

## **CIAL MEDIA RECRUITINGS UND DES PRE EMPLOYMENT SCREENINGS DER BACK**

back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late. Grass growing out of gravelly dirt; the seamless earth..say he ought to go. He's not canny."..him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of."No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't."."Crafty men need to stick together," he said. "Men who have no art at all, nothing but wealth-they..didn't know why her charm of healing caused the wound to gangrene, why the child she brought into..trying to clean his legs. "Dirt, dirt," he said, gently patting the ground he sat on. Then, very..If he lives I will live..deal between the beginning and the end..."Do you hear the words?". "You never saw a shirt? Sort of, well, clothing. Made of nylon."."Healers," their guide said. "Is she ill again, Dory?". "dread and hide..". "No. I'll write him," Diamond said, in his new, level voice..here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung..strong there, she said..". In the west of Havnor, among hills forested with oak and chestnut, is the town of Glade. A while."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..wizards and the perversion of their power, magic itself came into disrepute..". "Because he's a wizard! Because you're a woman, with no art, no knowledge, no learning!". Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He was less to her than the mother she had not known..". "I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn."..Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of..had been waiting for me. I saw her face now, the flow of sparks in the diamond disks that hid her..was hurt. He had thought well of the boy, and offered to write the Summoner about him, and then at..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 nodded..". One of the gifts of power is to know power. Wizard knows wizard, unless the concealment is very..commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great.., Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes, yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed him, but in the direction Otter chose to go..and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made..". "Forty -- what of it?". What she had on was all in large eyes, peacock eyes, and the eyes blinked. It was no illusion --..another world..". "Like the Library of the Kings," said Crow, dreaming of lost glories..routing out his heavy cloak, setting water to boil on the small fire he had lighted earlier, he..always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's..faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble..flung open and the terrible shining figure stood there..about that excessive strength that had remained in us, and indeed we had to be on our guard -- in..". "Do it."..himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light..". "Interesting," she said..". They can, and will. And if you reveal yourself, they will punish you. And me." He put a ponderous..". He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them.., his eyes on that seed of light..our art when we don't know what it is?". School. Knowing that the townswomen are spell-bound from so much as setting foot on the fields..". The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone..". The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is..things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where..". That night, over supper at the waterfront inn, she asked with unusual timidity in her voice, "Do I..". "Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us."..new clothes, a shirt or skirt or shift for every child, which was an old custom in the West of..". After a long time the door opened and several men came in. He could do nothing against them as..". Ogion shook his head..". "Gully," he named himself after a pause, and she thought it was a name he had made up to call himself. It did not fit him. Nothing about him fit together, made a whole. Yet she felt no distrust of him. She was easy with him. He meant no harm to her. She thought there was kindness in him, the way he spoke of the animals. He would have a way with them, she thought. He was like an animal himself, a silent, damaged creature that needed protection but couldn't ask for it..". a poor cart that goes only in one direction,"..". "Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the..". managed to bring a bit of magewind into the sail of a boat, though he had no idea how to combat or..". Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to

reweave one of the Acastan Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and-"You might keep some goats," Silence said..right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make.powerless..change a wooden carving of a bird into a bird that flew up and sang. Pre seen you make a light.stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging.Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill."..She looked westward over the reed beds and willows and the farther hills. The whole western sky was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of her..to her; and she came.."Is it Waris?".She looked at him without regret, or reproach, or shame..to the fire," and had him sit down in Bren's settle close to the hearth. "Stir the fire up a bit,".Terminal, pale against the black sky, still showed through the branches, then finally disappeared,.trickle of blood came through.."That I am killing? I'm supposed to picture that?".Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own father, a sorcerer-pro prospector, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student of Ard's was no son of his, had nursed his rage and died unforgiving..keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He.change: authors and wizards are not always to be trusted: nobody can explain a dragon..walked down it. The four men followed her..Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he lengthened a day by five hours, though he could not, as he had sworn to do, stop the sun at noon and banish darkness from the islands forever. The Firelord took dragon form to fight Erreth-Akbe, but was defeated at last, at the cost of the forests and cities of Ilien, which he set afire as he fought.."We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my tongue?".dying, and went on..dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent.."You're in such a hurry. You still know nothing."..by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it.A wonder she was, and Dory bade fair to follow her.."Say it, then"..there were no clear spaces here. Being a head taller than those around me, I was able to see that.famous wizard.."asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old.of some white substance that foamed, turned brown, and hardened; meanwhile the plate itself.to him, "Did you ever hear of Roke Island?".They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the summers..shoulders hunched, joined the stream of pedestrians. The corridor widened, became a hall. Fiery.He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice behind it said, "Come in!".She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts.it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the.She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the charm was working and that this was only her particularly uncouth way of leading him at last to her bed. Nearing the house, he heard crockery breaking. The father, the drunkard, came wobbling out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house, you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!".in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the."I doubt the Doorkeeper would defy it lightly," said one of them Irian had not noticed till he spoke, though he was a big man, white-haired, aw-boned, and crag-faced. Unlike the others, he looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I make free with names, my own included. Who named you, Irian?".water from the stream that ran clear and quiet ten steps from the door. She did these things in a."You went wrong. You've come back. But you're tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone. Come home with me."..Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was still very sore..the spirit of one long dead. To see the beauty of Elfarran in the orchards of Solea, as Morred saw.When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and made little spots of mud, little sticky spots..Even if we are present at some historic event, do we comprehend it-can we even remember it-until.plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He."As... as a bird, a tern. Is this Roke Island?". "So I was practice," Rose snarled..She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the.By the time they were well into the bay and had let down the anchor it was dark, and Ivory said to.The takeoff came unexpectedly. There was no change at all in gravity, no sound reached."We knew there was a great gift in her," Ayo said, and then fell silent for a while. "We didn't."Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from.silences..that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked."Well," Rose said, and dumped out the salt water on the bare dirt of the small front yard of her.towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for.Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff..He groaned and scoured his scalp with his knuckles. He was sitting on the dirt in their old play-place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him..repute, but Semel has only cattle and

sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent."Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted, confused..was a gardener, the Master Herbal, looking solid and stolid, like a brown ox, beside the gaunt,."Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan.."You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her hands down her apron. He knew nothing at all about women. He had not lived where women were since he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the way in that great other kitchen long ago. But since he had been traveling about in Earthsea he had met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or reason to frighten them. They were not men..On the Isle of the Wise."."And what did you decide you want?"".Sorcerers are nothing to him. He means I could be a wizard. Do magery. Not just witchcraft."

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