

Chapter 1 : The Cailleach â€“ The Corryvreckan Whirlpool

And the years went slowly by. The wicked King died, and some one else took his kingdom, and many things were changed in the world; but the island did not change, nor the Nine Whirlpools, nor the griffin, nor the dragon, nor the two stone ladies.

Meanwhile he was top of all his classes at school, and tip-top of the geography class. As for the Princess Mary Ann, she was a very good little girl, and everyone loved her. She was always kind and polite, even to her Uncle James and to other people whom she did not like very much; and though she was not very clever, for a Princess, she always tried to do her lessons. Then the Princess had a truly good heart: She never slapped her hippopotamus when it broke her dolls in its playful gambols, and she never forgot to feed her rhinoceroses in their little hutch in the back yard. Her elephant was devoted to her, and sometimes Mary Ann made her nurse quite cross by smuggling the dear little thing up to bed with her and letting it go to sleep with its long trunk laid lovingly across her throat, and its pretty head cuddled under the Royal right ear. When the Princess had been good all through the week - for, like all real, live, nice children, she was sometimes naughty, but never bad - nurse would allow her to ask her little friends to come on Wednesday morning early and spend the day, because Wednesday is the end of the week in that country. Then, in the afternoon, when all the little dukes and duchesses and marquises and countesses had finished their rice-pudding, and had had their hands and faces washed after it, nurse would say: And the answer would be always the same: And there always was some such person, because in Rotundia everybody was kind - except one. Now that you have read as far as this you know, of course, that the Kingdom of Rotundia was a very remarkable place; and if you are a thoughtful child - as of course you are - you will not need me to tell you what was the most remarkable thing about it. But in case you are not a thoughtful child - and it is just possible of course that you are not - I will tell you at once what that most remarkable thing was. All the animals were the wrong sizes! And this was how it happened. In old, old, olden times, when all our world was just loose; earth and air and fire and water mixed up anyhow like a pudding, and spinning round like mad trying to get the different things to settle into their proper places, a round piece of earth got loose and went spinning away by itself across the water which was just beginning to try to get spread out smooth into a real sea. And as the great round piece of earth flew away, going round and round as hard as it could, it met a long piece of hard rock that had got loose from another part of the puddingy mixture, and the rock was so hard, and was going so fast, that it ran its point through the round piece of earth and stuck out on the other side of it, so that the two together were like a very-very-much-too-big teetotum. I am afraid all this is very dull, but you know geography is never quite lively, and after all I must give you a little information even in a fairy tale - like the powder in jam. Well, when the pointed rock smashed into the round bit of earth the shock was so great that it set them spinning together through the air - which was just getting into its proper place, like all the rest of the things - only, as luck would have it, they forgot which way round they had been going, and began to spin round the wrong way. Presently Centre of Gravity - a great giant who was managing the whole business - woke up in the middle of the earth and began to grumble. And that round piece of land became, after millions of years, the Kingdom of Rotundia. This is the end of the geography lesson. And now for just a little natural history, so that we may not feel that we are quite wasting our time. Of course, the consequence of the island having spun round the wrong way was that when the animals began to grow on the island they all grew the wrong sizes. The guinea-pig, as you know, was as big as our elephants, and the elephant - dear little pet - was the size of the silly, tiny, black-and-tan dogs that ladies carry sometimes in their muffers. The rabbits were about the size of our rhinoceroses, and all about the wild parts of the island they had made their burrows as big as railway tunnels. The dormouse, of course, was the biggest of all the creatures. Even if you think of elephants it will not help you at all. Luckily there was one of him, and he was always asleep. As it was, they made him a house, and it saved the expense of a brass band, because no band could possibly have been heard when the dormouse was talking in his sleep. The men and women and children in this wonderful island were quite the right size, because their ancestors had come over with the Conqueror long after the island had settled down and the animals grown on it. Now the natural history

lesson is over, and if you have been attending, you know more about Rotundia than anyone there did, except three people: Tom had learned more at school than anyone else, because he wished to take a prize. The Princess always played with Tom on the days when the little dukes and marquises did not come to tea - and when he told her he was almost sure of the first prize, she clapped her hands and said: He was the dearest little elephant you ever saw - about six inches long. But he was very, very wise - he could not have been wiser if he had been a mile high. And, besides, the dog did bark so terribly. There was only one dog in Rotundia - the kingdom could not afford to keep more than one: And when he barked, his bark was so large that it filled up all the night and left no room for sleep or dreams or polite conversation, or anything else at all. And all the time the Mexican lap-dog barked so that the houses shook, and the tiles on the roof of the palace rattled like milkcans in a cart whose horse is frisky. The pillar, of course, was the top of the piece of rock that had stuck itself through Rotundia millions of years before, and made it spin round the wrong way. It was quite in the middle of the island, and stuck up ever so far, and when you were at the top you could see a great deal farther than when you were not. As Tom went out from the town, and across the downs, he thought what a pretty sight it was to see the rabbits in the bright, dewy morning, frisking with their young ones by the mouths of their burrows. He did not go very near the rabbits, of course, because when a rabbit of that size is at play it does not always look where it is going, and it might easily have crushed Tom with its foot, and then it would have been very sorry afterwards. And Tom was a kind boy, and would not have liked to make even a rabbit unhappy. Earwigs in our country often get out of the way when they think you are going to walk on them. They too have kind hearts, and they would not like you to be sorry afterwards. So Tom went on looking at the rabbits and watching the morning grow more and more red and golden. And the Mexican lap-dog barked all the time, till the church bells tinkled, and the chimney of the apple factory rocked again. But when Tom got to the pillar, he saw that he would not need to climb to the top to find out what the dog was barking at. For there, by the pillar, lay a very large purple dragon. His wings were like old purple umbrellas that have been very much rained on, and his head was large and bald, like the top of a purple toad-stool, and his tail, which was purple too, was very, very, very long, and thin, and tight like the lash of a carriage whip. It was licking one of its purple umbrella-y wings, and every now and then it moaned and leaned its head back against the rocky pillar as though it felt faint. Tom saw at once what had happened. A flight of purple dragons must have crossed the island in the night, and this poor one must have knocked its wing and broken it against the pillar. Everyone is kind to everyone in Rotundia, and Tom was not afraid of the dragon, although he had never spoken to one before. He had often watched them flying across the sea, but he had never expected to get to know one personally. So now he said: He could not speak, but like all other animals, he could understand well enough when he liked. The dragon opened his purple eyes with an inquiring smile. Tom gave all the buns to the dragon, saying: But the dragon, when he had got it, did not like it. We might take him some acid-drops. And all the titled children took it in turns to feed the dragon with acid-drops, and he seemed pleased and flattered, and wagged as much of his purple tail as he could get at conveniently; for it was a very, very long tail indeed. I should like to eat you instead of these silly acid-drops. It was part of his trade. Magicians are always bad, as you know from your fairy books, and some uncles are bad, as you see by the "Babes in the Wood," or the "Norfolk Tragedy", and one James at least was bad, as you have learned from your English history. And when anyone is a magician, and is also an uncle, and is named James as well, you need not expect anything nice from him. He is a Three Fold Complete Bad - and he will come to no good. Uncle James had long wanted to get rid of the Princess, and have the kingdom to himself. Now, however, Uncle James thought there might be a chance for him - because he knew that now there were two wicked people on the island who could stand by each other - himself and the dragon. But he said nothing, only he exchanged a meaning glance with the dragon, and everyone went home to tea. And no one had seen the meaning glance, except Tom. And he went home and told his elephant all about it. At first the people of Rotundia were quite pleased with the dragon, who lived by the pillar and fed himself from the bun-trees, but by-and-by he began to wander. He would creep into the burrows made by the great rabbits; and excursionists, sporting on the downs, would see his long, tight, whip-like tail wriggling down a burrow and out of sight, and before they had time to say, "There he goes," his ugly purple head would come poking out from another rabbit-hole perhaps just

behind them - or laugh softly to itself just in their ears. This sort of hide-and-seek amused people at first, but by-and-by it began to get on their nerves: Then, too, little things began to be missed. And you know how unpleasant that is, even in a private school, and in a public kingdom it is, of course, much worse. The things that were missed were nothing much at first - a few elephants; a hippopotamus or two, and some giraffes, and things like that. It was nothing much, as I say - but it made people feel uncomfortable. He had barked ever since the dragon came to the island, and people had grown quite used to the noise. So when his barking suddenly ceased it woke everybody up - and they all went out to see what was the matter. And the lap-dog was gone! A boy was sent to wake the army, so that it might look for him. But the army was gone too! And now the people began to be frightened. Then Uncle James came out on to the terrace of the palace, and he made the people a speech. Everyone thought of the poor army. For I warn you that the purple dragon will respect nothing, however sacred. If he gets a nice present he will be in a hurry to take it away and show it to his friends, and he will fly off and never come back. But, when we give, it should not be in a grudging spirit, especially to visitors. What the dragon wants is a Princess. We have only one Princess, it is true; but far be it from us to display a miserly temper at such a moment. And the gift is worthless that costs the giver nothing. Your readiness to give up your Princess will only show how generous you are. And Tom began to cry because he was so angry. He went straight home and told his little elephant; and the elephant cheered him up so much that presently the two grew quite absorbed in a teetotum which the elephant was spinning with his little trunk. Early in the morning Tom went to the palace. So Tom climbed up the white rose bush and kissed the Princess through the window, and said:

Chapter 2 : Whirlpool - Wikipedia

The Island of the Nine Whirlpools - This was an interesting one. A childless Queen goes to an old witch begging for a child and the witch takes her jewels and uses them to whip up a baby girl. A childless Queen goes to an old witch begging for a child and the witch takes her jewels and uses them to whip up a baby girl.

The idea that The Cailleach was imported into Scotland from Ireland is another instance of reality contradicting accepted notions. If the Cailleach did in fact originate in Ireland why do we in Scotland have so many more stories of her? Her name in Gaelic means the hooded, or veiled one and after Christianity arrived became the accepted term for a nun. This has led to an interesting situation where confusion arises between a figure who was part of ancient Mother Goddess belief and Christian nuns. In ancient belief she was particularly known for spreading the harsh weather of winter and for living on mountain tops. Within oral tradition people told the stories of their mythology and legend within their own environment and thus there are Cailleach stories and placenames in much of Highland Scotland, and in many of the Hebridean islands. On the east of Scotland where the Scots language developed parallel to Gaelic she is known as the Carlin, who is sometimes known as the Queen of the Witches. While the idea of Cailleach meaning nun is a simple reflection of the hooded wimples nuns wore in terms of the original Cailleach the idea of hooding or veiling has another meaning. A mountain top wreathed in cloud can be considered veiled. And there is of course Beinn na Caillich in Knoydart and another in Skye. These are all high prominent hills, particularly Ben Nevis, the highest point on the British Isles. Such hills attract weather – clouds cluster round them before spreading out over surrounding countryside which could be interpreted as the Goddess spreading the weather out. Her role in bringing on winter includes a tale of her riding out from Ben Nevis with eight sister hags to hammer the frost into the ground. This grouping of nine mythological or legendary females is extremely widespread both within and outside Scotland and I have looked at it in detail elsewhere McHardy The Cailleach is also in many places credited with creating the landscape – hills, islands etc. This is one of the basic ideas of mythology – it explains the physical world in human terms and is therefore probably truly ancient indeed. Most of the Cailleach placenames in the Highlands are up high and some, like on Lochnagar are part of a cluster of significant placenames and specific physical markers – the massif has two clear breast shaped peaks, Meikle Pap and Little Pap, Such peaks appear to have been the focus for various kinds of spiritual or sacral belief and activity in the far past. We shall consider this later. Whirlpools are one of the most spectacular and awe-inspiring sights in nature. These magnificent spinning cauldrons are formed where tides crash or sea water is forced into narrow vortices. The Corryvreckan is one of only seven major whirlpools in the world. These magnificent examples of nature in the raw have long held a particular place in the human psyche, and have myths and legends associated with them that seem to come from the edge of time. The Gulf of Corryvreckan is over feet deep but when the whirlpool is at full power the depth of the water is less than a hundred feet. The particular cause of this awesome power is a subterranean spike, called An Cailleach, off the coast of Scarba which causes the great Atlantic waves to form into a giant vortex and create the Corryvreckan whirlpool. It is a dangerous place and local fishermen and sailors have a wealth of stories of its dangers. Even on calm days the swell of the Corryvreckan can be several feet. The effect of the whirlpool is quite dramatic. For hour after hour when the Atlantic comes in great spirals of water are thrown into the advancing tide. The spirals start with waves shooting up from a relatively flat surface with a great booming sound. When the whirlpool is at its wildest at the beginning of winter the sounds can be heard twenty miles away and more. The spirals thrown into the advancing Atlantic tide are just like those we find carved on megalithic sites in many parts of Europe and it is not difficult to imagine the awe that this wonder of nature aroused in the hearts and minds of our ancestors. The fact that the spike that creates the whirlpool is called An Cailleach is clearly linked it to the ancient mythological explanation of the first snow fall we considered earlier. And through the Cailleach and her plaid the story links to Ben Nevis. As we shall see the mountain range to the south of Ben Nevis, the Mamores, part of the area said to be covered by her plaid, also carry a link to the old beliefs in a Mother Goddess. In this two hunters set out south from Braemar in search of red deer. They headed over

towards the forest of Atholl and were overtaken by a snowstorm coming from the north which soon cleared. They managed to find some deer and shot and wounded a hind. They were trailing her by the blood-drops in the snow when the snow returned, but this time much stronger. Luckily they had their plaids with them and managed to find a shelter in the lee of some rocks where they settled down to pass the night, eating the oatcakes and drinking the whisky they had brought with them. Come the morning things were little better and thoughts of deer were replaced by the need to concentrate on one thing, survival. The wind was still blowing from the north and with the visibility no more than a few yards they could do little other than keep the wind at their backs, as they struggled on. Unknown to them the wind began to veer to the east and keeping it at their backs meant they were heading west instead of south. There were no landmarks visible to help them at all. By nightfall their provisions were running out and they were facing another night sheltering among rocks when they saw an old sheiling bothy ahead of them. These were the traditional summer dwellings for the lads and lasses who went to the high pastures with the cattle and they expected it to be deserted. It would provide them with much needed shelter. Just as they came near, to their great surprise the door opened and there stood an old woman of wild and haggard appearance who beckoned them in, told them she had been expecting them and that their supper and beds were ready. They were astounded at this but went in to the bothy. There they sat as the old woman, crooning a song in a language they could not recognise poured out soup for them. Cold and hungry as they were still they realised that something uncanny was happening and were reluctant to begin eating. She told them that she herself had the power over the weather as they sat there petrified. She held up a rope with three knots in it and these are the words she said as given by Scrope: If ye neglect this my biddin, foul will befaw ye, and the fate of Walter o Rhuairm shall owertak ye; ye shall surely perish in the waste; the raven shall croak yer dirge; and yer bones shall be pickit by the eagle. The storm had ceased and they made their way off the hill. This is clearly the Cailleach herself. And the knotted string links her to the various wise women the length and breadth of Scotland who used to sell winds to sailors into the nineteenth century. Scrope tells the story as if he believes it happened but it is reminiscent of ancient beliefs regarding the Cailleach. There are many locations throughout Scotland where she is closely associated with the red deer and it was suggested in the s that there was a deer-goddess cult and that there might have been deer-priestesses. Again this is something I have looked at elsewhere McHardy and it is worth noting that many Pictish symbol stones have deer carved on them. It is thought by many to be a survival of pagan practice. The dressing in deer skins, antlers etc has been interpreted as being linked to shape-shifting, something which occurs amongst various female groups in traditional lore. This type of belief is widespread and also very ancient. The Paps of Jura have already been mentioned and on the side of one of them is the Sgriob na Caillich, her furrow or score which she made down the side of Ben an Oir. Another aspect of the importance of the deer motif appears in some of the stories of the great Gaelic hero Finn MacCoul, many stories of which have been found in Western Scotland. His original name was Demne, which some have interpreted as meaning little deer, his first wife, Sadv, was changed into a deer by a malevolent Druid and it was pursuing her in this form that Finn found his son Oisin, whose name means fawn. Given the number and spread of the Finn MacCoul stories they were clearly important to all the Gaelic-speaking people and this deer symbolism at their very heart underlines the importance of the deer as a symbol in ancient belief in Scotland. Bear in mind that before the growth of major cities people were more aware of their natural environment. They would have observed mountains as the points around which changes in the weather originated. An early meaning of Cailleach means the veiled one. This meaning of veiled led to the term becoming the word for a nun in modern Gaelic. If you watch the clouds gather around Scottish mountains at almost any time of the year you will see this idea made remarkably explicit in the landscape. Rebecca Barnett – Just as the Cailleach is veiled so is the mountain she inhabits. The Cailleach is strongly associated with Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in the British Isles and notable for its dramatic and ever-changing weather patterns. The Corryvreckan, the remarkable whirlpool on the west coast of Scotland between the islands of Scarba and Jura, is said to be where the Cailleach washed her plaid traditional garment of the Highlands, generally tartan in late autumn and then spread it out over the mountains to dry. As she was the oldest creature her plaid was pure white: The Cailleach is also said to have created Scotland by dropping a creel full of peat and rocks. Her chief seat is Ben Nevis. Before the washing, it is said,

the roar of a coming tempest is heard by people on the coast for a distance of twenty miles, for a period of three days until the cauldron boils. When the washing is over, the plaid of old Scotland is virgin white. The cauldron is associated with other Nine Maidens groups in other areas. Surviving folklore also refers to this whirlpool as being the breath of the Goddess beneath the waves. Only since humans have achieved space flight has it become known that the oceans contain eddies, up to 20 kilometres across, which circulate warm surface water into the depths thus releasing life-sustaining nutrients. This gives the motif of the whirlpool as the cauldron of the Mother Goddess a whole new level of meaning. Mythology explains the physical universe and its attributes in human terms. Such material can often contain sophisticated observations and insights. In order to give lore and tradition the strongest possibility of being remembered, and ensuring the moral lessons as well as its practical applications would be appreciated, tradition bearers would present their material within the environment familiar to their listeners. This accounts for the widespread instances of names in the Scottish landscape like Allt na Cailleach Stream of the Old Woman , a name that can be interpreted as originally meaning the stream of the Goddess. The figure of the Cailleach in Gaelic tradition is paralleled in Scots tradition by the Gyre Carlin, also often portrayed as a winter hag and linked to the traditions of the witches which survive in many areas. Donald Mackenzie in *Egyptian Myth and Legend* writes: One of the many versions of the Scottish Hag story makes her the chief of eight big old women or witches. This group of nine suggests Ptah and his eight earth gnomes, the nine mothers of Heimdal the Norse god and the Ennead of Heliopolis. Mackenzie goes further and compares this group to the nine mothers of Heimdall in Norse myth and the Ennead of Heliopolis in Egypt. This is a particularly relevant statement for Scotland where Celtic-speaking warrior tribes were in existence till years ago and had in many ways retained many of the characteristics of Iron Age society. Our countrymen ascribe the same Glory unto themselves, who think, that hitherto they have honoured it in the Chanadry of Abernethy and have done so rightly to their own thinking. By Britons he appears to mean the P-Celtic people of the kingdom of Strathclyde, and possibly the people of Manau Gododdin, known to the Romans as the VotCeini and inhabiting the lands from East Lothian to possibly as far as the headwaters of the Forth. He is making it clear that St Brigid was known to both the P and Q-Celtic tribes and to the Germanic speaking peoples in what we now call Scotland. This supports of the idea of Bride being indigenous to Scotland and clearly points to a cult of St Bridget among Christians in Scotland in the pre-Reformation period. The belief that Brigid is buried at Abernethy in no way precludes the her Irish provenance, but, taken together with the other evidence, this appears to be part of a continuum of belief which was indigenous to Scotland.

Chapter 3 : - Island of the Nine Whirlpools (Early Bird Books) by E. Nesbit

The Island of the Nine Whirlpools by Edith Nesbit. The dark arch that led to the witch's cave was hung with a black-and-yellow fringe of live snakes.

As navigation is dangerous in this strait only a small slot of time is available for large ships to pass through. Moskstraumen Moskstraumen is an unusual system of whirlpools in the open seas in the Lofoten Islands off the Norwegian coast. It finds mention in several books and movies. Corryvreckan Corryvreckan whirlpool The Corryvreckan is a narrow strait between the islands of Jura and Scarba , in Argyll and Bute , on the northern side of the Gulf of Corryvreckan , Scotland. It is the third-largest whirlpool in the world. Though it was initially classified as non-navigable by the British navy it was later categorized as "extremely dangerous". It is given the epithet "pig-like" as it makes a screeching noise when the vortex is at its full fury and reaches speeds of up to In a whirlpool there caught student divers, resulting in fatalities. This was not a naturally occurring whirlpool, but a man-made disaster caused by underwater drillers breaking through the roof of a salt mine. The lake then drained into the mine until the mine filled and the water levels equalized but the ten-foot deep lake was now 1, feet deep. This mishap resulted in destruction of five houses, loss of nineteen barges and eight tug boats, oil rigs, a mobile home, and most of a botanical garden. Nine of the barges which had sunk floated back. The Army Corps of Engineers , which operates the dam and lake, expected that the whirlpool would last until the lake reached normal seasonal levels by late July. A prominent example is the drilling disaster that occurred on November 20, , in Lake Peigneur. A drilling platform, eleven barges, several trees, and multiple acres of the surrounding terrain were submerged by the resulting whirlpool. In literature and popular culture[edit] Apart from Poe and Verne other literary source is of the s, of Olaus Magnus , a Swedish Bishop, who had stated that the maelstrom which was more powerful than The Odyssey destroyed ships which sank to the bottom of the sea, and even whales were sucked in. Pytheas , the Greek historian, also mentioned that maelstroms swallowed ships and threw them up again. I have heard a certain high nobleman of the Gauls relating that a number of ships, shattered at first by a tempest, were afterwards devoured by this same Charybdis. And when one only out of all the men who had been in these ships, still breathing, swam over the waves, while the rest were dying, he came, swept by the force of the receding waters, up to the edge of that most frightful abyss. And when now he beheld yawning before him the deep chaos whose end he could not see, and half dead from very fear, expected to be hurled into it, suddenly in a way that he could not have hoped he was cast upon a certain rock and sat him down. Sitting in the prow, he lifts up his hands to heaven and blesses the turbulent, terrible seas. Yet the Lord terrifies him in this way, not so that the ship in which he sits should be overwhelmed and wrecked by the waves, but rather to rouse him to pray more fervently that he may sail through the peril and reach us here. In turn, the Nordic word is derived from the Dutch maelstrom, modern spelling maalstroom, from malen to grind and stroom stream , to form the meaning grinding current or literally "mill-stream", in the sense of milling grinding grain.

The Island of the Nine Whirlpools has 8 ratings and 1 review. April said: This is a fun adorable read for kids. I fondly recall reading these in much you.

This article is about the water movement. For other uses, see Whirlpool disambiguation. For other uses, see Maelstrom disambiguation. The Gulf of Corryvreckan whirlpool is the third largest whirlpool in the world A whirlpool is a body of swirling water produced by the meeting of opposing currents. The vast majority of whirlpools are not very powerful and very small whirlpools can easily be seen when a bath or a sink is draining. More powerful ones in seas or oceans may be termed maelstroms. Vortex is the proper term for any whirlpool that has a downdraft. In oceans, in narrow straits, with fast flowing water, whirlpools are normally caused by tides ; there are few stories of large ships ever being sucked into such a maelstrom, although smaller craft are in danger. Moskstraumen Moskstraumen is an unusual system of whirlpools in the open seas in the Lofoten Islands off the Norwegian coast. It finds mention in several books and movies. As navigation is dangerous in this strait only a small slot of time is available for large ships to pass through. Corryvreckan Corryvreckan whirlpool The Corryvreckan is a narrow strait between the islands of Jura and Scarba , in Argyll and Bute , on the northern side of the Gulf of Corryvreckan , Scotland. It is the third-largest whirlpool in the world. Though it was initially classified as non-navigable by the British navy it was later categorized as "extremely dangerous". It is given the epithet "pig-like" as it makes a screeching noise when the vortex is at its full fury. The smaller whirlpools around this Old Sow are known as "Piglets. In a whirlpool there caught student divers, resulting in multiple fatalities. This was not a naturally-occurring whirlpool, but a man-made disaster caused by breaking through the roof of a salt mine. This mishap resulted in destruction of five houses, loss of nineteen barges and eight tug boats, oil rigs, a mobile home and most of the botanical garden and 10 percent area of the nearby Jefferson Island. A crater of 0. The lake then drained, until the mine filled and the water levels equalized but the three-foot deep lake was now 1, feet deep. Nine of the barges which had sunk floated back. The Army Corps of Engineers , which operates the dam and lake, expected that the whirlpool would last until the lake reached normal seasonal levels by late July. Pytheas , the Greek historian, also mentioned that maelstroms swallowed ships and threw them up again. I have heard a certain high nobleman of the Gauls relating that a number of ships, shattered at first by a tempest, were afterwards devoured by this same Charybdis. And when one only out of all the men who had been in these ships, still breathing, swam over the waves, while the rest were dying, he came, swept by the force of the receding waters, up to the edge of that most frightful abyss. And when now he beheld yawning before him the deep chaos whose end he could not see, and half dead from very fear, expected to be hurled into it, suddenly in a way that he could not have hoped he was cast upon a certain rock and sat him down. Sitting in the prow, he lifts up his hands to heaven and blesses the turbulent, terrible seas. Yet the Lord terrifies him in this way, not so that the ship in which he sits should be overwhelmed and wrecked by the waves, but rather to rouse him to pray more fervently that he may sail through the peril and reach us here. In turn, the Nordic word is derived from the Dutch maelstrom, modern spelling maalstroem, from malen to grind and stroom stream , to form the meaning grinding current or literally "mill-stream", in the sense of milling grinding grain.

Chapter 5 : Odyssey Thrinacia

The Island of the Nine Whirlpools by E. Nesbit with illustrations by H. R. Millar. A fantasy tale of a queen and king who employ a witch to have a baby. The price is high. This edition is a republishing of The Island of the Nine Whirlpools first published in The Strand Magazine Seven Dragons Volume 18

And the Queen undid the clasps. Then the witch stirred the stuff that was in the cauldron, and, one by one, she threw in the gold crown and the sapphire necklace and the pearl bracelets and the ruby clasps and the diamonds of the little bright shoe buckles, and last of all she threw in the lilies. The stuff in the cauldron boiled up in foaming flashes of yellow and blue and red and white and silver, and sent out a sweet scent, and presently the witch poured it out into a pot and set it to cool in the doorway among the snakes. Then she said to the Queen: The red of your rubies will lie on its lips, and its skin will be clear and pale as your pearls. Its soul will be white and sweet as your lilies, and your diamonds will be no clearer than its wits. Each of your fifty kisses will be a spell to bring me to you. Some of them even tried to drop a curtsy to her as she went by, though that is not easy when you are hanging wrong way up by your tail. But the snakes knew the Queen was friends with their mistress; so, of course, they had to do their best to be civil. When the Queen got home, sure enough there was the baby lying in the cradle with the Royal arms blazoned on it, crying as naturally as possible. It had pink ribbons to tie up its sleeves, so the Queen saw at once it was a girl. When the King knew this he tore his black hair with fury. Did you think I went to all the trouble and expense of sending you to a witch to get a girl? And make the most of your daughter, while she is a child. All the years of her life had never held half so much happiness as now lived in each of the moments when she held her little baby in her arms. And the years went on, and the King grew more and more clever at magic, and more and more disagreeable at home, and the Princess grew more beautiful and more dear every day she lived. He shook his fist at his family, as indeed he generally did whenever he met them, for he was not a King with pretty home manners. The raven sat down on the edge of the marble basin and tried to peck the goldfish. It was all he could do to show that he was in the same temper as his master. She was eighteen, and it came to her suddenly and all in a moment that she was a grown-up, so she spoke out. The King could not utter a word for several minutes. He was too angry. And he will have to know a very great deal more magic than I shall ever care to teach him. The next day his plan was all arranged. He took the poor Princess to the Lone Tower, which stands on an island in the sea, a thousand miles from everywhere. He gave her a dowry and settled a handsome income on her. He engaged a competent dragon to look after her, and also a respectable griffin whose birth and upbringing he knew all about. No doubt he will soon come. You can employ yourself in embroidering your wedding gown. I wish you joy, my dutiful child. And the witch came, and the Queen told her all. But it is the last thing I can do, and it is not much. Your daughter is under a spell, and I can take you to her. But, if I do, you will have to be turned to stone, and to stay so till the spell is taken off the child. And there was the Princess sitting on the floor in the best room of the Lone Tower, crying as if her heart would break, and the dragon and the griffin were sitting primly on each side of her. Time shall not make the Princess sad. All days will be like one day till her deliverer comes. And you and I, dear Queen, will sit in stone at the gate of the tower. One of them had a stone crown on its head and a stone scepter in its hand; but the other held a stone tablet with words on it, which the griffin and the dragon could not read, though they had both had a very good education. And the years went slowly by. The wicked King died, and someone else took his kingdom, and many things were changed in the world; but the island did not change, nor the Nine Whirlpools, nor the griffin, nor the dragon, nor the two stone ladies. But no one saw it coming except the Princess, and she only in dreams. And the years went by in tens and in hundreds, and still the Nine Whirlpools spun around, roaring in triumph the story of many a good ship that had gone down in their swirl, bearing with it some Prince who had tried to win the Princess and her dowry. And the great sea knew all the other stories of the Princes who had come from very far, and had seen the whirlpools, and had shaken their wise young heads and said: But no one told the story of the deliverer who was to come. And the years went by. Now, after more scores of years than you would like to add up on your slate, a certain sailor-boy sailed on the high seas with his uncle, who was a

skilled skipper. And he was as good a boy as you would find in a month of Sundays, and worthy to be a Prince. Now there is Something which is wiser than all the world – and it knows when people are worthy to be Princes. And the boy heard, though he did not know he heard, and he looked out over the black sea with the white foam-horses galloping over it, and far away he saw a light. And he said to the skipper, his uncle: It is the light that shines from the Lone Tower that stands above the Nine Whirlpools. But there is no deliverance, so never steer that way; and think no more of the Princess, for that is only an idle tale. But the whirlpools are quite real. And as he sailed hither and thither upon the high seas he saw from time to time the light that shone out to sea across the wild swirl of the Nine Whirlpools. He dared not go very near till daylight should show him what, indeed, were the whirlpools he had to dread. But when the dawn came he saw the Lone Tower standing dark against the pink and primrose of the East, and about its base the sullen swirl of black water, and he heard the wonderful roar of it. So he hung off and on, all that day and for six days besides. And when he had watched seven days he knew something. For you are certain to know something if you give for seven days your whole thought to it, even though it be only the first declension, or the nine-times table, or the dates of the Norman Kings. What he knew was this: And every day this happened, but every day it was five minutes earlier than it had been the day before. So on the eighth day, at five minutes before noon, Nigel got ready. And when the whirlpools suddenly stopped whirling and the tide sank, like water in a basin that has a hole in it, he stuck to his oars and put his back into his stroke, and presently beached the boat on the yellow sand. Then he dragged it into a cave and sat down to wait. By five minutes and one second past noon, the whirlpools were black and busy again, and Nigel peeped out of his cave. And on the rocky ledge overhanging the sea he saw a Princess as beautiful as the day, with golden hair and a green gown – and he went out to meet her. He shut a little kiss in each hand before he let them go. I suppose I can kill them? But the griffin has dreams. The griffin sleeps at teatime every day, but the dragon sleeps every day for five minutes, and every day it is three minutes later than it was the day before. Tell me all about yourself. And then she told him all about herself. And I am very busy sewing silk flowers on a golden gown for my wedding day. And the griffin does the housework – his wings are so convenient and feathery for sweeping and dusting. Be a good boy, and get your sum done. Now, the sum was this: You could do it in a minute because you have been to a good school and have taken pains with your lessons; but it was quite otherwise with poor Nigel. He sat down to work out his sum with a piece of chalk on a smooth stone. He tried it by practice and the unitary method, by multiplication, and by rule-of-three-and-three-quarters. He tried it by decimals and by compound interest. He tried it by square root and by cube root. He tried it by addition, simple and otherwise, and he tried it by mixed examples in vulgar fractions. But it was all of no use. Then he tried to do the sum by algebra, by simple and by quadratic equations, by trigonometry, by logarithms, and by conic sections. But it would not do. He got an answer every time, it is true, but it was always a different one, and he could not feel sure which answer was right. And just as he was feeling how much more important than anything else it is to be able to do your sums, the Princess came back. And now it was getting dark. Look here, this is what is written on the tablet of the statue by the lower gate. It has figures in it. Perhaps it is the answer to the sum. And she had scratched on it with the pin of her pearl brooch, and it had turned brown where she had scratched it, as magnolia leaves will do.

Chapter 6 : The island of the nine whirlpools (Book,) [calendrierdelascience.com]

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And the Queen undid the clasps. Then the witch stirred the stuff that was in the cauldron, and, one by one, she threw in the gold crown and the sapphire necklace and the pearl bracelets and the ruby clasps and the diamonds of the little bright shoe buckles, and last of all she threw in the lilies. The stuff in the cauldron boiled up in foaming flashes of yellow and blue and red and white and silver, and sent out a sweet scent, and presently the witch poured it out into a pot and set it to cool in the doorway among the snakes. Then she said to the Queen: The red of your rubies will lie on its lips, and its skin will be clear and pale as your pearls. Its soul will be white and sweet as your lilies, and your diamonds will be no clearer than its wits. Each of your fifty kisses will be a spell to bring me to you. Some of them even tried to drop a curtsy to her as she went by, though that is not easy when you are hanging wrong way up by your tail. But the snakes knew the Queen was friends with their mistress; so, of course, they had to do their best to be civil. When the Queen got home, sure enough there was the baby lying in the cradle with the Royal arms blazoned on it, crying as naturally as possible. It had pink ribbons to tie up its sleeves, so the Queen saw at once it was a girl. When the King knew this he tore his black hair with fury. Did you think I went to all the trouble and expense of sending you to a witch to get a girl? You knew well enough it was a boy I wantedâ€”a boy, an heir, a Princeâ€”to learn all my magic and my enchantments, and to rule the kingdom after me. And make the most of your daughter, while she is a child. All the years of her life had never held half so much happiness as now lived in each of the moments when she held her little baby in her arms. And the years went on, and the King grew more and more clever at magic, and more and more disagreeable at home, and the Princess grew more beautiful and more dear every day she lived. He shook his fist at his family, as indeed he generally did whenever he met them, for he was not a King with pretty home manners. The raven sat down on the edge of the marble basin and tried to peck the goldfish. It was all he could do to show that he was in the same temper as his master. She was eighteen, and it came to her suddenly and all in a moment that she was a grown-up, so she spoke out. The King could not utter a word for several minutes. He was too angry. And to her husband she said, "My dear, why do you go on worrying about it? Our daughter is not a boy, it is trueâ€”but she may marry a clever man who could rule your kingdom after you, and learn as much magic as ever you cared to teach him. And he will have to know a very great deal more magic than I shall ever care to teach him. The next day his plan was all arranged. He took the poor Princess to the Lone Tower, which stands on an island in the sea, a thousand miles from everywhere. He gave her a dowry, and settled a handsome income on her. He engaged a competent dragon to look after her, and also a respectable griffin whose birth and upbringing he knew all about. No doubt he will soon come. You can employ yourself in embroidering your wedding gown. I wish you joy, my dutiful child. The Queen, left at home, cried for a day and a night, and then she remembered the witch and called to her. And the witch came, and the Queen told her all. But it is the last thing I can do, and it is not much. Your daughter is under a spell, and I can take you to her. But, if I do, you will have to be turned to stone, and to stay so till the spell is taken off the child. And there was the Princess sitting on the floor in the best room of the Lone Tower, crying as if her heart would break, and the dragon and the griffin were sitting primly on each side of her. Time shall not make the Princess sad. All days will be like one day till her deliverer comes. And you and I, dear Queen, will sit in stone at the gate of the tower. One of them had a stone crown on its head and a stone scepter in its hand; but the other held a stone tablet with words on it, which the griffin and the dragon could not read, though they had both had a very good education. And now all days seemed like one day to the Princess, and the next day always seemed the day when her mother would come out of the stone and kiss her again. And the years went slowly by. The wicked King died, and some one else took his kingdom, and many things were changed in the world; but the island did not change, nor the Nine Whirlpools, nor the griffin, nor the dragon, nor the two stone ladies. But no one saw it coming except the Princess, and she only in dreams. And the years went by in tens and in hundreds, and still the Nine Whirlpools spun around, roaring in triumph

the story of many a good ship that had gone down in their swirl, bearing with it some Prince who had tried to win the Princess and her dowry. And the great sea knew all the other stories of the Princes who had come from very far, and had seen the whirlpools, and had shaken their wise young heads and said: But no one told the story of the deliverer who was to come. And the years went by. Now, after more scores of years than you would like to add up on your slate, a certain sailor-boy sailed on the high seas with his uncle, who was a skilled skipper. And he was as good a boy as you would find in a month of Sundays, and worthy to be a Prince. Now there is Something which is wiser than all the world—and it knows when people are worthy to be Princes. And the boy heard, though he did not know he heard, and he looked out over the black sea with the white foam-horses galloping over it, and far away he saw a light. And he said to the skipper, his uncle: It is the light that shines from the Lone Tower that stands above the Nine Whirlpools. But there is no deliverance, so never steer that way; and think no more of the Princess, for that is only an idle tale. But the whirlpools are quite real. And as he sailed hither and thither upon the high seas he saw from time to time the light that shone out to sea across the wild swirl of the Nine Whirlpools. He dared not go very near till daylight should show him what, indeed, were the whirlpools he had to dread. But when the dawn came he saw the Lone Tower standing dark against the pink and primrose of the East, and about its base the sullen swirl of black water, and he heard the wonderful roar of it. So he hung off and on, all that day and for six days besides. And when he had watched seven days he knew something. For you are certain to know something if you give for seven days your whole thought to it, even though it be only the first declension, or the nine-times table, or the dates of the Norman Kings. What he knew was this: And every day this happened, but every day it was five minutes earlier than it had been the day before. So on the eighth day, at five minutes before noon, Nigel got ready. And when the whirlpools suddenly stopped whirling and the tide sank, like water in a basin that has a hole in it, he stuck to his oars and put his back into his stroke, and presently beached the boat on the yellow sand. Then he dragged it into a cave, and sat down to wait. By five minutes and one second past noon, the whirlpools were black and busy again, and Nigel peeped out of his cave. And on the rocky ledge overhanging the sea he saw a Princess as beautiful as the day, with golden hair and a green gown—and he went out to meet her. He shut a little kiss in each hand before he let them go. I suppose I can kill them? But the griffin has dreams. The griffin sleeps at teatime every day, but the dragon sleeps every day for five minutes, and every day it is three minutes later than it was the day before. Tell me all about yourself. And then she told him all about herself. And I am very busy sewing silk flowers on a golden gown for my wedding day. And the griffin does the housework—his wings are so convenient and feathery for sweeping and dusting. Be a good boy, and get your sum done. Now, the sum was this: You could do it in a minute because you have been to a good school and have taken pains with your lessons; but it was quite otherwise with poor Nigel. He sat down to work out his sum with a piece of chalk on a smooth stone. He tried it by practice and the unitary method, by multiplication, and by rule-of-three-and-three-quarters. He tried it by decimals and by compound interest. He tried it by square root and by cube root. He tried it by addition, simple and otherwise, and he tried it by mixed examples in vulgar fractions. But it was all of no use. Then he tried to do the sum by algebra, by simple and by quadratic equations, by trigonometry, by logarithms, and by conic sections. But it would not do. He got an answer every time, it is true, but it was always a different one, and he could not feel sure which answer was right. And just as he was feeling how much more important than anything else it is to be able to do your sums, the Princess came back. And now it was getting dark. Look here, this is what is written on the tablet of the statue by the lower gate. It has figures in it. Perhaps it is the answer to the sum. And she had scratched on it with the pin of her pearl brooch, and it had turned brown where she had scratched it, as magnolia leaves will do.

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The wicked King died, and some one else took his kingdom, and many things were changed in the world; but the island did not change, nor the Nine Whirlpools, nor the griffin, nor the dragon, nor the two stone ladies.

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On the Princess' 18th birthday, the King, who was a very disagreeable King, banished the Princess to an island surrounded by nine whirlpools and guarded by a dragon AND a gryphon. There she would spend eternity sewing her wedding dress and waiting for a Prince clever enough to free her.