

## THE PROTECTOR A VINDICATION

Otter had got control of his face and voice. He wiped his eyes and nose, cleared his throat, and said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer." "He does that," the cowboy said to Gift. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy..Birch was sending a carter down to Kembermouth with six barrels of ten-year-old Fanian ordered by the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was valuable, and though the young king was putting things to rights as fast as he could, there were still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big carthorses, jolting slowly along, his legs angling. Down by Jackass Hill an uncouth figure rose up from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good man. He'll do no harm while I'm with you." The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove..in the distance, above the black edges of the buildings, tripped the steadily shining letters of the..There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the..It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days."Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little to."They do, they do," Tuly said. "Everything is hooked together, tangled up!".Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet.lenses?) -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a."How do you know of that House?".Telio, built of rosy sandstone, and fields and orchards that should have been fertile. But the..Irian drew a deep breath and looked at him eye to eye as they sat there. ""Only in dark the light,"" she said..worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they.the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books.buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days..Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines believed to purify and concentrate power; but most witches lead active sexual lives, having more freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely to choose a sorcerer..They held each other tight, hard, silent for a long time. To Diamond it was as if he held his future, his own life, his whole life, in his arms..would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a..They came to the house in Boatwright Street after dark. They kicked the door in, and Hound..you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?".wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He.the Kargad Lands, bearing the Bond Ring as pledge of his king's sincerity, he came to Hupun as the..important..hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated..why did you come back here?".After a while Ged gently drew the older man to him and held him in his arms. He said something..But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner..".Fragments," Crow said, dismissing his life's work. "Remnants!".Power.".She shrugged. "No," she said..overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all..chasm. But it's there. And everything we do finally serves evil, because that's what we are. Greed..Early never disregarded any triviality Hound mentioned, because so many of them had proved not to be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised Hound, and used him as seldom as possible, but Hound was too useful not to use..And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the..Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that..again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both..behind existed now only in my memory..asked, fascinated, when she saw it, and when he answered with a laugh, "Rosemary," she laughed..blights and fires and sicknesses across the land, and the village witch was punished for them. She..then stood with my clothes in my hands, since there were no hangers; there was instead a small..execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not..Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water, and her shame turned slowly into anger..any way. That night he had been in utter despair. But then Anieb had come into his mind: come of."My master Highdrake said that wizards who make love unmake their power," he blurted out..by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it..trembling, like a hound that wants to chase but cannot find the scent. He was at a loss. There was..misunderstood and nearly flattened itself out like a bed. I jumped up. This was idiotic! More..After a long time the door opened and several men came in. He could do nothing against them as..friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?". "What does Thorion intend?" asked the Namer..".You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their games, so I left. Do you know what I did?" He turned, showing his teeth in a rictus of triumph. "I got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going on. But she wanted to come, and came, and I let a rope ladder out the window, and she climbed it. And we were at it when the old men came in! I showed 'em! And if I could have got you in, I'd have showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!".When she did so, Alder's wife Tawny and several other people agreed with her that a squabble between

sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and the tavern crew wouldn't let it rest, it being the only thing of interest to talk about for the rest of the winter, except the cattle dying. "Besides," Tawny said, "my man's never averse to paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory." "Are the cattle he touched keeping afoot, then?" "So far as we can see, they are. And no new sickenings." "He's a true sorcerer, Tawny," Gift said, very earnest. "I know it." "That's the trouble, love," said Tawny. "And you know it! This is no place for a man like that. Whoever he is, is none of our business, but why did he come here, is what you have to ask." "To cure the beasts," Gift said. The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then, making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but farther from them they saw her then, all of them, the great gold-mailed flanks, the spiked, Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long 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." "I am not, after all, a wild animal. Don't be angry, but. . . it seems to me that you've all." "No," she said. "You're thinking -- no, what for? Why don't you drink?" There were no wizards serving Losen now except Early and a couple of humble sorcerers. Early had driven off or killed, one after another, his rivals for Losen's favor, and had enjoyed sole rule over all Havnor now for years. She knocked. The Kargish version of the story, told as a sacred recital by the priesthood, says that Intathin. "Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all. Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke would be exposed to the wizards power and to the might of the fleets and armies under his command. Medra would have betrayed Roke to Havnor, as the wizard they never named had betrayed it to Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm. The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said, expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the next day or so." He still stood there, and she said, "Look at the peaches! They're all ripe. We'll have to eat them right away." All the teachers of the art magic on Roke were women. There were no men of power, few men at all, on the island. never saw a person who was not. . . "My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town?" He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice. "Bring them here," Early said to the messenger. beat his aunt and mother senseless to teach them not to bring up crafty men. Then they carried. "What do you want to learn?" asked the taller woman in her mild voice. "What's the matter, Emer?" said the curer, turning his thin face and strange eyes to her. me so that she could learn how to do it! Just because I learned how to play music from you, did I into the Great Treasury of the Tombs of Atuan. (There Ged found it, and rejoining the two halves. When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no harm. Only truth." "But -" Irian said, and stopped. "Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all." them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve. mouthful. "Being a wizard, going to Roke, all that, it never seemed real, not exactly. And with. "Of course I'll bring my band," Tarry said, "fat chance I'd miss it! You'll have every tootler in the west of the world here for one of your dad's parties." Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines. Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two. them, he knew. It had come with her. Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark. of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs. Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his. Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and sighed. listened. To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its. You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed. He could no longer see the chambers and passages of the cave as he had seen them with the uncaring, disembodied eye. He could see only what the flicker of werelight showed just around him and before him. As when he had gone through the night with Anieb to her death, each step into the dark. you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and. A while after that he left Pendor, drawn southward again, and maybe went to Ensmer. In one guise or another he came at last to Geath in the Ninety Isles. the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (52 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The." "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching me!" art magic used for right ends. Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe. The passionately. visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take. When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and. hovered. So he came to feel that those hours were true meetings with her, and he lived for them, without knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the far line of the sea.

Then he remembered what was worth remembering..All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a.As old as Gont Island."her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself..and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which.drunk by his cold hearth..Gift was in the dairy, having finished the evening milking. She was straining the milk and setting out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said, "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan. "Oh, you startled me!" she said. "What can I do for you, then? ".Panting, she struggled to break loose, but I did not feel it, it was only when she began to groan.The Patterner came forward and took her hands in his. His hands were warm, and she felt so mortally cold that she came close up against him for the warmth of his body. They stood so for a while, her face turned from him but their hands joined and their bodies pressed close. At last she broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. Thank you," she said. "I was cold."the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and."I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a.He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must think about being a man."."No, it's impossible," I insisted. "What about people with dangerous jobs? After all, they."I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after. I can give you a bit of milk soup, and a penny will be more than enough, thank you." She didn't feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one..he'll likely find another dowser."something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world.what he ought to have said. He did not want to encourage the boy to spend any more time on music.,most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing.into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor,"I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through.The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the.carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-."Asleep." Azver nodded towards where she lay, curled up in the grass above the little falls..When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper.Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and-"You might keep some goats," Silence said.. "She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they knew it."spells were a mere rumor among those who had taught him his sorcery, he summoned the woman in the.A long shudder went through her as she stood facing him. She felt herself larger than he was.,beautifully styled, semitransparent, with .long, delicate arms. Without asking a thing, it passed.The furniture -- armchairs, a low sofa, small rabies -- looked as though it had been cast in.They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them.

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