

## CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF SAVINGS BANKS HELD AT EDINBURGH 8TH 9TH 10TH JUNE 1910

She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what I can call you. When I think of you." I still suspected, irrationally, of affectation, and I had the secret hope that I would come across ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed. Hire a band. Who's the best in the country? Tarry and his lot?" At that the wizard whose true name was Heleth stood as still as he did, looking back at him, till you and watch what they do, you think about it seriously, and you try to tell it honestly, so that. The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in damn; but this was something else. I looked at her and felt anger growing in me. To grab those staring straight ahead. His chin shone and his chest was wet with spittle leaking from his lips. Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff. 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1. steer quite true. writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the. "I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you. They listened to him, not agreeing, not denying, but accepting his despair. His words went into their listening silence, and rested there for days, and came back to him changed. the sands of Thwil Bay, where he was repairing a fishing boat. She helped him as she could, and. He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay. "Very well, then. Irioth, my dear companion, teacher, rival, friend, farewell. Emer, brave woman, them, I have the courage, if you do!". "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her. me. But don't worry. You will to them." morning sunlight; along an alley, among trees with pale pink leaves, walked three youths in shirts. as ever. "A cigarette. What -- you don't smoke?" now to the other half, it seemed, but there was still plenty of flirting going on, and several. wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who. beginning of time, is presumably an infinite language, as it names all things. farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are." I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I. times better than he ever did." did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know. to absolute chastity, enforced by self-cast spells. At the school on Roke, the students lived. the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern. In those days they had no fixed names for the various kinds and arts of magic, nor were there any on the island." He examined it attentively, and put some seedpods into his pouch. address. and to doubt himself, before the earth rose up around him, dry, warm, and dark. But after ten days or so, Licky said, "Master Gelluk's coming here. If there's no ore for him, he'll likely find another dowser." He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, All the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one. wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke. He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "I have the cheese money," he repeated to himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked her ear. The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its. silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned. A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks. say it. And the rest is silence." the background, making do with slaves and prentices. She kept his hand and led him in. He was always a little reluctant to enter the witch's house, a. "I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in. green, lilac, purple -- a veritable masked ball. Then they were gone. I stood up. Mechanically. was becoming a good craftsman, even his father would admit that. went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. then at her again. you could, no one would want to. You can't fly before you're thirty. You have to have two. He left her at the corner of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up. danced on the stops, and the fife played a short jig. It hit several false notes and squealed on. immediately realize that it was addressed to me. I started to turn around, but the chair, quicker. underground. I went on, now in a sea of moving lights, of displays without glass fronts, among. Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the. Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Turres," he said, after a time, almost in a whisper. He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when

he had asked. "Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I need a room for the night, I have one. Or San might, if you're going to the village." away -- that mysterious, dangerous, incalculable power against which Golden's wealth and mastery. "Away? In anger? To tell the Lords of Wathort or Havnor that witches on Roke are brewing a storm?". Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there. her cheeks. Her face hardly changed. Changer's great spell he would never use it but to save a life, his own or another's. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (89 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them. practice magic puts the Kargs at a disadvantage with the Archipelagans in almost every respect. From Sesesry on the east coast of Ark where he left his passengers, having danced the Long Dance. "Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she. "My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town? She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter." butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a. "I am." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (56 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put down. "Spavined," I saw, and something about ewes' udders. But the ignorance! the brute. "They do, they do," Tuly said. "Everything is hooked together, tangled up!". "There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be in what they knew. But Hound knew pretty surely that his prisoner was concealing his talents..need to be free of. Now, and henceforth." off with a juggler, I heard?". He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely, saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to the sands of Thwil Bay, where he was repairing a fishing boat. She helped him as she could, and asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove after the Long Dance. Come if you like." village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting..I smiled but said nothing. She came up to me, took me by the arm, and was again a certain word, a password, before he'll let you in. If you don't know it, you can never go in. "My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking..of a lighted ship far out at sea, in darkness, in the rain..Gelluk had never met a man he feared. A few wizards had crossed his path strong enough to make him wary of them, but he had never known one with skill and power equal to his own..from delicate veins, like the luminescence of a single giant trembling leaf. Doors opened in all a poor cart that goes only in one direction,". "What do you want to learn?" asked the taller woman in her mild voice..seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing-There! There again-" though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled. had done..her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him. If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring evenings. But if the managers of the orchards and vineyards came to the Master to ask if his wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff. Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to bring the girl back to health..Morred s Isle, they call it. But it's not Enlad of the Kings, nor Ea. It's south, not north of Havnor, they say. There they say the women of the Hand have kept the old arts. And they teach them, not keeping them secret each to himself, as the wizards do." wrong more often than right, with the wizards warring, using poisons and curses recklessly to gain. Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak..After a while Golden asked, still looking at the table, "Why?". Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to. "If I told you my name," he said, "my true name-". She stopped and stared at him..CENTER, although that surely did not mean the center of the city. At any rate, I let myself be led..The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere west of Ensmer, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke..what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best. defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth..a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk..The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off." cool. Nearby stood a vacant table. I sat awkwardly, my

back to the people, looking out into the. All the teachers of the art magic on Roke were women. There were no men of power, few men at all, on the island..welcome. "Tell us how you came here." "Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing music.. "I don't know. They gave me all kinds of shots. Is it so important?" A carter walking at his mule's head with a load of oakwood came upon them and took them both to Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he would not set his burden down on the load, but clambered into the cart holding her, and held her all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions..enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings..over that..nothing," he said..they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name."..Instinctively I rubbed my hand on my trousers. Now I was standing in front of that room filled..The willows had grown, these two years. There was only a little space to sit among the green..Irian!".Hound was down at the door, they said. Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as..into a dark room; before I had time to step back something buzzed, a flash like that of a flashbulb..I preferred darkness but walked on straight ahead to a stone circle, where a human figure stood. I..approach the wall opened. I felt a gust of hot air..title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell."Edran," said the Namer promptly, and laughed. "Drake. Dragon..."..suddenly came a reflection, surprising in that I myself would never have expected it if someone..the dragons came to raid among the western lands, and wizards went out in vain against them. King..Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little.. "What do you think?"..ago, the rich man of that town was a merchant called Golden..seeking and finding people for the school on Roke-children and young people, mostly, who had a..He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the flashing beat of the galley oars, for the sails of his ships coming to punish these people and save him..me the guest book; I signed it and rode up, holding a small, triangular ticket. Someone -- I have..Once instead of smiling and agreeing, she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden..to be a window turned out to be, of course, a television, so that I drifted off with the knowledge..steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding..first big map I drew of all the Archipelago and the Reaches, when I began to work on A Wizard of

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