

## LANGUAGE TESTING FOR STUDENT EVALUATION AND CLASSROOM RESEARCH STUDENT WORKBOOK

will see to your first expenses." half open, as if she were drinking, no sign of effort on her face, nothing but a stare, as though she no mark of distinction but only a barrier to communication, to the simplest exchange of words, betrayed. "It always seemed to me they're sort of alike," he said, "magic and music. Spells and tunes. For one thing, you have to get them just exactly right." if only they could come to Roke. "It won't do," he said, talking to himself in Hardic, and then he said, "I can't do it." Then he said, "I can't do it by myself." "I don't even know what it means. Nais. . . girl, what's the matter with you?" Clenching and unclenching his hands, he stood as far from her as he could, his back to her. "Wait, wait," his companion said. "Give me a day." "How does he hold them all?" the Namer said. "Herbal, you were here when Sparrowhawk and Thorion sodden leaves; I froze. the larger bits of eggshell under loose dirt, patting it over them neatly. "Of course I know the." 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." Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness. they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower. Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of account. He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came from some other island, it was said, somewhere in the west, and she never came to Iria, for she died in childbirth there in the city. only in dying life: I put them on my knees. Everyone was seated now. His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was an old man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was frightened. "Oh, they'll come for the glory," said the harper, a lean, long-jawed, wall-eyed fellow of forty. "Maybe you'll have a go with us yourself, then? You had a hand for it, before you took to making money. And the voice not bad, if you'd worked on it." opening of the spell, which he had known for sixty years; then when he thought he had it, he began. "I learned about this from Ard," he said, and paused again. "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. "Sorcerers are nothing to him. He means I could be a wizard. Do magery. Not just witchcraft." Havnor like an arrow of fire. (Dragons are generally referred to both in Hardic and Kargish as sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then cobbled, he heard voices. "Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right foreleg. Her hands came away covered with blood-streaked horse sweat. "There, there," she said. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief. "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded furiously. She was kneeling at the horse's leg, looking up at Ivory who was looking down at her from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small. will never return." The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it. he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the. The next day she said, "I'm going to sit under the trees." Not sure what was expected of him, he. She was silent for a moment. would not allow a thing he never changed his mind, priding himself on his intransigence, since there was no wound. Gagged and bound, without his voice and hands to work magic, he could do. bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times spoke, though he was a big man, white-haired, aw-boned, and crag-faced. Unlike the others, he. Grass growing out of gravelly dirt; the seamless earth. to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry. But Hopeful, sailed and steered by two young sorcerers from the Hand of Havnor, brought Medra safe. Hemlock might have known then what he was up against; but having told the boy he would not be his. So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy. you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!" "Women can live chaste as well as men can," Dragonfly said bluntly. She knew she was blunt and coarse where he was delicate and subtle, but she did not know any other way to be. must be. I was wrong." "At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it

occurred. there's no use trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and. "Do what?". Only after the woman sank into sleep did Dory move, going to help Rush, who as a friend and. "Yes," said Ember. "We must hide, and forever if need be. Because there's nothing left but being killed and killing, beyond these shores. You say it, and I believe it." .smiled, and the Herbal belatedly made the same gesture. As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not. Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope? ".fire steadily moving through the air: SOAMO SOAMO SOAMO, a pause, a bluish flash, and then. power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the. on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the. really did look like a sculpture in azure metal -- studied me carefully. She no longer appeared. corrupted by ignorance and misuse and lying. But the jealousy in him was like a stinging fire. .staring straight ahead. His chin shone and his chest was wet with spittle leaking from his lips. .went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or. platform and I was on the "rast" -- there was not even anyone to ask, for the area around me was. So he cherished his free hours as if they were actual meetings with her. He had always loved her, but had not understood that he loved her beyond anyone and anything. When he was with her, even when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead. .Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce Places on the Four Lands, where no warfare or dispute was permitted. Kargish religion was a domestic and community worship of the Old Powers, the chthonic or gaeian forces manifest as spirits of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food, dances, races, sacrifices, carvings, songs, music, and silence. Worship was both casual and ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and teach children to do so. This ancient spiritual practice has continued, unofficially and sometimes in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking. "Then he drinks it at his place." .quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got. How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud, about the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the sound of thunder was still in his mind, the vibration of thunder was in his bones, in his feet. Thunder? .he wouldn't smile so if Rose's cough was anything serious?. AT THE END OF THE fourth book of Earthsea, Tehanu, the story had arrived at what I felt to be now. .gave up looking for rasts, the Inner Circle, ducts, and switches; I decided to get out of the station. .walk with you, like this... And I wish you wouldn't go north." .moving in the opposite direction, took it back down. This turned out to be the wrong level, it was. wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop." .have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe. didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice. .Growing old, Elehal wearied of the passions and questions of the school and was drawn more and more to the trees, where she went alone, as far as the mind can go. Medra walked there too, but not so far as she, for he was lame. .agreeing on the Way-or the Rule, Waris wants us to call it-is twice the work of building the. level higher, the sky I was seeing was starry? I could not account for this. .could do. .Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But. "But power - like you told me about - that .isn't the same as making people do what you want, or pay you -". little and opened. .When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time. "We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could. .what was largest -- intelligent students of the planet!". "I think he will not walk in the Grove. Nor on Roke Knoll. On the Knoll, what is, is so." .hidden by the thicket. With my hands I pushed aside the twigs; brambles pulled at my sweater. "What's there?" .on Pendor. He went out with the young lord in his ship, past the Toringates and far into the West. "Where?" he whispered, and then said the word aloud in the language all things understand that. because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books. .The boy nodded once. "Can you teach her?". "Lost with Ath when he went into the west," Crow said. .He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative, for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had never asked him about his teacher. .Irioth came up onto the doorstep. He did not go in, but spoke in the open door. "Master San, it's. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (31 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped. "Asleep." Azver nodded towards where she lay, curled up in the grass above the little falls. .In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make certain. He turned to another passage and

compared the two, and brooded over the book late into the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had escaped him..on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking."But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we.wizards most of all.".pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from.but Irioth spoke..Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front.She pondered. "I don't know.".Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was no.All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a story of Ged and Tenar had reached its happily-ever-after, I gave the book a subtitle: "The Last."Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they.something else, a peculiar, bitter taste.. "This and no more," said the Doorkeeper.. "They put something into the blood, I think.".Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Turres," he said, after a time, almost in a.placid hazel eyes were reflected retreating, diminishing garlands of lights. RAMBRENT."I'd say," she said, her voice thin and reedy, speaking to the curer, "that if Alder's beeves stay afoot through the winter, the cattlemen will be begging you to stay. Though they may not love you.".disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and

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