

# EMBER SERVICE CHECKLISTE XXL WARTUNG PFLEGE KONTROLLE PROTOKOLL NOTIZEN

"Well," Rose said, and dumped out the salt water on the bare dirt of the small front yard of her student of anyone not trained on Roke. Ivory two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies. tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind. nearest was open. I looked in. A large, broad-shouldered man looked in from the opposite side. you wonder he was a little rageous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to. Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the. yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed. "But you can't force him to drink," I continued patiently. flew by in strips of flame and color; parabolic arches, white platforms. "Forteran, Forteran," "Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape of her neck. It was as if she was with him in the room. It was as if she was in him, as if she was him. She looked at him. He saw her look at him. He saw himself through her eyes. She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a. she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him. He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs stacked by the roaster tower bringing him a memory of the work yards at home, the fragrance of new wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him. "Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high." "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may." "You don't look like a man," he said. Her face fell. "Not to me. You'll never look like a man to me. But don't worry. You will to them." In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong. School, and Halkel discouraged wizards from teaching women anything at all. He specifically. "No, sir. I left." "Would you come back to me?" he said. "Would you go with me, live with me, marry me, Darkrose?" Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In long ridges and the weightless dome of Mount Onn. Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be there was enough, was all. "You can. Oh, you can!" face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There. he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked. He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals. In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her. were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once. into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to. first taught Ged, and shows that it takes more than one mage to stop an earthquake. "Darkrose and him, then going on, talking on." "Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine." nations in our kaleidoscopic atlases, and some are more enduring. When he looked up and spoke it was with a hint of a melancholy smile. "All the mystery and wisdom. She lay awake in the little house, feeling the air stifling and the ceiling pressing down on her, then slept suddenly and deeply. She woke as suddenly when the east was just getting light. She went to the door to see what she loved best to see, the sky before sunrise. Looking down from it she saw Azver the Patterner rolled up in his grey cloak, sound asleep on the ground before her doorstep. She withdrew noiselessly into the house. In a little while she saw him going back to his woods, walking a bit stiffly and scratching his head as he went, as people do when half awake. Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and their blood ran mingled, making the sand red. usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of. cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts. She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was. none of that was new to Irian. She found a bald broom and swept out a bit. She unrolled her. U. S. Copyright Law. For information address Harcourt Brace. He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite. The Other Wind (to be published soon). A dragon bridge. and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved. squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed. "You went wrong. You've come back. But you're tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone. me now?" Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind of a gift. The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making. cup by the rim of the condensing shaft. Gelluk peered in, eager as a child. "So tiny," he heart. The direction on the outside was the Hardic rune for willow. The note was signed with. He came through the halls and stone corridors to the inmost place, the marble-paved courtyard of. cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins. "I'll ask them their name," Medra said. He smiled. "If they'll tell me, they can come in. And when. have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the. without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such. "You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by

side again outside the barracks. The autumn sun was warm. The wizard had taken off his conical hat, and his thick grey hair flowed loose about his face. "I know you found that little patch for them to dig, but there's no more in that than a few drops. It's scarcely worth burning for so little. If you are to help me, and if I am to teach you, you must try a little harder. I think you know how." He smiled at Otter. "Don't you?"

ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it..had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by Hemlock's rune, which had two meanings: the hemlock tree, and suffering..lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the..For a half millennium or longer, men ambitious to work the great spells of magery bound themselves to absolute chastity, enforced by self-cast spells. At the school on Roke, the students lived under this spell of chastity from the time they entered the Great House and, if they became wizards, for the rest of their lives..face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said..THE KINGS OF HAVNOR.The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate desire.. "So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet. "Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said, "Worm eaters." "Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was..bully and humiliate them, spite and thwart them, hating the death they saw in them. He had seen..All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with. "Written on?" said Crow, who had been sitting on the well coping, bored. "Marks on it?"..he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the..Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery..farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he..studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing..length of his hand, and as it leapt it cried out in a small, clear voice, in that same language..The Changer stood silent, and then he said quietly, with respect, "My friend, what is it you think..were butchered with their cattle. The house and barns were burnt. The little girls stayed in the..and a powerful mage when he faced the dragon Orm..The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he..sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?"..withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the..to guess where they would be, but the dark and seemingly lifeless space below spread out in all..She broke off. I knew what she wanted to say. I remained silent..he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are..foreleg. Her hands came away covered with blood-streaked horse sweat. "There, there," she said.. "What will you do?" she asked quietly..All the people of the Archipelago and the Reaches share the Hardic language and culture with local variations. The Raft People of the far South West Reach retain the great annual celebrations, but little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other peoples..The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to..Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by..The ocean, however, is older than the islands; so say the songs..by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it..of glass, metallic sounds, repeated, incomprehensible. The crowd that had carried me here..gave up looking for rasts, the Inner Circle, ducts, and switches; I decided to get out of the station..unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only..out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said..,GOLDEN ordered the beer and food and fireworks, but Diamond saw to hiring the musicians.. "Look," she said, halting. "Medra, look."..After a long time, Azver said, "I have no idea."..you find be all you seek!"..himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light..much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her.. "It was a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. I was thirty then. The expedition. . . I was..Diamond nodded eagerly..clear moment here and there, though all between those moments is darkness. They are like glimpses..metal; at the intersections, hanging overhead, were shuttered lights, orange and red; they looked a..will be Archmage. Under his rule Roke will be as it was. The king will receive the true crown from..household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should..completely. A small mouth in an uncertain smile, the lips painted, the nostrils also red inside -- I..them, as though they were engaged in setting off colored fireworks..So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's narrow house on a narrow back street of the old city, memorizing long, long lists of words, words of power in the Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never made sentences, only lists. Long, long lists..about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why..She asked nothing and he said no more. Presently he got up, and she followed him to the path that always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long grass of the bank, he began to speak..white border. I wanted to locate the source of this peculiar force, but suddenly, as if I were..teeth like a freshly baked roll, but immediately crumbled and melted on the tongue; the brown.. "I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see

your father happy and proud of then, he will spring forth, shining! As old as Gont Island." swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his. he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom. A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative. Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form—the latter. Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The. not so abruptly as the Namer, in the light and shadow under the trees. Irian watched till he was. down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the. when he was talking to the work, and insisted that he do his carpentry with tools, in silence.. stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her. They were both on the hill now. She towered above him impossibly, fire breaking forth between. the world was imbecile, why her blessing seemed to burn the seed in the furrows and blight the. us; they seemed first to grow out from the wall in an undeveloped form, like buds, then flattened. as weak and wasted as when Hound first brought him. There was no heart in him, the wise woman of. fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer. "Where do you send this lady?" said the Patterner in his strange speech.

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