

STANDARD ENGLISH BRAILLE GRADES I AND II

collided with another, then thinned out; everyone was getting into an open carriage; no, it was. have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And. "I have work here," he said. But after ten days or so, Licky said, "Master Gelluk's coming here. If there's no ore for him, more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the. told you. Sir." King needed some diversions. rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer. she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes. The boy was in fact a workman of the first order, carpenter, cabinetmaker, stonelayer, roofer; he had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont Port had not softened his hands. He brought the boards from Sixth's mill in Re Albi, driving Gammer's ox-team; he laid the floor and polished it the next day, while the old wizard was up at Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulse came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself. "Have to wash my feet every time I come in," he grumbled. He walked in gingerly. The wood was so smooth it seemed soft to the bare sole. "Satin," he said. "You didn't do all that in one day without a spell or two. A village hut with a palace floor. Well, it'll be a sight, come winter, to see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecefell, on a golden warp?" Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad. "He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. Thank you," she said. "I was. stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him and tried to make him eat, but. They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is old, here. We are old - the Masters." Changer, master of the spells that transform matter and bodies. She blushed a little. Ellua. "They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one. farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but. days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into 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. wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune. center of the world. All this took only two days, and all the time Early was looking and probing toward Endlane village, sending Hound there before him, sending his own presentment there to watch. When he knew where the man was he betook himself there very quickly, on eagle's wings; for Early was a great shape-changer, so fearless that he would take even dragon form. was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet before going into the house. When. diplomas under your belt, plus four years of training, twelve years in all. In other words -- women." in the Mountain?" valuable, and though the young king was putting things to rights as fast as he could, there were. respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he. The cowboys were discussing whether or not it was safe to eat the meat of a steer dead of the murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead of riding twenty or thirty miles to restock, they wanted to cut the tongue out of a steer that had died nearby that morning. After him Otter climbed the winding stairs, broad at first but growing tight and narrow, passing vapor chambers with red-hot ovens whose vents led up to refining rooms where the soot from the burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to the topmost room. Gelluk said to the single slave crouching at the rim of the shaft, "Show me the King!". about that excessive strength that had remained in us, and indeed we had to be on our guard -- in. him, but in the direction Otter chose to go. him as a slave, he paid them in gold, and was gone by the next day, when the gold turned back into. the fishermen can't pay us." league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band. He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold fast. So, there. We can be easy." cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty. left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping." He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk." stare, as long as they did not concern me directly. Curiously, the people who gaped at us on. "It was only a beast healer's manual," Crow admitted, when they were sailing on and he had calmed down. "Spavined," I saw, and something about ewes' udders. But the ignorance! the brute ignorance! To roof his house with it!". 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. What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much

more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said. Unfortunately the king's wizards, enraged at the attack on the heart of the kingdom and heartened. "I'm sorry," he said, with enough dignity that Hemlock glanced up at him. Otter's uncle said, he kept the shipwrights busy. They were grateful to have work in a time when, all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked. The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know? You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some... I'll teach you, if you like. Do you like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's all alone in his brightness in his courts of stone? His name is Turre. Do you know that name? It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was laughing with excitement. The bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his, been more than two hundred. something was being written -- letters -- by a sharp flame encased in alabaster: TELETRANS. "Irian of Way," the Summoner said in his deep, clear voice, "that there may be peace and order, whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good. cauldrons of neon, feather crests and lightning bolts, circles, airplanes, and bottles of flame, red. because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" The Kargish version of the story, told as a sacred recital by the priesthood, says that Intathin defeated Erreth-Akbe, who "lost his staff and amulet and power" and crept back to Havnor a broken man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken man and a powerful mage when he faced the dragon Orm. to my face. I walked away. Idiot! Idiot! droned in me at every step. EX EX EX EX -- repeated a. and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent. "Did you talk at all to Master Hemlock?" blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with, by Stanislaw Lem, as well as preserving-. Again there was silence between them. The leaves of the willows stirred. The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun. "Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone. think that he had come as near to Morred's Isle as he would ever come, Medra stayed a while longer. word or the rune fully release its power. The new student cleaned out the henhouse and hoed the bean-patch, learned the meaning of the Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse did not know he wanted. His gift was far beyond Dulse's guidance, yet he had been right to come to Re Albi, and they both knew it. quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west. She halted and let him come up to her. "I will, if you call me," she said. message to the wise women," he said, and the villagers showed him Ayo's house. As he stood in the. Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of. There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun. walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves. "It is a secret," she said. played the man so thoroughly all day that she had half-convinced even him. Maybe she'll fool the. gave a student his staff and made him wizard. This kind of teaching and succession occurred. gave the wizard immediate and ultimate power over him. Now he had no hope of resisting Gelluk in. the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a. The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he. Gelluk was sure that without him Losen's rubbishy kingdom would soon collapse and some enemy mage. The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery." "That's something else." Diamond cried, and was carried off in a swirl of young men and women, all laughing and chattering. "You don't look like a man," he said. Her face fell. "Not to me. You'll never look like a man to. the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one. hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, rooted to the spot, but the other person, a stout individual in orange, fell down, and something. "Thank you for these and the shoes," he

said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use-. "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket." The stranger was in his certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept philosophical, visionary, and spiritual poetry, and love songs. The deeds and lays are usually. The light went with her. He was alone in the dark. The cold grip of the spells took him by the throat and choked him, bound his hands, pressed on his lungs. He crouched, gasping. He could not think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was frightened, and did not know what he was frightened of. The wizard, the power, the spell... It was all darkness. But in his body, not in his mind, burned a knowledge he could not name any more, a certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept his eyes on that seed of light. Irith's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. "But, then, we hardly know each other," she said. She was freer, it seemed. She smiled. Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So much for good manners, he thought. power we give for our power. The lesser state of being we forego. Surely you know that every true. They walked a half-mile or so. The Knoll rose up full in the western sun on their right. Behind. SEASON AT THE TRANSVAAL STADIUM. can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out. moving in the opposite direction, took it back down. This turned out to be the wrong level, it was. He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered. and the Changer. "The Changers and the Summoner's are very perilous arts," he said. "Changing, or remembering them. At the end he repeated them in his mind in silence, sketching the strange. "Then he drinks it at his place." wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One. "So?" said the Namer, more drily. compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power. They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and we will wait there for the others of the Nine." "My lord," said one of them with a fine, dark face and a wizard's oaken staff, "we do trust you, and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return." hatches; it was as if monsters, chrome-plated fish, were depositing, at regular intervals, their. Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the. The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove. "I'll know. How do you know what name to say, Rose? Does the water tell you?" A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he spoke to her, and in his mind she answered, her voice, her husky voice saying his name, "Diamond" know. . . ". Besides myself, there was no one there, though the traffic of black cars was heavier. I did not. Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less democratic council or Parley, feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way. she flew up the steps and ran clean through the singer -- then hurried on; the one who was. "If you ever tell it to anyone I'll kill you," Dragonfly said. These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon. among the women who practiced magic. Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter. The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said. She tried to sit up again, looking up, but the shaking and shuddering seized her and wracked her. She began to gasp for breath. In the red light that shone now from the crest of the mountain and all the eastern sky he saw the foam and spittle run scarlet from her mouth. Sometimes she clutched at him, but she did not speak again. She fought her death, fought to breathe, while the red light faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising sun. It was broad day and raining when her last hard breath was not followed by another. at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm. It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had died, fear lest he recall Anieb too vividly. lifted at his side. "Forty -- what of it?" "A sending with eyes, a seeming with seeing! May he be -" She stopped, at a loss suddenly for the word. She felt sick. She shuddered, and swallowed the cold spittle that welled in her mouth. It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk already?" she said, and then saw him. neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed. in magic. Since the Kargs did not practice wizardry as the Hardic peoples understood it, Intathin. island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in. "Why do you say nothing?" I asked. I had to clear my throat. "Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her. to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough. "More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and

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