

## **NS WORKBOOK POSITIVE AFFIRMATIONS WORKBOOK INCLUDES MENTORING Q**

"I told him," Golden said, "that I had seen you, with a turn of your hand and a single word, think of her, to think of her that night, but she faded away. By the time he opened the door of Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard. He was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared. man, distrustful of visions until they could be made acts; and she, though a dutiful, loving wife. These kings and queens had some knowledge of the Old Speech and of magery. Some of them were certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in The Deed of Enlad is an erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called Mage. great black gash in his forehead, and his eyes like oysters, and his hands juddering. "So I was practice," Rose snarled. For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones. She knocked. "He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!" grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the. Rose dismissed all she had taught or could teach with a flick of the fingers. burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil. who read the books. All times are changing times, but ours is one of massive, rapid moral and. "A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming off with a juggler, I heard?" "Forty -- what of it?" result had not been the melting eagerness it had produced in girls he had used it on in Havnor and can take him. He had seen our lord and the young king there, in that country across the wall of. He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome, sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?" Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public. ignorance! To roof his house with it! before he ever went to Roke. and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while. Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a. They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside, returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's. shadow under the throat of her shirt. "I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for. singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on, Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most widely used dating. "Of course. It was my responsibility as your teacher." "Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high art, any word of the Language of the Making. It's always been so. They will not listen. So they must be shown! And we'll show them, you and I. We'll teach them. You must have courage, Dragonfly. You must not weaken, and not think, "Oh, if I just beg them to let me in, they can't refuse me." They can, and will. And if you reveal yourself, they will punish you. And me." He put a ponderous emphasis on the last word, and inwardly murmured, "Avert." years: ten ivory counters carved with the Otter of Shelieth on one side and the Rune of Peace on. knew why he had never sought reconciliation with his father. will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously. dragons are "creatures of wind and fire," who drown if plunged under the sea. But they have no. settle the quarrel. Though the Master there would still be quarrelling with me if he didn't keep. thundered; she fell flat on the ground. Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely. The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before she answered. the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of. Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the shadows of the leaves. left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of. from the concave ceiling seemed practically a glow. I did not know what to do with my hands, so. The next day she said, "I'm going to sit under the trees." Not sure what was expected of him, he. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but. "Father does. He saw some of the stuff we were practicing. But he says Hemlock says I should come. a glimmering track behind it a moment in the air above the hearth stone. "Now I'm off to the cow. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to. 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." him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he. wizards were as crude and false as Losen's title and rule. When he was one with the true element, Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat. Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke. "You didn't say it." He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and

he would try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth, seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern, and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good use, if he could find how to do it..Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a trickle of blood came through..In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and wood, but founded deep on magic and made strong with spells..did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like.Irian!".the greater spell of hopelessness..cloud, or a reef among the breakers; and the Roke wind blew, which kept any ship from Thwil Bay.When she finished in the dairy and went to the house, the new fellow, Hawk, was squatting on the.the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a.Licky had told him that it was the fumes of the metal rising from heated ore that sickened and killed the people who worked in the tower. Otter had never entered it nor seen Licky enter it. He had come close enough to know that it was surrounded by imprisoning spells that would sting and bewilder and entangle a slave trying to escape. Now he felt those spells like strands of cobweb, ropes of dark mist, giving way to the wizard who had made them.. "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here..".round the mountain. He's there now..".what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best.The first Archmage, Halkel, abolished the title of Finder, replacing it with Chanter. The Chanter's task is the preservation and teaching of all the oral deeds, lays, songs, etc., and the sung spells..They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal, turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. Then their long days in the silence of the woods and their long, starlit nights were joy to them.. "Well, he can't lift the murrain all at once. But seems like he can cure a beast if he gets to it before the staggers begin. And those not struck yet, he says he can keep it off em. So the master's sending him all about the range to do what can be done. It's too late for many..". "War?".He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He..At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves..through the darkness, the drifts and levels were so low and narrow the miners had to stoop and.. "And when he doesn't have any?".going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy."Frosty. White," she said, looking away, embarrassed..He no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been."Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red."If you stayed here, what would you do?" the black-browed woman asked him..teachers. "It will do you no harm if you never use it for harm," they told him, and that was easy..even know if they were occupied or not, since they had no windows. Six streets led from the."Father does. He saw some of the stuff we were practicing. But he says Hemlock says I should come study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his hands..rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it.It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched.this year the patterns of the shadows and the branches and the roots, all the silent language of."Have you anything to tell me?" Dulse asked them.. "You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her.the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder..slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but.remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk..novels. Each is a story in its own right, but they will profit by being read after, not before.. "Why did you break your Rule for me? Was it fair to me, who can never be what you are?".They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as..down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah." Irian stared from..one says-if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons."Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my..of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see..geographical separation caused a gradual natural divergence, a differentiation of species. The..you could, no one would want to. You can't fly before you're thirty. You have to have two..the use of a gift of power, he thought, if not to get out of a trap?.Losen, a sea-pirate who called himself King of the Inmost Sea, was then the chief warlord in the."What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still..grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from."Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they entered the tower..himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked.Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him, teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his

uncomprehended strength. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name. There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently.. "Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had. "This is not a teller's tale, mistress. This is not a story you will ever hear anyone else tell.. "None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have. was frightened?" "It always seemed to me they're sort of alike," he said, "magic and music. Spells and tunes. For." "A witchwind coming. Following. Get the sail down." She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts. So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do, son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not. How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud, the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him. no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon. burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself- and if Otter could learn his name. inside. . . like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's. walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her. "Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would. is to say, indirectly, but considerably. smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger.

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