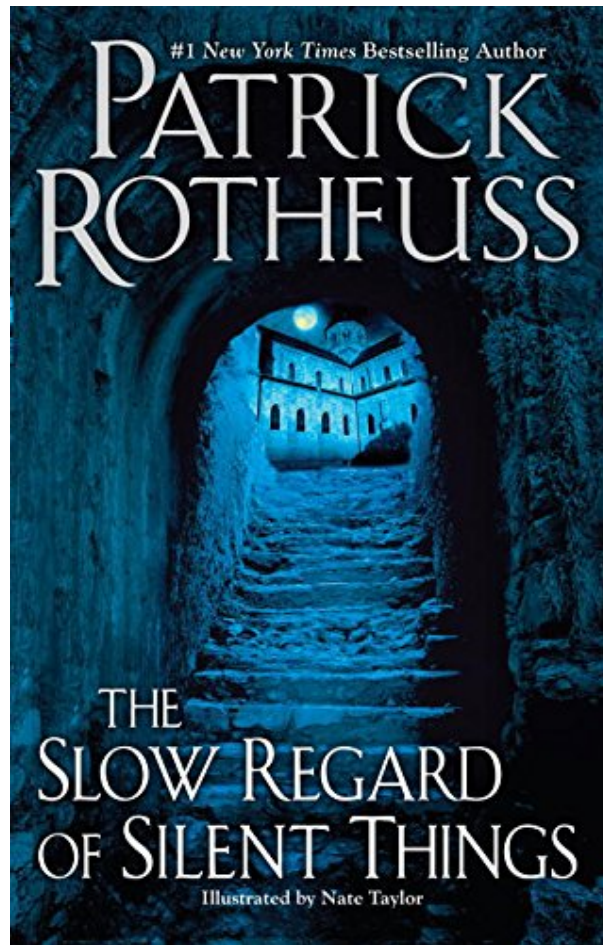
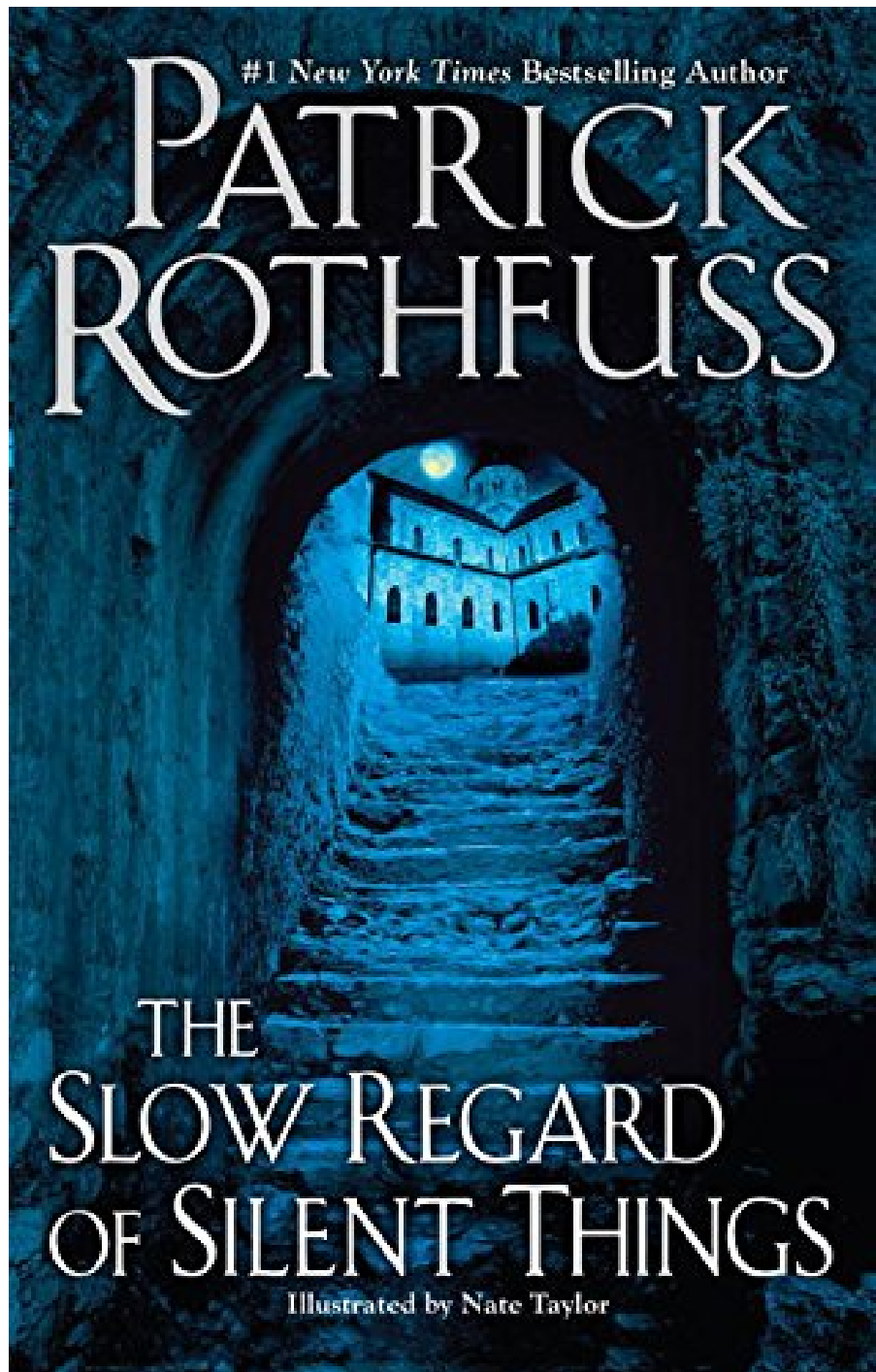


THE SLOW REGARD OF SILENT THINGS BY PATRICK ROTHFUSS



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Then Auri looked around. She saw her perfect bed. Just her size. Just so. She checked her sitting chair. Her cedar box. Her tiny silver cup.

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There were two bottles perched in a shallow niche there. One blue and narrow. One green and squat. Auri tilted her head and closed one eye, then reached out to touch the green one with two fingers. She grinned, snatched it up, and ran back up the stairs.

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She came into The Yellow Twelve all puffed and panting. As she caught her breath, she tucked Foxen in the green bottle, padded him carefully with straw, and locked down the hasp against the rubber gasket, sealing the lid down tight. She held it up to her face, then grinned and kissed the bottle before setting it carefully by the edge of the pool.

Auri shucked off her favorite dress and hung it on a bright brass pipe. She grinned and shivered a little, nervous fish swimming in her stomach. Then, standing in her altogether, she gathered up her floating hair with both her hands. She brushed it back and bound it, winding and tying it behind her with the strip of old grey linen cloth. When she was done it made a long tail that hung down to the small of her back.

Arms held close against her chest, Auri took two tiny steps to stand beside the pool. She dipped a toe into the water, then her whole foot. She grinned at the feel of it, chill and sweet as peppermint. Then she lowered herself down, both legs dangling in the water. Auri balanced for a moment, holding her nekkid self up with both hands, away from the cold stone lip at the edge of the pool.

But there was no avoiding it. So Auri puckered up and settled herself the rest of the way down. There was nothing peppermint about the cold stone edge. It was a dull, blunt bite against her tender altogether hindmost self.

She turned herself around then, and began to lower herself into the water. She went slowly, tickling around with her feet until she found the little jut of stone. She curled her toes around it, holding herself thigh-deep in the pool. Then she drew a few deep breaths, screwed her eyes shut, and bared her teeth before letting go with her toes and ducking her nethers underneath the surface. She squeaked a little, and the chill made her whole self go gooseprickle.

The worst over, she closed her eyes and dunked her head beneath the water too. Gasping and blinking, she rubbed the water out of her eyes. She had her big all-over shiver then, one arm folded across her breasts. But by the time it was done her grimace had turned to grin.

Without her halo of hair, Auri felt small. Not the smallness that she strove for every day. Not the smallness of a tree among trees. Of a shadow underground. And not just small of body either. She knew there was not much of her. When she thought to look more closely at her standing mirror, the girl she saw was tiny as an urchin begging on the street. The girl she saw was thin as thin. Her cheekbones high and delicate. Her collarbones pressed tight against her skin.

But no. With her hair pulled back and wetted down besides. She felt . . . less. She felt tamped down. Dim. More faint. Feint. Feigned. Fain. It would have been pure unpleasant without the perfect strip of linen. If not for that, she wouldn't merely feel like a wick rolled down, she would be downright guttery. It was worth it, doing things the proper way.

Finally the last of her trembling stopped. The fish were still turning in her stomach, but her grin was eager. The golden daylight from above struck down into the pool, straight and bright and steady as a spear.

Auri drew a deep breath, then pushed it out, wriggling her toes. She took another deep breath and let it out more slowly.

Then a third breath. Auri gripped the neck of Foxen's bottle in one hand, let go of the stone edge of the pool, and dove beneath the water.

The angle of the light was perfect, and Auri saw the first pipetangle clear as anything. Minnow-quick, she turned and glided smoothly through, not letting any of them touch her.

Below that was the second snarl. She pushed an old iron pipe with her foot to keep herself moving downward, then tugged a valve with her free hand as she went past, changing speed and sliding through the narrow space between two wrist-thick copper pipes.

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Her name is Auri, and she is full of mysteries.

The Slow Regard of Silent Things is a brief, bittersweet glimpse of Auri's life, a small adventure all her own. At once joyous and haunting, this story offers a chance to see the world through Auri's eyes. And it gives the reader a chance to learn things that only Auri knows....

In this book, Patrick Rothfuss brings us into the world of one of The Kingkiller Chronicle's most enigmatic characters. Full of secrets and mysteries, The Slow Regard of Silent Things is the story of a broken girl trying to live in a broken world.

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Arms held close against her chest, Auri took two tiny steps to stand beside the pool. She dipped a toe into the water, then her whole foot. She grinned at the feel of it, chill and sweet as peppermint. Then she lowered herself down, both legs dangling in the water. Auri balanced for a moment, holding her nekkid self up with both hands, away from the cold stone lip at the edge of the pool.

But there was no avoiding it. So Auri puckered up and settled herself the rest of the way down. There was nothing peppermint about the cold stone edge. It was a dull, blunt bite against her tender altogether hindmost self.

She turned herself around then, and began to lower herself into the water. She went slowly, tickling around with her feet until she found the little jut of stone. She curled her toes around it, holding herself thigh-deep in the pool. Then she drew a few deep breaths, screwed her eyes shut, and bared her teeth before letting go with her toes and ducking her nethers underneath the surface. She squeaked a little, and the chill made her whole self go gooseprickle.

The worst over, she closed her eyes and dunked her head beneath the water too. Gasping and blinking, she

rubbed the water out of her eyes. She had her big all-over shiver then, one arm folded across her breasts. But by the time it was done her grimace had turned to grin.

Without her halo of hair, Auri felt small. Not the smallness that she strove for every day. Not the smallness of a tree among trees. Of a shadow underground. And not just small of body either. She knew there was not much of her. When she thought to look more closely at her standing mirror, the girl she saw was tiny as an urchin begging on the street. The girl she saw was thin as thin. Her cheekbones high and delicate. Her collarbones pressed tight against her skin.

But no. With her hair pulled back and wetted down besides. She felt . . . less. She felt tamped down. Dim. More faint. Feint. Feigned. Fain. It would have been pure unpleasant without the perfect strip of linen. If not for that, she wouldn't merely feel like a wick rolled down, she would be downright guttery. It was worth it, doing things the proper way.

Finally the last of her trembling stopped. The fish were still turning in her stomach, but her grin was eager. The golden daylight from above struck down into the pool, straight and bright and steady as a spear.

Auri drew a deep breath, then pushed it out, wriggling her toes. She took another deep breath and let it out more slowly.

Then a third breath. Auri gripped the neck of Foxen's bottle in one hand, let go of the stone edge of the pool, and dove beneath the water.

The angle of the light was perfect, and Auri saw the first pipetangle clear as anything. Minnow-quick, she turned and glided smoothly through, not letting any of them touch her.

Below that was the second snarl. She pushed an old iron pipe with her foot to keep herself moving downward, then tugged a valve with her free hand as she went past, changing speed and sliding through the narrow space between two wrist-thick copper pipes.

Most helpful customer reviews

521 of 552 people found the following review helpful.

Know what you are buying

By Noah Newsome

First off, if you have not read both Name of the Wind and Wise Man's Fear don't even look at this book, go read them. Once you've read them ask yourself, "Am I interested in learning more about the character Auri?" If the answer is no then move along. If the answer is yes you then need to ask yourself if you could read a 177 page book that is nothing but character development about Auri, because that is all this book is.

As many other reviewers, and Rothfuss himself writes in the Foreword and Author's Note, this is not your typical book. Many people will not like this book. If you do not satisfy the above questions then you will not like this book unless you enjoy reading things simply for the poetic aspect of the writing. Rothfuss constantly writes how he wasn't sure what this book was, what niche it satisfies as a book. Many of the people reviewing this say the same thing, both the detractors and the fans. I, however, can tell you why I enjoyed this book: It was simply insight and character development into Auri, one of the more interesting characters in the King Killer Chronicles.

This book is a look into a typical week in Auri's life, what she does with her time, why she does it, how she does it, etc. It does give you some very interesting insight into a few things towards the end of the book, but

not enough for anyone who doesn't care about Auri to be worth it to them. There is no real point to it, it does not further the story in any meaningful way, it does not have the typical flow of a story, it simply ends without any real meat to the story.

Do you like Auri? Do you like character development? Do you like words as an art form? If yes, give this book a try. If not move along safely with the knowledge that you did not miss out on anything. I, however, loved this book as much as any part of Name of the Wind or Wise Man's Fear.

562 of 683 people found the following review helpful.

It's beautifully written. It's a great demonstration of Patrick Rothfuss's ...

By James M. Bennett

It's beautifully written. It's a great demonstration of Patrick Rothfuss's mastery of language and poetic skill. It has some lovely passages and some really clever and beautiful illustrations.

And I couldn't finish it.

Yes, I know it's very short, but it's also impenetrable. Fact is, it bored me to tears.

So maybe Rothfuss was right in his foreword, and this book just isn't for me. But who is it for, then? It's very well done, but nobody seems to be able to explain why it was worth doing. Yes, Auri is broken and strange. Great. Does it make me heartless if my first response is "so what?" This is a story about a girl who wanders around underground alone and gathers junk, all the while investing the junk with more significance than it deserves. That's it. Near as I can tell, there's really no greater understanding of the KKC universe, although maybe that comes at the end and the gear that she finds in the first chapter reveals all the secrets of the Amyr. I doubt it, though. So why is this a story I should care about?

On the other hand, I'm afraid I have little sympathy for those complaining about the price. I'd be happy to pay this price for a great short novella, but it's the content, not the length, that I find off-putting.

Sorry to be so negative. Can't wait for Book 3!

15 of 16 people found the following review helpful.

A few days in the life of a schizophrenic

By Shawn M. Boyd

Going into this book I knew it was going to be different. I had friends that said it was and heck, Rothfuss himself says it is both before and after the book. Sometimes those kinds of books end up being some of the best you stumble into. This is not one of those books, frankly, I almost couldn't stand this book. I understand what Rothfuss was trying to do (It was well explained by him) but for me the book ended up being a mess with no point and pretty depressing.

I love the KKC. They are well written, the story is compelling, and the characters are unique with great personalities. I always thought the same of Auri. When you see her in small doses she is an adorable girl who while she seems a little off is mostly content with her situation and usually acts like she knows that little something that most people don't. All of that goes completely out the window when you follow her for 150 pages. All the charm, whimsy, and cuteness stops when you see how she struggles with what is basically a mental illness. The book should almost be titled "a few days in the life of a schizophrenic". It gets depressing when you see how her world suddenly turns upside down and downright disabling just by her interactions with inanimate objects which she perceives to have emotions. It gets really bothersome to see how she struggles in her own mind and then to wonder what is going to happen to this poor girl that I liked so much before. That alone made the book terrible and sad to read. This book actually ruined Auri for me as a

character and I doubt I will be able to view her in future books as anything other than just a tragic character.

Given all that, the rest of the book isn't really that good either. While it is really well written grammatically and even slightly poetically, it is nothing more than just a "here's Auri" story with no point. I kept hoping something would happen, anything. That maybe at the end of the book something would tie it together or really with the KKC. Instead it just ended up being here's this poor little crazy girl who is struggling with an inner conflict of her own creation and then nothing. The book is nothing really more than a 150 pages of character bio. I found myself not wanting to finish this book (I did) and often looking to see how many pages I had left. It's a tough read and I wouldn't suggest it to anyone.

Some may see the beauty in how Auri looks at the world. While it really can be a beautiful way to look at things and reminds me a lot about the joy a child looks at the world, it is hugely overshadowed by watching her struggle through the book where she is distraught to the point she can't walk or function.

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THE SLOW REGARD OF SILENT THINGS BY PATRICK ROTHFUSS PDF

The existence of the on the internet book or soft data of the **The Slow Regard Of Silent Things By Patrick Rothfuss** will alleviate people to get guide. It will additionally save even more time to just browse the title or author or publisher to obtain till your publication The Slow Regard Of Silent Things By Patrick Rothfuss is exposed. Then, you can go to the web link download to check out that is offered by this site. So, this will certainly be an excellent time to begin appreciating this book The Slow Regard Of Silent Things By Patrick Rothfuss to read. Constantly good time with book The Slow Regard Of Silent Things By Patrick Rothfuss, consistently good time with money to spend!

Review

Praise for Patrick Rothfuss:

"As seamless and lyrical as a song... This breathtakingly epic story is heartrending in its intimacy and masterful in its narrative essence."

—Publishers Weekly (starred review)

"Reminiscent in scope of Robert Jordan's Wheel of Time series and similar in feel to the narrative tour de force of The Arabian Nights, this masterpiece of storytelling will appeal to lovers of fantasy on a grand scale."

—Library Journal (starred review)

"It is a rare and great pleasure to find a fantasist writing...with true music in the words.... Wherever Pat Rothfuss goes...he'll carry us with him as a good singer carries us through a song."

—Ursula K LeGuin

"The Wise Man's Fear is a beautiful book to read. Masterful prose, a sense of cohesion to the storytelling, a wonderful sense of pacing.... There is beauty to Pat's writing that defies description."

—Brandon Sanderson

"Patrick Rothfuss has real talent, and his tale of Kvothe is deep and intricate and wondrous."

—Terry Brooks

"[Rothfuss is] the great new fantasy writer we've been waiting for, and this is an astonishing book."

—Orson Scott Card

"As with all very best books in our field, it's not the fantasy trappings (as wonderful as they are) that make this novel so good, but what the author has to say about true, common things, about ambition and failure, art, love, and loss."

—Tad Williams

"This is an extremely immersive story set in a flawlessly constructed world and told extremely well."

—Jo Walton, Tor.com

“It is the best book I have read in years, fantasy or otherwise.... The world is so deep, the stakes are so high, the characters so real, the mysteries so magical, the magic so mysterious, the plot so twisty...every day you haven’t read it is a day in your life that could be better.”

—Hank Green

"This fast-moving, vivid, and unpretentious debut roots its coming-of-age fantasy in convincing mythology."

—Entertainment Weekly

About the Author

Patrick Rothfuss currently lives in central Wisconsin where he teaches at the local university. Patrick loves words, laughs often, and dabbles in alchemy. His first novel, *The Name of the Wind*, was a Publishers Weekly Best Book of the Year. Its sequel, *The Wise Man’s Fear*, debuted at #1 on The New York Times bestseller chart and won the David Gemmell Legend Award. He recently released a novella, *The Slow Regard of Silent Things*, which is set in the same universe as his first two titles. His novels have appeared on NPR’s Top 100 Science Fiction/Fantasy Books list and Locus’ Best 21st Century Fantasy Fiction Novels list. He can be found at patrickrothfuss.com.

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THE FAR BELOW BOTTOM OF THINGS

WHEN AURI WOKE, she knew that she had seven days.

Yes. She was quite sure of it. He would come for a visit on the seventh day.

A long time. Long for waiting. But not so long for everything that needed to be done. Not if she were careful. Not if she wanted to be ready.

Opening her eyes, Auri saw a whisper of dim light. A rare thing, as she was tucked tidily away in Mantle, her privatest of places. It was a white day, then. A deep day. A finding day. She smiled, excitement fizzing in her chest.

There was just enough light to see the pale shape of her arm as her fingers found the dropper bottle on her bedshelf. She unscrewed it and let a single drip fall into Foxen’s dish. After a moment he slowly brightened into a faint gloaming blue.

Moving carefully, Auri pushed back her blanket so it wouldn’t touch the floor. She slipped out of bed, the stone floor warm beneath her feet. Her basin rested on the table near her bed, next to a sliver of her sweetest soap. None of it had changed in the night. That was good.

Auri squeezed another drop directly onto Foxen. She hesitated, then grinned and let a third drop fall. No half measures on a finding day. She gathered up her blanket then, folding and folding it up, carefully tucking it under her chin to keep it from brushing against the floor.

Foxen’s light continued to swell. First the merest flickering: a fleck, a distant star. Then more of him began to iridesce, a firefly’s worth. Still more his brightness grew till he was all-over tremulant with shine. Then he sat proudly in his dish, looking like a blue-green ember slightly larger than a coin.

She smiled at him while he roused himself the rest of the way and he filled all of Mantle with his truest, brightest blue-white light.

Then Auri looked around. She saw her perfect bed. Just her size. Just so. She checked her sitting chair. Her cedar box. Her tiny silver cup.

The fireplace was empty. And above that was the mantelpiece: her yellow leaf, her box of stone, her grey glass jar with sweet dried lavender inside. Nothing was nothing else. Nothing was anything it shouldn't be.

There were three ways out of Mantle. There was a hallway, and a doorway, and a door. The last of these was not for her.

Auri took the doorway into Port. Foxen was still resting in his dish, so his light was dimmer here, but it was still bright enough to see. Port had not been very busy of late, but even so, Auri checked on everything in turn. In the wine rack rested half a broken plate of porcelain, no thicker than the petal of a flower. Below that was a leather octavo book, a pair of corks, a tiny ball of twine. Off to one side, his fine white teacup waited for him with a patience Auri envied.

On the wall shelf sat a blob of yellow resin in a dish. A black rock. A grey stone. A smooth, flat piece of wood. Apart from all the rest, a tiny bottle stood, its wire bale open like a hungry bird.

On the central table a handful of holly berries rested on a clean white cloth. Auri eyed them for a moment, then took them to the bookshelf, a perch they were more suited to. She looked around the room and nodded to herself. All good.

Back in Mantle, Auri washed her face and hands and feet. She slipped out of her nightshirt and folded it into her cedar box. She stretched happily, lifting up her arms and rolling high onto her toes.

Then she ducked into her favorite dress, the one he'd given her. It was sweet against her skin. Her name was burning like a fire inside her. Today was going to be a busy day.

Auri gathered up Foxen, carrying him cupped in the palm of her hand. She made her way through Port, slipping through a jagged crack in the wall. It was not a wide crack, but Auri was so slight she barely needed turn her shoulders to keep from brushing up against the broken stones. It was nothing like a tight fit.

Van was a tall room with straight, white walls of fitted stone. It was an echo-empty place save for her standing mirror. But today there was one other thing, the gentlest breath of sunlight. It snuck in through the peak of an arched doorway filled with rubble: broken timber, blocks of fallen stone. But there, at the very top, a smudge of light.

Auri stood in front of the mirror and took the bristle brush from where it hung on the mirror's wooden frame. She brushed the sleep snarl from her hair until it hung about her like a cloud.

She closed her hand over Foxen, and without his blue-green shine the room went dark as dark. Then her eyes stretched wide and she could see nothing but the soft, faint smudge of warm light spilling past the rubble high behind her. Pale golden light caught in her pale golden hair. Auri grinned at herself in the mirror. She looked like the sun.

Lifting her hand, she uncovered Foxen and skipped quickly off into the sprawling maze of Rubric. It was barely a minute's work to find a copper pipe with the right kind of cloth wrapping. But finding the perfect place, well, that was the trick, wasn't it? She followed the pipe through the round red-brick tunnels for nearly

half a mile, careful not to let it slip away from her among the countless other twining pipes.

Then, with no hint of warning, the pipe kinked hard and dove straight into the curving wall, abandoning her. Rude thing. There were countless other pipes of course, but the tiny tin ones had no wrap at all. The icy ones of burnished steel were far too new. The iron pipes were so eager as to be almost embarrassing, but their wrappings were all cotton, and that was more trouble than she cared to bother with today.

So Auri followed a fat ceramic pipe as it bumbled along. Eventually it burrowed deep into the ground, but where it bent, its linen wrap hung loose and ragged as an urchin's shirt. Auri smiled and unwound the strip of cloth with gentle fingers, taking great care not to tear it.

Eventually it came away. A perfect thing. A single gauzy piece of greying linen, long as Auri's arm. It was tired but willing, and after folding it upon itself she turned and pelted madly off through echoing Umbrel, then down and down into The Twelve.

The Twelve was one of the rare changing places of the Underthing. It was wise enough to know itself, and brave enough to be itself, and wild enough to change itself while somehow staying altogether true. It was nearly unique in this regard, and while it was not always safe or kind, Auri could not help but feel a fondness for it.

Today the high arch of space was just as she'd expected, bright and lively. Sunlight speared down through the open gratings far above, striking down into the deep, narrow valley of the changing place. The light filtered past pipes, support beams, and the strong, straight line of an ancient wooden walkway. The distant noise of the street drifted down to the far below bottom of things.

Auri heard the sound of hooves on cobblestones, sharp and round as a cracking knuckle. She heard the distant thunder of a passing wagon and the dim mingle of voices. Threading through it all was the high, angry cry of a babe who clearly wanted tit and wasn't getting any.

At the bottom of The Yellow Twelve there was a long deep pool with water smooth as glass. The sunlight from above was bright enough that Auri could see all the way down to the second snarl of pipes beneath the surface.

She already had straw here, and three bottles waited on a narrow ledge of stone along one wall. But looking at them, Auri frowned. There was a green one, a brown one, and a clear one. There was a wide wire baling top, a grey twisting lid, and a cork fat as a fist. They were all different shapes and sizes, but none of them were quite right.

Exasperated, Auri threw her hands into the air.

So she ran back to Mantle, her bare feet slapping on the stone. Once there, she eyed the grey glass bottle with the lavender inside. She picked it up, looked it over carefully, then set it back down in its proper place before she scampered out again.

Auri hurried through Port, heading out by way of the slanting doorway this time, rather than the crack in the wall. She twisted up through Withy, Foxen throwing wild shadows on the walls. As she ran, her hair streamed out behind her like a banner.

She took the spiraling stairs through Darkhouse, down and around, down and around. When she finally heard moving water and the tink of glass she knew she'd crossed the threshold into Clinks. Soon Foxen's light reflected off the roiling pool of black water that swallowed the bottom of the spiraling stairs.

There were two bottles perched in a shallow niche there. One blue and narrow. One green and squat. Auri tilted her head and closed one eye, then reached out to touch the green one with two fingers. She grinned, snatched it up, and ran back up the stairs.

Heading back, she went through Vaults for a change of air. Running down the hall, she sprang over the first deep fissure in the broken floor as lithely as a dancer. The second crack she leapt as lightly as a bird. The third she jumped as wildly as a pretty girl who looked like the sun.

She came into The Yellow Twelve all puffed and panting. As she caught her breath, she tucked Foxen in the green bottle, padded him carefully with straw, and locked down the hasp against the rubber gasket, sealing the lid down tight. She held it up to her face, then grinned and kissed the bottle before setting it carefully by the edge of the pool.

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