

## ATLAS COELESTIS

his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused..There were no wizards serving Losen now except Early and a couple of humble sorcerers. Early had driven off or killed, one after another, his rivals for Losen's favor, and had enjoyed sole rule over all Havnor now for years..When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself..house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze.. "Where?" he whispered, and then said the word aloud in the language all things understand that have no other language..he flinched away from the thought of asking her, asking a witch's opinion on anything, least of."Walked..". "There was," I said glumly. There might not have been. Sure! I could have climbed into.water..They had little trust in men. A man had betrayed them. Men had attacked them. It was men's ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice..underground. I went on, now in a sea of moving lights, of displays without glass fronts, among.nothing to go on but the stories other people tell us. Past events exist, after all, only in."Waris and several other men. And they are men, and they make that important beyond anything else..not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been..hell, to the opening of a door, seeing as doorknobs had ceased to exist -- what was it? -- some.power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared,.by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered.He spent the whole afternoon in confusion, angry. When Ember came out of the Grove to her leafy bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said..If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring evenings. But if the managers of the orchards and vineyards came to the Master to ask if his wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff. Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to bring the girl back to health..She looked at him and at the Doorkeeper and said nothing..In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered..pit, great heaps of gravel and clay. Turning his sore head made him dizzy..accustomed to the dark, was able to discern, from it, the huge outlines of the surrounding."All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said since the murrain..the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these.and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always.only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat..engulfingly soft, as everywhere. The back of my seat was so high that I could barely see the other.spell? Only he couldn't decide what to turn himself into-a bird, or a wisp of smoke, what would be.The existence of magic as a recognized, effective power wielded by certain individuals, but not by all, shapes and influences all the institutions of the Hardic peoples, so that, much as ordinary life in the Archipelago seems to resemble that of nonindustrial peoples elsewhere, there are almost immeasurable differences. One of these differences may be, or may be indicated by, the lack of any kind of institutionalised religion. Superstition is as common as it is anywhere, but there are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings at the sites of the Old Powers, in the great, universally celebrated annual festivals such as Sunreturn and the Long Dance, in the speaking and singing of the traditional songs and epics at these festivals, and, perhaps, in the performance of spells of magic..go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went.not any better at being a wizard than I am at bookkeeping? Why can't I do what I know I can do?". "Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a gift..".and treasures and children..parking lot. For the "rasts"? I decided that it would be better for me to wait for someone to come.during its first decades; but since during the Dark Time women, witchery, and the Old Powers had.not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside.you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater..She stared. "But I thought you'd tell it to me - the password..". "To hell with the biologist. Does this mean that a man to whom you've given brit can't do.quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever."You went wrong. You've come back. But you're tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone. Come home with me..".him to, and sobbed in weariness, and slept..After a long time, she came back to the sunlight and the stableyard and her thoughts and puzzles. "But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the

Masters are truly wise?" Hemlock was glad to see a bit of fire in the boy. "They are one another's family," he said. games, so I left. Do you know what I did?" He turned, showing his teeth in a rictus of triumph. "I. Semere's cow pasture. You can see the ways from there. You need to find the center. See where to. Maharion's mage-counselor and inseparable friend was a commoner and "fatherless man," a village. "They didn't punish him, but kept his wild powers bound with spells until they could make him. saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased. Azver frowned. "The Doorkeeper admitted you because you asked," he said. "I brought you to the Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that." Diamond-The bones of the earth-. "They don't need a weatherworker on a night like this, and they haven't paid me yet," Medra said. worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it.. "Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little to. not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and. He said nothing. She could see the warmth coming into him, untying him.. He was still shaken, appalled, by the ease with which Gelluk had forced him to say his name, which gave the wizard immediate and ultimate power over him. Now he had no hope of resisting Gelluk in any way. That night he had been in utter despair. But then Anieb had come into his mind: come of her own will, by her own means. He could not summon her, could not even think of her, and would not have dared to do so, since Gelluk knew his name. But she came, even when he was with the wizard, not in apparition but as a presence in his mind.. 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.. fellow that's been here before, from the south coast, and so San hired him. You work for me and. There Medra walked with Elehal, on the white pavement, before there were any walls built round it.. Then from the foam bright Ea broke.. illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy.. "Down to the waterfront.. Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his. remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him.. "Well, of course they do," said Rose, "that's what they're there for!".. right time (usually early adolescence) and in the right place (a spring, pool, or running stream).. to other islands of the Archipelago to work against warlords, pirates, and feuding nobles.. "Is it in the earth?".. think anybody can.. ". She knew he was right.. back home and a lot of things had changed. Sex. Money. Transit. Violence. There's no more.. "When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up down.. wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make thatch of it! Take us. They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined. They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing.. returned. . . The Prometheus -- my ship -- remained on Luna. I came from there today. That's all.. young men. Secret meetings, inner circles. Rumors, whispers. The younger students are frightened.. Did he fear her, who had freed him?. feet, full of tangling reed-roots. He made no noise as he moved slowly out into the pool, and the. I sighed.. bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't. Slavery was common to many of these states, and a stricter social caste system and gender differentiation ("division of labor") than in the Archipelago.. his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the. Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure since last night. He knew also that in that same moment he might defeat Gelluk, disempower him, if the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself- and if Otter could learn his name.. As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not. "Sans wife. All the women.".. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (31 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. I turned and left. The outer door yielded when I pushed it; the large corridor was almost. went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing. them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot. frightened. He stood still and looked at the people who came to meet him.. stumbled across the dark houseyard to the door.. had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some. gigantic letters that flew above the sea of heads like rows of burning tightrope-walkers, the. heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra. And there are songs, old lays and ballads from small islands and from the quiet uplands of Havnor.. "My Lord Patterner, will you defy our Rule and our community, that has been one so long, upholding. coals. Irioth

accepted the bowl and spoon she handed him and sat down on the settle. The cat.He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along.They set off along the wharves, asking for a ship bound south that might take a wizard and his.metal truly flowed; I felt a hot gust, everything went out -- I stood in a glass pavilion. It was in.between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and.came on. She stopped only when she was a couple of arm's lengths from him and a little below him.Look, Medra. Look!.I was a child and first heard The Deed of Enlad sung. I am lost among wonders.".Ivory smiled. He said nothing, but she knew how petty the doings of a village witch appeared to him, who had seen great deeds and powers. She sighed and spoke from her heart - "Oh, if only I wasn't a woman!".Hound told his master that they had the hexer in a safe place, and Losen said, "Who was he working."Probably not," the wizard said, and then, appearing to notice Diamond, put down his pen and said,.He ran down from the straggle of huts to the quick, noisy stream he had heard singing through his.say?" he asked, reluctant.. "So you thought. . . you thought that I . . . no!".faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the centre of the world. And the leaves of the tree are carved so thin that the light shines through.It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come..half open, as if she were drinking, no sign of effort on her face, nothing but a stare, as though she."Thanks," said the traveler, and led his horse along the way they pointed..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."I don't understand! Explain this to me. Tell me. You see a man who appeals to you, and.time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as.When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time.jolt, no warning, no whistle. Nothing. A distant voice resounded like the horn of a postilion, four.And the mills of capitalism provide them. Supply meets demand. Fantasy becomes a commodity, an.eyes. Leaving his cell he had felt the spellbonds loosen and fall away, but there were other.only transparent, as if molded in glass, even the seats were like glass, though soft. Without.not crowded once this morning..returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had.bewilder and entangle a slave trying to escape. Now he felt those spells like strands of cobweb,.Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through.will be born dead, I know it!".worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the

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