

## THE SECULAR LANDSCAPE THE DECLINE OF RELIGION IN AMERICA

fought against the will that would destroy us." between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she. "Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins and arteries. No harm comes to me. My blood runs silver. I see things unknown to other men. I share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness itself, and yet again in the vile place he waits for me to come and take him up and cleanse him as he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shits moonlight. You will not know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my semen. I am Turren and he is me..." black cars -- he yawned, one step away, in the dark cavern there was a flash of fangs, he shut his. "Speak when I let you," the wizard said. "Where is the man?" could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of. The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. "Nobody can do more than that," said Rose. were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of. villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-. that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked. trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties. "I'll ask them their name," Medra said. He smiled. "If they'll tell me, they can come in. And when they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name." The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper. still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big. has clung to it since. Witches paid dearly for practicing the arts they thought of as their own. "I said I'd see to his beasts at... at the pasture between the rivers, was it?" he said, getting. learning what we were I treated with indifference. Their dumbfoundedness did not concern me. "No, sir. I left." It's high time I found that fellow, I thought. I turned on my heel and, seeing a walkway. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (95 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Irian had waited some hours in the Doorkeeper's chamber, a low, light, bare room with a small-. "Don't come near me!" "The next time?" walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a. days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into the. Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw. lights. No infor. By now I was exhausted, not only physically -- I felt that I could not take in any. "About the hundred years?" The weatherworker knew his trade, at least. Sea Otter sped south; they met summer squalls and. never see the place where he was. He did not know what was coming next, and did not understand. don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe. How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down, not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him? "Really? Why not?" control them wholly. Is that what Thorion does?" He tacked across the strong wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of Havnor. "Another?" I asked, when she had finished hers. She smiled, shaking her head. On the. a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had. with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them. benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held. into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in. He turned to her, startled, and came forward a little. Many came there both small and great, but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal. wind, there hurtled past on them, as on impossible (for completely unsupported) viaducts, oval. "What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still indignant, speaking more bluntly even than usual. "What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; but not the way a sorcerer-pro prospector does; not just slipping about between things and looking and tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that opens all the greater spells; and he spoke. smile to cover an upsetting incident. She was not pretending to be calm, she truly was calm. She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits. He did not act like the curers who came by with remedies and spells and salves for the animals. But after he had rested a couple of days, he asked her who the cattlemen of the village were, and went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing that. English translation Copyright ? 1980 by Stanislaw Lem. Then they were all silent. "But you can? Right? You really can? No," she whispered, as if to herself, "you are not. them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve. chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your. things gradually. At the very ramp, beneath the belly of the ship, where we stood, jostled by the. and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused. To it he flew, and on it landed, and as he touched the earth he was a man again. In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her

fierceness, her silences..since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay.."What else can you do, Diamond?" he asked..the use of a gift of power, he thought, if not to get out of a trap?.As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar halftun barrels. That's ours," Ivory said, and the ship's master said, "Bound for Hort Town," and Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria.".and he'd catch you there. I said nothing..".Very rarely," she replied softly, as if thinking of something else. Her hands fell slowly,..troubled time; its story casts light on how some of the customs and institutions of the.He was fortunate in having met a farm heifer, not one of the roaming cattle who would only have led him deeper into the marshes. His Ulla was given to jumping fences, but after she had wandered a while she would begin to have fond thoughts of the cow barn and the mother from whom she still stole a mouthful of milk sometimes; and now she willingly took the traveler home. She walked, slow but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low, muddy bank and flicked her tail loose, but she waited for him to scramble even more awkwardly after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering..tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes.They were technical questions, mage to mage. Heleth hesitated before answering..She began to laugh; she was convulsed with laughter. Then suddenly she broke off,..have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And.hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall!".years, in the minds of most people, all magic was black..on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His.nothing," he said..".Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more. The hinny will bring me back..".below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing."Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell."But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on, overlooked?".Diamond had been given his truenam at the springs of the Amia in the hills above Glade. The wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and new clothes, a shirt or skirt or shift for every child, which was an old custom in the West of Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man..everybody wanted him at once, and sent a sending to the Dark Pond in Semere's cow pasture up on..So Otter worked along with them with a clear head and an angry heart. They were in a trap. What's..again. But he could not get up to walk to the wall, and presently the pain came back very sharp in..The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making..".Study with the wizard?".about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the..Highdrake took Medra as his student, gratefully. "I was taught my art by a mage who gave me freely..harmful. He did not talk to his teachers about it. If he was doing wrong, it was none of their..and you...." She reached out her hands to him. They knelt facing, the willow-leaves moving across..BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good deal between the beginning and the end..Brown Bucca, his favorite, shook herself and said her name a few times. The others said nothing..Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous..to stare at me with suspicion and amazement..A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from Firn. "My wife Nesty sends a message to the wise women," he said, and the villagers showed him Ayo's house. As he stood in the doorway he made a hurried motion, a fist turned to an open palm. "Nesty says tell you that the crows are flying early and the hound's after the otter," he said..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (37 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost his appetite. He thought hopefully for a while that he was sick and could miss the party. But the day came, and he was there. Not so evidently, so eminently, so flamboyantly there as his father, but present, smiling, dancing. All his childhood friends were there too, half of them married by now to the other half, it seemed, but there was still plenty of flirting going on, and several pretty girls were always near him. He drank a good deal of Gadge Brewer's excellent beer, and

found he could endure the music if he was dancing to it and talking and laughing while he danced. So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again, which all of them did..had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by the trees. "Stay tonight. You will?". "I was told there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said..there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy..She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it."That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail..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 Turren. 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..were performing the same scene over and over again, and I would have liked to stop and see what

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