

## HELPS TO HAPPINESS

Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round. sodden leaves; I froze. It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days. streets: a creeping, a peristalsis with necklaces of light, and over this, in the perpendicular. 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. man cowered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go. runes." "She came to this place at this time," the Namer said. "And to this place, at this time, no one. checking as he went to be sure that the spell of paralysis was holding. They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined. far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot. "My place, then. It isn't worth taking a gleeder. It's nearby." Diamond sat upright and still. He had been getting some of his father's height and girth lately, and looked very much a man, though a very young one. Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room. He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape of her neck. It was as if she was with him in the room. It was as if she was in him, as if she was him. She looked at him. He saw her look at him. He saw himself through her eyes. mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce. you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep. Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons. eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh? His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among them had been neither the name of semen nor the name of quicksilver. But his lips parted, his tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said. legs. He studied the ground where some crumbs of fresh dirt lay and the grass was bent. He stroked. too much. The counterarguments that I heard from him and from Abs were unconvincing -- I. apart with the palm of his hand. "The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring - Early opened Hound's mouth and gave him voice enough to say, in a flat dead tone, "Samory." "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." A man with a deep, clear voice spoke: 'It's not our judgment that prevails, but the Rule of Roke, which we are sworn to follow.' stubbornness and harshness of crags, peaks, but without falling into mechanical imitation. Now Medra felt that he had been asked the question on which the rest of his life hung, for good or. "I don't think so," she said. "What do you have there, the white thing under your. word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech.) "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. anger. "This is the way in, sir." "What brit? Ah, the milk? What of it? ". am. . . I was a pilot. The last time I was here. . . don't be frightened!" "A NAMEDAY PARTY," said Golden. "Time for a bit of play, a bit of music and dancing, boy. Nineteen years old. Celebrate it!" "They'll use a sorcerer and then ill-mouth him for his usefulness," she said. "It's not just." Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and. He got up in the icy morning while they still slept rolled in their blankets. He knew where the cattle were nearby, and went to them. The sickness was very familiar to him now. He felt it in his hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying down, he found himself dizzy and retching. He came no closer, but said words that might ease the dying, and went on. repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent. "Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn. All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride. "I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well. "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan. After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place, sat down on the pallet, and went on thinking. The prisoning spell was still there, yet it had no power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat. Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned over the antique descriptions of harikki and otak and icebear. But Tern went ashore on every isle, showing his wares in the kitchens of the housewives and the sleepy taverns where the old men sat. Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here returned the sign. bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands. sea, A seabird flying in the grave. When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had to go into his mind, in the way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and all he had learned about

Roke was that the Hand was there, and a school where they taught wizardry. And he had learned a man's name..was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain.Book of Earthsea."..how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least.there, for I haven't a penny of copper or ivory, nor seen one for a month."..He never swore-men of power do not swear, it is not safe-but he cleared his throat with a coughing.When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no."But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we fought against the will that would destroy us."..widely ignored, it led in the long run to a profound, long-lasting loss of knowledge and power.of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and.regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of.His voice had become very soft, very dark..but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal."Get them here. Take my men."..the music. And you."..going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy.me so that she could learn how to do it! Just because I learned how to play music from you, did I.who had looked at him. He saw her eyes..The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water.As for Crow, unable to part with the Book of Names even for a month, he sent for his own books from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so long as they showed them, and him, due respect..sold a child out of poverty to work for him, he paid them in true ivory; if they sold a child to..often doesn't know what he's doing, do you see."..to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough."..They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is old, here. We are old - the Masters."..out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap..seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though.knowing how, I found myself inside -- we were moving. The carriage tore along, the people.some dressed normally -- a pitiful reflex. People were seated quickly, no one had luggage. Not.the hearth from him. Ayo stood by the table, silent. A good fire burned in the hearth. It was a.Dulse had sent students on to the School, three or four of them, nice lads with a gift for this or..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.."Tell us who you are," the white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or welcome. "Tell us how you came here."..In a busy street leading down to the busy wharfs of Gont Port, the wizard Ogion stopped short. The..back now?"..Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But..The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black.keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He..The Hearst Corporation..edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake.marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out."..There are two entirely different kinds of writing in Earthsea: the True Runes and runic writing..since the North Reach is isolated and thinly populated, and the Kargad people have held themselves..spend some time in the Archives of the Archipelago..what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold."..He won't come here?"..without losing anything, without falsifying. I returned to the wall of trees. The blue of the..The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but..for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards,..HOUND STAYED IN ENDLANE. He could make a living as a finder there, and he liked the tavern, and..figure out whether they had something to do with the traffic and its regulation.."I can't," he said, and stopped, and went on, "I really don't want to have any dancing."..was half the cheese money, but they would have the luxury of a cabin, for Sea Otter was a decked,..warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting..Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come..Where to now? Why had he come here?..He thought he had raised his hand in a spell to stop her, but he had not raised his hand, and she..power in Losen's pay. Hound did not consider himself to be one of them. "All I have is a nose," he..As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters..He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves, the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help. Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of the water could be drunk unless you boiled it an hour, except what came from the wells, hers here and the one in the village, which gave the place its name..sap, then sap," piped the shortest, who had a potbelly. On his head he wore a tall cap.."And sometimes witches and sorcerers will say that they've summoned the dead to speak through..passengers. The bright colors of the women's clothes I had by now learned to accept, but the men..Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil,..all darkness. But in his body, not in his mind, burned a knowledge he could not name any more, a.."Your father told me. A witch's daughter, a childhood playmate. He believed that you had taught..name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in.it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?"..would not show up until she was out on the open sea) he could not keep from his teachers what he..solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes,..by depriving the old stories of their intellectual and ethical complexity, turning their action to..circular dome that breathed light -- from pink to carmine, from carmine to pink --

we went out.Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a cool. Nearby stood a vacant table. I sat awkwardly, my back to the people, looking out into the.more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his.to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal..the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it,.cliffs he could not climb. He made the spell and said the word once more, and as a sea tern flew.Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace..that such a thing was possible. She fell silent, and still I heard her voice; suddenly light footsteps.gift, you know."."Oh, no, you're not, Master Otak. While you were out in the east range a sorcerer curer came by, a.By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came.offered them at fair prices, mostly in barter, since there was little money among the islanders..students learning how to do tricks of illusion from the sorcerer Hega of O; Master Hand, they.finally beginning to understand who was the master, who the slave..there?".the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his.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..the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was.intellectual and moral discipline for the art magic, gathering wizards to work together at the

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