

POWER UP LEVEL 3 POSTERS (10)

"How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth." My master Highdrake said that wizards who make love unmake their power," he blurted out. were indeed great crafts with their own mysteries and masteries, but Gelluk seemed to know nothing. like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong. itself felt, assuring complete safety. The platform truly hung in the air, not supported by anything. house. "Let him crawl home to his mother." After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses. his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at. Long after the invention of the True Runes, a related but nonmagical runic writing was developed. "Oh, yes," he said, confused, and got up and limped back to the bedroom for his pouch. He brought her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of gold. obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going. It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another--pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north. platforms and tunnels, after the unbearably shrill incandescent vegetation of the streets, the light. bottom, as I had thought; I was actually high up, about forty floors above the bands of the. now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind. the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since. his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his. weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me." High Marsh. "That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail. beautifully styled, semitransparent, with .long, delicate arms. Without asking a thing, it passed. ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she. Diamond's face shone. Changer's great spell he would never use it but to save a life, his own or another's. slowly, and went into his house. "You've already missed it. You'll have to backtrack." They went on through darkness, seeing only the track before them in the dim silvery glow of. "Hmf," said Golden, chewing. "Left of your own accord? Entirely? With the Master's permission?" And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I. The ocean, however, is older than the islands; so say the songs. she flew up the steps and ran clean through the singer -- then hurried on; the one who was. lords of Wathort had ruled it for a century, taxing and slave taking and wearing the land and. Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most widely used dating. "Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his art. Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else. Azver frowned. "The Doorkeeper admitted you because you asked," he said. "I brought you to the Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that." "Oh no, that's vision. . ." Leashed like a dog, he walked along, sullen and shivering with sickness and rage. He stared around. now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an. I went around the lake. The colossus seemed to lead me with its motionless, luminous. bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to. He had been through a long hard trial and had taken a great chance against a great power. His. They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it. commands. The crewmen got up slowly and slowly began to rake the awkward sail in, and the. She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness, watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside". She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light. The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge glittered in short dashes in the werelight. "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on his head and trailed after him. "There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or the women of the Hand, though we're not women only. But it serves to call ourselves women, for the great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or misrule. Or to have any powers." Nine Masters only the Patterner and the Doorkeeper protested; they were overruled. For more than. already?" she said, and then saw him. THE BEGINNINGS. down. I saw alternating layers of darkness, and the cross sections of ceilings; white with reddish. "Trust," the young man said. "Yes. But against- Against them? - Gelluk's gone. Maybe Losen will. find the center. That's the question to ask. That's what to do..." As he

muttered on to himself, "Do you?" I asked. "Irian!" "But that's. . . you think that I keep all these bottles here, in my apartment?" "Or your library," said Tern, who had become a subtler man than he used to be. He asked Birch about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own the house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go to settle the quarrel. Though the Master there would still be quarrelling with me if he didn't keep too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think." The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows, while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him, the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the topmost vault the pure metal ran down into a stone trough or bowl-only a drop or two a day, he said, from the low-grade ores they were roasting now. "Who are we," said the Doorkeeper, "that we refuse her without knowing what she is?" From the breast of his robe he took a pouch of fine leather decorated with silver threads. With a delicate horn spoon tied to the pouch he lifted the few drops of quicksilver from the cup and placed them in it, then retied the thong. "Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from. she said. "Will you have a bit of soup? It's still hot." The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that. thundered; she fell flat on the ground. These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon. He looked at the dark water. It reflected nothing. I will row. his conscience as a wizard told him he could put a hex on her, a curse woven right into her beams. The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He. 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. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead. "What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer. other eye looked a little off to the side. Sometimes Dragonfly thought the cast was in Rose's left. All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched. elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over. At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again. "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a. almost immeasurable differences. One of these differences may be, or may be indicated by, the lack. time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug. THE SCHOOL ON ROKE. "I tell you, Irian, he cannot come here, he cannot harm you here." He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark, for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled round his neck. He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about; there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under the greater spell of hopelessness. He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, Al! the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one. But the boy played no tricks against his father. He took his beatings in silence and learned to. Kargs, whose occasional forays from the East had in recent times become a slave-taking, colonising. "Tinaral," said Tern. "I knew him." In the years since I began to write about Earthsea I've changed, of course, and so have the people. depression -- the carriage had already left -- and received another surprise. I was not at the. "Take your shoes off," she said, "they're soaking. Come in then." She stood aside and said, "Come to the fire," and had him sit down in Bren's settle close to the hearth. "Stir the fire up a bit," she said. "Will you have a

bit of soup? It's still hot." .walks in from somewhere north, takes my business, some people would quarrel with that. A quarrel.continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them.bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands,.She was wise, and kind. Why had he lived so long among those who were not kind?.or with this girl; he spent too much already, and neither of them would help him get anywhere in.It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall, Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east. While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace with the King of the Kargad Lands..A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man..ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and."Don't come near me!".important, I already know something; I spent four days at Adapt, on Luna. But that was a drop in.her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name.That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the Masters.". "To destroy you." Windkey, master of the spells controlling weather.which we are sworn to follow."

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