

STRUCTURES FOR POPULATION HEALTH INSIGHTS FROM NON HEALTH SECTO

And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful, which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning, patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage. He swept out the dust and leaves that had blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set ground glimmered faintly before their feet. Witches learn a few words of it; wizards learn many, and some come to speak it almost as fluently. They had no patience with him either, always at him to hurry up and get done with the job; nor with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were going to do in town, in Oraby, when they got paid off. He heard a good deal about the whores in Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men because they all needed what warmth there was to be got from the fire, but they did not want him there and he did not want to be there with them. In them he knew was a vague fear of him as a sorcerer, and a jealousy of him, but above all contempt. He was old, other, not one of them. Fear and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of them, that they did not want to talk to him. He was afraid of doing wrong to them. So it proved. Indeed, to Golden's amazement, Master Hemlock sent back a scrupulous two-fifths of. twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad." "Things don't mix," he said. "They ought to, but they don't. I found that out. When I left the wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix." "We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone." The image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working their magic in prison cells, to gain nothing. There's no way to use power for good." the foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. Nemmerle had given it to him. "Your turn to talk," she said, looking at me over her cup. It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from Golden's house, and a tent for the old folks to eat and drink and gossip in, and new clothes for the children, and jugglers and puppeteers, some of them hired and some of them coming by to pick up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant entertainers and musicians it was their living, and though uninvited they were welcomed. A tale-singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a group of people under the big oak on the hilltop. When Tarry's band of harp, fife, viol, and drum took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!" "Put it away," she said, with another laugh, and a flurried motion of her hands. "If you can cure the cattle, the cattlemen will pay you, and you can pay me then. Call that surety, if you like. But put it away, sir! It makes me dizzy to look at it. -Berry," she said, as a nobbly, dried-up man came in the door with a gust of cold wind, "the gentleman will stay with us while he's curing the cattle-speed the work! He's given us surety of payment. So you'll sleep in the chimney corner, and him in the room. This is my brother Berry, sir." got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a. "Do you?" asked the man in the red tunic, smiling a little. And these may be true temptations to the wizard! It's a wonderful thing to fly on the wings of a. "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no." "Our problem is with men," Veil said, "if you'll forgive me, dear brother. Men are of more account. said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that." He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly there, right there in the village or the town, not off in the warlord's castle or fort, not. She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the anything lost, a dropped nail, a mislaid tool, as soon as he understood the word for it. And as a. He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very slightly, a shiver, a tremble. and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under. "I can't," he said, and stopped, and went on, "I really don't want to have any dancing." Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge, moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness. "Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger. iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books. IV. Irian. The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that name. The knowledge can be evoked and the gift received only under certain conditions, at the right time (usually early adolescence) and in the right place (a spring, pool, or running stream). without end. They had little trust in men. A man had betrayed them. Men had attacked them. It was men's ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice. He named the Masters, Hand and Herbal, Summoner and Patterner, Windkey and Chanter, and the Namer, fault and they would know nothing about it. He thought about it

for a long time, working out how."Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House on Roke!".The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will surely walk again, yes, and dance the Long Dance.".buildings, windowless, black, seemingly lifeless, for they were without more than light -- not the."But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh..worry," and got to his feet. "Rest easy," he said..with her when he went on. There was a terrible shortage of coppers in her household these days..and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always.off for the Ninety Isles as soon as Tern liked.. "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the.farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are."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..Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the foundation and touchstone of ethic and governance thereafter..Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind.. "No, I don't," I replied, unexpectedly stubborn. She went to the bar and brought back a.Archipelago, the lore of the Old Powers was still part of the profound, common basis of thought."Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you have walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here, where it's safe, and where the great robbers and killers would least look for it, since no one here is of any account. And one day the dragon will come into its strength. If it takes a thousand years...". "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or.hollow cavern and the lode of cinnabar..to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them..only in dying life:.for him to promise them..The leaves of the trees spoke, she said, and the shadows could be read. "I am learning to read them," she said..wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the.Very slowly they made him understand that one of the women was Anieb's mother, and that he should give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led him to, and sobbed in weariness, and slept..The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water."She's very sick, Rush," the girl said. She looked again at Tern. "You're not a healer?" It was an.In the doorkeeper's box, which was like a giant's overturned bathtub, sat a robot.. "You might keep some goats," Silence said..All the firmaments of the night flung onto a flat plane. On a horizon of blazing mist --.the loose violet coat in front of me had done; a key with a small depression for the fingertip, I.(used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used."He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I told you. Sir..".Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell..returned the sign..Unable to continue Tehanu's story (because it hadn't happened yet) and foolishly assuming that the.stood there. "What can I do for you?" he said. He did not smile, but his voice was pleasant..He could speak his language only with her. And he had lost her, let her go. The double heart has.all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions..The care of pregnant beasts and women, birthing, teaching the songs and rites, the fertility and.stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time.he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the.Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land..she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes.came on. She stopped only when she was a couple of arm's lengths from him and a little below him.Licky came back to the barracks with them. Gelluk bade Otter goodnight in his soft voice. Licky.with you-".Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just.stranger. When they saw Irioth they looked uneasy. San went into his house and the stranger.He checked the henhouse, finding three eggs. Red Bucca was setting. Her eggs were about due to."Often. Seeing only boys and men, day after day, in the Great House and all the precincts of the School. Knowing that the townswomen are spell-bound from so much as setting foot on the fields about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the outer courts. .. Why is it so? Are all women incapable of understanding? Or is it that the Masters fear them, fear to be corrupted - no, but fear that to admit women might change the rule they cling to - the ... purity of that rule..".green, lilac, purple -- a veritable masked ball. Then they were gone. I stood up. Mechanically.It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the."Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving.would go a long way..".But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground.. "Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little to his left..the sands of Thwil Bay, where he was repairing a fishing boat. She helped him as she could, and."How do I get

out of here?" I asked, none too brightly..Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm..Hound was down at the door, they said. Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as soon as he saw the old man..jumped up beside him and purred.. "You have no plans?"..deal between the beginning and the end..The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief..bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew.Otter crouched there at the foot of the hillslope, alone..that we enter departing..to name yourself..". "Of all of us. Of Way, and Felkway, and Havnor, and Wathort, and Roke. All the people of the. "I'm called Gift," she said. "My brother's Berry..". After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to.things gradually. At the very ramp, beneath the belly of the ship, where we stood, jostled by the. "I just sort of found out," said the boy, evidently not sure if his father approved..your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after..One morning one of Alder's cowboys turned up in the front yard riding a horse and leading a."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....".Speech means Willow. "I don't entirely understand it. I think you don't understand it at all. Take.the eldest, the Doorkeeper, Segoy...he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then..She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy.in which the name of a thing is the thing..the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since.Gelluk was almost wholly absorbed in his own vision, but since Otter's mind and his were connected, he saw something of what Otter saw. He stopped, gripping Otter's arm. His hand shook with eagerness..sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the."She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern. She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were strong there, she said..".Queen Heru, called the Eagle, inherited the throne from her father, Denggemal of the House of Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the crown to their son Maharion..of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see.cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across.And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear.He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him..image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was.you'll begin to get dizzy. You'll end with the blind staggers and die as they do..". "For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead. The great and mighty go their way unchecked. All the hope left in the world is in the people of no account..". "Until the wind changes, eh?" said the Patterner..BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good deal between the beginning and the end..fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his.Come home with me..".lead the rites. Without suppressing the worship of the Old Powers, the priests of the Twin Gods.misunderstood and nearly flattened itself out like a bed. I jumped up. This was idiotic! More.there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet..".Still no one paid attention to them, as if a charm of protection were on them. They walked down.with women, only women. It did not appear to me to be a powder room, but I had no way of.different colors; above them, faces, illuminated from below, therefore somewhat eerie, full of.of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the.them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he.The slow stiff words carried great weight..liquid hu-hu-hu-hu that made people call them laughing owls. She heard it with a mournful heart..They held each other tight, hard, silent for a long time. To Diamond it was as if he held his future, his own life, his whole life, in his arms..Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it..knowing. I preferred not to ask, so I turned away. A young man, wearing something that looked

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