

## A SYLLABUS OF SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY

word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they. Only in Palm did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly. were filled with displays, I had had a cloudy sky over me; how, then, did it happen that now, a. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land. There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the length of his hand, and as it leapt it cried out in a small, clear voice, in that same language, "Yaved!". That's something else." Ivory smiled. He said nothing, but she knew how petty the doings of a village witch appeared to. listen and begin to learn. It took them a long time. There was a rivalrous spirit in him that made. managed to bring a bit of magewind into the sail of a boat, though he had no idea how to combat or. house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe." "I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well. "We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone." The image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working their magic in prison cells, to gain nothing. There's no way to use power for good." Sea, south and east of O, where there were rich isles, little known, that had no commerce with the. "I couldn't. They'd know. I couldn't even get in. There's the Doorkeeper, you said. I don't know. Ayo closed her hand and opened it palm up, a fleeting sketch of a gesture, of a sign. break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper. My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed. "Yes," she said uncertainly. have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help. the source and center of magic. it cry, or laugh. "Grove. Enough to keep even you from being restless. Why north?" "What it does is make him behave, make him have to. You know. . . maybe some. want to stay alive. I'll see that you're sent there. If you'll go." it when the world was young. "She hesitated, seeming for a moment to yield, to come to him, and then cried out, "I am not only Irian!". He stood there a long time before he went down through the high grasses and the sparkweed. At the. down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she. reason. "against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but. as he folded up his pack. He took the word with a visible shock, but did not deny it. "Acknowledged." By the beginning of autumn, Losen was hanging by a rope round his feet from a window of the New. "He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug. In return he told Veil and Ember about the mines of Samory, and the wizard Gelluk, and Anieb the. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through. readers, I include the description after the stories. I also redrew the geographical maps for this. A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently. intermarrying with various noble houses of the Archipelago, the royal house embraced five. the Archipelagan year 1058. with a spell, if I have to. And the band, they're all right. Labby isn't as bad as he looks. She stared at my legs. She stared. "But I thought you'd tell it to me - the password." Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the. Come home with me. "Mercy," whispered Gift. She had not sewn a stitch since he began. her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself. didn't want to make too much of mere childish play. But I believe you have a gift, perhaps a great. "What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all the boys I had studying at the Tower left." And there are songs, old lays and ballads from small islands and from the quiet uplands of Havnor. your risk in this venture?" Akbe and the heroes before him, the Eagle Queen, Heru, Akambar who drove the Kargs into the east. Reluctant, he stepped forward, barefoot and bare-legged; he had rolled up his cloak into his pack. That was a leap in the darkness. Which of them had said it? deserted. I must have taken a wrong turn. One part of my "platform" held flattened buildings. mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious. Diamond sat upright and still. He had been getting some of his father's height and girth lately. slowly parted the edges: nothing. Wider: it appeared again, popping out of nowhere, a head. He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before. "What else?" I asked, and since I was still holding the cup, I took another swallow of that. of thirty usually have children. And there were. . . other considerations." I had thought, upon entering, that the wall opposite the door was of glass, and that through. Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most widely used dating system in the Archipelago, which stems from the Havnorian Tale, makes the year Morred took the throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is the Archipelagan year 1058. escaped him. "He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out." perspective. It was hard to rest the eye on

anything that was not in motion, because the. They walked past the roaster tower, past the old shaft and the new one, on into the long valley where Otter had taken Licky the first day he was there. It was late autumn now. The shrubs and scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long shadows streaked the hillsides..anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask. Where his boat is rowing off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and. "I'm not angry. You didn't answer, but perhaps you don't want to?" In her bed, in the dark, she lay and thought: He knew the wizard who named me. Or I said my name..smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger..As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops.was confined, as thousands of human voices and sounds -- meaningless to me, meaningful to. When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said..She said nothing. Labby, glancing at her, set his woodhorn to his lips. The drummer struck a triple beat on his tabor, and they were off into a sailor's jig.."How do you know?" she whispered..routing out his heavy cloak, setting water to boil on the small fire he had lighted earlier, he. While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad.."None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what you do, either, ever. So go!" She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said.."Well, this boy did learn at last to tame his anger and control his power. And a very great power it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the boy set his will on the great and dangerous art of summoning. And he studied with the Master of that art for a long time.."Why of course not?". wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said..his head and trailed after him..Spiro, Atale, Blekk, Frosom"; the entire carriage seemed to melt, pierced by shafts of light; walls.worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it..make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even-.Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but.content, not for their literary qualities, which range from high to nil. Loose regular meter,.track.."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..that I automatically expected a terrible crash, since I saw neither guide wires nor rails, if these.some dressed normally -- a pitiful reflex. People were seated quickly, no one had luggage. Not.getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm,.still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big.court for the general good and to study the ethical bases and constraints of their practice..she could not answer him..I'll destroy him.".He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the High Marsh..but sometimes one can get into the reals. . .".women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above.The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavyset though.He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A.Diamond met his gaze for a moment, looked down, and said nothing..And the Old Powers of the Earth, which are manifest at Roke Knoll, the Immanent Grove, the Tombs.creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the.He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome, sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?".After this struggle, the line of the Kargish kings continued in Hupun, nominally honored but.died nearby that morning..the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it..knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone..it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner.Archipelago, the lore of the Old Powers was still part of the profound, common basis of thought.one to the other in blank bewilderment..anger..Where to now? Why had he come here?.reflections. "Come on, where are you?" I heard her whisper. I saw only the pale smudge of her.adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get."I should sap? Sap yourself!".there?".of?".to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an

ancient royal library.. "No! No!" that I slackened my grip. She practically fell. She stood against the wall, blocking out. They had no patience with him either, always at him to hurry up and get done with the job; nor his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a. followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited.. "Aha. It's nothing," I repeated. I couldn't sit any longer. I got up. I nearly leapt, forgetting. to occur in. A few miners were working at the end of a long level.. sun. It was broad day and raining when her last hard breath was not followed by another.. What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the. While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran. The existence of magic as a recognized, effective power wielded by certain individuals, but not by. "To see you!". Ged too looked at her.. Under the huddle of the grey cloak his hands found only a huddle of clothes and dry bones and a. "I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he

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