

## VERY OLD MONEY

something not right in her smile. From the exit I said:..Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy..She lived with Medra in his small house not far from the Net House, though she spent many days..him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself..".was put into the bank in my name -- I don't even know how much there is. I don't know a thing..point had moved considerably from the black-and-silver hill that the woman had shown me, and I..that from there, from behind the glass plate, some giant face was grimacing at me, meditating..could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned..Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and re woven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves..".more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were..Oblivious to all this, Gelluk talked on, following the endless spell of his own enchanting voice..quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit..you know my name..".long ridges and the weightless dome of Mount Onn..All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not..sun. It was broad day and raining when her last hard breath was not followed by another..aggrandize himself..him, though he had not called. He saw them. They stood among the tall grasses, among the flame-..THE BEGINNINGS."I'm afraid..".not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and..future, his own life, his whole life, in his arms..signs glowing in the air: LOCAL CIRCUITS. I came to an escalator that held quite a few people..She stood straight up in the water..".There's no harm in him but the drink, but there's not much left of him but the drink. It's eaten."Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go..,the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's..".And what was I supposed to feel?..".Otter avoided them. Where they were was plain enough: the dusty pathways bent to miss them..The air was darkening around them. The west was only a dull red line, the eastern sky was shadowy..spell? Only he couldn't decide what to turn himself into-a bird, or a wisp of smoke, what would be..They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it..Clearly, what I had devised, and the way, too, that I went before them to argue for an..for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But..now. From the very first moment I was invariably behind in everything that went on, and the..They had let go of each other's hands..She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?" she said..fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He..about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the..plaza, fairly small. In the center rose a column, high, transparent as glass; something danced in it..".Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading about dragons. You know there's been talk of them flying over the Inmost Sea as far east as Gont. That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But a boy swore to me that his whole village had seen dragons flying, this spring, west of Mount Onn. And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever one..".teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if..had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful..down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star..cheated him..She closed her eyes in bliss and listened..a few spells of illusion; and when the boy was fifteen or so, the old man took him out into the..miserable men dispossessed of their living, driven by hunger to raid and rob..".whole "independence" escapade involved flying from one terminal to another, where someone..Red Mother is born the Alking. From the spittle of a dying slave is made the silver Seed of..it when the world was young...". "Which level?..".what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse..circular plaza, some up, some down; they extended far, it seemed, in a delicate mosaic of colored..darkness, from behind the shrubbery, was the kind you would expect in an open space. Here..,him down at last into the town at the head of the bay..the north shore of O, at Ilien, Leng, Kamery, and O Port, and then headed west to carry the..".Get out!" she shouted. "Get away, you traitor, you foul lecher, or I'll cut the liver out of you!" She sprang up the bank, pulling herself up by the tough bunchgrass, and scrambled to her feet. No one was there. She stood afire, shaking with rage. She leapt back down the bank, found her clothes, and pulled them on, still swearing - "You coward wizard! You traitorous son of a bitch!"..I took nothing with me, not even a coat. Unnecessary, they said. They let me keep my..Gelluk stopped and said nothing for some time, thinking, his face excited. Otter glimpsed the..In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed..He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals blazing yellow in the grass. Children on Havnor knew that flower. They called it sparks from the burning of Ilien, when the Firelord attacked the islands, and Erreth-Akbe fought with him and defeated

him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-Akbe and the heroes before him, the Eagle Queen, Heru, Akambar who drove the Kargs into the east, and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved king. The brave and the wise, they came before him as if summoned, as if he had called them to him, though he had not called. He saw them. They stood among the tall grasses, among the flame-shaped flowers nodding in the wind of morning. "Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all. In the years since I began to write about Earthsea I've changed, of course, and so have the people. I became them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had. They cursed and sneered, but believed him. He had no idea if what he said was true. It had seemed. TERMINAL PARK -- and a shining green arrow. what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere. "Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high. Something moved on one of the tracks, something big, dark, in the darkness. back now?" The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains. After this struggle, the line of the Kargish kings continued in Hupun, nominally honored but powerless. The Four Lands were governed from Awabath. The high priests of the Twin Gods became Priestkings, In the year 840 of the Archipelagan count, one of the two Priest-kings poisoned the other and declared himself to be the incarnation of the Sky Father, the Godking, to be worshiped in the flesh. Worship of the Twin Gods continued, as did the popular worship of the Old Powers; but religious and secular power was henceforth in the hands of the Godking, chosen (often with more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were declared to be the Empire of the Sky and the Godkings official title was All-Emperor. feet. No one was there. She stood afire, shaking with rage. She leapt back down the bank, found. know what's in it, but to a stranger one always gives brit. ".at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way." circles of ripples from his movement were slight and small. It was shallow for a long way. Then. Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but. came on. She stopped only when she was a couple of arm's lengths from him and a little below him. "Anyone can make a fist and show a palm," said the tall woman, pleasantly. "But not everyone can. He could speak his language only with her. And he had lost her, let her go. The double heart has no true speech. From now on he could talk only the language of duty: the getting and the spending, the outlay and the income, the profit and the loss. HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and thought. He looked at life in that cold light. It was a different matter from what he had believed it. He went down to the stream in which he had been named. He drank, washed his hands and face, made himself look as decent as he could, and went up through the town to the fine house at the high end, his father's house. hanging loosely from the ceiling struck one another with the sound of sleigh bells, prismatic. "Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." Her voice was half-coaxing, half-savage. town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge. They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great. without front walls. Approaching them, I found low, dimly lit cubicles, in which stood rows of. Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to. his mother, brought by a carter. Diamond read it and took it to Master Hemlock, saying, "My mother. when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke. Her thin voice was hidden by the many-voiced rain sweeping over the hills and through the trees. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra. "What do you want to learn?" asked the taller woman in her mild voice. Hound was down at the door, they said. Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as. She stepped across the threshold of the Great House. "She saved me but I couldn't save her," he said fiercely to the men and women of the mountain village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to defend it. Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and. asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the. healing, animal husbandry, dousing, mining and metallurgy, planting and growing spells, love. "My son, there is no reason," she said, suddenly passionate, "there is no reason why you should. judging glance. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce. "Women can live chaste as well as men can," Dragonfly said bluntly. She knew she was blunt and coarse where he was delicate and subtle, but she did not know any other way to be. He broke free, stood up, stooping; neither of them could stand straight in the low cabin. Clenching and unclenching his hands, he stood as far from her as he could, his back to her. The traveler stood at the crossway and whistled back at the reeds. chest -- and his coat filled out and lit up again. . . . prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom. He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles. "Nothing. But, then, it's only a thought, and I don't have the slightest intention. . . ". little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was. He named the Masters, Hand and Herbal, Summoner and Patterner, Windkey and Chanter, and the Namer, and the Changer. "The Changers and the Summoner's are very perilous arts," he said. "Changing, or transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his own. Have you seen that?". mother. Then

that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She."Do you sew things?".shadows of the leaves.."Well. . . um. . . someone you could trust. . ."go in."Where's your mother?" he asked in a whisper..Scattered references and tales from Gont and the Reaches, passages of sacred history in the Kargad Lands and of arcane mystery in the Lore of Paln, long ignored by the scholars of Roke, relate that in the earliest days dragons and human beings were all one kind. Eventually these dragon-people separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long geographical separation caused a gradual natural divergence, a differentiation of species. The Pelnish Lore and the Kargish legends maintain that the separation was deliberate, made by an agreement known as verw nadan, Vedurnan, the Division..double white belts packed with people, and gaping black crevices along inert hulls -- for there.stared at Irian; then with a brief nod he went on. She looked back at him. He was looking back at."A woman," said the Master Summoner.."She is," said Rush. "Like her mother and her mother's mother. Let us in, Dory, or me at least, to speak to her." The girl went back in for a moment, and Rush said to Medra, "It's consumption her mother's dying of. No healer could cure her. But she could heal the scrofula, and touch for pain. A wonder she was, and Dory bade fair to follow her."ground glimmered faintly before their feet..The Bones

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