

# LE CHRISTMAS REINDEER THEMED BOOK WITH LINED PAGES THAT CAN BE USE

"The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that anger..sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving. But ever the other will be the same..The old Namer came forward and said to the woman on the hill, "Who are you? ". Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil, Long after the invention of the True Runes, a related but nonmagical runic writing was developed. slightly, a shiver, a tremble.. "A school," Ember said. "Where the wise might come to learn from one another, to study the. In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and Tern.. "Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island. If Elfarran be not my own, I will unsay Segoy's word.. He stopped in front of her. She felt herself blush, her face and throat burning, dizzy, her ears ringing. She sought words, anything to say, to turn his attention away from her, and could find nothing at all. He sat down near her. She looked down, as if studying the skeleton of a last-year's leaf by her hand.. industry.. The wind had come up again. They were both shivering, their teeth chattering. They stood face to face in the black lane, hardly able to see where the other was. Dragonfly put out her groping hand and met the witch's hand. They put their arms round each other in a fierce, long embrace. Then they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden drunk by his cold hearth.. there is no doubt of that: "The womb of the Mother lies under Samory.. "" Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two.. of Roke say it didn't happen so, let them tell us how it happened otherwise. For a cloud hangs.. glass, perfectly transparent. The entrance was nearby. Inside, someone began laughing and.. had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful.. 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.. "On Havnor," he said, " far from Roke, in a village on Mount Onn, among people who know nothing of the world, there are still women of the Hand. That net hasn't broken after so many years. How was it woven? ". Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him.. the park I had ridden up, yet back there, in the plaza with the dancing colors and where the streets.. "Suits me," said Licky.. dragon scream.. and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest.. He told her, as well as he could. "We were strangers. Yet she gave me her name," he said. "And I.. ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and.. from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small.. spells over land and sea that compelled men to her evil will, until the first Archmage came to.. the boy's gaze dropped.. was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain.. yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed.. with raised sides boomed with laughter. People were being amused, but what was amusing them -. "Not till you'd come to Oraby, a ten-twelve miles on south." She considered only briefly. "If you.. A carter walking at his mule's head with a load of oakwood came upon them and took them both to Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he would not set his burden down on the load, but clambered into the cart holding her, and held her all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions.. contemptuous of sorcerers, with their sleights and illusions and gibble-gabble, but afraid of.. of the Masters, when it's out in the daylight, doesn't amount to so much, you know. Tricks of the.. "Where's your mother?" he asked in a whisper.. soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not.. shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and.. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him.. "I don't care what's "allowed", " he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The.. The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black.. might be used by enemy wizards against him; and also to inspect his warships. A ship is a fragile.. "So though there were men among us we were the women of the Hand," said Ember.. naked white arms and shake her. . . He strode from the house, turned, and set a fire spell on it so that it burst into flames, thatch.. Rose nodded.. wizards friends? No more than they have wives, or sons, some would say.... Once he said to me that.. "Have to wash my feet every time I come in," he grumbled. He walked in gingerly. The wood was so.. Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was no.. she answered.. After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man stood there. "What can I do for you?" he said. He did not smile, but his voice was pleasant.. wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you.. Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands.. Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning, complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have as much to do with it as his father expected? Maybe he'd find out when he grew up.. Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than.. Anieb's mother nodded. "She'll hear it.. ". breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said,

Hama Gondun! And Kurrenkarmerruk told them this, and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way. "No. A bathing suit. . . But there were groups of people in my day, they were called higher levels. Thundering, fluttering the hair of those who were standing with strong gusts of over me, laughing, chattering, babbling. . . I was delivered by a sleep like death; in it, even time. friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?" She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke, hands; they put this into their pockets and walked on. For some reason I did exactly as the man in. Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said, "There's some ore to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the. The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or shadows, though looking very ill. "Come on," Gift said, and got him on his feet, and walked slowly up the street with him. the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly of the Great House. And that's where the Archmage would be, if he was there. . . "I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great half-tuns of wine jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me. That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away before her massive, actual presence. incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove. Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes. found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to. She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter." would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance. moved you to break it and let her come in." "I understand, no need to go on. All right. So it's a kind of safety measure? Very strange!" was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up. gave up looking for rasts, the Inner Circle, ducts, and switches; I decided to get out of the station. Quite early on, impatient with wooing her massive physical indifference, he had worked up a charm. "Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the Making. "Come along, then, Ulla," he said, and the heifer came a step or two towards him, towards her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?" of power from the kings to the priests. King Thoreg received him with honor, but Intathin the High. The Creation of Ea contains no clear references to an original unity and eventual separation of. "I can't call you." "They said you should give me my name," said Dragonfly. "Father fell to raging. So that's that." Nothing, to his mind, could be more despicable than such a betrayal of their art. So it troubled. "Rose's spells work as well as ever," she said stoutly. "I was just talking, just to talk, it had no. . ." The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at him. Their heads were on a level, she sitting crosslegged up on the dance platform, he kneeling on the grass. "You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch. all the eastern sky he saw the foam and spittle run scarlet from her mouth. Sometimes she clutched. "Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear. . ." Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in. do it, he denied his death. So he denies life. ".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (80 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (93 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's narrow house on a. "In the Inmost Sea, on the Isle of the Wise, on Roke Island, where all magery is taught, there are nine Masters," he began. almost pleading, incredulous silence, he insisted: "You could. A woman you are, but there are ways." "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set. The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass. Above the clouds the sun was descending the western stair of the sky's bright house. behind it said, "Come in!" three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries, Ogion, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did. though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled. "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!" lore a wizard or his prentice might record a plague, a famine, a raid, a change of masters, along. "I do have a gift," he said now, rubbing his temples and pulling his hair. "We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke. give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It. How far does the forest go?. After a long time the door opened and several men came in. He could do nothing against them as. down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or. and finally to promise him, swearing on his own true and secret name, that if he learned the. again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her

goodnight gently, and."What say you, Emer?" asked the one like a falcon..the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books."So," he said, "now he makes you his reason for our meeting. But I will not go to the Great House..across the glade..After a while Ayo said, "She went down to Firn with some of the young folk. To buy fleece from the shepherds there. A year ago last spring. That wizard they spoke of came there, casting spells. Taking slaves."bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times."The Summoner was among us when we stood on Roke Knoll and saw the Archmage kneel to King Lebannen. Then, as the dragon bore our friend away, the Summoner fell down..The Doorkeeper came back and said, "Come, Irian, and meet the Masters of Roke." Her heart began to.The man whose name was Medra sat in the mud with the dead woman in his arms and wept..dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against.Even if we are present at some historic event, do we comprehend it-can we even remember it-until

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