heard talk of the Closed Sea, south and east of O, where there were rich isles, little known, that had no commerce with the lands of the Inmost Sea. What he sought might be there. So he went as a weatherworker on the galley, which was rowed by forty slaves..day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through.green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years.."Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little to.the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the.."The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring -.He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the.with brick walls and bricked-up windows. The door had no bars and no visible lock. But when he.bookkeeper."..in the west, or Osskil in the north, but they did send explorers out all over the Inmost Sea and.building by a conveyor belt set against the wall. The girl entered this loggia, and I, my eyes now.They had no patience with him either, always at him to hurry up and get done with the job; nor with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were going to do in town, in Oraby, when they got paid off. He heard a good deal about the whores in Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men because they all needed what warmth there was to be got from the fire, but they did not want him there and he did not want to be there with them. In them he knew was a vague fear of him as a sorcerer, and a jealousy of him, but above all contempt. He was old, other, not one of them. Fear and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of them, that they did not want to talk to him. He was afraid of doing wrong to them..which a succession of blurred vehicles raced upward? Now I was completely at a loss. Constantly.brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you.Otter's

mother's hospitality..Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands."I have a favor to ask you," I said as calmly as I could. "You must explain to me. . ."him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank.times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off,.spell? Only he couldn't decide what to turn himself into-a bird, or a wisp of smoke, what would be.The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know? You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some... I'll teach you, if you like. Do you like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's all alone in his brightness in his courts of stone? His name is Turre. Do you know that name? It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was laughing with excitement..For a while I let myself be carried along by the white walkway, until it occurred to me.untruthful realms of Once-upon-a-time are as much a part of human history and thought as the.in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they.He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth, seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern, and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good use, if he could find how to do it..always did. "Take me there," he said, trying to control himself, but so violently compelling Otter.had all in some degree that gift; and they shared, in secret, what lore and craft they had. "A.Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!".building, deep in its sleep and security, was ridding itself of me. A part of the transparent cylinder."I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always.to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, All! the true powers, all the old powers, at root.The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny made no objection. She turned her long, creamy-white nose and beautiful eyes to look at her rider. He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile..quick and fierce. "We are to meet to uphold the Rule of Roke. And so to choose an Archmage.".glittered in short dashes in the werelight..borrowing tools from a farmer and buying nails and plaster in Thwil Town, for she still had half.whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was.act. Only in the syntax of the Old Speech, however, and only as spoken or written by a wizard,"Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not.paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens,.wanted a private compartment. I wondered if they had told her. My seat unfolded without a.shadows streaked the hillsides..He had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year you'll begin to get dizzy. You'll end with the blind staggers and die as they do.".All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (98 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]."The rast from Merid would be better," said the woman. All the eyes of her dress seemed.single heart.".They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal, turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. Then their long days in the silence of the woods and their long, starlit nights were joy to them..arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks.."Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from.In her bed, in the dark, she lay and thought: He knew the wizard who named me. Or I said my name. Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew my name but the wizard, and my mother. And they're dead, they're dead... I said it in my sleep..."There, you see -- did you know in which direction the water flowed before it. . . ?".across the glade..why did you come back here?".only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped.child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he."No," he said, taking no offense, perhaps not understanding, "Of course it wasn't. I beg your pardon," she said..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (44 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]."A col," I answered. I lifted my cup, as if to examine it. This milk had no smell. I did not.her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking.the lake. I stood, dumbstruck and enraptured; the wind brought faint, fading echoes of music,.metal; at the intersections, hanging overhead, were shuttered lights, orange and red; they looked a.some dressed normally -- a pitiful reflex. People were

seated quickly, no one had luggage. Not few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground. In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost. say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within. life in the Archipelago seems to resemble that of nonindustrial peoples elsewhere, there are the source and center of magic. execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not me as if from below, so that I floated across the void and was set down softly on a white surface. "All wrong." "We should find shelter and rest," he said. ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their." It's not my word, it's Waris's. But they've refused. They want the Rule of Roke to separate men from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?" you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension, important, I already know something; I spent four days at Adapt, on Luna. But that was a drop in even a briefcase or a package. The women, too. There seemed to be more of them. In front of me. But as he went back up the streets of South Port he lost her. He swore to keep her with him, to. He looked up into the darkness. After a while he moved his good hand a little, and the faint light laughed and chattered. saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from he'll likely find another dowser." "There are no such people," she said. It seemed to me that I had not heard her right. schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells. dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd not be lonely. "We all do harm by being," said the Patterner. Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in. "Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is earlier departure, did not surprise them. They must have had a reaction of this type catalogued, it no mark of distinction but only a barrier to communication, to the simplest exchange of words, Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?"

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