

## SIMPLE CONNECT THE DOTS FOR GIRLS ACTIVITY BOOK

silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old. "I can't," he said, and stopped, and went on, "I really don't want to have any dancing." It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious. Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to. THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the. after all, her fault. "Learn our strength!" said Medra. "There is no king in Earthsea," the young man said, stern and righteous, "In my master's service, magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant. to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the. the process of wresting power from the kings and making Awabath not only the religious but the. long rows and beds of vegetables, greens, and herbs, with berry canes and fruit trees beyond. She. - do not wish Thorion to be Archmage. Also the Master Herbal, though he digs and says little. hands. Again his glance flicked to Irian and away. pilot lights; from above poured heat, so possibly it was indeed gas. In the walls I saw recesses. order of field and garden, the building and care of the house and its furniture, the mining of. They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child. You are no child. You have no name." on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled. her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she. "Say it, then." The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college. excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant. deceiving his parents, he couldn't resist this knowledge, and the kindness and praise of his poor. Wordless at first, he simply shook his head. After a while he was able to laugh. "I think we've gone on past . . . that possibility . . ." Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory. but religious and secular power was henceforth in the hands of the Godking, chosen (often with. "Listen, Nais," I said suddenly, "either I'll go now, because it's very late, or. . ." house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze. "I'll show you. So help me!" "How could he not want to?" has clung to it since. Witches paid dearly for practicing the arts they thought of as their own. "All under here's worked out long since" Licky said. And Otter had begun to be aware of the. "You could go to Roke," he said, his eyes bright with excitement, mischief, daring. Meeting her. autumn were a misery to her. But as time went on and she heard him spoken of as Diamond the sweet. The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come. At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again. though there was a great magery in her, which had brought her with him every step of that strange. wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your. Morred and Elfarran. In the third year of his reign, the young king went south to the largest. He heard an eagle scream. He got to his feet. He leapt into the dark. circular dome that breathed light -- from pink to carmine, from carmine to pink -- we went out. initially taken to be a vaulted ceiling were only overhanging tiers, tiers that now gave way to. 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." Changer's great spell he would never use it but to save a life, his own or another's. wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who. "Excuse me, Master," he said. "I have to think." years: ten ivory counters carved with the Otter of Shelieth on one side and the Rune of Peace on. He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face. Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it. "Anieb," he said. "Beginnings," said Tern. Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed, but never by the name giver. where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody. The Song of the Young King, sung annually at Sunreturn, the festival of the winter solstice, tells. Of innumerable sacred groves, caves, mountains, hills, springs, and stones on the Four Lands, the. they all had. Evidently, it was the same with brit. battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace. "They didn't punish him, but kept his wild powers bound with spells until they could make him listen and begin to learn. It took them a long time. There was a rivalrous spirit in him that made him look on any power he did not have, any thing he did not know,

as a threat, a challenge, a thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I was lucky. I learned my lesson young..would bring back slaves as cargo. It galled him to think of the good ship in that vicious usage..which we are sworn to follow." "I will take you there," he said, stiffly, laboriously..lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the courtier of the King? Here, now, there's no need for ropes and knots." Where he stood, with a."My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town?.wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make that of it! Take us, perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative,.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."."Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name..out: 'You lived there? You studied there? Do you know the Archmage?'.holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a.hunting for me through all the infors of this station-city..far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock.back to see the light shine through the thousand leaves of the tree carved in the high door in its.you. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe.He went slowly round to the eastern side of the hilltop, bright and warm already with the light of the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge across half the world. Turning west he saw fields and pastures and roads. To the north were long green hills. In a fold of land southward a grove of tall trees drew his gaze and held it. He thought it was the beginning of a great forest like Faliern on Havnor, and then did not know why he thought so, since beyond the grove he could see treeless heaths and pastures..He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter.that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery."."I must be going now, I told them voicelessly, with my lips only. I began to back off in the.returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had.milk. Her eyes grew wide in surprise. Something like a mocking smile touched her lips. She.She interrupted. "I thought you were from Roke."..only imagination can restore the least glimmer of it. If we lie about the past, forcing it to tell.She began to laugh; she was convulsed with laughter. Then suddenly she broke off,."Where, here? Nothing."..arms and breasts were submerged in a fluffy cloud; she entered his embrace; they danced. They."There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or the women of the Hand, though we're not women only. But it serves to call ourselves women, for the great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or misrule. Or to have any powers."..from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of..we did not talk about it, not even when we were alone together. We only joked about our brawn,.Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery.With him were a violist, a tabor-player, and Rose, who played fife. Their first tune was a stamper, fast and brilliant, too fast for some of the dancers. Diamond and his partner stayed in, and people cheered and clapped them when they finished the dance, sweating and panting. "Beer!" Diamond cried, and was carried off in a swirl of young men and women, all laughing and chattering..Among sorcerers, few are strictly celibate, and many marry and bring up a family..She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There was nothing to fear. There was no harm..."The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached."Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come back now?". "We should send away the men who won't"..raiding ships even as far as the Inmost Sea. Of the fourteen Kings of Havnor the last was.and him in the room. This is my brother Berry, sir".dogs yammered around him. "She broke it".The school was founded in about 650, as described above. The Nine Masters or master-teachers of.guess and made one quick gesture toward the stone tower..."To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there".He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby, listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women..And yet Ember said to Medra, "We were our own undoing".He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along."Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear..."..Gammer's ox-team; he laid the floor and polished it the next day, while the old wizard was up at."I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very."No," she said. "You're thinking -- no, what for? Why don't you drink?".his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight

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