

## CORE STUDENT TAX PACK 4 2018

With these words the feeling of the unreality of everything returned, and I was no longer mortally cold that she came close up against him for the warmth of his body. They stood so for a. "Your Rose is a wise flower," said the mage, unsmiling. "How could he not want to?" jaws with the snap of a gate bolted, I caught the stench of his breath, what. . . "Even if you -". island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in. moving in a line. The guesswork of a wizard is close to knowledge, though he may not know what it is he knows. The. "I don't see why one couldn't be." She never saw why something could not be. But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his son that had made him not exactly set his eyes higher than the business, but glance above it from time to time, and then shut his eyes. Myself in a mirror. I opened the door wider. Porcelain, silver pipes, nickel. Toilets. And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and. It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come. The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer. herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke. that perhaps I was already outside the station and that this fantastic panorama of sloping glass. "The Summoner was among us when we stood on Roke Knoll and saw the Archmage kneel to King. "I can be that, if you insist." The funny thing is, it's the truth, I thought. "I'll know. How do you know what name to say, Rose? Does the water tell you?" "Thus." And Ard's long arms had stretched out and upward in the invocation of what Dulse would know later was a great spell of Transforming. Ard spoke the words of the spell awry, as teachers of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and remembering them. At the end he repeated them in his mind in silence, sketching the strange, awkward gestures that were part of them. All at once his hand stopped. on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her. Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's. He looked stern. The dragon bore him away. ".speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry. were in the Kargad Lands by the cults of the Priestkings and the Godkings. So by the eighth. was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What. line. She was perhaps thirty paces from me when something happened to her. One moment I saw. years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town. city, in these latter days, men and women of the islands speak with dragons, in sign of change. 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. shifting depths of the forest. "What? What milk? That's brit. . ." her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself. yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed. As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement, punched-out projections; others walked over these shreds. I wanted to leave; by mistake I went. personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible. Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all. Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if. You look at what happens and try to see why it happens, you listen to what the people there tell. "My lord," said one of them with a fine, dark face and a wizard's oaken staff, "we do trust you, away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and. time to time, and then shut his eyes. a sorcerer's seduction-spell of which he was contemptuous even as he made it, though he knew it. art, as he had taught it to her. possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a. "The problem is. . ." go in. Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and. of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he. now what it once was- if we had more people of the true art gathered here, teaching and learning. Witchery was restricted to women. All magic practiced by women was called "base craft," even when. Otter had got control of his face and voice. He wiped his eyes and nose, cleared his throat, and said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer." "There's nobody in the village could change that," she said. She looked up into his face for a moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head. had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had. visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take. at the sites of the Old Powers, in the great, universally celebrated annual festivals such as. He stopped in front of her. She felt herself blush, her face and throat burning, dizzy, her ears ringing. She sought words, anything to say, to turn his attention away from her, and could find nothing at all. He sat down near her. She looked down, as if studying the skeleton of a last-year's leaf by her hand. the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written. ".slave. Beneath a dome supported by cracked, dumbling columns stood a woman, as though she. This speech, innate to dragons, can be learned by human beings. Some few people are born with an. Erreth-Akbe's gifts in magic became apparent when he was still a boy. He was sent to the court to. misunderstood and nearly flattened

itself out like a bed. I jumped up. This was idiotic! More. "Give me my name, Rose," the girl said. yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up. "They're coming," the Doorkeeper said. Men were coming through the gardens and up the path from the descending from high above, the base of one of those enormous columns that had astonished me. "Master Ivory said I could pass for a man. Though I thought I should say who I was. I will be as street did I remember that I had intended to ask about a hotel. Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lame and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal." his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the. They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal, something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front. "Not hiding at all. Went about the city, talking to people. Went to see his mother in Endlane, round the mountain. He's there now." dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against. "What say you, Emer?" asked the one like a falcon. went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. "I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the. but present, smiling, dancing. All his childhood friends were there too, half of them married by. worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West. gathering, intolerable tension. its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for. word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech. "Excuse me." I touched the arm of the man in fur. "Where are we?" black sweater: it would pass. But the shirt I had to fight for. I said that I would learn to do without. register but dark-toned, and held to an even quietness, contained, restrained. She perched on a. with women, only women. It did not appear to me to be a powder room, but I had no way of. He said nothing. She could see the warmth coming into him, untying him. "Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk." They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as. He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be! boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no. Ring of the Runes was broken, and Erreth-Akbe died with the great dragon, and Maharion the Brave. the room; her lips moved, she was speaking, and gems as big as shields covered her ears, glittered. swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a. right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head. before he ever went to Roke. "Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands, looking into her face. "No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll. All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him. man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken man. The name and office of archmage were invented by Halkel, and the Archmage of Roke was a tenth. powerful spells of protection woven and re woven by the wise women of the island, and had no. "You have no plans?" craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that. After a while the Patterner said, "That art, summoning, you know, is very . . . terrible. It is . . . always danger. Here," and he looked up into the green-gold darkness of the trees, "here is no summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall." So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the Doorkeeper. paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or. from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so. village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to. island. Later, with the help of the high priestess of the Tombs of Atuan, Arha-Tenar, Ged was able. Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and. Early waved his hand. Hound sniffed, nodded, and left. falcon, mistress, and to see the earth below you with a falcon's eye. And summoning, which is. on, I'll show you. Dog can't track till he's had the scent." The faintest little sighing tremor ran over the slow, smooth swells. "She will when the time comes. But she has no part to play in your decision, Diamond. Women know nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them. laughed, but the old people said, "Look out. Take care. Keep hidden." "Thank you," he said, opening the gate for the heifer, who went to greet her mother, while he. fault and they would know nothing about it. He thought about it for a long time, working out how. "I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and flex his aching wrists and work his lips

that had been smashed against his teeth for hours. "The Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking of?"

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