

1: Chapter 5 - Xenoblade Chronicles 2 Wiki Guide - IGN

You are the light that is blinding me, you're the anchor that I tied to my brain, 'cause when it feels like I'm lost at sea, you're the song I sing again and again. It's been a long time since Rachel could choose whether or not to be alone. On the ship, she had about ten squa.

Page Share Suggested Citation: The National Academies Press. Development of these tests, specifications, and guidelines was founded on the results of a program of experiments to determine, predict, and verify the sustained load performance of these systems in their different applications and environments. Conclusions Anchor Testing The results from the unconfined short-term tests suggests that the 0. Tests on the three high bond strength adhesives in this research project produced factors from 0. Sustained Load Sensitivity A stress versus time-to-failure approach was used to evaluate the sustained load performance of three adhesive anchor systems in concrete. SvTTF relationships were developed for the baseline control and for multiple parameters. An aST-baseline relationship was developed for each parameter, which assumed that the reduction in strength at any point in time was the same as the reduction in strength experienced in short-term testing. An influence ratio was determined to evaluate sensitivity to sustained loading. The reduced expected failure stress level for short-duration loads appears to result from a dual requirement placed on the polymer. The magnitude of the load causes the polymer to undergo plastic deformation as it redistributes the load down the anchor, and the sustained nature of the load causes the polymers to migrate within the adhesive. These two actions occurring simultaneously reduce the capacity. Displacements at failure from sustained load tests were 1. The current ACI If an SvTTF approach is adopted, sufficient testing should be required to minimize the influence of test scatter of time to failure for given stress levels. There was no good relationship for Adhesive A, which is probably due to a large amount of fillers in the product as determined in the thermogravimetric analysis. Suggested Research The following topics are suggested for further research. This is due to the difference in loading of adhesive anchors and dogbone specimens. The adhesive anchors are confined specimens in a hole loaded under shear. The dogbones are unconfined specimens loaded in pure tension. This is possibly also due to the poor adhesion of Adhesive A. Dogbone specimens do not have this additional frictional resistance. In summary, dogbone tensile specimens are poor predictors of long-term and short-term performance, and are not recommended for qualification testing for adhesives for anchors. Early-Age Evaluation The effect of early-age concrete on the short-term bond strength for the three adhesives was investigated. It was shown that for the three adhesives tested the bond strength did not increase significantly after 14 days Adhesive A and 7 days Adhesives B and C. It is believed that the high level of internal moisture existent in early-age concrete was the leading contributor to lower bond strengths in the earlier-age concrete tests. Suggestions Anchor Testing The alpha-setup factor for the relationship between unconfined to confined bond strength in ACI

2: The Anchor Chapter 5, a last ship fanfic | FanFiction

Approach the position to drop the anchor, preferably from down wind and stop the ship. Then touch the ship and the green anchor symbols are shown together with the boat cleats. Swipe from the ship to the anchor symbol to drop the anchor.

December 4, - 11 months 15 days ago This section contains the walkthrough for Chapter 5 of Xenoblade Chronicles 2, Masters and Slaves. The Chapter begins aboard an airship bound for the Praeatorium. Talk to your party, then to Fan La Norne. Once you talk to her, your party will rest, and a cutscene will begin. Follow the path straight ahead until you find a snowy-looking path that extends into the sky. Follow it until you reach a dead-end, then turn right. Follow the path up until you reach Baldotas Isle. Run straight through to the upper-right of the island to find another path. Follow it until it dead-ends, then turn right to find a chest. Collect the items from the chest, then turn around and follow the path until you reach Daram Isle. Enemies in this are tough and are in the sky as well as land. Make good use of your lure to prevent getting swamped by a huge number of enemies at once. Follow the path until you reach Orl Cloudway: Make your way forward killing any enemies you counter along your way. Once the cutscene is over, continue forward. Before you go in, turn right then follow the path to find a large pink structure. This is the Titan Reflex Center. Interact with it to cause the door to open. Go back the way you came, then ignore the enemy and run ahead. Keep going straight until you reach Orl Cloudway: Follow the winding path ahead of you down into Onsel Hatchery. When you get there, head toward the large tree on your right to find a Heart-to-Heart. Turn left to find a path down. Follow the path and continue forward to trigger a cutscene. After the scene plays go up the stairs in front of you to reach Fonsett Arch. After the scene plays, Rex and Pyra will be alone in the party. Take the opportunity to explore Fonsett Village. Go inside to trigger another cutscene, after which your party members will have returned. Your next objective is to reach Ysheva Harbor. To get there, go straight ahead, back through Fonsett Arch. Go left and down the stairs, then take a left at the first fork in the road. Take that path to reach nameof location. Beware of the unique monster on this path, Skyfist Remington. Proceed forward toward the back of town to start a cutscene. With a few tips you can take him out easily. He now uses a lightning beam that can deal tremendous damage. Make sure to try to stay behind him as much as possible and avoid having Rex pull aggro. Stick to the basics and keep your party alive to come out victorious. The marketplace is to the right if you want to check that out, but our objective is up the long stairway directly in front of you. Go up the stairs until you trigger another cutscene. After the scene concludes, keep going up the stairs until another scene begins. Head across the plaza and through the large door on the other side to reach the Indoline Sanctum. Go inside and continue forward until you reach Great Creation Cloiser, then turn left to find your way to your rooms. Talk to Armalia and choose to rest to trigger another cutscene. Jump over the railing in front of you, then turn left and make your way to the large doorway. Go through it to trigger - you guessed it- another cutscene. Go back the way you came. Talk to Armalia again, then rest to trigger a cutscene. Go the same way you did before, jumping over the railing and proceeding to your left then up the large staircase to trigger another cutscene. Once the scene ends, go back down the stairs, then turn right to approach a door guarded by two soldiers to trigger yet another cutscene. After the scene, Morag will rejoin your party. Skip travel back to Goetuis Wharf 1, then run forward to trigger another cutscene. Zeke will join your party. After he does, talk to Timur, the Ardainian soldier on your lleft, to set sail for Temperantia. Youll land on Battlescar cove, with only one way forward. Follow the path forward until you trigger another cutscene. Once you get there another cutscene will play. Use a level three combo to attach an element to the cables, then sever them with a Chain Attack. Jin makes frequent use of launch and has no weaknesses. Follow the same strategy you employed against Jin, but make sure to keep your distance and keep your tank alive and you should be fine. Read on for info on Chapter 6!

3: Gulliver's Travels by Jonathan Swift: Chapter 5

Becoming an Anchor. Rated: Fiction M - English - Romance/Sci-Fi Chapter 5. Rage. All consuming rage. I can tear this ship apart with a blink of an eye!" He.

January 6, - 4 years 10 months ago Exit Theatre Mode Focus on the model ship in front of the window. Moving the cannons on the deck of the ship to their proper locations will show a keyhole. By focusing on the fore-mast, rotate the carousel parts until the image of the rope is lined up. The object will open up, allowing you to remove the small gold key. Drag and drop the key into the keyhole next to the cannons, and the ship will open up. Take the new key, and slide the red half-jewel from left to right. The game will now direct your attention to a treasure chest. For now, focus on the post behind it. Return attention to the treasure chest, and examine the right handle. Lift the handle to find a gold cylinder. You can also read the passage from the book on the ground. Slide the sides of the decoration away so the keyhole is in view. There are three circular pieces with notches on them. Examine the strange shaped key in your inventory and rotate the circular pieces until the appropriate keyhole is formed. Drag and drop the key over the keyhole to unlock the chest. With the chest now open, look at the colored square on the lid. Examine the colored square in the lower right of the chest again with your eyepiece. Simply slide the two triangles into the corners of the square, unlocking another portion of the chest. Now take a look at the square to the left. In the upper right, slide the golden piece from right to left. This will allow you to equip your eyepiece and study the square directly below it. Slide the bottom two yellow pieces out, rotate the ornament, and slide the top two pieces in. Everything seems to be unlocked, but we need to open this layer of the chest. Viewing the strange cylinder in your inventory, pull the silver handles out. The cylinder will now turn into a crank. Drag and drop the crank into the center of the chest, and rotate it clockwise to reveal the next layer of the chest. Pay close attention to the route that is mentioned in the note. Tap the ship marker, then tap the following squares: Press the button to move the ship. New directions will appear. Before moving the ship, slide the triangular pieces below the note to match the outline of a keyhole. Once everything is lined up, use the last key in your inventory to unlock a path for the ship to take. Now highlight the following squares: Again, press the button to move the ship. A final set of instructions appear. Equip your eyepiece to reveal a ship on the water. You have to match the top half of the compass to the bottom by turning the ship. Press the button and the ship will move. Place the figurehead into your inventory and return to the model ship. The rudder will now move, revealing a silver dial. Additionally, at the base of the ship, a latch will drop, showing you four letters. Spell "ROSE" with the letters at the base of the ship, and grab the gem. Place it next to the other half gem, and slide from right to left to lock it in place. A new table emerges. Grab the golden weight on the new table. Put the weight on the scale, and unlock the chest by sliding the gray square from left to right. Obtain the disc and place it into the circular slot on the back of the chest, rotating it to drop the smaller piece into the disc. After grabbing the new weight, drop it onto the appropriate section of the scale. Simply match the shape of the weight to the shape outlined on the scale. The chest will now reveal a new disc slot. Grab the disc on the underside of the lid - the one that gave you the second weight. Place the disc in the new slot, and rotate it so that every smaller gray object fits in the disc. A new disc slot will appear. There are golden pieces that prevent it from opening all the way, however. Around the rim of the opening that housed the weight you just got are gold pieces that, when rotated, will rotate the pieces around the drawer, unlocking it. Place the disc into the new slot. Slide the piece on the east into the disc. Now rotate the disc so the longest empty slot is pointing down. Slide the piece to the south into the disc. Rotate the disc to fit the northern piece with the pointed end into the piece from the bottom. Examine the weight in your inventory, and lift up the doors on all sides. The container for your new weight will now reveal a new disc. Put it in your inventory. Slide the small piece with the angled end all the way through the disc, then rotate it and put it back into the wooden housing. Once the smaller piece is in its proper place, you can use the two other pieces to complete the disc. A final weight appears. Examine the last weight in your inventory, and remove the cylindrical piece from the top. Place the large hexagonal weight into the appropriate slot on the scale, and follow up with the smaller cylinder. On the other end of the table, a new chest appears.

CHAPTER 5. THE SHIP AT ANCHOR pdf

Slide both pieces down, and a door opens up, giving you a small flathead screwdriver. For now, focus attention back on the model ship. Place the anchor on the small handle, and the front of the ship below the masthead will open up. Take the metal star that was inside, return to the chest that gave you the screwdriver, and place the metal star on the front area. Rotate it so the larger point is north, and the chest will open up. On the bottom left edge, slide the golden square from right to left. The camera will show you a new compartment that has swiveled out from the base of the chest. Take the winding key, and return to look at the clock. On the opposite end of the chest from the golden square is a small dial. Rotate the dial, and the clock will pop out and rotate itself. On the left side, slide the mechanism from left to right to unlock the lid. You should now be staring at some gears. Use the screwdriver to get access to the wire housing. Drag and drop the wire into the housing, and place the winding key on the gears. Zoom out just enough to examine the sides of the chest. Slide the knob from left to right directly above it, and the gear will join the others, moving them all until the time 2: Make the hands of the clock say 2: Press them at the appropriate time so the key can be taken. Use the key on the lid of the chest, turn the key, and a new puzzle appears. Examine this puzzle with your eyepiece. A picture is divided up into four wheels, rotate them until you see a ship, and take the final metal piece. Place it on the center of the table to complete the pyramid, rotate the case to form the symbol, then rotate the camera to form the same symbol again with the red matter.

Look Alike Chapter Five: Anchor. DereDere "So who wants to go first?" Mika asked. And I hear the ship is coming in. Your tears a sea for me to swim.

WATERMAN, the first commander of the Sea Witch, had been known for some years among the shipping community of New York as an exceptionally skilful seaman and navigator, but he first began to attract public attention about by some remarkably fast voyages in the ship Natchez. Captain Waterman was born in the city of New York, March 4, , and at the age of twelve shipped on board of a vessel bound for China. After working through the grades of ordinary and able seaman, and third, second, and chief mate on board of various vessels, he sailed for a number of voyages as mate with Captain Charles H. At that time he was counted one of the smartest mates sailing out of New York, and was noted for keeping the Britannia in fine shape, as well as for his ability in maintaining proper order and discipline among the steerage passengers and crew, who were always a source of anxiety and trouble to packetship captains. When his vessel was bound to the westward in , one of the sailors fell overboard from aloft during a heavy gale, and Mr. The cabin passengers of the Britannia presented him with a substantial testimonial in appreciation of his humane and gallant conduct. At this time he was twenty-three years old. Two years later he was promoted to captain, and in this capacity he made five voyages round the globe. In he took command of the Natchez. This ship, as we have seen in Chapter III. Captain Waterman took her around Cape Horn to the west coast of South America, thence across the Pacific to Canton, where he loaded a cargo of tea for New York, and made the passage home in 94 days and the voyage round the globe in 9 months and 26 days. In Captain Waterman sailed again in the Natchez from New York for Valparaiso and made the passage in 71 days, thence to Callao in 8 days, and to Hong-kong in 54 days. She again loaded tea for New York and sailed from Canton January 15, , passed Java Head on the 26th, and 39 days out was off the Cape of Good Hope, crossed the equator 61 days out, arriving in New York April 3d, 78 days from Canton, a total distance of 13, miles. Her run from the equator to New York in 17 days, and indeed, this whole passage, was most remarkable, as the Natchez during her packet days had established the reputation of being an uncommonly slow ship. Captain Waterman received a grand ovation in New York upon this record passage from China, and it was suggested that he had brought the old hooker home by some route unknown to other navigators. A series of voyages such as these, by a ship of the type and character of the Natchez, would probably have established the reputation of any one commanding her, and when we consider that "Bob" Waterman, for so he was known, was at this time a young captain of an unusually attractive personality, it is not difficult to understand the pride and admiration with which he was regarded by his friends, of whom he had many, both in New York and in the various foreign ports to which he had sailed. Waterman was present as a bride when the ship was launched. During the three years that he had commanded the Sea Witch, she had made a large amount of money for her owners, and Captain Waterman had added to his reputation,â€”so much so, indeed, that certain good people began to say unpleasant things of him. It was alleged that Captain Waterman carried sail too hard, that he exceeded the bounds of prudence in this respect, and kept padlocks on the topsail sheets and packings on the topsail halliards fore and aft; also that he maintained a standard of discipline far more severe than was necessary. It is probable that Captain Waterman did carry sail rather hardâ€”most American captains who wanted to get anywhere in those days usually didâ€”and as to the padlocks and packings, more than one captain used these precautions to prevent villainous or cowardly sailors from letting go sheets and halliards by the run, when according to their ideas the ship had too much canvas on her. The fact, however, remains that in the eighteen years during which Captain Waterman commanded various ships, he never lost a spar or carried away rigging of any importance, and never called on underwriters for one dollar of loss or damage. The record shows that six of the men before the mast sailed with him upon all his voyages in the Natchez and the Sea Witch, a rare occurrence at that period, or at any other time of which we have Knowledge, and creditable alike to the sailors, the ships, and their commander. The truth is that Captain Waterman was a humane, conscientious, high-minded man, who never spared himself nor any one else when a duty was to be performed. There are, and always have been, lazy,

incompetent, mutinous sailors, a type of men that Captain Waterman detested. They found no comfort in sailing with him, and were glad when the voyage was ended, so that they might scramble ashore and relate their woes to the sympathetic legal "gents" who were usually to be found hanging about Pier 9, East River, when the Sea Witch was reported coming up the bay. We shall hear more of Captain Waterman and his crew on board of the Challenge in a later chapter. The celebrated clipper-ship captain, Nathaniel Brown Palmer, the first commander of the Paul Jones, Houqua, Samuel Russell, and Oriental, was born in the pretty town of Stonington, on Long Island Sound in , and came from distinguished colonial ancestry. At the age of fourteen or just as the War of was fairly under way, Nathaniel shipped on board of a coasting vessel which ran to ports between Maine and New York, and continued in this service until he was eighteen, when he was appointed second mate of the brig Hersilia, bound down somewhere about Cape Horn on a sealing voyage. These sealing expeditions were also at that period more or less voyages of discovery. For years there had been rumors of a mythical island called Auroras, embellished with romance and mystery by the whalers of Nantucket, New Bedford, and New London, and described as lying away to the eastward of the Horn, concerning which no fore-castle yarn was too extravagant for belief. Whaling captains by the score had spent days and weeks in unprofitable search for it. On this voyage Captain J. Sheffield, of the Hersilia, landed at one of the Falkland Islands, where he left his second mate and one sailor to kill bullocks for provisions, and then sailed away in search of the fabled island. Young Nat Palmer proceeded to capture and slay bullocks, and when, after a few days, a ship hove in sight, he piloted her into a safe anchorage, and supplied her with fresh meat. This vessel proved to be the Espirito Santo, from Buenos Ayres, and the captain informed Nat that he was bound to a place where there were thousands of seals, and where a cargo could be secured with little effort, but he declined to disclose its position. The mind of the young sailor naturally turned to the magic isle of Auroras, where, according to the saga preserved beside the camp-fires of corner grocery stores in New England whaling towns, silver, gold, and precious gems lay scattered along the beach in glittering profusion, the treasure of some huge galleon, wrecked and broken up centuries ago, when Spain was powerful upon the sea. There must have been something about the whale fishery highly inspiring to the imagination, though to see one of the greasy old Nantucket or New Bedford blubber hunters wallowing about in the South Pacific, one would hardly have suspected it, yet among the spinners of good, tough tarry sea yarns, some of the authors of narratives relating to the pursuit and capture of the whale are easily entitled to wear champion belts as masters of pure fiction. Whaling is one of the least hazardous, the most commonplace, and, taken altogether about the laziest occupation that human beings have ever been engaged in upon the sea. Sailors aboard the clippers fifty years ago used to refer to whale ships as "butcher shops adrift," and on account of the slovenly condition of their hulls, spars, sails, and rigging, a "spouter" was generally regarded among seamen as one of the biggest jokes afloat. As a matter of fact the whale is about as stupid and inoffensive a creature as exists, and when occasionally he does some harm—smashing up a boat, for instance—it is usually in a flurry of fright, with no malice or intent to kill. If a whale possessed the instinct of self-defence he could never be captured with a harpoon, but he has evidently been created as he is for the benefit of mankind, and incidentally as a temptation to scribes, from the days of the indigestible Jonah even to the piscatory romancers of our own times. Well, the captain of the Espirito Santo, after filling his water-casks, laying in a stock of provisions, and giving his crew a run ashore sheeted home his topsails, hove up anchor, and departed. Young Nat took such a lively interest in the welfare of this craft that he carefully watched her progress until the last shred of her canvas faded upon the horizon. He judged by the sun, for he had no compass, that her course was about south. Three days after the departure of the Espirito Santo, the Hersilia appeared. The officers and crew of the Espirito Santo greeted them with surprise, while their admiration took the substantial form of assisting to load the Hersilia with ten thousand of the finest sealskins, with which she returned to Stonington. Upon this voyage, after calling at the Falkland Islands for water and provisions, they again steered for the South Shetlands, and the Hersilia and Hero returned to Stonington with full cargoes of sealskins. By this time, however, the seals had been nearly exterminated, and Captain Palmer sailed farther south in search of new sealing-grounds, until he sighted land not laid down on any chart. He cruised along the coast for some days and satisfied himself that it was not an island, and after anchoring in several bays without finding any seals, although the high cliffs and rocks were

covered by multitudes of penguin, he steered away to the northward with light winds and fog. One night the Hero lay becalmed in a dense fog, the cold, penetrating mist drenching her sails and dripping from the main boom along her narrow deck. At midnight Captain Palmer relieved his mate and took the deck for the middle watch. When the man at the helm struck one bell, the captain was somewhat startled to hear the sound repeated twice at short intervals, for he knew, or thought he knew, that the only living things within many leagues were whales, albatross, penguin, and the like, nor did he recall ever hearing that these harmless creatures carried bells with them. The men of the watch on deck were really alarmed, for in those days superstition had not by any means departed from the ocean. The crew had heard of the fierce Kraken of northern seas, and suddenly remembered all about the doomed and unforgiven Vanderdecken, to say nothing of mythical local celebrities, renowned in all the barrooms of coast towns between Cornfield Point and Siasconset Head, nor were their fears assuaged when at two bells the same thing happened again, and so on through the watch. At seven bells the mate reported that the fog had cleared a little and a light breeze was springing up, and by the time Captain Palmer got on deck two large men-of-war were in sight not more than a mile distant—a frigate on the port bow and a sloop of war on the starboard quarter, both showing Russian colors. Soon the United States ensign was run up at the main peak of the Hero and floated gaily in the morning breeze. The three vessels were now hove to, and a twelve-oared launch was seen approaching from the frigate, her crew and officer in the stern sheets in uniform. As she swept round the stern of the Hero the crew tossed oars and the coxswain shot her alongside. She really looked almost as large as the little sloop; at all events the Russian officer stepped from her gunwale to the deck of the Hero. The officer spoke English fluently, and presented the compliments of Commander Bellingshausen, who invited the captain of the American sloop to come on board his ship. Captain Palmer was all his life a man of purpose rather than of ceremony, though by no means deficient in dignity and self-respect. The scene was impressive; the venerable, white-haired commander surrounded by his officers in uniform, and the stalwart young American captain standing, with respectful dignity, his rough weather-worn sea-dress contrasting with his fresh, intelligent, handsome face. Commander Bellingshausen smiled pleasantly, and taking his guest by the hand, said kindly, "You are welcome, young man; be seated. These were sent for on board the Hero while an elaborate luncheon was being served, and were afterwards carefully examined. It may be mentioned that upon all charts this portion of the Antarctic Continent is laid down as "Palmer Land," also that some twenty years elapsed before it was rediscovered by the British explorer, Sir James Ross, in command of the famous Erebus and Terror expedition. Captain Palmer then took the brig Francis on several voyages to Europe, and in was in command of the brig Anawan, exploring new sealing-grounds among the islands about Cape Horn. In and the years following, as we have seen, he commanded the clippers Paul Jones, Houqua, Samuel Russell, and Oriental, and in retired from the sea. At this time he was well known, not only among his neighbors and friends at Stonington, but in the great seaports of Europe and China as "Captain Nat," and many of those who talked about what he had said and what he had done were apparently unaware that he possessed any other name. It is pleasant to reflect that the neighboring seaport of Bristol has perpetuated the title in one who is respected and beloved, not more for his genius than for his modesty and reserve. When some of his friends rallied him, asking whether he considered this giving up the sea. He had much knowledge of the design and construction of ships, and many of his suggestions were embodied in the Houqua, Samuel Russell, Oriental, and other ships subsequently owned by the Lows. He was also a fine all-round sportsman, being a skilful yachtsman, excellent shot, and truthful fisherman. Altogether, he owned some fifteen yachts, and he was one of the earliest members of the New York Yacht Club, joining on June 7, The beautiful schooner Juliet, of seventy tons, designed by himself, was the last yacht owned by him. On board of her he sailed, summer after summer, upon the pleasant waters of the New England coast that he had known from boyhood and loved so well. Captain Palmer stood fully six feet, and was a man of great physical strength and endurance. He was an active member of the Currituck Club, and at the age of seventy-six, on his annual cruise to the Thimble Islands for duck shooting, few of the party of much younger men held so steady a gun, or could endure the fatigue and exposure for which he seemed to care nothing. Though rugged in appearance, his roughness was all on the outside; his heart was filled with kindness and sympathy for the joys and sorrows of others. Captain Alexander

Palmer, a seaman only less famous than himself, once said: In he accompanied his nephew, Nathaniel B. At Hong-kong, Captain Palmer received an ovation, for, while few of his old friends there were still alive, those who were left had good memories. This was a terrible blow to Captain Palmer, from which he never recovered. On arriving at San Francisco he was confined to his bed, and although he received every care, he died there on June 21, , in his seventy-eighth year. At the close of a glorious summer day, the remains of the devoted uncle and nephew were laid at rest in the churchyard at Stonington, by the hands of those who had known and loved them well. Captain Palmer was a fine type of the American merchant seaman of that period, and I have thought it worth while to trace the leading events of his life, because he always seemed to me to be the father of American clipper-ship captains. Probably no one ever brought up so many young men who afterward became successful shipmasters, while his character and example were an inspiration to many who never sailed with him. Palmer, and the famous schooner-yacht Palmer, owned for many years by Rutherford Stuyvesant, was also named for him. Few men in private life have had part of a continent, a clipper ship, and yacht named for them.

5: [OC] Anchors of War - Chapter 5 : HFY

When Marie Reed's boyfriend, Derek Hale, left town, she waited patiently for his return like she promised. With her son by her side, they both were waiting on the day when they'd finally see his face again.

Just thinking about the kiss again made his heart race and his blood circulate up to his face, and made a loopy, woozy smile form on his face. Sure, his expression might cause him to become the target of ridicule by children and insensitive animals everywhere, as well as give reason for Twilight to try and drag him off to the veterinarian in concern that he might have contracted some sort of facial parasite, but what did it matter? He was happier than he had ever been, and no jerky petting zoo or an overreacting Twilight was going to spoil that for him. He now had a sizable pile of sparkling gems, a new favorite memory of all time, and even a newly acquired prize in the form of the awesome gemstone-trimmed bowtie made just for him. His hoard was looking to be building up nicely. Spike smiled and looked at the sparkling bowtie held delicately in his claws in an attempt to drive that thought home. When he did, however, his vision suddenly blurred and everything became foggy, as though he was somehow thrust into a dream. What he saw in the blurry after-images of the bowtie was a mountain of gems, stacked from the basement to the very tip of the library, with the fire ruby he gave to Rarity as the cherry on top, as well as Rarity herself, who licked her lips and beckoned him with a sultry gaze, a teasing swish of her tail, before blowing him a kiss. It started as a prickling sensation, like the after-sensations from eating large spoonful of lemon mint flavored ice cream. Eventually it became a hazy torrent of deafening noises, something akin to the buzzing from hundreds of swarming insects, and all thoughts were quickly drowned out. The dragon felt his heart start to pound. The image of the imaginary hoard was somehow becoming more and more vivid, and a voice, something gravelly, so strange yet familiar at the same time, pierced through the buzzing to whisper at him. Spike began to feel something pulsing in his body. His muscles started to contract, his heart thumping stronger than ever. One moment he was on the bed, in the next he found himself pushing open the window, leathery wings unfurled and ready for takeoff. And he instinctually knew there was only one possible intended destination for his seemingly subconscious actions: With a yelp, Spike scampered away from the open window, nearly tripping over himself and flailed back onto the bed. He stared at the high ceiling of the library for long moments, waiting for his thundering heartbeat and breathing to come under control as the ambient silence once again registered. He looked at his open claws. What the heck was I getting ready to do? It was a rhetorical question, of course. He knew what he was about to do, and it involved breaking and entering, vandalism, abduction, and probably ungentlecoltly advances. All under the guidance of some sort of voice in and atop of his skull. With the noise dying down and his vision still hazy, he looked at the bowtie, trying to concentrate his thoughts on anything else. But the buzzing was picking up again, threatening to envelop any sense of clarity in a sea of blank, and he fought the tide with all the mental strength he had in him. A reel of images began to swirl through his clouded thoughts; gems, gold coins, trenchcoats, silver, pottery, Rarity, hats, mustaches. He held the bowtie tighter against his chest as he felt himself slipping, as if holding the gift from the one he loved the most would help him to overcome the greed. And yet, the gems he had, were all his, and he had the right over them, and they were so shiny, and delicious. There were never enough around, so he had to find more, dig and snatch any that he could find and put it all into a wondrous, neat pile and, andâ€” And there was even a jeweler in the town, he could get them all And he could have her! He always wanted that, right? But instead of comfort, the voice only brought a surge of hostility from the pit of his gullet. There was something in the vicinity of his hoard, probably looking for a chance to steal from him. His gems, his prize, his stuff from Rarity. That was not cool, whatever it was. So it should be on fire. Eyes blazing with a white light, Twilight prepared to defend herself. Everything belongs to Spike! The raging dragon noticed this, quickly grabbing it, forgetting about roasting alleged enemies for the moment. Then the gem started sparkling from the reflection of the moonlight, and something managed to break through the white hot haze and catch his attention. A warm, beautiful smile. Something that was his everything. Nothing was more important for him than seeing that beautiful smile and those charming sapphire eyes and hearing that angelic voice once again. At once, a shockwave boomed throughout his

thoughts, sweeping through every crevice of his hazy mindscape and shattering the swarm of noise and fogs. And in its wake, it was blissfully quiet. She had been ready to raise a shield, shoot a magical cannon of pain, turn things into oranges, and a slew of other actions that could have ended very badly. But now it looked like everything was getting back under control. Spike was now clenching his eyes shut as he folded his head with his claws. An object, a jewel encrusted bow tie from what she could tell, and another gemstone dropped to the ground. He shook his head once again, and opened his eyes, still a claw over his head, and looked around him before settling his gaze on the pony before him with tired green eyes. Twilight leapt over to the dragon, hugging him tight with moisture at the corner of her eyes. Sounds of preliminary retching. Twilight was beginning to suspect the day was smelly and going to suck. All I remember are these crazy noises and some kind of big blurry image of gems and Did something happen when you were with Rarity earlier? While the recall was fuzzy, he knew exactly what his body had intended on doing. Why does it matter? During that time, Spike kept casting furtive glances between Twilight and the bowtie still clenched in his claw. He had been ready to attack again, like some kind of feral beast with no sense but those from the back of skull, a hijacking by parts of him unknown. This also meant that she was going to be pulling an all-nighter and going through research reports and documentations in lieu of actual rest. He yawned loudly, feeling a huge wave of drowsiness wash over him. Deciding against replying, he gave a small wave of the claw and sluggishly made his way upstairs and into his room. Twilight took a deep breath. She gazed at the spot where Spike just was, and sighed. With a flash of her horn, she summoned several lantern sprites to illuminate the dark as she approached the bookshelves and began browsing through the scrolls. Rarity pursed her lips as she appraised her work. She smiled when everything about the outfit seemed to meet her critical standards. It most likely will, of course, but one can never be too careful with ensuring fabulousity! She had never actually put so much attention in the packaging before, since there were the standard boxes and bags aplenty, and they all met the criteria of fabulous fit for Carousel Boutique, of course, but outstanding occasions such as this called for a dash of special attention and Rarity never one to skimp on necessary details. After making sure her fabulousness was in expectant order in the mirror, Rarity snatched a ribboned floppy sun hat from her wardrobe as well as the ornamented trunk then descended down the stairs and out the door. She smiled as the early sun greeted her with warm rays all the way to the Golden Oak Library. What brings you here so early in the morning? I stayed up all night doing I must be losing my edge from being in Ponyville for so long. If I may ask, what were you researching about? Yesterday had been somewhat I imagine he would be giving you a hoof with whatever you needed. Professional courtesy and all, you see. This was probably as good an opportunity as any. I was under the impression this was a gift to Spike. Why would Spike be an exception? I mean, you came by twice in less than a week to give him a pile of gems and later a jewel encrusted bow tie, and now a trunk that for all I know is filled with pajamas entirely constructed of sparkling diamonds dug out of Canterlot Mountain. And not to be rude, dear, but just because Spike is your assistant does not mean he has to answer to your every beck and call. After being awake for a few minutes, Spike eventually mustered enough control over his faculties to climb off the bed. He yawned as he lumbered out of the room, his growling belly demanding some breakfast. The dragon went to the stockpile of gems and popped a clawful of jewels into his mouth to soothe his grumbling stomach. As he was savoring the taste and the memories from whom said gemstones came from, voices from the floor below carried up to him. He did his best to stealthily approach the top of the stairs for a better position. Or maybe you do, in which case you really need to be clear with your intentions. Spike thought in panic. He wanted to tumble down the stairs to interrupt what could potentially be a disaster, but the questions that Twilight was asking Now, fierce curiosity kept him rooted to the spot. All those gems and that bowtie and your constant flirting I am well aware Spike is a dragon. So I have to know: How do you really see Spike? Do you like him? Rarity visibly tried to comport herself with a strained smile. Rarity, do you like like Spike?

CHAPTER 5 MILITARY REQUIREMENTS standing watch aboard ship (in port), the QUARTERDECK WATCH BROW AND PIER ANCHOR WATCH SECURITY WATCHES BRIG SENTRIES.

I hope you guys like it! Also, holy shit this reception. Chapter 4 was my first ever gilded post, and is my second most-upvoted post, behind only Chapter 3. I had no idea this would happen- I thought I would be getting maybe twenty upvotes per chapter As always, critique is appreciated. He had been planning on spending the day with his family, only to get caught in official business. One of the representatives had gotten into trouble- the one from Anchor, of all places. He had apparently been found in an illegal gambling den This was a major scandal to the media- but to him, it was just an annoyance that would take up an entire day of his valuable time. He was on his way to talk with a representative, trying to do damage control when his comm unit made a sharp beep, which was the noise meant for priority messages. Scowling, he pulled the damned thing out of his pocket. What had gone wrong now? The voice of his aide, Sophie Adams, greeted him. Momentarily stunned, Tremaine stood there, opening and closing his mouth without saying anything. Adams made an annoyed noise. Some orange motherfuckers missing a finger decided that they liked the look of it and spent ten days killing half the people on it before the Severus Sector Fleet arrived Call all the other presidents and the prime minister and have them take aircars here as soon as possible. Oh, and the Senior Shareholder. I want every leader of a major power in Unity in my office immediately. They were only here because of a trade deal though- the successor to one he had vetoed the year before. You know he hates you. And Garcia is still pissed that you vetoed that trade deal last year. As soon as the aircar landed, Tremaine was hurrying towards his office. So, first contact was a declaration of war. When he arrived at his office, two presidents, the senior shareholder, and one prime minister were waiting. Each of them was the elected leader of one of the major powers. Major human powers, at least. He took a seat at his desk, gesturing at them to sit in the chairs on the other side. The Senior Shareholder, a young and attractive looking woman in a suit whose name was Hailey Garcia, glared at him. I just left some very important negotiations! This is far more important than whatever negotiations you were in. Humanity had had FTL travel for nearly seven centuries, and in that time, no intelligent species had ever been encountered. There had been the ruins on Anchor, of course, everyone knew about those. They had led to the discovery of artificial gravity and several other important technologies. However, no living aliens had ever been encountered. Most scientists had long ago come to the conclusion that there was nothing else out there- or maybe just nothing else in the same galaxy. While the other leaders were reeling from the idea of nonhuman intelligence, Alexei Sokolov, President of the Republic of New Asia, was watching Tremaine. He noticed that Tremaine seemed like he still had something to say. After he said this, Tremaine looked surprised slightly, before he recovered. Scowling, he placed the datapad he had been holding on the desk and turned it around to face the other leaders, sliding it towards them. Sokolov picked it up and read it while the other leaders watched. That is not what I wanted to see at all! She clearly thought it had been his fault. I want you four next to me when I do it. We need to show solidarity, especially now. We have no idea of the strength of these aliens or any allies that they may have. They would follow his lead. Garcia did so as well, but grudgingly. Sokolov just frowned, taking the datapad and reading the report again. He sat there for a moment, thinking. They would all support what he had to say. Of course, they were going to be here when he wrote his speech and they would want to have their own input, but they would support what it said. A lot of pain. He knew his face was bruised- he had a black eye for sure. Everything else was bruised too. That orange bastard had really done a number on him Now, instead of the infirmary, he was in a cell. The cell was cramped, with a short toilet and a small bed that he had to curl up to sleep on without his feet hanging off. The only entertainment was listening to the guards and trying to figure out what they were saying. And here comes some nowâ€¦ The guard pushed a tray covered in strange foods through a slot in the forcefield, which closed almost immediately after he had finished. He sat on the floor cross legged, carefully eating his food with what seemed to be a spork, just like every day for the past two weeks. However, once he got to the bottom of his mashed-potatoes looking stuff in the corner of the tray, he saw something strange. It was a little

bit of white in the normally grey tray. Curious, he finished the mashed somethings. There was what seemed to be a thin plastic sheet there. Prying it off, he looked at the other side. It had English on it. You are going to be tried and convicted of terrorism. You were a good and honorable opponent and we will not allow this disgrace to occur. Leave when the signal is given. You will know it when it happens. This was suspect as hell He had to pay these orange motherfuckers back somehow. Also, dying was preferable to being beaten up by aliens on a regular basis. The President of the Confederation, who is in the center, steps forward. Lower your shields, disarm your weapons, and prepare to receive peacekeeping forces. Failure to comply will result in unfortunate collateral damage to population and industrial centers. You have [one hour ten minutes] to reply. There used to be twenty million people living on the planet. Now, there are ten million. Not only did the aliens attack, they bombarded population centers and executed people for daring to resist! The enemy fleet met them, and broke against the shield of humanity! The enemy fled the system, hundreds of their own broken and destroyed ships left in their wake. But the battle was not completely one-sided. Let us never forget the , people who have already lost their lives fighting a war nobody else knew had even started. They attacked a colony for no other reason than that it looked appealing to them and they wanted it, and then killed half of the people there! They must be stopped! That is all I have to say to you all.

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By Magus Translations Chapter 5: Behind the billowing smoke and behind the huge Viking fleet was a particular massive, luxurious battleship. Its main cannon had a radius of over a feet, a single shell from this behemoth can easily tore a huge gaping hole in the castle! Bullet after bullet flew past by. With such tight defense, the Viking Chieftain must be within that mothership! Unfortunately, the bullets and shells were just too dense like a forest, however the gunboat was already close enough! The next second, his Cavalry Gunboat crashed into the deck creating a massive hole and causing a flood of fire explosions that covered the deck. The dozen surviving Viking Giants left on the blazing deck were already waiting for the youth. Each of the Viking Giants were several times taller than Arthur. Just one hand can instantly crush his bones, but the youth did not even bat his eyes. Damn, you are all stupid fools!!! The youth bent his body sideways, and at the same time sent his sword slashing horizontally. The waist of the left giant was split in half. Another Viking flew at him with a huge hammer. Arthur calmly picked up the bloody spears, threw it up in the air, and kicked both of them mid air which sent them whizzing like a bullet which drilled two huge holes in the Viking before he even got close. While the other Vikings were distracted trying to dodge from the flying giants, the youth pierced a throat, sliced a lower abdomen open, chopped off an arm, smashed a knee, and pierced the heads of numerous giants. The Viking Giant who had been struck at the knees did not even have the time to cry when blood gushed out in streams from its throat. Within a minute, nine Viking Giants lay dead. Each and everyone of them were completely annihilated. Due to the blazing heat of the Light Sabre, smoke was flowing upwards from their burnt bodies, covering the surrounding area with the scent of burning bodies. Arthur picked up a Light Sabre on the ground and replaced the near exhausted one in his hands; then he exhaled. It was a giant nearly similar to a mountain. Barenaked upper torso, the Viking Chieftain was only wearing a skirt; he was fuming with pent rage and anger. His muscles and veins all bulged. His skin was grossly engraved with numerous blue runes, making him look like a savage; wild and terrifying. The giant was holding a huge anchor covered with countless photon reflectors. Only such giant monster has the capability to even equip such a horrifying weapon, and in the hands of this monster, such terrifying weapon becomes utterly powerful. Even a standard battleship can be easily sliced in half by this massive photon anchor. Compared with the chieftain and the giant photon anchor, Arthur was just like a grass staring against a hill; an insect against a boulder – weak and pitifully small. However, the dragon he had faced was much bigger than this chieftain. Both were not tactically comparable, still it gave the youth a hint of psychological comfort. His tremendous voice was like the cracking of the ground and the roar of a giant beast. His voice alone can cause death to a normal person. This giant anchor needs to taste blood and your little body will do the trick. Would you kill yourself? Or do you want to be pounded into a pile of flesh and blood scattered around the deck; waiting to be eaten by the rats. How about I choose the third one. I cut your body in half and still be alive. Are you really not afraid to die? Rest assured, even if I rip your heart out and crush the still beating thing between my bloody fingers, I will not hesitate. A loud noise rattled the deck and filled it with smoke. The deck was covered in blood, obviously someone was badly mutilated.. The youth had struck his opponent, immediately hiding in the smoke. How did you dodge my blow? When the smoke finally dispersed, six youths were standing in the deck. This was a low tiered concealment magic method typically used by low level mages in a battlefield. I would not even call this magic. After all, you are such a huge monster. Just a move of your fingers can strangle me. Sawdust and iron flew in all directions, the attack split the whole ship into two. Suddenly, the boat began to tilt and slowly descend from the sky! Just as he laid down his hands preparing to abandon ship – The tip of a Light Sabre pierced his abdomen. Green light from the Light Sabre illuminated the abdomen of the Viking Chieftain from inside out, constantly emitting the foul smell of burnt flesh. All this time, I was behind you looking for an opening. Looking for an opportunity. Silver haired with silver pupils, he had a typical melon face, with tall nose, and flat eyebrows. Everything were the qualities of a scholar. The young man was handsome, but totally incompatible with his outdated apparel as well as his illusory sense of

presence. It was hard to believe that he was a person at all. Why do you compare me with such a low level thing? Have I become a ghost? This was unscientific, could not ghost pass through physical objects? At least, your body can not die before it is incinerated by the Great Fire. I may have been the same like you once, just an ordinaryâ€. Hmmmâ€those were things too long ago, I just can not remember anymore. I am afraid Lancelot was still probably outside helping. Else, he will be scared to death by this scene. But before his voice ended, flaming red covered the window. The Viking mothership had crashed into the ground and a huge explosion occurred. I do not even have the capability to cast a measly protection magic spell. You can call me Merlin. With the Viking Chieftain dead, the will of the enemies began to crumble, people began to flee. The knight also ceased to give chase. He noticed how tired he was. In a day, not only he fought a dragon, he also killed countless Vikings. A tall figure approached the youth, but Arthur was so tired that he can not bat his eyes open.

8: [OC] Anchors of War - Chapter 9 : HFY

The Anchor in 48 frames. so did Tom's dad and Tex, so Tom decided to get off the ship and take care of his kids. In S4, somehow Tom is going to get back on the ship.

He sits in the back, Sammy on his lap and Ashley curled up against his side, and they watch the city pass by through the car windows. None of them have been ready to talk, yet, though the kids do keep bursting into tears at random. They drive out, far out of the city, trading buildings for trees and smooth pavement for bumps, the tires of the SUV crunching slowly over them. They must have driven five hours by the time they start up a road winding up the side of a steep, forested hill. The vehicle comes to a stop, and Chandler helps the kids down off the high seats. He fell asleep in the car and this is a dream. Rachel had stopped to crouch down and introduce herself to the kids, but now she straightens up and walks toward him, and he needs to He reaches for the inside of his bicep, the thinnest skin, and pinches hard, inhaling sharply at the pain. The last time he saw her was after that party, dressed to the nines, but he must not be dreaming about that. Well, dreams can do that. He stares back at her, wide-eyed, still trying to take in every tiny detail. Finally, she says, very quiet, "Are you surprised to see me? Next, he feels her soft hand on his arm and opens his eyes as she says, "Tom," and he looks at her again. She leads him to the bottom of the backyard, where an old wooden porch swing is set up between two trees. The kids have come outside with them, but stay on the steps under the light, ostensibly giving them privacy. As they sit down, he turns to face her, not wanting her out of his sight, while she simply faces forward until he says, "I thought it had to be a dream. But no, someoneâ€™the president, maybe? Who is the president? All they would say was that They had to keep me safe. He looks away, shaking his head again, and she touches his arm, just as briefly as the first time. Blinking quickly, trying to stave off another wave of grief, he looks back at her, holding his hands out, palm up, and saying, "Can Iâ€™"? As soon as he can pull away without embarrassing himself, he does, rubbing one hand over her back and then releasing her fully, turning his head away and drying his eyes on his shirt. They both cry a little more, and he sits there like a stone, aching with all he cannot heal. There are guards outside, not that anyone would come up here for any reason other than He keeps his weapon close, finds it almost impossible to relax. His room is at the back of the house, and he stands at the window for a while, watching the yard and the woods around it. Then he opens his door and crosses the upper floor to stand at the window over the front door. Sweeping his gaze over the front yard one more time, he turns away and walks down the main stair, following the soft glow of light into the kitchen, where Rachel is standing in front of the quietly hissing kettle, both hands on the counter. He looks into the fridge, thinks about heating up some milk, then looks back over at Rachel and says, "Could I have a cup? She barely has to move to do it, and he steps over to her side, opening the cupboard again and admiring her immaculately organized tea station. Meeting her eyes, he returns her smile, then sits down on the far side of the kitchen island, leaning his forearms on the counter and watching her. Her movements are precise and routine and everything about her is exactly the same. He wants to trace her outline with his hands, feel for himself that every part of her is where it belongs. When she finally sits down across from him, wrapping her hands around her mug and staring down into it, he sighs and looks down at his own mug. Theyâ€™they killed my father. I was thereâ€™I, I should have stopped it. Exhaling hard through his nose, he turns his body more, slides both hands down over her back to her thighs and lifts her onto his lap. She makes another sound, wrapping her arms around behind his neck, mouth still pressed to his, and he wants to hear every sound that throat can make, he needs it. She shifts her legs on his waist, hooking her ankles together behind his back, and he stops there for a second, leaning his weight on the counter and panting against her mouth. Bracing one hand on the back of the couch, he lowers himself over her and presses his mouth to her neck, smooths his other hand over the curve of her waist, up her side and over her bicep, pulling back to press his lips to her knuckles, trace his eyes over her body. She arches her back, pressing her chest up into his, and he fumbles at her bra, his hands shaking. When he gets it off and tosses it aside he groans, cupping her breasts in his hands and starting to kiss down her body. She shivers and he wraps his arms around her back, holding their bodies pressed flat together as he tucks his face into the curve of her neck, exhales

against her skin. She shivers again and he kisses her neck, a lump swelling in his throat as he holds words inside, all his might going to keeping them in, staying silent. A moment later she pushes against his shoulders and he braces his hands on the couch cushion, raises his upper body and kisses her before she can try to avoid his eyes. Then he ducks his head back down beside hers, trying to keep his groans low, only hearing hers because her mouth is right next to his ear. When she gasps and tenses under him and shakes apart a moment later, the tears double, but he lets them fall to the fabric and squeezes his eyes shut tight, almost too unfocused to finish. Rolling off onto the couch beside her, he lays there for a minute, trying to actually picture it properly. At the top they hear, "Dad? Rachel is curled up in his bed, asleep, and he climbs in next to her, pulling her in close and wrapping his arms fully around her. Closing his eyes, Tom takes a moment to memorize this feeling before letting sleep take him. Some time later, he wakes abruptly from a nightmare, heart pounding, breath short, to find Rachel watching him quietly, stroking a hand over his hair. He glances around quickly, listens for a moment, and says, "What? The house is silent, and he blinks slowly, not looking away from her. When his breathing steadies, her eyes drop to his mouth and she shifts forward, her fingers trailing down from his hair to his jaw. In the morning, his bed is empty, and he stares at the ceiling for a while, questioning reality. She opens it freshly showered, a towel around her shoulders, and he stares at her for a minute. Cool on the surface, warm underneath. He exhales and shakes his head.

9: Treasure Tides 5: FarmVille Dropping Anchors

This one is going to be a little different from the other five parts. I hope you guys like it! Also, holy shit this reception. Chapter 4 was my first ever gilded post, and is my second most-upvoted post, behind only Chapter 3.

A high title of honour is conferred upon him. Ambassadors arrive from the emperor of Blefuscu, and sue for peace. I then came back to my house, and gave orders for which I had a warrant for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face, and, beside the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift or fall foul on each other: When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput. The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. And so unmeasureable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it, by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested, "that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery. This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me. He mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared, at least by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions which, by a side-wind, reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers, maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions. About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace, which was soon concluded, upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons, and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have, at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. When I had for some time entertained their excellencies, to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of

whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend, before I returned to my own country. Accordingly, the next time I had the honour to see our emperor, I desired his general license to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, "that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection;" from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers. It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me, by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongue, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour; yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech, in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles which is mutual among them, and from the custom, in each empire, to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners; there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place. The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked, upon account of their being too servile; neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a NARDAC of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor to do him justice, never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which, being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of large thimbles, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could: I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable; and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if, by a presence of mind unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. By the luckiest chance in the world, I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction. It was now day-light, and I returned to my house without waiting to congratulate with the emperor: But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty, "that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my pardon in form:

CHAPTER 5. THE SHIP AT ANCHOR pdf

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