

# HEN EINZELHANDEL WIE VIEL WAHRHEIT STEHT HINTER DEM SLOGAN FAIRTRADE

It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not. Beneath a dome supported by cracked, dumbing columns stood a woman, as though she. ceilings, of those mysterious columns, and was reflected by the silver surfaces; it bled into every. the word to say to him. "The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others. "He knows that, sister," Mead told her. "Didn't he tell us he was a ship carpenter? But it's a terrible long way down to the sea, surely. With this wizard on your scent, how are you to go there?" .mystery, but I don't know. I only know that since I set foot on that hill I've been as I was when. They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal. "Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said, .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (105 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "And if. . ." .one day you'll have to open your mouth. "I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry. .Queen, while Rose sat with them, and Little Tuly sat on Tuly's knee. And if not a happy ending, .earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he. Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising. "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a. The Hearst Corporation. inside. . ." .Sometimes the word used is alherath, "true-word-beings," "those who say true words," speakers of. The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to. Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint. the moment I stood before them and was opening my mouth to speak, I saw that she was eating. the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had. "If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top. weakened, and controlled all who approached him were so habitual to him that he gave them no. among the women who practiced magic. .what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse. "Why don't you sit down?" .salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing. "No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the. angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own?- But. The winter passed by, and the cold early spring, and with the warm late spring came a letter from his mother, brought by a carter. Diamond read it and took it to Master Hemlock, saying, "My mother wonders if I might spend a month at home this summer." .language. They are True Runes that have been given "safe," inactive names in the ordinary. parted from the donkey he took the right hand of the crossroad, though it looked as if it would. When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no. "If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous. To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed. Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, .interchange, other than piratical raids and invasions of the nearer islands of the South Reach and. more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, .New York, New York 10019. They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the summers. .Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by professional singers. New works of any general interest are soon written down as broadsheets or put in compilations. .reason to frighten them. They were not men. "A raft for you, sir?" came a courteous voice behind me. I turned around; no one, only a. "- do not wish Thorion to be Archmage. Also the Master Herbal, though he digs and says little. "He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He. sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name, .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (110 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance. .and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language meaningful (and. possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a. all connected with the Old Powers. As if those Powers were to be controlled or used by any mortal. She nodded, with an anxious face. .come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was an old. or bar not set off from the street. A few people were sitting there. I wanted to go inside and ask. "What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer. The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine. " "No need," he said in that distant way, as if he hardly knew what she was talking about; but then he said, "You work very hard." .so much before. Could they be flying columns? People were hurrying toward it from all. There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane. Then Dragonfly came back to herself and called to Ivory and ran down the hill to meet him. "I will go," she said. .years he came forth and announced, in the words of the poem, .will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that

Losen stared at him in a kind of horror, stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of smoke spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the. Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to. "Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And you know my name." wondered if he had always talked to himself, if he had talked all the time when Silence lived with in Ember's hair. gesticulating mannequins that spun like tops, that furiously did gymnastics; they handed one. He looked at the man he knew only as Otter. "Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a. The conversation had trailed off somehow. It seemed to me that the girl was beginning to. lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the. Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap. pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter. from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then. "In Havnor, years ago, I was in servitude. Those who freed me told me about a place where there. visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (19 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (47 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth the digging and the roasting?" "Third time's the charm." She retreated to the wall. not natural. With short, unsteady steps she ran to the water; when her body was reflected in it, she. reality is entirely up to us, dependent on our energy and honesty. If we let it drop from memory, had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books. all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies. returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be. grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from. and was dumbstruck. Above the amphitheater-like sunken dial of the stop rose a multistory. Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and. "Written on?" said Crow, who had been sitting on the well coping, bored. "Marks on it?" "What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still. still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be there was enough, was all. "Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands, and inkpots and writings, two or three boys seated at the table, and the grey-haired, stocky man. little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the. know how to teach her. There are no teachers left on the mountain. King Losen's wizards destroy. away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake. At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves, he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great craft and power, even if that wizard was mad. If he had any hope it was to play on his madness, and lead the wizard to defeat himself.

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