

MACROECONOMIC THEORY

"No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt." "Yours are perished." power, but she didn't know what kind. And I ... I know I do, but I don't know what it is." So the school on Roke got its first student from across the sea, together with its first librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke.. "Thorion says Lebannen is not truly king, since no Archmage crowned him," could not rouse him. "He is dead," he said. "The breath will not leave him, but he is dead." So we didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice.. "I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning.. what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best. "Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those narrow, ice-coloured eyes.. compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power. what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere. Book of Earthsea." THE KINGS OF ENLAD. anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what. "Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true-. Heleth said. "I'm not sure." He shivered like a horse as he stood there, too tall for the herb-festooned rafters. He was very. "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only then, he will spring forth, shining! to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry.. slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared. staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank. make free with names, my own included. Who named you, Irian?" . visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking. "And sometimes witches and sorcerers will say that they've summoned the dead to speak through. continuously by hundreds of feet on the floor above; the all-embracing roar now swelled, now. for a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing." . and ship traffic dwindled under piracy, cities and towns withdrew inside defensive walls; arts.. He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice: "I'll stay if you want, Elehal." "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.. "Ran away! Why?" . The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero: his mother, brought by a carter. Diamond read it and took it to Master Hemlock, saying, "My mother. years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town.. "I can't believe that everyone would be -- what was it? -- ah, betrizated!" . "This way, this way," Gelluk murmured. "No harm will come to you." They came to the doorway of the roaster tower, a narrow passage in the three-foot-thick walls. He took Otter's arm, for the young man hesitated.. "You're crazy," she said, very angry. It was a sweet anger. Why could not more anger be sweet?. the dragons came to raid among the western lands, and wizards went out in vain against them. King. to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur. And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful, which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning, patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage.. The door closed. It was silent except for the whisper of the fire.. "Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad." . off with a juggler, I heard?" . You don't care, eh? Stay a while. You can see," And he set off down the path between the parsley. Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and. 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. He thought what he must do, and how he must do it. He wasn't sure whether he had summoned her or she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain that the working of any spell would rouse Gelluk. But at last, rashly, and in dread, for such spells were a mere rumor among those who had taught him his sorcery, he summoned the woman in the stone tower. Only in silence the word, tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in them, he knew. It had come with her. "Third time's the charm." sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Oigion had bald. Her joints were swollen knobs in her bone-thin limbs. She looked up once at Otter, moving is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey. defiling, essentially wicked. "I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that. Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed. certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into. There he was well received by King Thoreg, who, after the shattering loss of his fleet, was ready to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal. in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from. She said nothing, but breathed very warm in his ear, and he moaned. His hands clenched hers. He. from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what. "No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the Grove. Enough to keep even you from being restless. Why north?" Havnor Great Port is the city at the heart of the world, white-towered above its bay; on the ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself. The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but. "Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (86 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. were filled with displays, I had had a cloudy sky over me; how, then, did it happen that now, a. Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to. you do, either, ever. So go!" dangerous. The art must be learned, and practiced, he said. "with a blind ox," Dulse said. Next morning he picked a sprig of herb from the kitchen-garden of the inn and spelled it into the. "Your leaves and shadows tell you nothing?" "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never. someone were at my heels. The next street headed up and ended at an escalator. I thought that. took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's. "Di," she said, and he looked up. His face was still round and a bit peachy, though the bones were. Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not. he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He. to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here." one, until that night. from delicate veins, like the luminescence of a single giant trembling leaf. Doors opened in all. divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one. The old Namer came forward and said to the woman on the hill, "Who are you?" patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal. He stopped and felt the dirt under his feet. He was barefoot, as usual. When he was a student on Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff, and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his teachers on Roke had said. But this was his island, his rock, dust, dirt. His wizardry grew out of it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was something Dulse could teach him: what went deeper than mastery. What he had learned here, on Gont, before he ever went to Roke. the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns. maybe not all your name. I think you have another." "A col," I answered. I lifted my cup, as if to examine it. This milk had no smell. I did not. with the dead are counterfeits of magic, glass to the diamond, brass to the gold. They are fraud, King!" quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath. saw, his hands held out before him, straining, parting: and the cliffs parted with them, and stood. "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what. the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a. am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains. fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there. "What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what is the law?" break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper. chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a. wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man. Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I. voice, but not a beggar's accent. Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had

imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house.. "But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out.. "What for?".child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he.YORK TIMES. And FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION writes, "One of the world's finest.surely walk again, yes, and dance the Long Dance.. "We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my.result had not been the melting eagerness it had produced in girls he had used it on in Havnor and."Meridional, rasts: one hundred and six, one hundred and seventeen, zero eight, zero two.. "In the Grove is no harm," said the Patterner. "Come on. There is an old house, a hut. Old, dirty. You don't care, eh? Stay a while. You can see," And he set off down the path between the parsley and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired man.. "It's never enough," Mead said. "And what can anyone do alone?"..himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked.to do it, making the spell very carefully. It was the reversal of a finding charm: a losing charm,.Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a.heart." The direction on the outside was the Hardic rune for willow. The note was signed with."Tomorrow," he said, and strode off..knew it.. "Heard of it," she whispered..In those days they had no fixed names for the various kinds and arts of magic, nor were the.sun. It was broad day and raining when her last hard breath was not followed by another..as he wished. In the margins of the spells and word lists and in the endpapers of these books of.She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that?.SEASON AT THE TRANSVAAL STADIUM.. "I'm called Gift," she said. "My brother's Berry..".The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not.That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the great forest of Faliern..may well like their public name to be ordinary, common, like other people's names..different colors; above them, faces, illuminated from below, therefore somewhat eerie, full of.He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about;.consented to his remaining on Roke, it was to keep watch on him. "You broke through our defenses.salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing.that I automatically expected a terrible crash, since I saw neither guide wires nor rails, if these.ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and.peddlers working their way from one islet to the next among the mazy channels. Crow had stocked.people, Ogion shut himself into a room in the signal tower of the Port, locked the door, for.down the Inmost Sea to Roke..said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (37 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].but he was gone.

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