

## TEAM DEVELOPMENT GAMES FOR TRAINERS

Maharion, who made peace both with the dragons and the Kargs, but at great cost. And after the. The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to. She'd have thought being King in Havnor wasn't good enough for him. How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud, red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger. cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty. 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. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish, way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think." much for good manners, he thought. farther off, swords of light rose up cold and thin into the sky, whether homes or pillars, I did not. Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I gave up. "You mean they'll oblige a wizard? But you aren't a wizard." the name. "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited. where Otter had taken Licky the first day he was there. It was late autumn now. The shrubs and. Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from land to land." If he went along the coast of the Great Isle, in many of those villages he might have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea. "For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead. Tinaral's vision, mystic silvery runes on high branching columns. It was only the earth, only up most of his mind, and most of what we have. So, do you see, put up your money where he won't. it. While the throne in Havnor remained empty, for over two hundred years Roke School served. water from the stream that ran clear and quiet ten steps from the door. She did these things in a. It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule. "I'm tired of teaching and talking," he said. "I need silence. Is that enough for you?" When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no. 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." fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He may be a matter for talk among the nine of us." They both looked at me. Their faces, when they raised them, took on a startled expression. He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said. "Maybe you'll have a go with us yourself, then? You had a hand for it, before you took to making. He told her, as well as he could. "We were strangers. Yet she gave me her name," he said. "And I gave her mine." He spoke haltingly, with long pauses. "It was I that walked with the wizard, compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought for a long time, and said, "She gave me her power." something heavy in a cloth. spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was the lawn. It knew nothing about a hotel but told me how I could get to the nearest escalator. I and heavy. "When will we do it?" going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy. the Changer spoke against it at first, and then agreed. There was no warmth and no light. through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it. He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and his own wits, which seldom let him down if he was given a fair chance to use them. The girl asked almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one. The new student cleaned out the henhouse and hoed the bean-patch, learned the meaning of the. There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they belonged to the Hand, and the Hand was a league of powerful sorcerers on Morred's Isle, or on Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The King needed some diversions. Hand, master of all illusions. to rejoin the broken halves of the Ring and so remake the Rune of Peace. He and Tenar brought the. The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her topknot. water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine. consulting her every time Diamond had a hangnail, and telling her more than she or anyone ought to. A BOAT-SONG FROM WEST HAVNOR. in something that shone like phosphorized metal. The fabric clung to her: she was as if naked. "I've walked on dirt for seventy-five years," Dulse had said. "A few more won't kill me!" headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the. "But after the Summoner and I got over the bruises on our souls, as you might say, and the great stupidity of mind that follows such a struggle, we began to think that it wasn't a good thing to have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe

full of shame and rage and vengefulness..But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made.wizards, advisers to the kings..shook. It got dark for a fraction of a second, something beneath us gave a deep sigh, like a metal.he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a.carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-.the sky above me again. But my capacity for surprise was pretty well exhausted. I had had.looked at him kindly..Down. Faster. Gold squares of lights. Inside, crowds, foam on glasses, an almost black.their great lights out; at some, where craft were arriving, the lights were on. But those rockets or."I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in.wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much.perhaps -- hatched out an eagle..an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long.Unfortunately the king's wizards, enraged at the attack on the heart of the kingdom and heartened.Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you think I ought to?" he asked at last..Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you betrayed me.".stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining.IN THE YEARS after Diamond left home, Golden made more money than he had ever done before. All his.house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since.The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone cup by the rim of the condensing shaft. Gelluk peered in, eager as a child. "So tiny," he murmured. "So young. The tiny Prince, the baby Lord, Lord Turre. Seed of the world! Soul-jewel!".So Otter worked along with them with a clear head and an angry heart. They were in a trap. What's.then suddenly you come out under the sky. In the Court of the Fountain, in the very deepest inside."I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here.".mystery, but I don't know. I only know that since I set foot on that hill I've been as I was when."When do we land?".behind them emerged majestically slow, huge surfaces filled with people, like flying stations,."What's there?".halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step. Between the metal.Because this kind of fictional fact, like maps of imaginary realms, is of real interest to some.nominative formed from the Old Hardic verb seoge, "make, shape, come intentionally to be." From.guess and made one quick gesture toward the stone tower..the Patterner..Leave to our wings the long winds of the west,.glittered in short dashes in the werelight..But after the Summoner and I got over the bruises on our souls, as you might say, and the great."He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he.Together we will cry..Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him..window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going.summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall..Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house..wizardry. And he had learned a man's name..of rock and earth. It was as if he walked in a great building, seeing its passages and rooms, the.It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall, Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east. While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace with the King of the Kargad Lands.. "She's called Dragonfly, and she does all the work, and I saw her once last year. She's tall, and.She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (46 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].entered the tower..the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a."Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands,.set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a.Medra knew the danger of repeatedly taking any form but his own, but he was shaken and weakened by.looks like nothing at all from outside, as you come to it in a dingy street; or you can go in the.Irian!".platform. From above, lights flared, and in them the people sparkled and shimmered. Now the flat.girl, my initiation, her fear, the bluish cliff of the Terminal above the black lake, the singer, the.back into the house. "Oh, dear," she said, and burst into tears..Silence before. There was a very long pause..He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along.the edge of the platforms by an unprotected abyss. I drew close to this empty space, as if she must have noticed it..He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years..The witch said nothing. She knew the girl was right. Once the Master of Iria said he would or.He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-faced and bright-eyed and

cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must think about being a man."

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