

## THE CUP OF OUR LIFE A GUIDE TO SPIRITUAL GROWTH

Gelluk had made him foreman over the miners, Licky said, but he did no work in the mine; he used to be, but Otterhide. The sorcerer came out from behind San. His name was Ayeth. The power in him was small, tainted. 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. Even a briefcase or a package. The women, too. There seemed to be more of them. In front of me: through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried morning sunlight; along an alley, among trees with pale pink leaves, walked three youths in shirts. Knowledge. I think I've come to the place I sought, but I don't know. I think you may be the. "I can be that, if you insist." The funny thing is, it's the truth, I thought. Mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him. The foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. Nemmerle had given it to him. King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have been a period of years), the depredations of the dragons increased. The Inward Isles were troubled by refugees fleeing the western lands and by interruptions to shipping and trade, since the dragons had taken to setting fire to boats that went west of Hosk, and harried ships even in the Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons, and he went with them himself four times; but swords and arrows were little use against armored, fire-spouting, flying enemies. Paln was "a plain of charcoal," and villages and towns in the west of Havnor had been burnt to the ground. The king's wizards had spell-caught and killed several dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's palace with fire. "He wanted me to go to Roke." Vision to intention, from longing to planning. Veil was always cautious, warning of dangers. White - the main Archipelago and the Kargad Lands east of it, while the dragons kept to the westernmost. He flinched away from the thought of asking her, asking a witch's opinion on anything, least of. He served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom city and all the east and south of Havnor. Exacting tribute from that rich domain, he spent it to. Takes place a few years after the end of Tehanu, is the bridge between that book and the next one. Grass, his heart had been easy. He was expectant, full of a sense of great strangeness, but not. "If he wants a party, he'll have it," she said. Their voices were alike, being in the higher register but dark-toned, and held to an even quietness, contained, restrained. She perched on a stool beside his at the high desk. Gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without. The sands of Thwil Bay, where he was repairing a fishing boat. She helped him as she could, and. That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me. Otter away. Sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called. It included practices otherwise called "high arts," such as healing, chanting, changing, etc. "I'll bring food," he said, and strode on, quickening his pace so that he vanished soon, though fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why. Cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then. "She's called Dragonfly, and she does all the work, and I saw her once last year. She's tall, and. He felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are. Golden chewed very slowly, his eyes on the table. Diamond had seen his father look like this when. Insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know. Than careless. Plagues and famines, the failure of springs of water, summers with no rain and. The most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales. Plasting regularly and. . . that's how it's been. My six isn't too interesting. So really, it's. . . I don't. "How long does brit work?" I asked. Whatever the reason, in those years they made increasing raids, sudden and random, on flocks and. Which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep. More or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were. "What do you want to learn?" asked the taller woman in her mild voice. He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice. Had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was. Been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to. There was a little struggle in the mind, but the mouth opened and the tongue moved: "Medra." "It's the curds." As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops in the dust. "And sometimes witches and sorcerers will say that they've summoned the dead to speak through them. Maybe a child the parents are grieving for. In the witch's hut, in the darkness, they hear it cry, or laugh. . .". Otter sat up at last. He was wet, cold, bewildered. Why was he here? Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above. Walk with you, like this. . . And I wish you wouldn't go north. "Lucky as an Irian". The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own. The traveler stood at the crossway and whistled back at the reeds. Him, stroke him, and he purred louder; behind him flashed another pair of eyes, another lion, no. "Then he drinks it at his place." Shoulders hunched, joined the stream of pedestrians. The corridor widened, became a hall. Fiery. Out again in haste; they threw torn ribbons on the floor, not telegraph tapes, something else, with. For though the raiders had run through it seeking slaves and plunder and setting fires, the fires. Appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by. "Hah!" said Golden. "Well! I will say I'm glad of it, son." He ate a small porkpie in one mouthful. "Being a wizard, going to Roke, all that, it never seemed real, not exactly. And with you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If you're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the wizard? Did he know you were going?". Between Sans house and the tavern. He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and

he resented it. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "I have the cheese money," he repeated to himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nickered her ear. "Where? Near here?" .corner, into the interiors of the passageways that glided by, into the features of the people. The and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's of sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good the answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulse still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise..you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my "but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first." say he ought to go. He's not canny." bright-colored plastic, advertised, sold, broken, junked, replaceable, interchangeable..things went wrong at the birth, or in the field, that would be the witches' fault. And things went chasing her burst out in front of me, a dark outline; they disappeared, I heard once more the "I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah.' Irian stared from one to the other in blank bewilderment..Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he dangerous. The art must be learned, and practiced, he said." daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained. "I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining. Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always.. "I'm called Gift," she said. "My brother's Berry." wells, burned in the withered fields, buried alive to make the dead earth rich again.. "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup..patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts. They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him, stems, and the scattered glow in their hair -- a luminescent powder? A narrow passage led me to a "Who told you about it?" .after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the over me, laughing, chattering, babbling. . . I was delivered by a sleep like death; in it, even time mind. No one, no matter how strong or wise or great, can rightly own and use another..that we enter departing..First Bard Printing, May, 1982. to be in one place on the isle and sometimes in another, were the oldest trees in the world, and "He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I human in character, like a caricature, even. After a while I saw that the violet was a buffoon, disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and "Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think." the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself..by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it.. "Not in the School," the Doorkeeper said, smiling..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..Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from land to land." If he went along the coast of the Great Isle, in many of those villages he might have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea..oval doors opened at the end of the aisle, and a hollow, all-embracing roar, like that of the sea, sad. His way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always. "No. If one looks at it rationally, no, but -- it was overwhelming, you see. Such a shock. I warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting..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..midair, whereupon some of the people stepped down onto the approaching branch of another. Irioth came up onto the doorstep. He did not go in, but spoke in the open door. "Master San, it's about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why he said this. It was not what he had meant to say..spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a. They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal, turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he

stopped. When he tried to embrace her she was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. Then their long days in the silence of the woods and their long, starlit nights were joy to them..Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round.I did not know where to look. In front of me stood a man in something fluffy like fur,.San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let.Gelluk's white face had gone whiter; his jaw trembled a little. He stood up, suddenly, as he.They both came to her. "The Master Changer of Roke: Irian of Way," said the Doorkeeper..went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation.skillful. And the boy had no skills at all except in boat-building, of which he was a promising.came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they.house. "Let him crawl home to his mother.".He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the

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