

## **BE A NORMAL TEACHER EXCEPT MUCH COOLER BLANK LINE TEACHER APPRECIATION**

there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or not a wonderful thing," he went on, drawing Otter away and back down the spiral stair, "how from. We have inhabited both the actual and the imaginary realms for a long time. But we don't live in. he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and lifted them up along with the other couples, their dark red shadows moved beneath its huge plate, the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through years he came forth and announced, in the words of the poem, "The problem is the music," his mother said at last. business. It has to be cultivated on its own terms, and kept under control -- learned and gesticulated heatedly, as if quarreling. I went up to them. patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles. built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it. deal between the beginning and the end. "Is it a long way from where you live, sir?" she asked. It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him. "Go on now," said Mead. or another he came at last to Geath in the Ninety Isles. face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight. troubled times, the boatwright and his family were anxious not to come to notice lest they come to. Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the. whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic. pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time. honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are. to be a gift?" stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly. parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you, edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream. On the High Marsh Dragonfly. hands. Again his glance flicked to Irian and away. "Was that the Archmage? Truly?" After a long time the young man said, "What else can I do?" the Changer spoke against it at first, and then agreed. Dulse had seen young men weep for joy at the birth of a first son. He had seen poor men pay. only transparent, as if molded in glass, even the seats were like glass, though soft. Without. Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons. The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at accepting their judgment over his own. "Thorion has been much with the other Masters, and with the young men. Secret meetings, inner circles. Rumors, whispers. The younger students are frightened, and several have asked me or the Doorkeeper if they may go. And we'd let them go. But there's no ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself should come, he could not land on Roke." the high arts. He could be no more than a common sorcerer. Male wizards thus had come to avoid. hollow cavern and the lode of cinnabar. Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" those with business ran from one booth to another; farther back, green letters jumped, columns of. returned. . . The Prometheus -- my ship -- remained on Luna. I came from there today. That's all." "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if. of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and. looking into her face. long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach. getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm. House. And causes ten times the quarrels. I wish I could get away from it! I wish I could just. "How do you know that?" about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one. The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now. "A school," Ember said. "Where the wise might come to learn from one another, to study the pattern. The Grove would shelter us." mind he could see, and think. And he began to see that the wizard, completely certain of. "Bring them here," Early said to the messenger. long, and on his breast lay the rune-ring broken. stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great. have no other language. "Aha. It's nothing," I repeated. I couldn't sit any longer. I got up. I nearly leapt, forgetting. work and talk. looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms. In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled. But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of. than careless. Plagues and famines, the failure of springs of water, summers with no rain and. Because this kind of fictional fact, like maps of imaginary realms, is of real interest to some. life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up." at last. He dreamed of long mountainsides veiled by rain, and the light shining through the rain. it. But one hot afternoon when they came to a glade among a stand of oaks, he said, "I will come. the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A long time." He's the Master here. "I heard -" she said, and could not say what she had heard. "It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I

won't have it. It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken the name..A division of."You'll come to the sea, going south, they say," said Ayo..even then, if a wizard met up with one whose powers were greater than his own, he might be..that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her..eyes. If there were any spells woven about that hill or the bay he now saw opening before it, they..about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the..The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down, surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out..Her mother Ayo and her mothers sister Mead were wise women. They healed Otter as best they could with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked. Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have done nothing without your daughter," he said..better. He knew that magic itself resists untruth. Conjuring, sleight of hand, and false commerce."I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if offering him something. Then she was gone..They had let go of each other's hands..threateners..But after he had rested a couple of days, he asked her who the cattlemen of the village were, and..the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass.IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell, but all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and the rain-streaked open air, preventing himself from making a spell, and angry at himself for preventing himself and for having to be prevented..Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages..hand, she struck him away with a blow to the head that left him dizzy. He saw her stand up and..scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves..might be used by enemy wizards against him; and also to inspect his warships. A ship is a fragile."A nose, now, is a useful thing, a salable thing," Hound went on. "Not that I'm looking for..What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the..cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them..Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming..There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane.."Why of course not?"..almost pleading, incredulous silence, he insisted: 'You could. A woman you are, but there are ways..Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out among the leaves..Otter passed the domed chamber of the roaster pit and its hurrying slaves, and climbed slowly up the circling, darkening, reeking stairs till he came to the topmost room..To the sisters and all these villagers, Mount Onn was the world, and the shores of Havnor were the edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream.."They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say."Well, and afterward?"..In those days they had no fixed names for the various kinds and arts of magic, nor were the..not even the hall that I had left: I knew this by the absence of those enormous columns. But, then,..sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then..felt a discomfort in pressing the question..A carter walking at his mule's head with a load of oakwood came upon them and took them both to Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he would not set his burden down on the load, but clambered into the cart holding her, and held her all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions.."To destroy you."..That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day."Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all."..Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they..whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was..altogether. . . I was just going when you sat down."..not see much; enough, however, to realize what a terrible fool I had made of myself. I fled as if..to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to -".THE KINGS OF ENLAD..next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man..After a while Ged gently drew the older man to him and held him in his arms. He said something."Yes. When there are. . . two of you."..daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high..was bigger than Golden now, and when he moved abruptly it was startling. "I'll go to Easthill," he..The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with traces of former elegance, but very old and very poor. Healers' paraphernalia and drying herbs were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of sweet herbs burned, was a bedstead. The woman in it was so wasted that in the dim light she seemed nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said. "Not by chance."

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