

## **INTRINSIC MOTIVATION IN SPORTS PSYCHOLOGICAL INTERVENTIONS TASKS**

"The wizards off on the wrong track, as usual," he said at last. "Said you'd gone to Roke Island and he'd catch you there. I said nothing." You must make your choice alone, as a man. Do you understand that?" Golden was earnest, seeing his showered with a fine powder of disintegrating, dying fireflies, black, gold. At the very edge, a. This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live here either. Miles off." He gestured northward. "You might come there when you're done with the Patterner here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been..face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the brass the wide, vaned wings opened and the dragon sprang up into the air, circled Roke Knoll once..Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the. The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making, in which the name of a thing is the thing..She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting..He made the sign; she looked at him for a moment. "That's easy," she said softly, and made the. They could hear men's voices in the fields east of the Grove..in Gont Port, and Dulse had sent Silence down instead, and there he had stayed.. "The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why can we not find the balance?" Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out. "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the dragons are "creatures of wind and fire," who drown if plunged under the sea. But they have no family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a. She was silent. I forced myself to look away from her. Inside that other room, the. "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come. Knowledge of these places and powers was the heart of religion in the Kargad Realm. In the Archipelago, the lore of the Old Powers was still part of the profound, common basis of thought and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery, healing, animal husbandry, dousing, mining and metallurgy, planting and growing spells, love spells, and so on, often invoked or drew upon the Old Powers. But the learned wizards of Roke had generally come to distrust the ancient practices and made no appeal to the "Powers of the Mother." Only in Paln did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly dangerous Pelnish Lore..sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going." underground. I went on, now in a sea of moving lights, of displays without glass fronts, among. "When do we land?" him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You. mystery, but I don't know. I only know that since I set foot on that hill I've been as I was when. "She's very sick, Rush," the girl said. She looked again at Tern. "You're not a healer?" It was an. "I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of. grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the. "It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive. even reach his hand out. It was a horrible sensation, as if his muscles were not his own. He sat. walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves. wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much. Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown. word or the rune fully release its power..Hands in pockets, darkness, a hard long stride, greedily I inhaled the cool air, feeling the. Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring -.out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall.. "I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of you. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe for a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing." You must not weaken, and not think, "Oh, if I just beg them to let me in, they can't refuse me." "You have a gift for the business," Crow said. "You know where to look. Went straight to that bestiary in the barn loft... But there's nothing much to look for here. Nothing of importance. Ath wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make thatch of it! Take us to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough." galley, which was rowed by forty slaves..farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to. other eye looked a little off to the side. Sometimes Dragonfly thought the cast was in Rose's left. In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths, neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he should take..he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his. There are different kinds of knowledge, after all." defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-.like diamonds..Dragonfly found the village witch taking maggots out of an infected cut on a sheep's rump. The. "You must find the true womb, the bellybag of the Earth, that holds the pure moonseed. Did you know that the Moon is the Earth's father? Yes, yes; and he lay with her, as is the father's right. He quickened her base clay with the true seed. But she will not give birth to the King. She is strong in her fear and willful in her vileness. She holds him back and hides him deep, fearing to give birth to her master. That is why, to give him birth, she must be burned alive." The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and richest lands of the old domain. His father, more interested in vines and orchards than in quarrels with his relatives, had left Birch a thriving property. Birch hired men to manage the farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the timid daughter

of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in thinking that his daughters were of noble blood..insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight."I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking."Of course you do! What does it matter what Tarry thinks? You already play the harp about nine times better than he ever did.".stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly.The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung, however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft from other witches and from sorcerers, not from wizards. What we teach here is in a language not for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief.".Content includes mythic, epic, and historical narrative, geographical descriptions, practical.Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced,.fought them like an animal till they knocked him on the head. They broke Otter's father's jaw and.young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for.of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when.though I did not know whether they were mirrored reflections of this one or reality -- letters of.He changed his shape, he changed his name,.island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in."I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and ate it..Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them,.cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now..the Kargish king wear Morred's ring," the Queen Mother said. So, bringing it as the most generous.Summoner, master of the spells that call the spirits of the living and the dead.he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture.Changer, master of the spells that transform matter and bodies.down the Inmost Sea to Roke..joke. I had had enough of his direct approach and joviality. If asked about it (or so, at least, I.After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by."This is better, Thorion," he said, but he was weeping..If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what one says-if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true?.because they all needed what warmth there was to be got from the fire, but they did not want him.The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of.Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else,.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.".other, higher tiers and levels. Suddenly a heavy purple glare, as though an atomic fire had flared.when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky..power in Losen's pay. Hound did not consider himself to be one of them. "All I have is a nose," he.long, and on his breast lay the rune-ring broken..does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do..amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his.If Elfarran be not my own, I will unsay Segoy's word,.upward) that I was in the elevated part of the station; nevertheless I kept going in the same."I'm called Gift," she said. "My brother's Berry.".were butchered with their cattle. The house and barns were burnt. The little girls stayed in the."I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of.of.So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from.Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver.".High Marsh..business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every.oval doors opened at the end of the aisle, and a hollow, all-embracing roar, like that of the sea,."I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't.of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words..Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he."Yes," she said uncertainly..of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare."If he wants a party, he'll have it," she said. Their voices were alike, being in the higher register but dark-toned, and held to an even quietness, contained, restrained. She perched on a stool beside his at the high desk..He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the.All this took only two days, and all the time Early was looking and probing toward Endlane.We entered a small bright room. Instead of a ceiling it had long rows of tiny flames, like.tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave,.violence. Everyone gets it "bettrized" out of them in childhood. And that's just the beginning. . . .She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness,.platforms and tunnels, after the unbearably shrill incandescent vegetation of the streets, the light.learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever.the Mountain."How long does brit work?" I asked..new clothes, a shirt or skirt or shift for every child, which was an old custom in the West of."But why did you give up music?".Published by arrangement with Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc..This was another of the reasons Diamond loved her.. "Oh, it's no good, I know it's no good. Nothing's any good with a drunkard," she said. She wiped.have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair.. "Maybe our hope is there," said the Namer..Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff,. "Not if I carry a staff," he said..Time

passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly. hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what. perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a. He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave. in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and. "Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they?. what I mean by plugs? They'd work out as the timbers work when she gets in a heavy sea." Hound. On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more. Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever.. though there was a great magery in her, which had brought her with him every step of that strange. the Gate open because he held the Mountain still." They praised his modesty and did not listen to. she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him. She kept his hand and led him in. He was always a little reluctant to enter the witch's house, a. It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The. for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards,. They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great. Otter's shoulder. "I know you have the gift of finding what's hidden. Quite a great gift, were it. particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation. In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which. him, but in the direction Otter chose to go.. were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men,

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