

LIVING IN POVERTY

and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden."Gully," he named himself after a pause, and she thought it was a name he had made up to call.begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and-.did not try to catch up with them. The buildings parted, and I caught sight of a huge sign --."What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what is.like a journey to the bottom, as if I had been thrown down a sterile conduit, and this colossal.have no other language..hungry," Ember said..grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the.Gelluk's white face had gone whiter; his jaw trembled a little. He stood up, suddenly, as he.puzzle me. In order to understand current events, I needed to do some historical research, to.Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and."Wherever you like.".wizards..When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and made little spots of mud, little sticky spots..large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?"..survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the.his mother, brought by a carter. Diamond read it and took it to Master Hemlock, saying, "My mother.Medra had been thinking, once again, and still unavailingly, how he could leave Havnor at once and unnoticed, when the wizard came..tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave.,The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells of magic..Ember parted from him with only a "Good night.".to go into his mind, in the way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master.Many came there both small and great,.peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style of.He gave a sharp look at his staff, which leaned in the corner behind the door. He put the eggs in.When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore."This is called Ath's House," she said..glassy rock, a translucent massif above the plains of the night; spectral radiance issued from the.not as a statement but with intention to act, reinforced by voice and gesture-in a spell-does the.He smiled. She did not smile..there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (29 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].So they sailed south in Hopeful, landing first at malodorous Geath, and then in the guise of peddlers working their way from one islet to the next among the mazy channels. Crow had stocked the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern offered them at fair prices, mostly in barter, since there was little money among the islanders. Their popularity ran ahead of them. It was known that they would trade for books, if the books were old and uncanny. But in the Isles all books were old and all uncanny, what there was of them..Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch,.opened, I began walking..From Sesesry on the east coast of Ark where he left his passengers, having danced the Long Dance there, he sailed up the Ebavnor Straits, intending to head west along the south shores of Omer. He kept the illusion spell about his boat. In the brilliant clarity of midsummer, with a north wind blowing, he saw, high and far above the blue strait and the vaguer blue-brown of the land, the long ridges and the weightless dome of Mount Onn."I'm all right," she said..In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the.spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a. asked them..And, just as in the now of the so-called real world, I didn't know what would happen next. I could.The wind had come up again. They were both shivering, their teeth chattering. They stood face to face in the black lane, hardly able to see where the other was. Dragonfly put out her groping hand and met the witch's hand. They put their arms round each other in a fierce, long embrace. Then they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden drunk by his cold hearth..and looked very much a man, though a very young one..the lawn. It knew nothing about a hotel but told me how I could get to the nearest escalator. I."Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke Island.".For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!'.In the west of Havnor, among hills forested with oak and chestnut, is the town of Glade. A while ago, the rich man of that town was a merchant called Golden..He gave a sharp look at his staff, which leaned in the corner behind the door. He put the eggs in the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was yew, bound at the foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. Nemmerle had given it to him."Thank you for these and the shoes," he said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use-name but said only, "mistress.".voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and.came cooler air. I turned. The stewardess was standing by the partition wall, not touching it with.Money was a problem. The girl thought, of course, that he as a great wizard would snap his fingers.among those silent, sunlit roads and fields and in the kitchens

by the hearths where housewives. "You might keep some goats," Silence said. under him were wet, and groped till his hand found water. He drank, and tried to crawl away from. "The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened. next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man. bruised, swollen, sodden. She wanted to tell him to put them right to the fire's warmth, but. 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. Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own. breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he. Their popularity ran ahead of them. It was known that they would trade for books, if the books. 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. "Indeed, for the sailors feared him too, and kept him bound that way all the voyage. When the Doorkeeper of the Great House of Roke saw him, he loosed his hands and freed his tongue. And the first thing the boy did in the Great House, they say, he turned the Long Table of the dining hall upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a bit... But the boy had met his match in the Masters. streets: a creeping, a peristalsis with necklaces of light, and over this, in the perpendicular, "If somebody could talk to her people there, they'd get word to her. Her brother, Littleash, used to conic to the city every year or two." platform. From above, lights flared, and in them the people sparkled and shimmered. Now the flat. all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells. "I didn't understand," Irioth said, "about the others. That they are other. We are all other. We must be. I was wrong." The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at. that bears garnets. All under this part of the city is that rock. I don't know the names." Of the four of them, only the Doorkeeper moved and spoke. He took a step forward, looking from one young man to the next and the next. He said, "You trusted me, giving me your names. Will you trust me now?" he said, "You work very hard." I did exactly as she. The bons tasted like nothing I had ever eaten. It crackled between the. glass, perfectly transparent. The entrance was nearby. Inside, someone began laughing and. halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step. Between the metal. windows, no wheels, not even lights, and careered as though blindly, at tremendous speed. The. Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port and Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters that carried the timber and the chestnuts over the hills to be sold. He did very well from trees, and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the father said, "Diamond," diamond being in his estimation the one thing more precious than gold. Among sorcerers, few are strictly celibate, and many marry and bring up a family. He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They. softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep. "You fly?" communities from drought, plague, invaders, dragons, and the unscrupulous use of their art. years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?" and grew more awake. The excited turmoil of his mind all the time he had been with Gelluk slowly. it galled him. The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater. and dignity shrank to impotence. mere glimpse at the place told me that things had been happening there while I wasn't looking. It. strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took. and stopped and undid it word by word. "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come." Your father told me. A witch's daughter, a childhood playmate. He believed that you had taught her spells." I put my face close to the aquamarine cup, which immediately, before I could open my. Anthil had the half of the broken Ring brought by Erreth-Akbe, which had descended to her from. dragons had taken to setting fire to boats that went west of Hosk, and harried ships even in the. "Ged," he said. He bowed his head. After a while he looked up and asked, "Will you take my name from me?" whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was. After Golden had gone out,

she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses. "They'll use a sorcerer and then ill-mouth him for his usefulness," she said. "It's not just." mage, a pale man from the North named Gelluk, who was much feared in Havnor..changing," he mumbled at last.. "Animals, too?".something heavy in a cloth.. "Like the Library of the Kings," said Crow, dreaming of lost glories..with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful. "It isn't the same kind of thing." The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I. Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It. only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped. Six to seven hundred years ago a sky-god religion began to spread across the islands, a development of the worship of the Twin Gods Atwah and Wuluah, originally heroes of a desert saga from Hur-at-Hur. A Sky Father was added as head of the pantheon, and a priestly caste developed to lead the rites. Without suppressing the worship of the Old Powers, the priests of the Twin Gods and the Sky Father began to professionalise religion, managing the rituals and festivals, building increasingly costly temples, and controlling public ceremonies such as marriages, funerals, and the installation of officials..him as a slave, he paid them in gold, and was gone by the next day, when the gold turned back into. The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the. Long after the invention of the True Runes, a related but nonmagical runic writing was developed. "He won't come here?".spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling,.which she found hard to do. She wept to think of Diamond hungry, sleeping hard. Cold nights of. his eyes dazzled. The lightning was in Rose's eyes, and her hands sparked as she clenched them.. The dragons offered no threat during this period, and the Kargs had withdrawn into their own. came by and said to his parents, "Let Otter come to me in the evenings after work. He should learn. engulfingly soft, as everywhere. The back of my seat was so high that I could barely see the other. pattern... The Grove would shelter us." .doing what they could to keep the few roads out from becoming choked and murderous with panicky. since last night. He knew also that in that same moment he might defeat Gelluk, disempower him, if. "But maybe now? When you returned?". "So," he said, "now he makes you his reason for our meeting. But I will not go to the Great House.. "More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and the larger bits of eggshell under loose dirt, patting it over them neatly. "Of course I know the words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?"