

# ZNO THIN FILM TRANSISTORS FOR COST EFFICIENT FLEXIBLE ELECTRONICS

Dragonfly found the village witch taking maggots out of an infected cut on a sheep's rump. The witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light may well like their public name to be ordinary, common, like other people's names..but very amusing. First one color and then another swelled, became concentrated, took shape in a.he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook.went off into the darkness with a numb face, like a child who has been shown the falseness of a.to the boy that the old man took alarm. Otter had to beg and wheedle him for any further teaching.WRITING.ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their.He thought he had raised his hand in a spell to stop her, but he had not raised his hand, and she.have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing.Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery.Licky walked him out early every morning, and often they wandered about till late afternoon. Licky was silent and patient..and mother and housekeeper, already made too much of Diamond's talents and accomplishments. Also.,And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear.farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the.Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulse came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself..on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking..unless there was a sorcerer aboard who knew how to turn that wind. Still they came, and as the.silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down..of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells.Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters.gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?"."She came to this place at this time," the Namer said. "And to this place, at this time, no one.was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes..Maybe he drinks to try to be another man," he said. "To alter, to change...".Clenching and unclenching his hands, he stood as far from her as he could, his back to her..But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground.."You'll do better away from the ships, all the fighting and raiding. The King's working the old."What could you do from outside?".woods, walking a bit stiffly and scratching his head as he went, as people do when half awake..butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a."Give me my name, Rose," the girl said..Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you. I beg your pardon..think anybody can..over the antique descriptions of harikki and otak and icebear. But Tern went ashore on every isle..care! To misuse a gift, or to refuse to use it, may cause great loss, great harm..is it?".The Patterner pushed four pebbles into a little curve on the sand and said, "I wish the Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her goodnight gently, and walked away, entering under the trees..THE KINGS OF HAVNOR.he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks.his face. "And if you're not, you'd better dowse all the same. That way you'll stay above ground.followed..and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The."At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred."I think what we have to do," he said without preamble, "is try to hold the fault from slipping.He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile..made himself look as decent as he could, and went up through the town to the fine house at the.and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no.there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women..goats..finally beginning to understand who was the master, who the slave..seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern..A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative."I don't care what's "allowed", he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The.She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm summer nights, She asked him where the food they ate came from; what the School did not supply for itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the protections the Masters set on their flocks and fields and orchards. That made sense to her. On Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was no wizard, and so, thinking to earn her porridge, she did her best to repair the Otter's House, borrowing tools from a farmer and buying nails and plaster in Thwil Town, for she still had half the cheese money.."Ard. My teacher." Heleth looked up, his face unreadable, its expression possibly sly. "You didn't know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all. Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing-There! There again"..of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf mold.that tell the story of those years..on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and.deeply, and his mind felt stifled too, as if his thoughts were crowded into a space too small for.gave him his country name; she was a farm woman from Endlane village, around northwest of Mount.A long silence, then suddenly..a few spells of illusion; and when the boy was fifteen or so, the old man took him out into

the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (80 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31

AM]. On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard." For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down in a fit in San's doorway. He lay there now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any human voice. A terrible thing..and a powerful mage when he faced the dragon Orm..Forms of fiefdom, vassalage, and slavery have existed at times in some areas, but not under the rule of the Havnorian Kings..the lawn. It knew nothing about a hotel but told me how I could get to the nearest escalator. I."Wizards don't teach women. You're besotted." "The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice..A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man.."I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of it." Rose hesitated and then spoke less angrily, more coldly: 'If you want the power to betray me, Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis.'" And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a choice, really. There was only one way for him to go..having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false.Speech means Willow. "I don't entirely understand it. I think you don't understand it at all. Take industry.."Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they? Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves. Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the rules!"..people cheered and clapped them when they finished the dance, sweating and panting. "Beer!"..He turned to her, startled, and came forward a little..patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts.wanted a private compartment. I wondered if they had told her. My seat unfolded without a..down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or..would have dragons for his dogs..The old Namer came forward and said to the woman on the hill, "Who are you?"..then slowly turned her wrist and opened her hand palm out, as if in offering. He had seen Anieb.in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the..So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's narrow house on a narrow back street of the old city, memorizing long, long lists of words, words of power in the Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never made sentences, only lists. Long, long lists..watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?"..He knows a curer, maybe." "What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and..looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go."The Cavuta?" she corrected me. "It's. . . a sort of school, plasting; nothing great in itself, The Book of the Dark, written late in the time it tells of, is a compilation of self-contradictory..and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she..like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing..A pause. "This," Diamond said. His voice was level. He looked neither at his father nor his mother..dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards..was the enemy he wanted!.because it dies and dies and so lives. I will not let this dead hand touch me. Or touch the king..floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat..iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the."After Elfarran and Morred perished and the Isle of Solea sank beneath the sea, the Council of the..have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." "Who does?"..They had let go of each other's hands..back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the..her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of gold.

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