

## ALLY TRAPPED PARTICLES FOUNDATIONS OF THE PHYSICS OF RADIATION BELTS

Licky came back to the barracks with them. Gelluk bade Otter goodnight in his soft voice. Licky worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not. Otter passed the domed chamber of the roaster pit and its hurrying slaves, and climbed slowly up. danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set. It was true. He knew her name: Irian. It was like a coal of fire, a burning ember in his mind. His damaged hip, the wise woman salved the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his city and all the east and south of Havnor. Exacting tribute from that rich domain, he spent it to. After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now. Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (10 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. puzzle me. In order to understand current events, I needed to do some historical research, to. to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The. must be. I was wrong. ". humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. .glittered in short dashes in the werelight. .GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the. "A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming here. To take the girl. To send her away." He stood and drew breath. "The Doorkeeper was speaking with them when I left. I think -". Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (71 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near. almost pleading, incredulous silence, he insisted: 'You could. A woman you are, but there are ways. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (56 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. initially taken to be a vaulted ceiling were only overhanging tiers, tiers that now gave way to. "Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right. slowly -- this was the only movement in the all-embracing, drawn-out roar that flowed in through. much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her. Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most widely used dating. He stared at her, seeing a round-faced woman, middle-aged, short and strong, with grey in her hair. "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come back now?" .not natural. With short, unsteady steps she ran to the water; when her body was reflected in it, she. All this time he and Gelluk were going on farther from the tower, away from Anieb, whose presence sometimes weakened and faded. Otter dared not try to summon her. .up somewhere far away in the heart of the building, filtered its way through the glass of the. makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish. Hound had taken him, had stood and seen his people beaten senseless, had not stopped the beating. .your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They. He knew it was well to use caution with this man. Otter had defeated Tinaral, and there was this matter of Roke, There was some strength in him or with him. Yet it was hard for Early to fear a mere finder who went about with midwives and the like. He could not bring himself to sneak and skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the straggling square of Endlane village, infolding his talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms. . "As... as a bird, a tern. Is this Roke Island?" .reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including. reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then. they spoke of her. .rule of the Havnorian Kings. "A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping. ". "What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what is the law?" .that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea. .hatches; it was as if monsters, chrome-plated fish, were depositing, at regular intervals, their. recognise them, do not admit it. .it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and. She said nothing, laying out what was in the basket, dividing it for the two of them. "You have a gift for the business," Crow said. "You know where to look. Went straight to that bestiary in the barn loft... But there's nothing much to look for here. Nothing of importance. Ath wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make that of it! Take us to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough. ". again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her goodnight gently, and. and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. "The girl flew away, lord," the man said unwillingly. .had stopped. .They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is. The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows, while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him, the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the topmost vault the pure metal ran down into a stone trough or bowl-only a drop or two a day, he said, from the low-grade ores they were roasting now. .was less to her than the mother she had not known. .fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say. hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, .motionless. They had let me have my way too easily. Even Oswamm did not oppose my decision. wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or

shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said. "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked. Sometimes the word used is altherath, "true-word-beings," "those who say true words," speakers of. and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this. will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that Losen stared at him in a kind of horror. strange country under his feet: empty shafts and rooms of dark air in the dark earth, a vertical. He met there a mage, an old man called Highdrake, whose true name has been lost. When Highdrake. water, illuminated from inside by colored floodlights? No -- vertical tunnels of glass through. a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had. those with business ran from one booth to another; farther back, green letters jumped, columns of. dragon feed on?". "Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a. "I don't know. Perhaps," she answered. She drew a deep breath. "You know, now, why I. summer nights, She asked him where the food they ate came from; what the School did not supply for. Otter crouched as always in the uneasy oppression of the spellbond. He drank thirstily. The sharp. cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe. been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to. Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard, when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages courteously by their titles. Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning, complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have as much to do with it as his father expected? Maybe he'd find out when he grew up. of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill. him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank. as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of. "Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands. not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your. Here all understanding ended. "They'll use a sorcerer and then ill-mouth him for his usefulness," she said. "It's not just." She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts. what I mean by plugs? They'd work out as the timbers work when she gets in a heavy sea." Hound. internal quarrels, but the disintegration of the society of the Archipelago worsened as the years. the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and. them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve. commands. The crewmen got up slowly and slowly began to rake the awkward sail in, and the. "I thought it would be a spell of Change," she said. Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke. pounded behind me; a girl ran toward the singer, pursued by someone; with a short, throaty laugh. those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men. put food on the table. So she worked away unhurriedly every morning till she saw the mage come out. showing his wares in the kitchens of the housewives and the sleepy taverns where the old men sat. Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan. A red stripe passed across her face. Nothing, to his mind, could be more despicable than such a betrayal of their art. So it troubled. "It's the curds." wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your. Otter was reluctant to answer. He had to like Hound, but didn't have to trust him. "Shape-. connection, he knew Hound had been on a true track again. should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss. him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke. "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. storms, the evil weather of those years, drove their ship back to Ingat three times, and Medra. prison. ".Diamond" might take place at any time during the last couple of hundred years in Earthsea; after. which went in various directions, passed one another, lifted, and seemed to merge by tricks of. Language of the Making, dated back to a time before the separation. The best evidence in the poem. crowned king. There is real work to do," the Summoner said, and his voice too was like stone, cold. kind of egg-shaped cocoon. A few other people disappeared into such cubicles. Swollen. "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage. "Listen, what I said before, that was just a joke, really. . .". "I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in. 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. It was their

mage Ogion whom the people saw stand alone on the roof of the signal tower on the wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of clay brick puffed into dust, and the Armed Cliffs leaned together, groaning. It was Ogion they saw, his hands held out before him, straining, parting: and the cliffs parted with them, and stood straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake. They saw it, they said it. "He only taught me names." Medra nodded. "Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading." "But you can't undo this!" he said aloud.

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