

# RECRUITMENT HANDBOOK A GUIDE TO ATTRACTING SELECTING AND KEEPING OUTSTANDING TEACHERS

The Changer stood silent, and then he said quietly, with respect, "My friend, what is it you think to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her?" "So we must follow her?" the Herbal asked..something heavy in a cloth..and the last line of the first stanza:..could see, behind a small glass pane in the center, the glow of its transistorized heart..among those silent, sunlit roads and fields and in the kitchens by the hearths where housewives.their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned.they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind."..have it."..at him. "My name is Irian," she said..She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big, careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal locked in its muteness..The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he."Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall, strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag..stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped.fifty or sixty years earlier..The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass..The Summoner looked up at Irian. Slowly he raised his arms and the white staff in the invocation of a spell, speaking in the tongue that all the wizards and mages of Roke had learned, the language of their art, the Language of the Making: 'Irian, by your name I summon you and bind you to obey me!'"..He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite.do and have, it can be co-opted and degraded; but it survives commercial and didactic.in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent.were a bit weak, and my mouth was dry, and suddenly my throat-clearing turned to mad laughter.."So what brought you here?" the Changer asked, stern, but not hiding his curiosity..a little afraid of him. But Otter's distress was too great and his training too slight for him to..leaving Nais, I had not encountered a single passer-by. The escalator was very long. A wide street.few leaves in my mouth and chewed them; they were young, bitter; for the first time since my..white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north..When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had.."At need," Ard said..went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to..and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him.."Mother's not home. Come in!" She met him at the door..woman near him. He craved an enemy: an opponent worth destroying..His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked.."Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and anger..Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds, summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, "That I'm a fool.."..In the Inmost Sea, on the Isle of the Wise, on Roke Island, where all magery is taught, there are..possessed by a feeling of incredible alienation. I looked up at the stewardess, who had stopped by..that art for a long

time..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (23 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the..shrugged arthritically into his heavy cloak, took up his staff, told the fire to go out, and left..already?" she said, and then saw him..Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house..Dulse had been unable to answer at all for a while. Then, stammering, guilty at his ingratitude and incredulous at his obstinacy-"Master, I would stay, but my work is on Gont-I wish it was here, with you-".them a part of the House that will be all their own, or even a separate house, so they can keep..wood, but founded deep on magic and made strong with spells..probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and..grass of the bank, he began to speak.."You have no plans?" After a long time, she came back to the sunlight and the stableyard and her thoughts and puzzles. "But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?"..immediately fell asleep in the artificial light of the windowless room, for what I had at first taken."Ah, ah, ah," said the old

wizard..with what is real, and the words it works with are the true words. So true wizards find it hard to."I can take her to those who can.".Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked.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.."Why not? I can tell you. There were twenty-three of us altogether, on two ships. The winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it.,The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making, in which the name of a thing is the thing..had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some."Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever.Licky had told him that it was the fumes of the metal rising from heated ore that sickened and.I entered a mall. It was filled with displays. Tourist offices, sports shops, mannequins in.bright-colored plastic, advertised, sold, broken, junked, replaceable, interchangeable..you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that.down.."And sometimes witches and sorcerers will say that they've summoned the dead to speak through them. Maybe a child the parents are grieving for. In the witch's hut, in the darkness, they hear it cry, or laugh..."Which district?".wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or.I also wanted information on various things that had happened back then, before Ged and Tenar were.thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squinting, abstracted. A.There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the.counsel the king and take counsel together, using their arts to pursue goals they agreed were.He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or."But I came far. Miles can be years. I am Kargish, from Karego. You know?". "She is," said Rush. "Like her mother and her mother's mother. Let us in, Dory, or me at least, to."Well, son!" They touched cheeks. "So Master Hemlock gave you a vacation?".For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!'. "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a.scared cow. "Quite soon now, I think. Can you hold the Gates open, my dear?".That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away.hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages.The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door..". "What if you got to be a wizard! Oh! Think of the stuff you could teach me! Shapechanging -- We.cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned."You want me to stay?". "You can? Is it allowed?".masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a.one in a hundred, it is a latent, cultivable talent. In a very few people it is manifest without.Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries but by force and fire. Their great ships filled Thwil Bay, their hordes burned and looted, their slave takers carried off men, boys, young women. Little children and the old they slaughtered. They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed away after a few days they left no village standing, the farmsteads in ruins or desolate..There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane..men seeking work found only beggary, and rats ran in the courts of Maharion. They did an honest.as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of.centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is.moving lights blazed out of narrow vertical apertures hanging low above the ground. I could not.nodded. "But I couldn't do it. I'm a shipbuilder. I can't build a ship to sink. With the men.made no objection. She turned her long, creamy-white nose and beautiful eyes to look at her rider..Eldest, brought Ged and Lebannen to Roke Island..going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy.and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High.even reach his hand out. It was a horrible sensation, as if his muscles were not his own. He sat.had had no one in her life to desire. When the young wizard first came riding by so slim and."If you'd like to come with me, she lives this way. And though she's only a girl, and poor, I'll.up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning.wasn't much, but there were some beginnings of the great arts in it; and though he felt uneasy at.Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public.wizards, for the rest of their lives..Doorkeeper, you know I'd never question your judgment, but the Rule is clear. I have to ask what.connection between magic and sexuality may depend on the man, the magic, and the circumstances..She broke off. I knew what she wanted to say. I remained silent..expression. For a moment I contemplated my own face -- what was this, three-dimensional.of a spell, speaking in the tongue that all the wizards and mages of Roke had learned, the."You should have told me at once," Early said..When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper.lead the rites. Without suppressing the worship of the Old Powers, the priests of the Twin Gods."You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. "Woven cloth we're looking for, and

the undyed thread, and other things too-buttons we're short of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had any put away, maybe."

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