

The garden at Goosesquare Pharmacy, Rudkøbing, 1788 ...



You got it?

Yes!



Let's bring it into the laboratory!



Careful not to drop this one!

In Italy there's a man, who made a dead frog dance...

Du you think God decides, whether it will live or die?

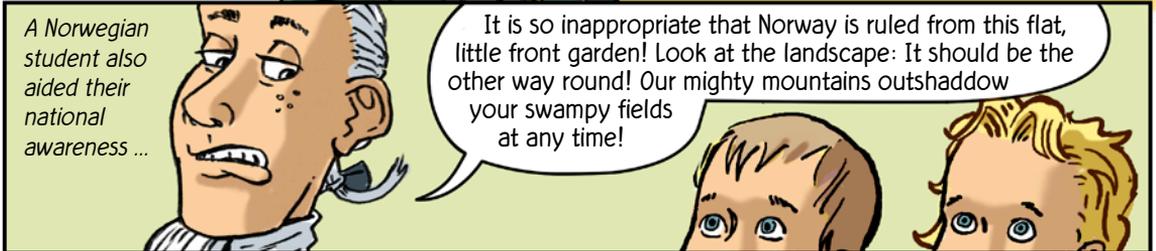
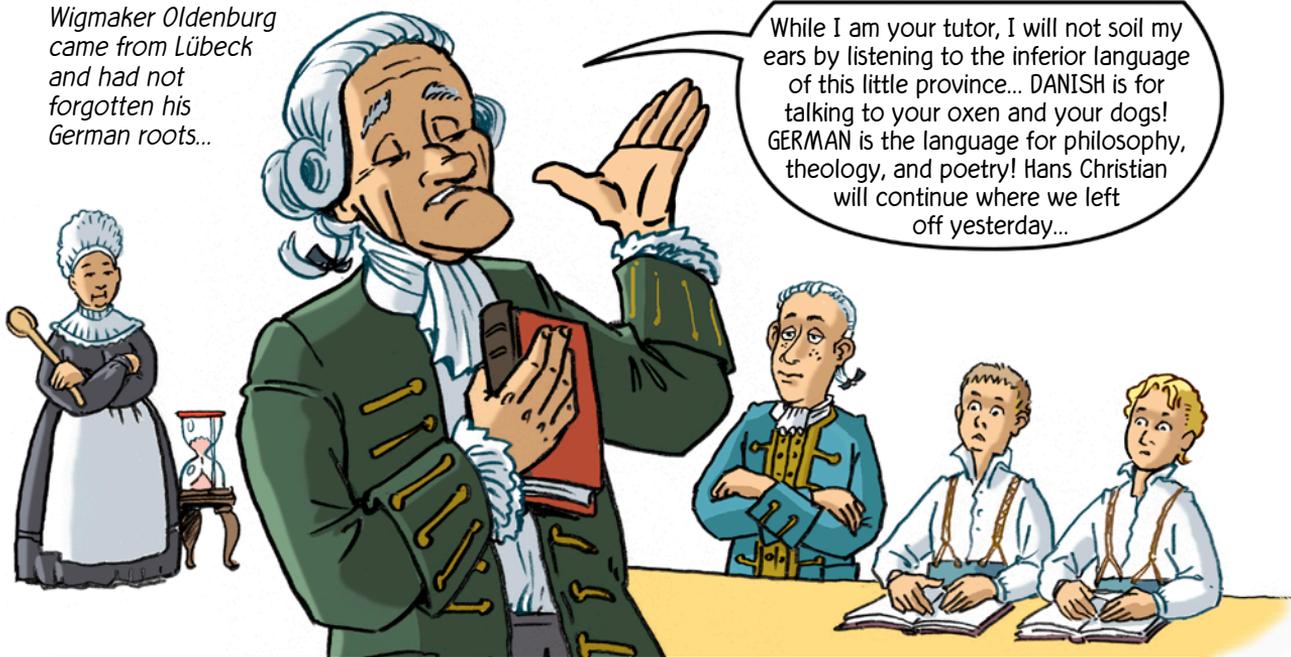
**ANDERS!
HANS CHRISTIAN!**

Why are you still here? Oldenburg is waiting!





Wigmaker Oldenburg came from Lübeck and had not forgotten his German roots...



A Norwegian student also aided their national awareness ...

When the brothers were 12, the excentric schooling ended ...

We need your help here at the pharmacy, so you'll stop attending the Oldenburgs. That old windbag has probably taught you all he knows, anyway.



I thought it over: We don't need any tutors. All they do is check, that we've read the text. If we just take turns to examine each other, we'll do just as good!

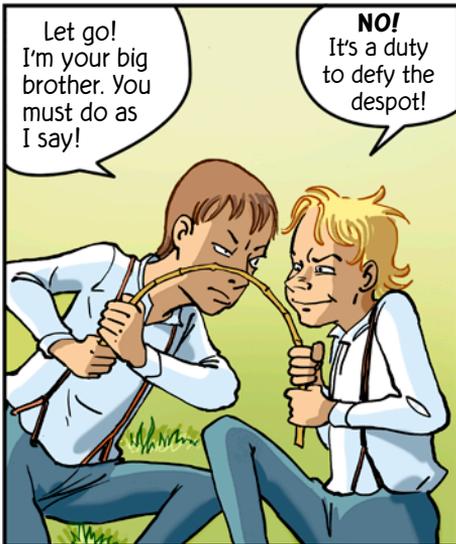
All right with me, as long as I don't have to read **your** poems!



But I'll have the right to use the cane, in case you haven't done your homework!



HA! Only if you can take it away from me!



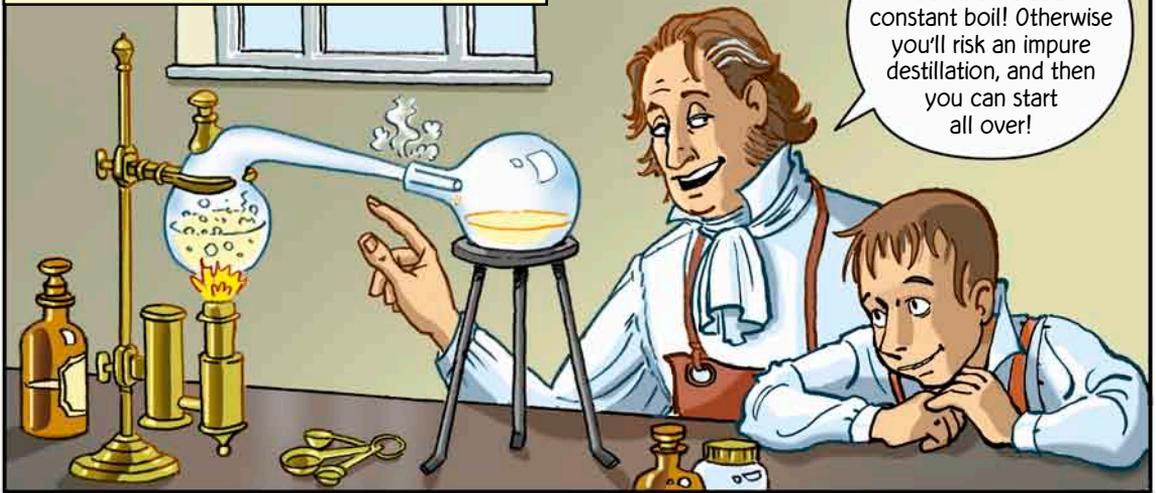
Let go! I'm your big brother. You must do as I say!

NO! It's a duty to defy the despot!



Looks like you have strength to spare... Better continue in here: I have half a pound of Spanish Fly, that needs pulverizing!

The pharmacy laboratory was a school of it's own...



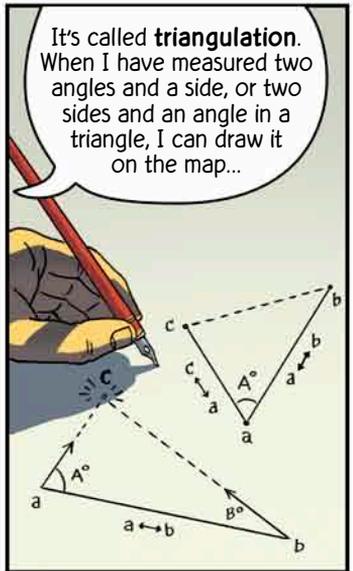
Beware it's at a constant boil! Otherwise you'll risk an impure distillation, and then you can start all over!

Each winter a surveyor stayed at the apothecary while editing the summer observations. He was a good tutor ...



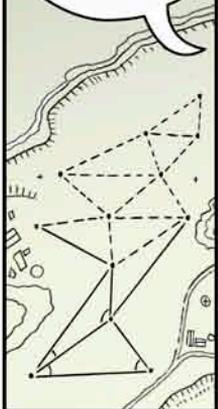
Give me two hilltops and a clear sky! Then I'll tell you, how far you are from Shovelpeak!

How is that?

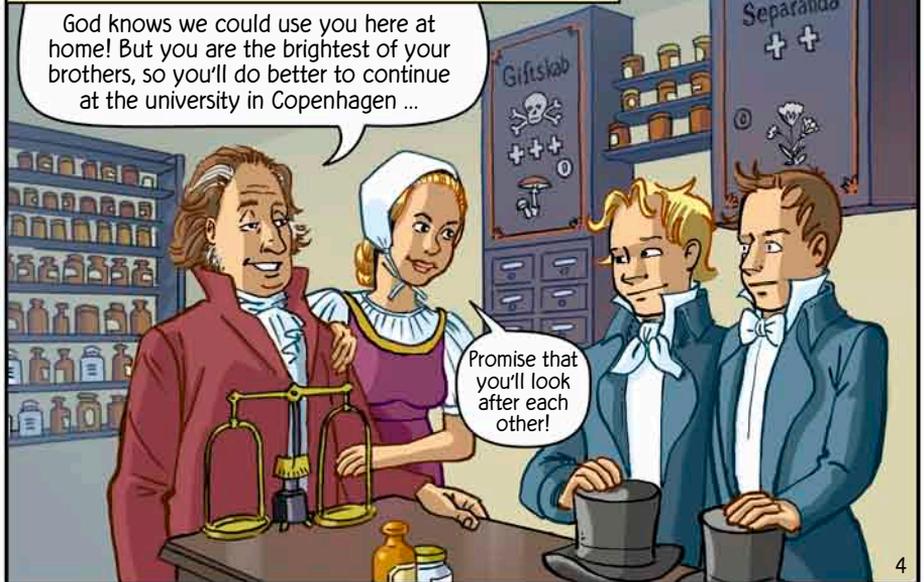


It's called **triangulation**. When I have measured two angles and a side, or two sides and an angle in a triangle, I can draw it on the map...

...and then I just add more and more triangles after each other, until I have reached my goal!



But in spring 1794 the good times in Rudkøbing had to end...

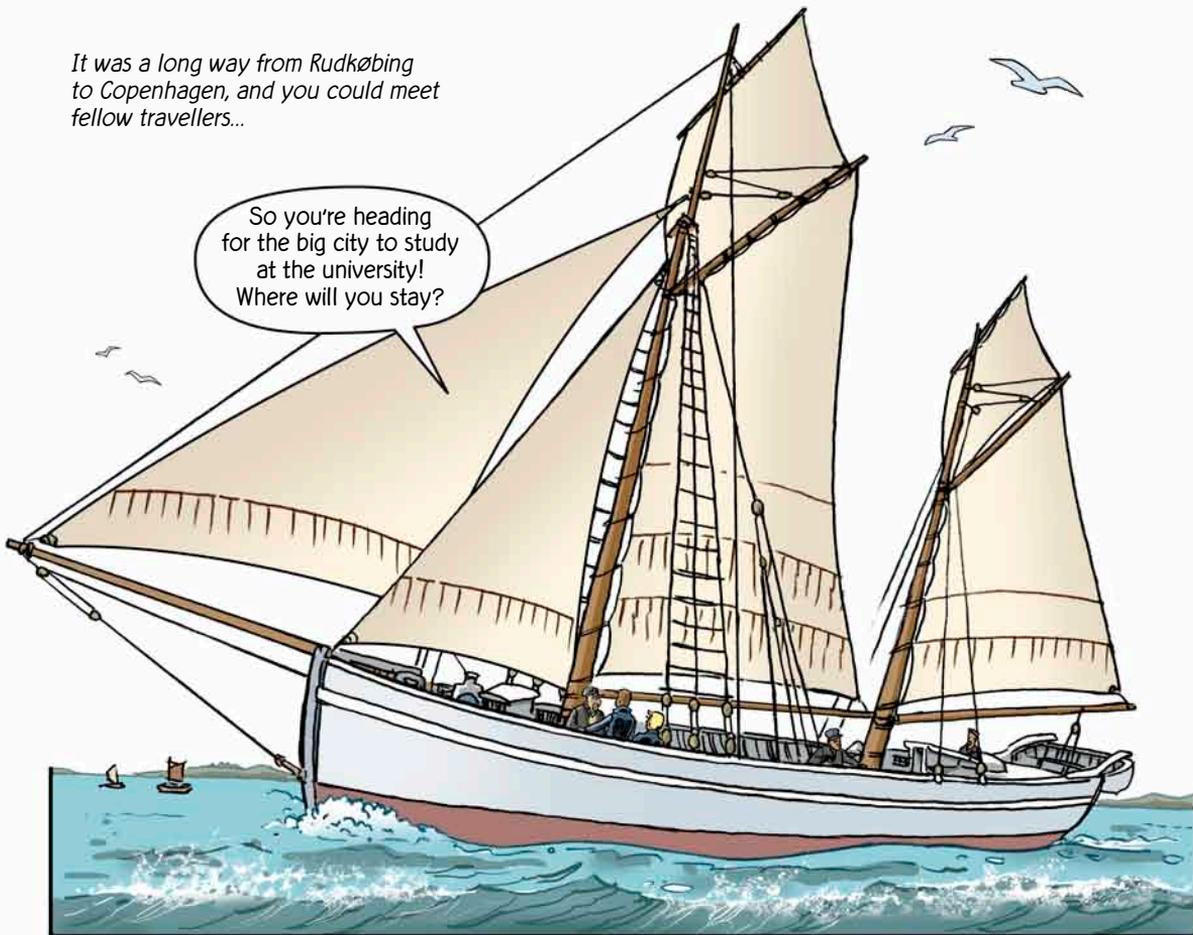


God knows we could use you here at home! But you are the brightest of your brothers, so you'll do better to continue at the university in Copenhagen ...

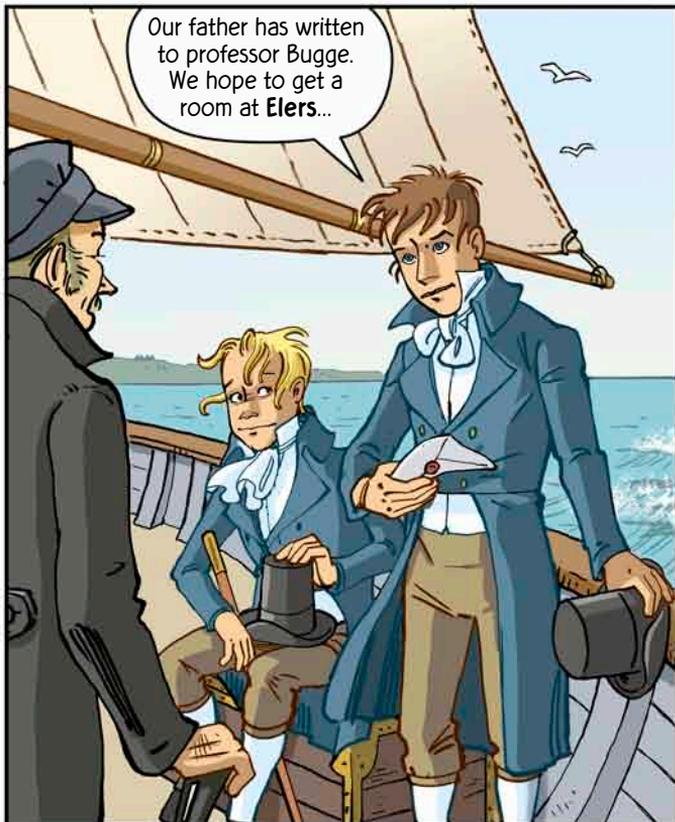
Promise that you'll look after each other!

It was a long way from Rudkøbing to Copenhagen, and you could meet fellow travellers...

So you're heading for the big city to study at the university!
Where will you stay?



Our father has written to professor Bugge.
We hope to get a room at **Elers**...



What coincidence: My uncle works for the caretaker at Elers hostel! I'll show you the way, when we get there!



On the road to
Copenhagen ...

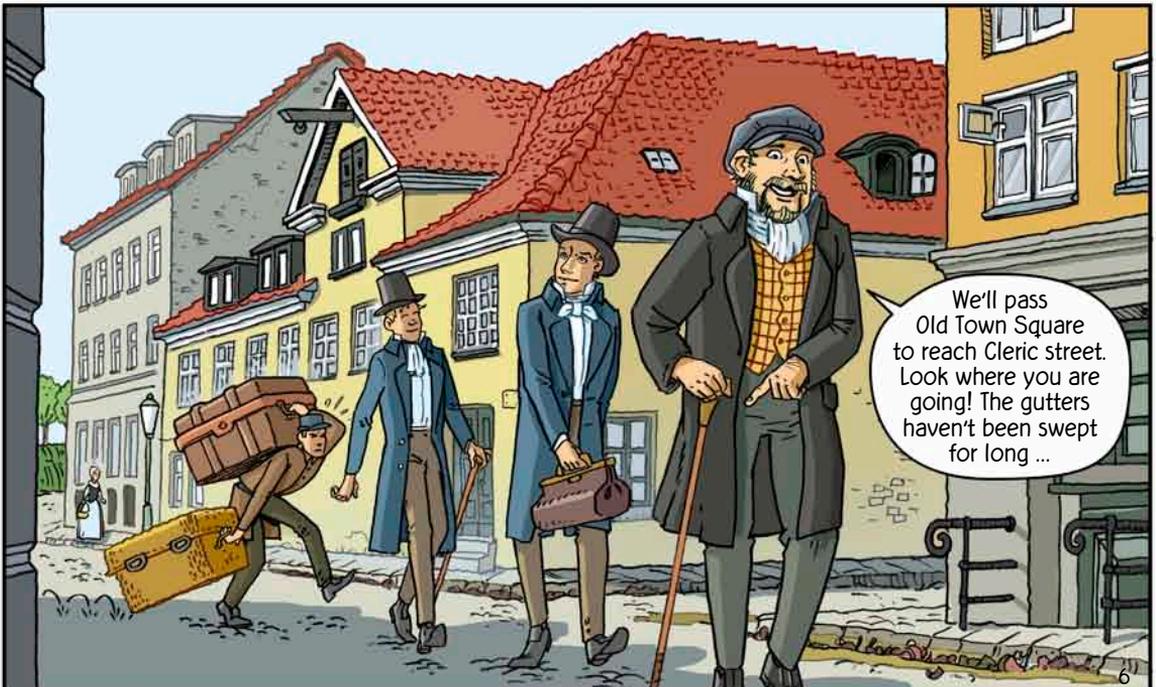


Luckily you have lodgings in the city. Even the king lost the roof over his head, when the castle burnt down this winter. You must go see the ruin. It's a sad sight!

At Haymarket by west city gate ...



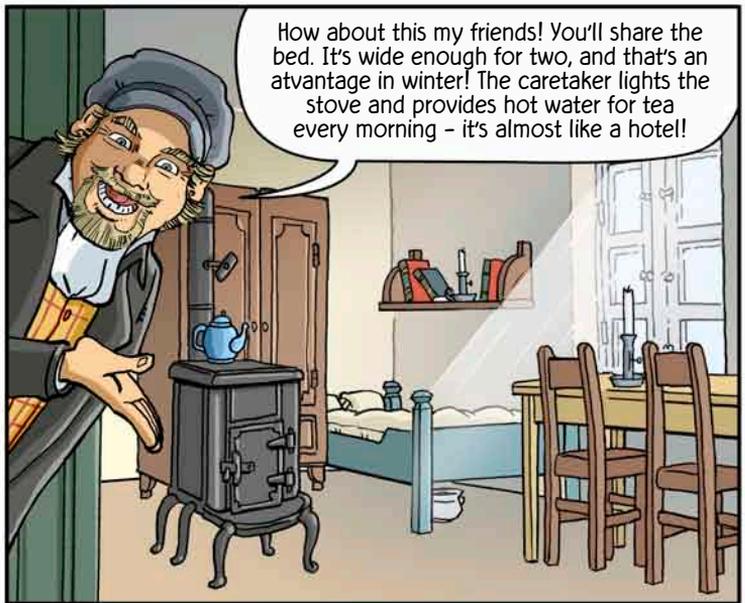
My apologies for the city stench! Arriving from the open road it feels overwhelming ... but just you wait: come summer it will be unbearable!



We'll pass Old Town Square to reach Cleric street. Look where you are going! The gutters haven't been swept for long ...



Here we are:
Elers hostel!
Let me find the
caretaker, so he
can see your
letter. Maybe
a room is
readily
available...



How about this my friends! You'll share the
bed. It's wide enough for two, and that's an
advantage in winter! The caretaker lights the
stove and provides hot water for tea
every morning - it's almost like a hotel!



I bid you goodbye
and leave you to fate!
We may meet again,
gentlemen!

Thank

you..!

Much obliged!



Well, brother...
How about it?

So far, so
good!



Welcome
to the city,
mr. Ørsted!
Ready to paint
the town?

Does
mr. Ørsted fancy
to go downtown
and see the ruin?



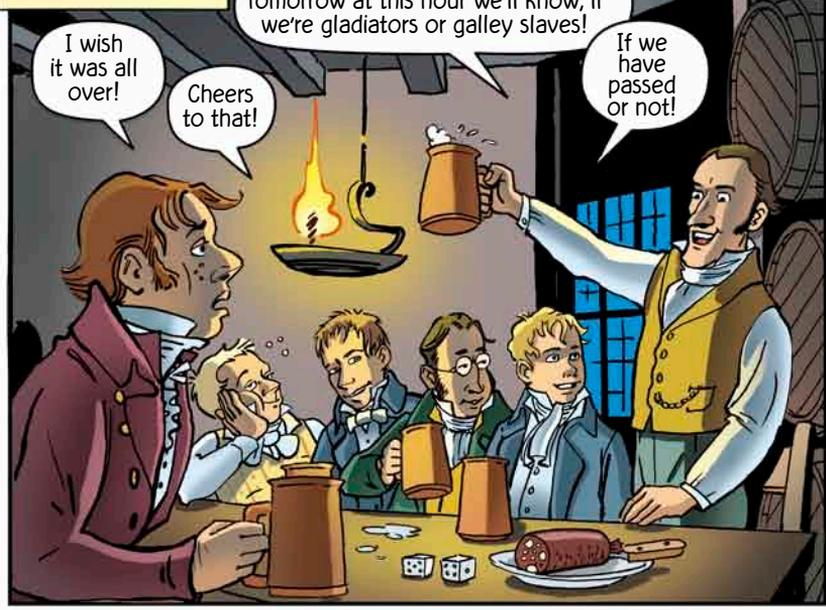
How about
popping over to aunt
Engelke's dye works
instead and tell her,
we've arrived?

Great idea!
I'm starving!

Elers, October 1794.
Dear father, Anders and I have passed the admissiontest. The extra tutoring was worthwhile. We both passed with honors. We now have six months for philology i.e. greek, latin og history ... and then another half year for philosophy i.e. matematics, physics og astronomy ...



After a year's study...



I wish it was all over!

Cheers to that!

Cheers, boys! Purgatory awaits! Tomorrow at this hour we'll know, if we're gladiators or galley slaves!

If we have passed or not!



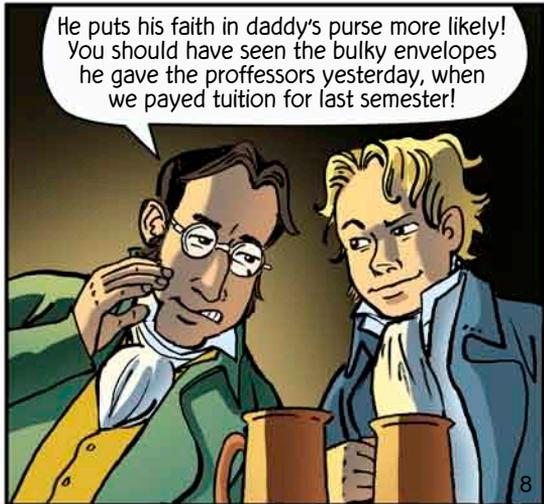
How about you, Guldbrandtsen? You've been a rare guest at the lectures! You must be wetting your pants!



Oh, I put my faith in the divine inspiration, I'll receive when I face my Maker, personified by professor Bendix... Next round's on me!

Bendix is a tough coot to answer to!

Cheers 'Gulle'!



He puts his faith in daddy's purse more likely! You should have seen the bulky envelopes he gave the professors yesterday, when we payed tuition for last semester!

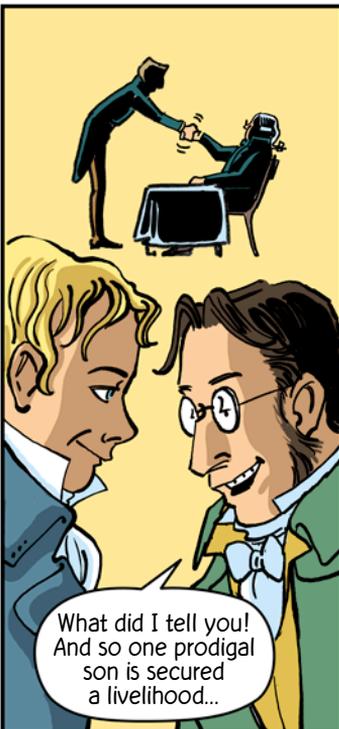
Next day it's examination for all in the great hall. The students walk from one professor's table to the next to answer questions.



That was the last question, Guldbrandsen! Well, I havent seen much of you at my lectures...



... but you must be a natural, because you have passed and might eventually become a good vickar, who'll bless your congregation with short sermons...



What did I tell you! And so one prodigal son is secured a livelihood...

"Dear parents, Anders and I passed, though our tuition envelopes were thin. We were celebrated among the lodgers at aunt Engelke's boarding house..."



Rumor has it, that the halls at Elers lately have been haunted by a couple of phantoms... Clutched together as Siamese twins they hover from one exam victory to the next. Raise your cups for the ghosts from Elers: The Ørsted brothers!