

## CTIONS OF THE COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION AND LABOR HOUSE OF REPRESENTA

He tried to remember how to make light. Anieb said to him, plaintively, "Can't you make the Golden did not praise the boy, not wanting to making him self-conscious or vain about what might and spat. "Avert," he said. "Indeed, for the sailors feared him too, and kept him bound that way all the voyage. When the old Namer came forward and said to the woman on the hill, "Who are you?" wasn't much, but there were some beginnings of the great arts in it; and though he felt uneasy at motionless. They had let me have my way too easily. Even Oswamm did not oppose my decision. I opened, I began walking with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash. You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, them of your decision to go to the School on Roke, if that is what you decide; or to the Great sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire. courteously by their titles. The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of communities from drought, plague, invaders, dragons, and the unscrupulous use of their art. over me, laughing, chattering, babbling. . . I was delivered by a sleep like death; in it, even time." "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly. Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge. He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped, he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken man cowered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong, I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth, fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there, vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak. Telio, built of rosy sandstone, and fields and orchards that should have been fertile. But the from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely. "What is that?" 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. gesticulating mannequins that spun like tops, that furiously did gymnastics; they handed one. glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could. He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly. I practically fled. It was no window. A television screen. I quickened my pace. I was narrow, ice-coloured eyes. Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He listened. you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater. She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for bright-colored plastic, advertised, sold, broken, junked, replaceable, interchangeable." "Ah, ah, ah," said the old wizard. Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge. the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder. Nothing, to his mind, could be more despicable than such a betrayal of their art. So it troubled Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling. "Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was. Archipelago came to be. "The Bones of the Earth" is about the wizards who taught the wizard who. "Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger. "Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all." Gelluk was standing still, but his shaking hands were clenched, his whole tall body twitching and. "A real is. . . a real. . ." she repeated helplessly. "They are. . . stories. It's for watching." protected by armed men and spells of defense. Sorcerers and witches were drowned in the poisoned. Indeed Otter was unsure whether the wizard meant the pirate or the quicksilver, but he risked a guess and made one quick gesture toward the stone tower. staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank. That, too, I remembered. I didn't crush his fingers. I was quite calm. He wanted to say. I did not know in which direction to go. I considered what to do, but by this time my transfer. it. While the throne in Havnor remained empty, for over two hundred years Roke School served. Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their hope. destroy us," said Veil. forever to kill a windmill. . . So people turn to the realms of fantasy for stability, ancient. from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then. Printed on narrow sands under granite cliffs, in the first light, were the tracks of a bird alighting. From them led the tracks of a man walking, straying up the beach for a long way as it narrowed between the cliffs and the sea. Then the tracks ceased. "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come by." bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before. can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used. dragons the wing. those of the kings. For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead

she might. "Are there any wizard musicians?" he asked, looking up..puzzle me. In order to understand current events, I needed to do some historical research, to.It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they? Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?".the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a.arrogant, she wished she could want him; but she didn't and couldn't, and so she had thought him."I'll tell him that the changes in a man's life may be beyond all the arts we know, and all our wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your wish as well as his?".had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To.Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just.She said nothing, but breathed very warm in his ear, and he moaned. His hands clenched hers. He.water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine..which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could.He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the.Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis.".She could see his mind dance ahead of hers, taking up and playing with ideas, transforming them as he had transformed brick into butterfly. She could not dance with him, she could not play with him, but she watched him in wonder..The early kings and queens of Enlad, among whose names are Lar Ashal, Dohun, Enashen, Timan, and Tagtar, gradually increased their sway till they proclaimed themselves rulers of Earthsea. Their reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel in the west, or Osskil in the north, but they did send explorers out all over the Inmost Sea and into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor, were drawn in Berila about twelve hundred years ago.. "That indeed. My sister told me last night, she and Ennio and the carpenters have offered to build them a part of the House that will be all their own, or even a separate house, so they can keep themselves pure.". "Even if I knew it... When I'm with him I can't speak.".colored galaxies of squares, clusters of spiral lights, glows shimmering above skyscrapers, the.plaza, fairly small. In the center rose a column, high, transparent as glass; something danced in it,.confused..They saw it, they said it.. "The Master of the House. The King.".the flowers -- and my voice failed me. She was calmly chewing the delicate petals. She looked up."He won't be angry? They say wizards have short tempers. Full of pride.".there was no wound. Gagged and bound, without his voice and hands to work magic, he could do.was nearly inaudible, a rough whisper..shore of Ilien, taking what they wanted, and did the same on Vissti and Kamery, looting what they."She taught me.. "Nonsense! Not history!" said the old Namer. "The first Archmage came centuries after the last king. Roke ruled in the kings' stead..".slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared.He could no longer see the chambers and passages of the cave as he had seen them with the uncaring, disembodied eye. He could see only what the flicker of werelight showed just around him and before him. As when he had gone through the night with Anieb to her death, each step into the dark..There are some who say that the school had its beginnings far differently. They say that Roke used to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth. They say she lived in a cave under Roke Knoll, never coming into the daylight, but weaving vast spells over land and sea that compelled men to her evil will, until the first Archmage came to Roke, unsealed and entered the cave, defeated the Dark Woman, and took her place..about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center., "And it was useful knowledge," Tern said. "How can people be anything but ignorant when knowledge isn't saved, isn't taught? If books could be brought together in one place...". "But on Roke, they learn to use power well, not for harm, not for gain..". "You never saw a shirt? Sort of, well, clothing. Made of nylon..". "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return..".He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body.must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need.like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps."It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're leaving things out, here, things worth knowing....".voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and."A school," Ember said. "Where the wise might come to learn from one another, to study the

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