THE ANALYSIS OF GRAMMATICAL AND TEXTUAL EQUIVALENCE USED BY POPPY D. CHUSFANI IN TRANSLATING ENGLISH INTO INDONESIA LANGUAGE OF CHRISTOPHER PAOLINI ‘S NOVEL OF “INHERITANCE”

A GRADUATING PAPER

Submitted to the Board of Examiners as a partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Sarjana Pendidikan Islam (S.Pd.I) English Education Department of Teacher Training and Education Faculty State Institute for Islamic Studies (IAIN) Salatiga

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2015
DECLARATION

In the name of Allah,

Hereby, the writer declares that this graduating paper is written by the writer her/himself. This paper does not contain any materials which have been published by other people; and it does not cite any other people’s ideas except the information from the references.

The writer is capable to account her graduating paper if in the future it can be proved of containing others’idea or in fact, the writer imitates the others’graduating paper. Likewise, this declaration is made by the writer, and she hopes that this declaration can be understood.

Salatiga, September 3\textsuperscript{th} 2015

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ATTENTIVE COUNSELOR’S NOTE
Case: Badi’atul Azmina’s Graduating Paper

Dear,,
Dean of Teacher Training and Education
Faculty

Assalamu’alaikum Wr. Wb.

After reading and correcting Badi’atul Azmina’s graduating paper entitled “THE ANALYSIS OF GRAMMATICAL AND TEXTUAL EQUIVALENCE USED BY POPPY D. CHUSFANI IN TRANSLATING CHRISTOPHER PAOLINI ‘S NOVEL OF ‘INHERITANCE’”, I have decided and would like to propose that this paper can be accepted by the Teacher Training and Education Faculty. I hope this paper will be examined as soon as possible.

Wassalamu’alaikum Wr. Wb.

Counselor,

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has been brought to the board of examiners of English and Education Department of Teacher Training and Education Faculty at State Institute for Islamic Studies (IAIN) Salatiga on Saturday, August 29th 2015 and hereby considered to complete the requirements for the degree of Sarjana Pendidikan Islam (S.Pd.I) in English and Education.

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MOTTO

“Without fear there cannot be courage.”
— Christopher Paolini

“Let go of your worries and focus only on the task at hand. The future will be what it will, and fretting about it will only make your fears more likely to come true.

I know,”--Glaedr”
— Christopher Paolini, Inheritance
DEDICATION

This graduating paper is dedicated to:

1. My beloved mother (Mu‘alimah) and father (Nur Salim), thanks for all of the prayers, struggle, and sacrifice.

2. My beloved sister (Mar’atus Solihah) and brother (M. Azka Rosada), thanks for your motivation and support.

3. My big family of Grandfather Ghozali, thanks for your prayer.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

In the name of Allah, The Most Gracious and The Most Merciful, The Lord of Universe. Because of Him, the writer could finish this graduating paper as one of the requirement for Sarjana Pendidikan Islam in English Education Department of Teacher Training and Education Faculty of State Institute for Islamic Studies (IAIN) Salatiga.

Secondly, peace and salutation always be given to our prophet Muhammad SAW who has guided us from the darkness to the lightness. However, this success would not be achieved without supports, guidance, advices, helps, and encouragements from individual and institution, and I somehow realize that an appropriate moment for me to deepest gratitude for:

1. Mr. Rahmat Hariyadi, M. Ag. as the Rector of State Institute for Islamic Studies (IAIN) Salatiga.
2. Mr. Suwardi, M. Pd. as the Dean of Teacher Training and Education Faculty.
3. Mrs. Noor Maliah, Ph. D. as the Head of English Education Department.
4. Mrs. Sari Famularsih, M. A. as a counselor who has educated, supported, directed and given the writer advices, suggestions, and recommendations for this thesis from beginning until the end.
5. All of the lecturers in English Education Department. Thanks for your education.

6. All of the staffs who have helped the writer in processing of graduating paper administration.

7. All of my close friends who I could not mention one by one.

8. All of friends from TBI’11.

9. All of friends from Communicative English Club (CEC). Keep pacing the world with English.

Finally this graduating paper is expected to be able to provide useful knowledge and information to the readers. Also, the writer is pleased to accept more suggestion and contribution from the reader for the improvement of the graduating paper.

Salatiga, September 3\textsuperscript{rd} 2015

\textit{The writer, B} \\

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ABSTRACT


Keywords: Concept of Equivalence, Grammatical Equivalence, Textual Equivalence, Inheritance Novel

This study deals with the concept of equivalence which is limited to grammatical and textual (cohesion) equivalence proposed by Mona Baker. Research questions of this study are what kinds of grammatical and textual equivalence which are used by Poppy D. Chusfani in translating English into Indonesia language of Christopher Paolini’s Novel of “Inheritance” and what is the most dominant equivalence used by Poppy D. Chusfani in translating English into Indonesia language of Christopher Paolini’s Novel of “Inheritance”. Besides, the objectives of this study are to find and analyze the kinds of grammatical and textual equivalence which are used by Poppy D. Chusfani in translating English into Indonesia language of Christopher Paolini’s Novel of “Inheritance” as well as to find the most dominant equivalence used by Poppy D. Chusfani in translating English into Indonesia language of Christopher Paolini’s Novel of “Inheritance”. This is descriptive qualitative research and the method of collecting data of this study are documentation and library research. The data in the novel which have been collected are classified into two kinds of equivalence; grammatical equivalence (number, gender, person, tense/aspect and voice) and textual equivalence (reference, substitution, ellipsis, conjunction and lexical cohesion). After analyzing and classifying the data, researcher discovered that there are 25 data of number, 27 data of gender, 38 data of person, 12 data of tense/aspect and 12 data of voice. Furthermore, researcher discovered that there are 33 data of reference, 9 data of substitution and ellipsis, 35 data of conjunction and 17 data of lexical cohesion. Those data presented are representative from all of the data in the novel, because the writer takes the data by its part among the translated sentences contained grammatical and textual (cohesion) equivalence. To sum up, the result shows that Poppy D. Chusfani uses all kinds of grammatical and textual (cohesion) equivalence, after all, grammatical equivalence of person is the most dominant data (38) used by Poppy D. Chusfani in translating English into Indonesia language of Christopher Paolini’s Novel of “Inheritance”.

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CHAPTER I
INTRODUCTION

A. Background of the Study

Translation is an activity of transferring meaning from the source language into the target language. Many experts give their definitions about translation. A deeper opinion was revealed by Brislin (1976:1, in Widiyantari 2012: 58) that “Translation is the general term referring to the transfer of thoughts and ideas from one language (source) to another (target) whether the languages are in written or oral form”. According to Brislin, translation is a general term that refers to the transfer of idea or thought from the source language to the target language either written or spoken. Therefore the core of translation is the transforming of message, meaning or idea from the source language to the target one. Whereas, in the term of language style, both languages used must be appropriate each other so that it will give the same effect between the reader of the source text and the reader of the translation version. That is because the resulted translation is accurate, understandable and acceptable.

Meanwhile, Catford (1974:20) stated that “Translation may be defined as the replacement of textual in one language (SL), by textual material in another language”. In this definition, translator will only change the text material or the passage in source language into the target language. Besides, in the real activity translator will not only transfer the
substance material but he/she also has to consider the language style and the culture. Nida and Taber (1974:14) mentioned that “Translation consists of reproducing in the receptor language and secondly in terms of style”. It means that translation is the re-expression into target language from the source language, with first focus on the meaning expression and then the style of the expression as the second.

The mastery of the culture and both languages used is not a guarantee that someone can be a qualified translator. Many requirements have to be possessed. Bell (1991:36) said “The translator must, as a communicator, possess the knowledge and skill.” It means that a translator should have a wide deep insight and also skill. Furthermore, he has to master the translation theory and also has an understanding about the types of translation. Bell also revealed that “…the professional (technical) translator has access to five distinct kinds of knowledge: target language (TL) knowledge; text-type knowledge; source language (SL) knowledge; subject area (“Real-world”) knowledge and contrastive knowledge.” In doing the process of translation, a translator does not only transfer the meaning (Widiyantari, 2012: 57-59). There are several aspects that should be taken into consideration such as the problems of non-equivalence. Baker (1992: 18) states that the choice of a suitable equivalent will always depend not only on the linguistic system or systems being handled by the translator, but also on the way both the writer of the source text and the
procedure of the target text, i.e. the translator, choose to manipulate the linguistic systems in question.

The comparison of texts in different languages inevitably involves a theory of equivalence. Equivalence can be said to be the central issue in translation although its definition, relevance, and applicability within the field of translation theory have caused heated controversy, and many different theories of the concept of equivalence have been elaborated within this field in the past fifty years proposed by Leonardi (2000). Furthermore, Mona Baker in the book of *In Other Words* (1992) defines six types of equivalence: (1) equivalence at word level, (2) equivalence above the word level, (3) grammatical equivalence, (4) textual equivalence; thematic and word order, (5) textual equivalence; cohesion, and (6) pragmatic equivalence.

However, Newmark states that knowledge of text-linguistics, in no way dispenses with the lexical, grammatical and referential problems that have to be solved at the particular and specific points of the text. The problems of coherence and cohesion coincide when the meanings of sentence joins are to be determined (1993: 4). For this reason, grammatical and textual (cohesion) equivalence are obviously important for translator to account for in the text. Consequently, the writer limits this study only on grammatical and textual (cohesion) equivalence.

Grammatical equivalence refers to the diversity of grammatical categories across languages. Baker (1992) notes that grammatical rules
may vary across languages and this may pose some problems in the terms of finding a direct correspondence in the target language which later may induce the translator either to add or to omit information in the target language because of the lack of particular grammatical devices in the target language itself (p. 82). It includes number, gender, person, tense/aspect and voice. While textual equivalence refers to the equivalence in the terms of information and cohesion. It is up to the translator to decide whether or not to maintain the cohesive ties as well as the coherence of the source language (p. 132). It consists of reference, substitution, ellipsis, conjunction and lexical cohesion.

In addition, text is the object of translation. The strategies of translation and how the translator translates language are seen in the target text. The writer chooses *Inheritance*, English novel written by Christopher Paolini for the reason that it is translated by Poppy D. Chusfani. She is a great editor, translator and writer (Hanifah, 2013: 1). She has certain strategies how to find the adequate equivalence from English into Indonesia language. The strategies includes how to translate conversion, ‘he’ or ’she’, generic ‘you’, tenses, active-passive form and conjunction. For example, Poppy (2013: 14) says that some active sentences in English are easier to read if it is translated into passive in Indonesia. This type of translator’s strategies and preference will cause problems of equivalence based on Mona Baker’s theory of equivalence, including problems in grammatical and textual (cohesion) equivalence.
Based on the explanation above, the writer would like to conduct research entitled THE ANALYSIS OF GRAMMATICAL AND TEXTUAL EQUIVALENCE USED BY POPPY D. CHUSFANI IN TRANSLATING ENGLISH INTO INDONESIA LANGUAGE OF CHRISTOPHER PAOLINI ‘S NOVEL OF “INHERITANCE”. The writer tries to find out the grammatical and textual equivalence for both English and Indonesia version of Inheritance novel.

B. Statement of the Problems

To clarify the problem that is going to be analyzed, the statements of the problems are formulated as follows:

1. What kinds of grammatical and textual equivalence which are used by Poppy D. Chusfani in translating English into Indonesia language of Christopher Paolini’s Novel of “Inheritance”?

2. What is the most dominant equivalence used by Poppy D. Chusfani in translating English into Indonesia language of Christopher Paolini’s Novel of “Inheritance”?

C. Limitation of the Study

This research is limited to the problems by analyzing some words, phrases, clauses and sentences that are contained the grammatical and textual equivalence (cohesion) which are existed in some chapters of English and Indonesia version of Inheritance novel by Christopher Paolini.
D. Objectives of Study

Based on the statement of the problems above, the objectives of the study are as follows:

1. To find and analyze the kinds of grammatical and textual equivalence which are used by Poppy D. Chusfani in translating English into Indonesia language of Christopher Paolini’s Novel of “Inheritance”.
2. To find the most dominant equivalence used by Poppy D. Chusfani in translating English into Indonesia language of Christopher Paolini’s Novel of “Inheritance”?

E. Benefits of the Study

The writer expects that the result of this study can give contribution for academic field and practical field, as follows:

1. Theoretically

The result of the research expected to inspire others to hold further research. This study gives additional information to the readers; they will know the analysis of grammatical and textual equivalence in translation of written language.

2. Practically
   a. Students

   The result of this research can be used as additional information of grammatical and textual equivalence. Furthermore, students are motivated to master grammatical and textual equivalence so they can improve their translation skill.
b. English Teacher

The result of the study will be useful for additional information in teaching translation concerning grammatical and textual equivalence. The writer also hopes the teachers not only transfer their knowledge from books, especially about grammatical and textual equivalence, but also give some exercises to enhance students' skills in analyzing the translation of English sources. The teacher can improve their capability through many ways to develop the new method of language learning to upgrade the knowledge about grammatical and textual equivalence.

F. Definition of Key Terms

Based on the title of the paper, there are some key terms that are needed to be explained:

1. Analysis

Analysis is separation into parts possibly with comment and judgement (Hornby, 1987: 29). Analysis is the process of breaking a complex topic into smaller parts to gain a better understanding of it. The technique has been applied in the study of mathematic and logic since before Aristotle, though analysis as a formal concept is a relatively recent development.
2. Grammatical

Based on Merriam Webster’s Third New International Dictionary (1981: 987) grammatical is according to the rules of grammar: correct as regards grammar; according to or following the word taken strictly in accordance with the rules of grammar; of, relating to, or being in strict accordance with the grammar or methodic principles of an art or science, discipline, or practice.

3. Textual

Based on Merriam Webster’s Third New International Dictionary (1981: 2366) textual is of, relating to, or based on the text or something.

4. Equivalence

Equivalence is the state or property of being equivalent: exchangeability, correspondence; equality in metrical value of an regular foot and one in which there are substitutions (Merriam Webster, 1981: 769). While equivalent is being equivalence or something that is equivalence; equal in value, amount, meaning (Hornby, 1987: 289).

5. Poppy D. Chusfani

Poppy D. Chusfani was born on August 3rd, 1973 in Bandung, West Java. She first became a translator and an editor before releasing her own books. Between her job and the responsibilities of being a housewife and a mother, she continues to write fantasy. She lives in
Bogor with her husband and son. The first book she translated is “Boy: Kisah Masa Kecil” by Roald Dahl and one of her famous translation is “Amulet Samarkand” which is the first series of The Bartimaeus Trilogy by Jonathan Stroud. After she professionally became translator, she writes her own book. Following are her books: “Mirror, Mirror on the Wall”, “Nocturnal” and “The Bookaholic Club” (Hanifah, 2013: 1).

6. Christopher Paolini

Christopher Paolini is one of the most well known American authors. He was born on 17th of November, 1983 in Southern California, Los Angeles. Paolini hails from a small family, which include his parents (Kenneth Paolini and Talita Hodgkinson) and a sister (Angela Paolini). He was brought up in Paradise Valle, Montana and lived there for long time (House, 2003: 1).

7. Inheritance Novel

The Inheritance Cycle is a young adult tetralogy of epic fantasy novels written by American author Christopher Paolini. Set in the fictional world of Alagaësia, the novels focus on the adventures of a teenage boy named Eragon and his dragon, Saphira, as they struggle to overthrow the evil king Galbatorix. The series was originally intended to be a trilogy (named the "Inheritance Trilogy") until Paolini announced on October 30, 2007, while working on the third novel, that he believed the story was too complex to conclude in just three
books. The tetralogy consists of *Eragon, Eldest, Brisingr*, and *Inheritance* (House, 2007: 1).

**G. Graduating Paper Outline**

This thesis consists of five chapters. Each chapter has different elements as follows:

Chapter I tells about introduction. The writer explains about general background of the problem, statement of the problem, limitation of the study, objectives of the study, benefits of the study, definition of the key terms, research methodology, and graduating paper outline.

Chapter II describes about review of related literature. The writer takes some books written by many experts as references which explains more about the theoretical review of definition of translation, concept of equivalence in translation, and explains grammatical and textual (cohesion) equivalence in translation.

Chapter III describes the biography of the author and also biography of *Inheritance* novel. Additionally, the synopsis of the novel and the literary elements are being discussed.

Chapter IV presents Research Findings and Discussion. It includes the analysis of the grammatical equivalence and textual equivalence used in translating English-Indonesia of *Inheritance* novel.

Chapter V is conclusions and suggestions. It contents all of data analysis and gives some suggestions of the problems discussed. The last part is references and appendix.
CHAPTER II
LITERATURE REVIEW

In this chapter, the theoretical foundation and other relevant information will be discussed. They are so essential to be the basic theory of the grammatical and textual equivalence that will be used to analyze the novel. Thus, the writer would like to discuss about the theoretical review of definition of translation, concept of equivalence in translation, and explains grammatical and textual (cohesion) equivalence in translation.

A. Definition of Translation

Budhianto and Fardhani (2010: 1) state that different experts in translation propose different definitions. The definitions reflect the experts’ point of view on the nature of translation. To acquire translation skill, one must know about at least two languages, which are used in the process of transferring the message from a source language (SL) into a target language (TL). According to Nida and Taber (1982: 12):

Translating consists in reproducing in the receptor language the closest natural equivalent of the source-language message, first in terms of meaning and secondly in terms of style.

In addition, Catford (1965: 20) defines translation as the replacement of textual material in one language (SL) by equivalent textual material in another language (TL). This definition is intentionally wide—not vague, though it may appear so at first sight. Two lexical items in it call for
comment. These are 'textual material' (where 'text' might have been expected) and 'equivalent'. The term 'equivalent' is clearly a key term, and the central problem of translation practice is that of finding TL translation equivalents.

B. Concept of Equivalence in Translation

Translation equivalence is a principal concept in Western translation theory. It is a constitutive feature and the guiding principle of translation. As Catford points out, "the central problem of translation-practice is that of finding TL equivalents. A central task of translation theory is that of defining the nature and conditions of translation equivalence." (Catford, 1965: 21)

Bell (1991: 06) explains language are different from each other; they are different in form having distinct codes and rules regalating the contruction of grammaticel stretches of language and these forms have different meanings. To shift from one language to another is, by definition, to alter the forms. Further, the contrasting forms convey meanings which cannot but fail to coincide totally; there is no absolute synonymy between words in the same language, so why should anyone be surprised to discover a lack of synonymybetween languages?

Text in different languages can be equivalent in different degrees (fully or partially equivalent), in respect of different levels of presentation (equivalent in respect of context, of semantics, of grammar, of lexis, etc.) and at different ranks (word for word, phrase for phrase, sentence for sentence). (Hartmann and Stork, 1972: 712 in Bell, 1991: 06)

More broadly, Sandra Halverson in *International Journal of Translation Studies* (1997: 2-9) states that “equivalence” is a term which is also broadly
used outside of the field of enquiry at hand, it may be useful to start with a more general definition of the concept before mentioning more specific ones.

1. Non-Specific Definitions of the Concept

   There are three main components to both: a pair (at least) between which the relationship exists, a concept of likeness/sameness/similarity/equality, and a set of qualities. Thus, equivalence is defined as a relationship existing between two (or more) entities, and the relationship is described as one of likeness/sameness/similarity/equality in terms of any of a number of potential qualities.

2. Equivalence as a Mathematical or Logical Relation

   Equivalence as a mathematical relation is defined as “a relation which is reflexive symmetrical and transitive” (Collins English Dictionary 1991: 526, in Halverson, 04). For the purposes of interlingual translation, which is the type of translation under consideration here, the first of these is obviously irrelevant. Multiple examples from the practice of back translation have proven that translation pairs are not symmetrical and translation through several languages makes the lack of transitivity similarly apparent.

3. Equivalence in Translation Studies

   First of all, the equivalence concept may be alternatively defined in a broad or a narrow sense, and secondly, that within the broader sense of the concept there are at least three areas, or conceptual components, which should be (though they are not always) specified in any application
of the concept. Thus, use of the equivalence concept may vary in either scope or focus.

a. The “Science of Translation”: The Dual Status of “Equivalence”

The view that the explication of translation equivalence is the main objective of translation studies was shared by the German scholars. However, the role of the concept is more complex than that. Indeed, the significance of the equivalence relation for the linguistic approaches lies in its dual status as the object of study and as a standard for the delineation of translation from similar and related activities which also produce derivative texts, e.g. paraphrase, adaptation, summary, etc. In other words, the contention is that if the equivalence relationship is sufficiently accounted for, then the limits of translation as an independent phenomenon will become discernible.

The emphasis was on how the relationship between target and source texts was considered to be the object of study, while at the same time the task of theory was seen to be the development of an adequate means of determining what translation is and what it is not.

b. The Historical-Descriptive Approach: Displacement of the Equivalence Concept

For scholars working within a historical-descriptive approach, on the other hand, the explication of equivalence is seen as an unfruitful enterprise. Furthermore, many of these scholars are, in
their own view, more interested textual “manipulation” in difference than in sameness, and in the motivations underlying textual “manipulation”.

In order to fully appreciate the fall from grace of the equivalence concept, an understanding of the role played by two basic assumptions of the historical-descriptive scholars is essential. These two are target-orientation and translation norms (or ‘norms and constraints’). It is widely recognized that both of these assumptions imply a considerable reduction in the status of the source text, and consequently in the relationship that exists between the translation and its source text.

On the explanation below, the writer would like to describe more what the necessities of equivalence are and how the concepts of equivalence from each expert are:

1. Necessity of Translation Equivalence

The necessity of Translation Equivalence was stated by Xiang Yinhua in Translation Journal of Humanities and Social Science. Yinhua (2011: 169-170) says as translation is a kind of communication, the principal task in translation practice is to establish equivalence of the original text in the target language. In other words, any translation involves a kind of equivalence between the source text and the target text; without equivalence of certain degrees or certain aspects, the translated text cannot be regarded as translation of the original text. In short,
equivalence is of absolute necessity in and a basic requirement of translation.

a. Necessity of Equivalence as Implied in Definition of Translation

Translation is so complex a kind of activity that to define it adequately is not an easy job. So far, various kinds of definitions have been given, and we can easily see no matter how translation is defined, the concept of equivalence is inseparable and is implied in one way or the other. In a sense, each of the above definitions is constructed round the basic concept of equivalence. The essentiality of the concept of equivalence in any definition of translation demonstrates adequately the necessity of equivalence in translation.

b. Necessity of Equivalence as Required by Essence of Translation

Just like definitions of translation, there are also various opinions concerning the nature of translation, such as "Translation is a science." "Translation is an art.", "Translation is a language activity.", etc. However, translation, in essence, is basically a kind of communication. Since translation in essence is a kind of communication, equivalence between the source text and the target text naturally becomes an essential requirement. It is generally agreed that the fundamental requirement of any kind of communication is to guarantee that the message is adequately transmitted from the source to the receptor. Similarly, in translation, the translator should try his best to reproduce the closest equivalent message of the original text in the target text so
that the target text reader can understand the source message adequately; otherwise, translation as a kind of communication would end in failure. Therefore, it might be safe to say that the essence of translation as a kind of communication calls for the necessity of equivalence in translation.

c. Necessity of Equivalence as Demonstrated by Limitations of Translatability and Difficulty of Translation

When we say that something is translatable, in a sense, it means that a certain degree of equivalence of the source text can be achieved in the target language. Contrarily, when we say that something is untranslatable, it means that no equivalence of the source text can be realized in the target language. Therefore, we can say that the existence of limitations of translatability well demonstrates the necessity of equivalence in translation. Likewise, the difficulty of translation sometimes arises from the necessity of equivalence in translation. It is generally agreed that translation is more difficult than original creation, and this mainly results from the requirement of equivalence in translation. In the original creation, the author is free to say whatever he wants to say and say it in whatever ways he prefers to. In translation, however, the translator does not have the freedom, because he has to say what the author has said in the original text and say it in more or less the same manner as the original author has done.
2. Concept of Equivalence According to Some Experts

The concept of equivalence has been of particular concern to translation scholars since it has been inextricably linked with both definitional and practical aspects of translating. Becoming an essential feature of translation theories in the 1960s and 1970s, equivalence was meant to indicate that source text (henceforth ST) and target text (henceforth TT) share some kind of “sameness”. The question was as to the kind and degree of sameness which gave birth to different kinds of equivalence Despoina Panou (2013: 2-5) sums up equivalence in *Translation Theories* in *Theory and Practice in Language Studies Journal* as below:

a. *Vinay and Darbelnet*

Jean-Paul Vinay and Jean Darbelnet distinguish between *direct* and *oblique* translation, the former referring to literal translation and the latter to free translation. Moreover, they propose seven procedures, the first three covered by direct translation and the remaining four by oblique translation. These procedures are: borrowing, calque, literal translation, transposition, modulation, equivalence and adaptation. In particular, it is argued that equivalence is viewed as a procedure in which the same situation is replicated as in the original but different wording is used. Hence, when dealing with proverbs, idioms and clichés, equivalence for them is sought at the level of sense and not image.
Furthermore, Vinay and Darbelnet consider as a necessary and sufficient condition for equivalent expressions between language pairs to be acceptable to be listed in a bilingual dictionary “as full equivalents”. Nevertheless, they realized the utopia of such a statement by admitting that glossaries and collections of idiomatic expressions are non-exhaustive. In other words, the rendering of an equivalent of an expression in the SL text in a dictionary or glossary does not suffice or guarantee a successful translation since the context surrounding the term in question plays an equally important role in determining the translation strategy employed. They conclude by stating that the situation is what determines the need for creating equivalences. So translators are encouraged to firstly look in the situation of the ST in order to come up with a solution.

\section{Jakobson}

The structuralist Roman Jakobson maintains that there are three kinds of translation, that is, \textit{intralingual} (rewording or paraphrasing within one language), \textit{interlingual} (rewording or paraphrasing between two languages), and \textit{intersemiotic} (rewording or paraphrasing between sign systems). It is \textit{interlingual translation} that has been the focus of translation studies.

More specifically, when addressing the thorny problem of equivalence in meaning between words in different languages, he immediately stresses the fact that there can be no full equivalence
between two words. He cites the example of *cheese* in English by saying that it is not identical to the Russian *syr*– the concept of cottage cheese not being included in the latter. Jakobson does not propose that translation is impossible but rather pinpoints the differences in the structure and terminology of languages.

c. *Nida and Taber*

With regard to equivalence, Nida maintains that there are two basic types of equivalence: (1) *formal equivalence* and (2) *dynamic equivalence*. In particular, Nida argues that in formal equivalence the TT resembles very much the ST in both form and content whereas in dynamic equivalence an effort is made to convey the ST message in the TT as naturally as possible. It could be argued that Nida is in favor of dynamic equivalence since he considers it to be a more effective translation procedure. This comes as no surprise given the fact that Nida was, at the time at which he proffered his views about equivalence, translating the Bible, and hence trying to produce the same impact on various different audiences he was simultaneously addressing. Nida’s preference is more clearly stated in Nida and Taber’s edition since it is argued that dynamic equivalence in translation goes beyond correct communication of information.

d. *Catford*

Catford’s main contribution in the field of translation studies lies in the introduction of his idea of *types* and *shifts* of translation. *Shifts*
refer to the changes that take place during the translation process. More specifically, Catford describes very broad types of translation according to three criteria. Firstly, *full translation* is contrasted with *partial translation* which differs according to the extent of translation. Secondly, *total translation* differs from *restricted translation* according to the levels of language involved in translation, and, thirdly, Catford distinguishes between *rank-bound translation* and *unbounded translation*, depending on the grammatical or phonological rank at which equivalence is established.

e. *House*

Adopting pragmatic theories of language use, House has come up with a translation model in which the basic requirement for equivalence of ST and TT is that original and translation should match one another in function. This function should be achieved by employing equivalent pragmatic means. The translation is only, therefore, considered to be adequate in quality if it matches the “textual” profile and function of the original.

In more detail, carrying out contrastive German-English discourse analyses, House has distinguished between two basic types of translation, namely, *overt translation* and *covert translation*. As the term itself denotes, an overt translation points to a TT that consists of elements that “betray” that it is a translation. On the other hand, a covert translation is a TT that has the same function with the ST since
the translator has made every possible effort to alleviate cultural differences. In conclusion, it could be argued that House’s theory seems more flexible than Catford’s since it incorporates the pragmatic aspect of translation by using authentic examples.

f. **Koller**

One of the most prominent German scholars working in the field of translation studies is Werner Koller who gives a detailed examination of the concept of equivalence and its linked term *correspondence*. In particular, *correspondence* involves the comparison of two language systems where differences and similarities are described contrastively, whereas *equivalence* deals with equivalent items in specific ST-TT pairs and contexts.

In an effort to answer the question of what is equivalent to what, Koller distinguishes five different types of equivalence: (a) *denotative equivalence* involving the extra linguistic content of a text, (b) *connotative equivalence* relating to lexical choices, (c) *text-normative equivalence* relating to text-types, (d) *pragmatic equivalence* involving the receiver of the text or message, and, finally, (e) *formal equivalence* relating to the form and aesthetics of the text.

g. **Newmark**

More specifically, Newmark replaces Nida’s terms of formal and dynamic equivalence with *semantic* and *communicative translation* respectively. The major difference between the two types of
translation proposed by Newmark is that semantic translation focuses on meaning whereas communicative translation concentrates on effect. In other words, semantic translation looks back at the ST and tries to retain its characteristics as much as possible. Its nature is more complex, detailed and there is also a tendency to over-translate. On the other hand, communicative translation looks towards the needs of the addressees, thus trying to satisfy them as much as possible. In this respect, communicative translation tends to under-translate; to be smoother, more direct and easier to read. Hence, in semantic translation a great emphasis is placed on the author of the original text whereas communicative translation is meant to serve a larger readership. It should be pointed out that during the translation process, communicative translations need not be employed exclusively over semantic or vice versa. It may well be the case in a literary text that a particular sentence requires communicative translation whereas another sentence from the same text may require a semantic one. Hence, the two methods of translation may be used in parallel, with varying focuses where each is employed.

h. Baker

Mona Baker in her influential book *In Other Words* (1992) addresses the vexing issue of equivalence by adopting a more neutral approach when she argues that equivalence is a relative notion because it is influenced by a variety of linguistic and cultural factors
In particular, the chapters of her book are structured around different kinds of equivalence, that is, at the level of word, phrase, grammar, text and pragmatics. Hence, terms such as grammatical, textual and pragmatic equivalence come up. In more detail, a distinction is made between word-level and above-world-level equivalence. Adopting a bottom-up approach, Baker acknowledges the importance of individual words during the translation process, since the translator looks firstly at the words as single units in order to find their equivalent in the TL. Baker goes on to provide a definition of the term word referring to its complex nature since a single word can sometimes be assigned different meanings in different languages. Consequently, parameters such as number, gender and tense should be taken into consideration when translating a word (p. 11-12).

i. **Pym**

Lastly, Pym makes his own contribution to the concept of equivalence by pointing out that there is no such thing as perfect equivalence between languages and it is always assumed equivalence. In particular, for Pym equivalence is a relation of “equal value” between an ST segment and a TT segment and can be established on any linguistic level from form to function. He goes on to distinguish between natural and directional equivalence. Natural equivalence exists between languages prior to the act of translating, and, secondly, it is not affected by directionality. On the other hand, theories of
directional equivalence give the translator the freedom to choose between several translations strategies which are not dictated by the ST. Although there are usually many ways of translating, the strategies for directional equivalence are reduced into two opposing poles; one adhering to SL norms and the other to TL norms. Perhaps, the most important assumption of directional equivalence is that it involves some kind of asymmetry since when translating one way and creating an equivalent does not imply the creation of the same equivalent when translating another way.

From all of the concepts of equivalence proposed by experts above, the writer chooses Mona Baker’s concept to analyze *Inheritance* Novel by Chistopher Paolini. They are grammatical and textual (cohesion) equivalence.

C. Grammatical Equivalence

The writer takes grammatical equivalence concept from Mona Baker in the Book of *In Other Words: A Course book on Translation*. Mona Baker says that grammar is the set of rules which determine the way in which units such as words and phrases can be combined in a language and the kind of information which has to be made regularly explicit in utterances. A language can, of course, express any kind of information its speakers need to express, but the grammatical system of a given language will determine the ease with which certain notions such as time reference or gender can be made explicit (Baker, 1992: 83). It is difficult to find a notional category which is regularly
and uniformly expressed in all languages (Baker, 1992: 85). Differences in
the grammatical structures of the source and target languages often result in
some change in the information content of the message during the process of
translation. This change may take the form of adding to the target text
information which is not expressed in the source text. This can happen when
the target language has a grammatical category which the source language
lacks. The change in the information content of the message may be in the
form of omitting information specified in the source text. If the target
language lacks a grammatical category which exists in the source language,
the information expressed by that category may have to be ignored (Baker,

There are five major categories of grammatical equivalence: number,
gender, person, tense/aspect and voice which are proposed by Mona Baker:

1. Number

The idea of countability is probably universal in the sense that it is
readily accessible to all human beings and is expressed in the lexical
structure of all languages. However, not all languages have a
grammatical category of number, and those that do not necessarily view
countability in the same terms. As explained above, English recognizes a
distinction between one and more than one (singular and plural). This
distinction has to be expressed morphologically, by adding a suffix to a
noun or by changing its form in some other way to indicate whether it
refers to one or more than one: student/students, fox/foxes, man/men,
child/children (Baker, 1992: 87). A translator working from a language which has number distinctions into a language with no category of number has two main options: he or she can (a) omit the relevant information relating to number, or (b) encode this information lexically (Baker, 1992: 88).

It may sometimes be necessary or desirable in certain contexts to specify plurality or duality in languages which do not normally specify such information because they do not have a category of number or a dual form. In this case, the translator may decide to encode the relevant information lexically (Baker, 1992: 89).

Where it is felt to be important, information on number can therefore be encoded lexically. However, as with any grammatical category, a translator working from a language with a category of number into one without such a category must be careful not to over specify this type of information in the target text. Unless the context specifically demands it, regular reference to information normally left a specified in a given language will only make the translation awkward and unnatural because it will not reflect normal ways of reporting experience in the target language (Baker, 1992: 90).

In details, as said by Finlay (1971) it might be thought that numbers would offer no problems in translations, but this is far from the case. In most continental countries a full stop is used to separate thousands, whereas a comma is used instead of our decimal points,
including Bahasa Indonesia. It is clear that the translators should also
know how to read numbers, squares, square roots and the like in their
source and target languages (127-128).

Kasperavičien Ramun (2002) proposes the distinctive features of
number are extracted from two basic sources: A Grammar of
Contemporary English and Collins Cobuild English Grammar (14). On
that ground a test is created for the particular analysis to help single out
number from other component parts of words.

a. Number is found in nouns (book / books), verbs (is going / are
going) and pronouns (I / we).

b. Number has two forms: singular and plural.

c. The singular category is unmarked morphologically.

The plural category is sometimes marked by an inflection –s, e.g.
dog – dogs, song – songs. But sometimes there is no inflection and
the word is still plural, e.g. cattle. Also, words under consideration
may possess singular and plural suppletive forms, e.g. is / are.

d. There is number concord between subjects and finite verbs in
utterances. Concord is “defined as the relationship between two
grammatical elements such that if one of them contains a particular
feature (e.g. plurality) then the other also has to have that feature”
(Quirk et al., 1972: 59). Number concord means that a singular
subject requires a singular verb and a plural subject requires a plural
verb, e.g. the bird is flying / the birds are flying (Quirk et al., 1972: 165).

As explained by Kasperavičienė Ramunė (2002) since the focus is put on the grammatical category number, it is important to show how nouns are classified with respect to number (p. 15). Thus, nouns are distinguished into variable and invariable. They are classified “according to whether they have a plural form, whether they need a determiner in front of them, and whether they occur with a singular or a plural verb when they are the subject of the verb” (Sinclair, 1995: 5). Variable nouns are always count nouns and can change their number, e.g. book - books. Nouns invariable for number do not change their number and are either singular, e.g. gold or plural, e.g. cattle (Quirk et al., 1972: 165). They are often referred to as mass nouns. Invariable nouns are further subdivided into singular and plural invariable nouns. Five subtypes of singular and five subtypes of plural invariable nouns are presented in *A Grammar of Contemporary English* (Quirk et al., 1972: 167-172).

**Table 2.1** Subtypes of Invariable Nouns in the English Language

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Singular</th>
<th>Plural</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Concrete mass nouns, <em>gold</em>, <em>silver</em>, <em>beer</em></td>
<td>Summation plurals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abstract mass nouns, <em>music</em>, <em>dirt</em>, <em>homework</em></td>
<td>Other ‘pluraliatantum’ in –s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proper nouns</td>
<td>Some proper nouns</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>scissors, pyjamas, tweezers</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>annals, contents, manners</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry, the Thames</td>
<td>the Highlands, the Netherlands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Invariable nouns ending in –s, e.g.</td>
<td>Invariable unmarked plurals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a) news: Here is the 10 o’clock news.</td>
<td>cattle, gentry, police</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>b) some diseases: measles, mumps</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>c) subject names in –ics: classics, phonetics, mathematics</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>d) some games: billiards, bowls, fives</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>e) some proper nouns: Athens, Brussels, Marseilles</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abstract adjectival heads, the beautiful, the evil, the good</td>
<td>Personal adjectival heads the rich, the poor, the helpless</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


It is, however, important to remember that a number of nouns are polysemantic and may with one meaning be categorized as count nouns, while with another meaning as uncount nouns. These are called nouns with dual membership. For example, the noun *lamb* may be either count noun or uncount noun depending on the meaning it bears. With the meaning *animal*, it is the count noun, while the meaning *meat* makes it the uncount noun (Quirk et al., 1972: 128-129). Consequently, with the
former meaning it is the noun variable for number and with latter it is the noun invariable for number.

Only common nouns can be variable for number. Nouns invariable for number can be either common or proper. Common noun is “a noun used to refer to a person, thing, or substance”, e.g. *sailor, computer, glass* (Sinclair, 1995: xviii). Proper noun is “a noun which refers to a particular person, place, or institution”, e.g. *Nigel, Edinburgh, Christmas* (Sinclair, 1995: xxiii).

2. Gender

Gender is a grammatical distinction according to which a noun or pronoun is classified as either masculine or feminine in some languages. The distinction applies to nouns which refer to animate beings as well as those which refer to inanimate objects (Baker, 1992: 90).

English does not have a grammatical category of gender as such; English nouns are not regularly inflected to distinguish between feminine and masculine. The gender distinction nevertheless exists in some semantic areas and in the person system. Different nouns are sometimes used to refer to female and male members of the same species: *cow/bull, sow/boar, doe/stag, mare/stallion, ewe/ram*. A small number of nouns which refer to professions have masculine and feminine forms, with the suffix –*ess* indicating feminine gender. Examples include *actor/actress, manager/manageress, host/hostess* and *steward/stewardess*. These, however, do not always reflect straightforward gender distinctions as in
the case of other European languages; some carry specific connotations. For instance, the distinction between *author* and *authoress* may carry more expressive than propositional meaning: *authoress* tends to have derogatory overtones, with *author* being the unmarked form for both sexes. In addition to gender distinctions in specific semantic areas, English also has a category of person which distinguishes in the third-person singular between masculine, feminine and inanimate (*he/she/it*). This distinction does not apply to the third-person plural (*they*) (Baker, 1992: 90-91).

There is now a conscious attempt to replace the unmarked masculine forms *she* in English with forms such as *s/he, he or she* and *him or her*. This is particularly true of academic writing. But even among the general public, overtly masculine nouns such as *chairman, spokesman* and *businessman* are consciously and systematically being replaced by more neutral ones such as *chairperson* and *spokesperson*, or by specifically feminine nouns such as *businesswoman* when the referent is clearly feminine (Baker, 1992: 92).

Gender distinctions are generally more relevant in translation when the referent of the noun or pronoun is human. Gender distinctions in inanimate objects such as ‘car’ or ‘ship’ and in animals such as ‘dog’ and ‘cat’ are sometimes manipulated in English to convey expressive meaning, particularly in literature, but they do not often cause difficulties in non-literary translation (Baker, 1992: 92).
3. Person

The category of person relates to the notion of participant roles. In most languages, participant roles are systematically defined through a closed system of pronouns which may be organized along a variety of dimensions (Baker, 1992: 95).

In addition to the main distinction based on participant roles, the person system may be organized along a variety of other dimensions. As mentioned earlier, the person system in some languages may have a gender or number dimension which applies to the whole system or to parts of it (Baker, 1992: 95). Some languages have rather elaborate person systems. Catford (1965) explains that Bahasa Indonesia has a nine-term pronoun system where English has only seven. The gender dimension is absent from Bahasa Indonesia, but two other dimensions are of relevance:

a. the inclusive/exclusive dimension: English *we* has two translations in Bahasa Indonesia, involving a choice between *kami* and *kita*, depending on whether the addressee is included or excluded;

b. The familiar/non-familiar dimension, which necessitates a choice between, for instance, *aku* and *saja* for English *I*, depending on the relationship pertaining between speaker and hearer (44-45).

Moreover, Budianto and Fardhani (2010: 81) propose that:

Most words, including pronouns, have more than one meaning. These meaning are often called secondary meanings. The secondary meaning of a pronoun is determined on the basis of its use in the
target language and not on the basis of its form in the source language. It is dependent on the communication situation or on the context in which a pronoun is used. Indonesia has a pronominal system that is different from English. Such differences must be taken into account by the translator because they present a real challenge.

The following tables show the differences between the two systems:

**Table 2.2 English Pronoun**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Singular</th>
<th>plural</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st person</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>We</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd person</td>
<td>You</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd person</td>
<td>masculine</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>he</td>
<td>She</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>it</td>
<td>They</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


**Table 2.3 English Pronoun in Details**

Table 2.4 Indonesia Pronoun

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Orang</th>
<th>Tunggal</th>
<th>Jamak</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>aku, daku, ku-, -ku, saya</td>
<td>kami, kita</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II</td>
<td>engkau, kamu, kau-, -mu, Anda</td>
<td>kamu, sekelian, Anda sekelian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>ia, dia, -nya, beliau</td>
<td>mereka</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Retrieved 12.00, August 05, 2015.

Table 2.5 Indonesian Pronoun in Detail

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Singular</th>
<th>Plural</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st person</td>
<td>Saya/aku</td>
<td>Inclusive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Exclusive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Kita</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Kami</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd person</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Both gender</td>
<td>Both gender</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Familiar</td>
<td>Bapak</td>
<td>Bapak-bapak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>ibu</td>
<td>Ibu-ibu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>saudara</td>
<td>Saudara-saudara</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Formal</td>
<td>Kamu/anda</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd person</td>
<td>Ia/dia</td>
<td>Mereka</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


4. Tense and aspect

Tense and aspect are grammatical categories in a large number of languages. The form of the verb in languages which have these categories usually indicates two main types of information: time relations and aspectual differences. Time relations have to do with locating an event in time. The usual distinction is between past, present and future.
Aspectual differences have to do with the temporal distribution of an event, for instance its completion or non-completion, continuation or momentariness (Baker, 1992: 98).

In some languages, the tense and aspect system, or parts of it, may be highly developed, with several fine distinctions in temporal location or distribution. Bali, for instance, has a rather precise system of time reference. Apart from indicating past, present and future reference, each past or future reference is marked to show whether the event in question is immediately connected to the present, is separated from it by a period of time but taking place on the same day, or is separated from the present by at least one night (Baker, 1992: 98). Although the main use of the grammatical categories of tense and aspect is to indicate time and aspectual relations, they do not necessarily perform the same function in all languages (Baker, 1992: 100).

**Table 2.6** English Tenses

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tense/Aspect Chart</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Tense</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Present</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Past</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Future</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Aspect</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perfect</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Progressive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perfect Progressive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;tensed&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;tensed&quot; have</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;tensed&quot; have + Past Participle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;tensed&quot; be</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;tensed&quot; be + Present Participle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;tensed&quot; have + PastP of be (been)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;tensed&quot; have + PresentP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>write/writes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>has/have written</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>am/is/are writing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>has/have been writing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>walked/walks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>has/have walked</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>am/is/are walking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>has/have been walking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wrote</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>had written</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>was/were writing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>has/have been writing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>walked</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>had walked</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>was/were walking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>has/have been walking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>will write</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>will have written</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>will be writing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>will have been writing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>will walk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>will have walked</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>will be walking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>will have been walking</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
5. Voice

The use of the passive voice is extremely common in many varieties of written English and can pose various problems in translation, depending on the availability of similar structures, or structures with similar functions, in the target language. Because of its widespread use in technical and scientific English in particular, it has had a strong influence on similar registers in other languages through translation. The tendency to translate English passive structures literally into a variety of target languages which either have no passive voice as such or which would normally use it with less frequency is often criticized by linguists and by those involved in training translators.

Voice is a grammatical category which defines the relationship between a verb and its subject. In active clauses, the subject is the agent responsible for performing the action. In passive clauses, the subject is the affected entity, and the agent may or may not be specified, depending on the structures available in each language.

Active: (a) Nigel Mansell opened the Mansell Hall in 1986.
Passive: (b) The Mansell Hall was opened in 1986.
(c) The Mansell Hall was opened by Nigel Mansell in 1986.

Note that the form of the verb changes in a passive structure to indicate that its subject is the affected entity rather than the agent. The structure illustrated in (c), where the agent is specified in a passive
clause, is much less frequent than the structure illustrated in (b), where the agent is left unspecified. This is because the main function of the passive in most languages is to allow the construction of ‘agentless’ clauses (Baker, 1992: 102-103). If the sentence is translated into Bahasa Indonesia, it will become:

Active: (a) Nigel Mansell membuka Aula Mansell pada tahun 1986.


Indonesian language does not have certain voice. It is only shown in the suffix of the verb. In active verbs, are preceded by ber- and me-, while for passive verb are preceded by di- and ter-.

D. Textual Equivalence: Cohesion

Cohesion is the network of lexical, grammatical and other relations which provide links between various parts of a text. These relations or ties organize and, to some extent, create a text, for instance by requiring the reader to interpret words and expressions by reference to other words and expressions in the surrounding sentences and paragraphs. Cohesion is a surface relation; it connects together the actual words and expressions that we can see or hear (Baker 1992: 180).

Halliday and Hasan in the book “Cohesion in English” identify five main cohesive devices in English: reference, substitution, ellipsis, conjunction and lexical cohesion.
1. Reference

The term reference is traditionally used in semantics for the relationship which holds between a word and what it points to in the real world. The reference of *chair* would therefore be a particular chair that is being identified on a particular occasion (Baker 1992: 181). In Halliday and Hasan’s model of cohesion, reference is used in a similar but more restricted way. Instead of denoting a direct relationship between words and extralinguistic objects, reference is limited here to the relationship of identity which holds between two linguistic expressions. For example, in

*Mrs. Thatcher has resigned. She announced her decision this morning*

the pronoun *she* points to Mrs. Thatcher within the textual world itself. Reference, in the textual rather than the semantic sense, occurs when the reader has to retrieve the identity of what is being talked about by referring to another expression in the immediate context. The resulting cohesion ‘lies in the continuity of reference, whereby the same thing enters into the discourse a second time’ (Halliday and Hasan 1976:31). So, reference is a device which allows the reader/hearer to trace participants, entities, events, etc. in a text (Baker 1992: 181).

There are three types of reference:

a. Personal reference

It is a reference by means of function in the speech situation, through the category of person.
Table 2.7 Personal reference

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Semantic category</th>
<th>Existential</th>
<th>Possessive</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Grammatical function</td>
<td>Head</td>
<td>Modifier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class</td>
<td>noun (pronoun)</td>
<td>determiner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Person:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>speaker (only)</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>mine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>addressee(s), with/without other person(s)</td>
<td>you</td>
<td>yours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>speaker and other person(s)</td>
<td>we</td>
<td>ours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>other person, male</td>
<td>he</td>
<td>his</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>other person, female</td>
<td>she</td>
<td>her</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>other persons; objects</td>
<td>they</td>
<td>theirs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>object; passage of text</td>
<td>it</td>
<td>their</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>generalized person</td>
<td>one</td>
<td>its</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


b. Demonstrative reference

It is reference by means location, on a scale of proximity.

Table 2.8 Demonstrative reference

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Semantic category</th>
<th>Selective</th>
<th>Non-selective</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Grammatical function</td>
<td>Modifier/Head</td>
<td>Adjunct</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class</td>
<td>determiner</td>
<td>adverb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proximity:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>near</td>
<td>this</td>
<td>here [now]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>far</td>
<td>these</td>
<td>there</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>neutral</td>
<td>that</td>
<td>then</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
c. Comparative reference

It is indirect reference by means of identity or similarity.

Table 2.9 Comparative reference

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Grammatical function</th>
<th>Modifier: Deictic/Epithet (see below)</th>
<th>Submodifier/Adjunct</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Class</td>
<td>adjective</td>
<td>adverb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General comparison:</td>
<td>identity</td>
<td>identically</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>general similarity</td>
<td>similarly Likewise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>difference (i.e. non-identity or similarity)</td>
<td>so such</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Particular comparison:</td>
<td>better, more etc [comparative adjectives and quantifiers]</td>
<td>differently otherwise</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


2. Substitution and Ellipsis

Unlike reference, substitution and ellipsis are grammatical rather than semantic relationships. In substitution, an item (or items) is replaced by another item (or items):

I like movies.

And I do.

In the above example, *do* is a substitute for like movies. Items commonly used in substitution in English include *do, one, and the same* (Baker, 1992: 186-187).
Ellipsis involves the omission of an item. In other words, in ellipsis, an item is replaced by nothing. This is a case of leaving something unsaid which is nevertheless understood. It does not include every instance, in which the hearer or reader has to provide missing information, but only those cases where the grammatical structure itself points to an item or items that can fill the slot in question (Baker 1992: 187). Here are some examples of ellipsis:

a. Joan brought some carnations and Catherine some sweet peas.
   (ellipted item: *brought* in second clause)

b. Here are thirteen cards. Take any. Now give me any three.
   (ellipted items: *card* after *any* in second clause and *cards* after *any three* in third clause)

c. *Have you been swimming?* – Yes, I have.
   (ellipted items: *been swimming* in second clause) (Halliday and Hasan, 1976: 143, 158, 167).

3. Conjunction

Conjunction involves the use of formal markers to relate sentences, clauses and paragraphs to each other. Unlike reference, substitution and ellipsis, the use of conjunction does not instruct the reader to supply missing information either by looking for it elsewhere in the text or by filling structural slots. Instead, conjunction signals the way the writer or speaker wants the reader or hearer to relate what is about to be said to what has been said before. Conjunction expresses one of a small number
of general relations. The main relations are summarized below, with examples of conjunctions which can or typically realize each relation.

- **additive**: and, or, also, in addition, furthermore, besides, similarly, likewise, by contrast, for instance;
- **adversative**: but, yet, however, instead, on the other hand, nevertheless, at any rate, as a matter of fact;
- **causal**: so, consequently, it follows, for, because, under the circumstances, for this reason;
- **temporal**: then, next, after that, on another occasion, in conclusion, an hour later, finally, at last;
- **continuatives (miscellaneous)**: now, of course, well, anyway, surely, after all (Baker, 1992: 190-191).

A number of points need to be borne in mind here. First, the same conjunction may be used to signal different relations, depending on the context. Second, these relations can be expressed by a variety of means; the use of a conjunction is not the only device for expressing a temporal or causal relation, for instance. In English, a temporal relation may be expressed by means of a verb such as *follow* or *precede*, and a causal relation is inherent in the meanings of verbs such as *cause* and *lead to*. In fact, a language user will often recognize a semantic relation such as time sequence even when no explicit signal of such a relationship exists in the text. Third, conjunctive relations do not just reflect relations between external phenomena, but may also be set up to reflect relations which are
internal to the text or communicative situation. For instance, temporal
relations are not restricted to sequence in real time; they may reflect
stages in the unfolding text. A good example is the use of first, second
and third in this paragraph (Baker, 1992: 191).

4. Lexical cohesion

Lexical cohesion refers to the role played by the selection of
vocabulary in organizing relations within a text. A given lexical item
cannot be said to have a cohesive function per se (cf. reference,
conjunction), but any lexical item can enter into a cohesive relation with
divide lexical cohesion into two main categories: reiteration and
collocation.

Reiteration, as the name suggests, involves repetition of lexical
items. A reiterated item may be a repetition of an earlier item, a synonym
or near synonym, a super ordinate, or a general word. For example:

There’s a boy climbing that tree.
  (a) The boy is going to fall if he doesn’t take care. (repetition)
  (b) The lad’s going to fall if he doesn’t take care. (synonym)
  (c) The child’s going to fall if he doesn’t take care. (superordinate)
  (d) The idiot’s going to fall if he doesn’t take care. (general word)
Reiteration is not the same as reference, however, because it does not
necessarily involve the same identity. If the above sentence is followed
by a statement such as ‘Boys can be so silly’, the repetition of boy →
boys would still be an instance of reiteration, even though the two items would not be referring to the same individual(s) (Baker, 1992: 203).

Collocation, as a sub-class of lexical cohesion in Halliday and Hasan’s model, covers any instance which involves a pair of lexical items that are associated with each other in the language in some way. Halliday and Hasan offer the following types of association as examples, but admit that there are other instances where the association between lexical items cannot readily be given a name but is nevertheless felt to exist. In the final analysis, they suggest, it does not matter what the relation is as long as we are aware of it and react to it as a cohesive device.

a. Various kinds of oppositeness of meaning: e.g. boy/girl; love/hate; order/obey.

b. Associations between pairs of words from the same ordered series:
   e.g. Tuesday/Thursday; August/December; dollar/cent.

c. Associations between pairs of words from unordered lexical sets:
   e.g. part–whole relations: car/brake; body/arm; bicycle/wheel;
   part–part relations: mouth/chin; verse/chorus;
   co-hyponymy: red/green (color); chair/table (furniture).

d. Associations based on a history of co-occurrence: e.g. rain, pouring, torrential, wet; hair, comb, curl, wave; etc. (Baker, 1992: 203).
CHAPTER III
METHODOLOGY

The third chapter is discussed the important information of the novel and the author of the novel as well as the research methodology of this study. Accordingly, the writer explains about the biography of the author, the translator, and the biography of —*Inheritance* novel. Additionally, the synopsis of the novel and the literary elements are also being discussed. Furthermore, the writer explains about the research methodology which is used in this research, including research method, data source, technique of data collection, method of data analysis, and data coding.

A. Biography of the Author

1. Birth and family

   Christopher Paolini is one of the most well known American authors. He was born on 17th of November, 1983 in Southern California, Los Angeles. Paolini hails from a small family, which include his parents (Kenneth Paolini and Talita Hodgkinson) and a sister (Angela Paolini). He was brought up in Paradise Valle, Montana and lived there for long time. (House, 2003: 1)

2. Childhood and education

   He was home-schooled by his parents, Kenneth Paolini and Talita Hodgkinson. In 1984, when Christopher Paolini was born, his mother, Talita, quit her job as a Montessori preschool teacher to devote her time to
raising her new son. Montessori is a system of learning developed by Italian educator Maria Montessori (1870–1952); some of its features include a focus on individual instruction and an early development of writing skills. Talita used the Montessori Method to teach Christopher at home, and two years later when Sister Angela came along, she, too, became part of the Paolini classroom. Since some of the materials in a Montessori school are expensive, Talita experimented and came up with creative alternatives to inspire and educate her children. She was so successful that by the time Christopher, and later Angela, turned three years old, they were both comfortably working at a first-grade level.

When Christopher was old enough to attend public school, his parents were worried that he would be bored by a traditional curriculum, so they thought long and hard and decided to educate him at home. In fact, focusing on their children was such a top priority that the Paolinis made a deliberate choice to live simply, drawing small salaries from Kenneth Paolini's home-based publishing company. In interviews Paolini has talked about the nurturing environment his parents created for him, and he credits them for being his inspiration. He has also admitted that he was not always a receptive student. A particularly interesting note is that Paolini was a reluctant reader. When he was about three or four, he refused to learn to read, but his mother worked patiently with him until one day a door opened that would change his life.
"I enjoy fantasy because it allows me to visit lands that have never existed, to see things that never could exist, to experience daring adventures with interesting characters, and most importantly, to feel the sense of magic in the world." – Christopher Paolini

That door was his first visit to the library. In his essay titled "Dragon Tales," Paolini described going to the library with his mother and being attracted to a series of mystery books with colorful spines. He took one home and, according to Paolini, something clicked. He was spellbound by the characters, the dialogue, and the fascinating situations. "From then on," wrote Paolini, "I've been in love with the written word."

He went on to devour books of all kinds—classics, myths, thrillers, science fiction, anything that seemed interesting. In particular, he was drawn to the fantasy genre and to writers who wrote tales about heroes and elves, swordfights and quests and, especially, dragons.

Then, he graduated at the age of 15 from American School of Correspondence situated in Lansing, Illinois. He graduated in a set of recognized correspondence courses. After completing his graduation, he initiated his study, which later onwards turned into the novel, Eragon. This novel was the first part of the Inheritance Cycle. The novel was set in Alagaesia, which is a mythical land (Paolini, 2014: 1)

Christopher Paolini wrote My Experience with Homeschooling at Paolini.net as below:

Homeschooling was a wonderful and rewarding experience. It gave me the freedom to explore subjects that caught my interest, whether it was dinosaurs, Icelandic sagas, or Egyptian pyramids. And it allowed me to work at my own
pace and graduate early, so I had a couple of years free to write before I had to make a decision about college.

Overall, I think the most valuable things I gained from homeschooling are a love of learning, confidence that I can find the answers to questions, and the ability to research many points of view before coming to my own conclusions. (Paolini, 2015: 1)

3. Inspiration

Christopher Paolini uses to live at Paradise Valley, Montana, Southern California, Los Angeles. The tall, jagged Beartooth Mountains that rise on one side of Paradise Valley inspired the fantastic scenery in *Eragon*, the first novel in his *Inheritance* cycle. In an interview with Philip Pullman and Tamora Pierce, Paolini said that Paradise Valley, Montana is "one of the main sources" of his inspiration.

Paolini often found himself daydreaming about dragons when he was riding in the car, when he was taking a shower, when he was supposed to be doing his homework. While he was growing up he captured some of his daydreams on paper, writing poems and short stories that featured dragons and were set in magical places. Paolini did not take a real stab at writing a longer piece until he graduated from high school in 1999, at the age of fifteen. According to Paolini, he did not set out to get published; instead, he viewed writing a book-length work as a kind of personal challenge.

Paolini had ideas swimming around in his head, but he realized that he knew very little about the actual art of writing—for example, how to construct a plot line. So he set out to do some research. He studied several
books on writing, including *Characters and Viewpoint* (1988) by Orson Scott Card and Robert McKee's *Story* (1997), which helped him to sketch out a nine-page summary. Paolini then spent the next year fleshing out his story, writing sporadically at first, but then picking up the pace. The task went much more quickly after he learned how to type.

As Paolini explained in "Dragon Tales," he tried to imbue his story with the same elements he found most compelling in books: "an intelligent hero; lavish descriptions; exotic locations; dragons; elves; dwarves; magic; and above all else, a sense of awe and wonder." In particular, he drew upon the works of some of his favorite fantasy authors for inspiration, including J. R. R. Tolkien (1892–1973), author of *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy, and Anne McCaffrey (1926–), an American writer famous for her *Dragon riders of Pern* series. The result was a book called *Eragon*.

Polishing up his prose

Paolini spent the bulk of 2000 reworking his first draft, smoothing out problems and fine-tuning such things as language and landscape. The young author introduces no less than three languages in *Eragon*: the elves speak a language based on Old Norse (the languages of medieval Scandinavia), which Paolini spent months studying; and the dwarves and Urgals (the fanged army of King Galbarotix) each speak a language made up entirely by Paolini. To help readers along, Paolini created a glossary that appears at the end of the finished book.
For the mythical setting of Alagaësia, Paolini turned to the natural landscape of his own home state. The Paolinis live in Livingston, Montana, located in the scenic Paradise Valley just north of Yellowstone Park. Years of hiking through such rugged and beautiful terrain helped Paolini create a vivid world that is both fantastic and true-to-life. For example, the Beor Mountains that are featured in *Eragon* are an exaggerated version of the Beartooth Mountains of Montana.

By 2001 Paolini had a second draft, but he was still not satisfied, so he turned the book over to his parents for editing. They helped him streamline some of the plot sequences, clarify some of the concepts, and pare back some of what Paolini called "the bloat." Kenneth and Talita Paolini were so impressed by the finished product, and believed in the manuscript so much, that they decided to throw themselves into publishing it. Instead of going the traditional route and shopping the book around to established publishing houses, they decided to publish it themselves. As Paolini told teenreads.com, "We wanted to retain financial and creative control over the book. Also, we were excited by the prospect of working on this project as a family." Kenneth formatted the book on his computer, and the young Paolini, who is also a budding artist, drew the maps to accompany the text. He designed the book's front cover and produced a self-portrait to grace the back cover.

In the acknowledgments of *Brisingr*, Paolini acknowledged the influence of Leon and Hiroko Kapp's *The Craft of the Japanese Sword* for
his description of the forging of *Eragon*'s sword. Additionally, Paolini admitted he is a *Doctor Who* fan, which inspired his reference to the "lonely god" (the epithet given to the Doctor by the Face of Boe in the episode "New Earth"), to "rooms that are bigger on the inside than the outside" (from "Questions Unanswered" in *Inheritance*), as well as to Raxacoricofallapatorius, the home of the Doctor Who Slitheen ("Blood Price" in *Inheritance*). He says that the top three authors who influenced him were Anne McCaffrey, Ursula K. LeGuin and Raymond Feist (with Feist's novel *Magician* making a particularly strong impact) (Encyclopedia of World Biography, 2003: 1). When asked if the Harry Potter books influenced him he says

"I actually didn't read the Potter books until the fourth one came out, and by then I had already written Eragon," he recalls. "Of course, once I started, I devoured them. What Rowling has done is really wonderful."(BookBrowse, 2012: 1)

4. Promotion and production

Paolini’s parents established a publishing company called Paolini International LLC. The company published the novel, *Eragon* in 2002. A lot of effort was put by Paolini in promoting the publication. He visited more than 135 schools and libraries and discussed his writing with the students and other people. Paolini even decided to forego college to promote his book. He had previously been accepted to Reed College in Portland, Oregon. In an interview with Kit Spring of The UK Guardian Unlimited, Paolini described the book's promotion as a stressful
experience. The young author gave presentations dressed as a medieval storyteller, and he found himself spending entire days talking ceaselessly about his book.

The nonstop tour was exhausting, but Paolini also felt the added pressure of becoming his family's breadwinner. As he explained to Spring, "Selling the book meant putting food on the table." Sales were going well, but not well enough, and by the end of 2002, the Paolinis were afraid that they might have to sell their home to make ends meet. Just when things looked bleak, providence stepped in by way of a famous fan. Author Carl Hiaasen (1953–) and his family were on vacation in Montana, and when they stopped at a local bookstore, Hiaasen's stepson picked up a copy of Eragon. He loved it so much that he showed it to Hiaasen, who promptly sent the book to his editor at Alfred A. Knopf Publishers in New York City.

Knopf purchased the book for an undisclosed six-figure sum, along with the rights to the next two books in the trilogy. Paolini had always envisioned Eragon as the first in a series of three books. When the book was released in August of 2003, it debuted at number three on the New York Times children's bestseller list, and Paolini was off on another whirlwind round of promotions. This time, however, things were a bit different, since he was appearing on such high-profile television programs as the Today Show, and being interviewed by national magazines.
including *People Weekly*, *Newsweek*, and *Time*. In 2004, Paolini extended his tour to Great Britain.

In the year 2005, the sequel of *Eragon* was made public with the title, *Eldest*. *Brisingr* was the third publication of the *Inheritance* Cycle and was released in the year 2008. Paolini planned the *Inheritance* Cycle to be completed in three publications, but few details of *Brisingr* were left and then published afterwards in the last book of the series named as *Inheritance* (Paolini, 2012: 1).

5. Success, awards and honors

Paolini reached the position of New York Times Bestselling authors only at the age of 19. The Guinness World Records recognized Christopher Paolini as the “youngest author of a bestselling book series” on January 5, 2011. Christopher’s award was presented for his accomplishments and success with the *Inheritance* Cycle. The first three books in the Cycle – *Eragon*, *Eldest*, and *Brisingr* – have sold a staggering 25 million plus books since their initial debut with Random House in 2003. This figure doesn’t include *Inheritance* (Book 4), which is set to launch with a first print of 2.5 million books in North America alone (GuinnessWorldRecords, 2011: 1).

As noted from Guinness World Record: With sales in excess of 20 million copies as of May 2011, the *Inheritance* Cycle, which consists of the books *Eragon*, *Eldest*, *Brisingr*, and *Inheritance*, due for release on 8 November 2011, continues to be a firm favorite of fantasy fans the world
over. The first volume of the cycle, begun when Christopher was just 15, was originally released in 2002 by Paolini International LLC before being picked up and published the following year by Alfred A. Knopf, which went on to publish the rest of the Inheritance cycle. The first book in the series, Eragon, was made into a movie (released 2006). Only bestsellers are considered in this category. Although other, even younger authors have succeeded in publishing book series none has achieved anything approaching the phenomenal sales figures enjoyed by Christopher Paolini and so cannot be considered for the record of youngest author of a bestselling book series. (Macauley, 2011: 1)

B. Biography of the Translator

Poppy D. Chusfani was born on August 3rd, 1973 in Bandung, West Java. She first became a translator and an editor before releasing her own books. Between her job and the responsibilities of being a housewife and a mother, she continues to write fantasy. She lives in Bogor with her husband and son. The first book she translated is “Boy: Kisah Masa Kecil” by Roald Dahl and one of her famous translation is “Amulet Samarkand” which is the first series of The Bartimaeus Trilogy by Jonathan Stroud. After she professionally became translator, she writes her own book. Following are her books: “Mirror, Mirror on the Wall”, “Nocturnal” and “The Bookaholic Club” (Hanifah, 2013: 1).
C. Inheritance Novel

1. Overview

The Inheritance Cycle is a young adult tetralogy of epic fantasy novels written by American author Christopher Paolini. Set in the fictional world of Alagaësia, the novels focus on the adventures of a teenage boy named Eragon and his dragon, Saphira, as they struggle to overthrow the evil king Galbatorix. The series was originally intended to be a trilogy (named the "Inheritance Trilogy") until Paolini announced on October 30, 2007, while working on the third novel, that he believed the story was too complex to conclude in just three books. The tetralogy consists of Eragon, Eldest, Brisingr, and Inheritance (House, 2007: 1).

Paolini’s books have won numerous awards, including topping the charts of the New York Times, USA Today, and Publishers Weekly bestsellers lists. In 2003 the book nestled comfortably on bestseller lists, and by 2004 a movie based on the magnificent tale of a boy and a brilliant blue dragon was poised to take flight.

In mid-2004 it remained at the top of the New York Times bestseller list, flip-flopping between the number one and the number two spots, vying for the top spot with Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix, by popular British author J. K. Rowling (c. 1966–). The privately published editions of Eragon became hot collectors' items, bringing up to $1,000 per copy. Even the first Knopf edition became sought after, selling for close to $300.
Throughout his many interviews, Paolini seemed thrilled by all the attention, but the slightly built, bespectacled young man still kept his feet firmly planted on the ground. After all, he had to stay focused because he had two books in the wings: *Eldest*, which was expected to be released in August of 2005, and *Empire*, slated to be published in the fall of 2006. In the meantime, Paolini was also hard at work writing the screenplay for *Eragon*, tentatively scheduled to hit theaters in time for Christmas of 2005.

To date, there are 49 foreign-language licenses for *Eragon* alone, and together the first three books in the series have sold 25 million copies worldwide. *Inheritance*, the fourth and final book in the cycle will be published on November 8, 2011 with a first printing of 2.5 million copies. 

a. Eragon

*Eragon* was in release for seventeen weeks in the United States, opening on December 15, 2006 and closing on April 9, 2007. It opened in 3,020 theaters, earning $8.7 million on opening day and $23.2 million across opening weekend, ranking second behind *The Pursuit of Happyness*. *Eragon*’s $75 million total United States gross was the thirty-first highest for 2006. The film earned $150 million in its opening weekend across 76 overseas markets, making it the #1 film worldwide. The film’s $249 million total worldwide gross was the sixteenth highest for 2006.
Eragon was the third best-selling children's hardback book of 2003, and the second best-selling children's paperback of 2005. It placed on the New York Times Children's Books Best Seller list for 121 weeks. In 2006, the novel was awarded with a Nene Award by the children of Hawaii. It won the Rebecca Caudill Young Reader's Book Award and the Young Reader's Choice Award the same year.

Eragon was an Instant New York Times Bestseller and has spent 26 consecutive weeks on the list where it is currently The #1 Bestselling Children’s Chapter Book. Below, some awards for Eragon Novel as cited by FictionDB (2005: 1):

1) 2002 Booklist -- Starred Review (*)
2) 2004 Book Sense Book of the Year Award -- Children's Literature (Winner)
3) 2004 Colorado Blue Spruce Award -- Young Adult (Nominee)
4) 2004 Isinglass Teen Read Award -- Grades 6-8 (Winner)
5) 2004 Tayshas Reading -- Young Adult (Commended)
6) 2005 Beehive Award -- Young Adult (Winner)
7) 2005 Colorado Blue Spruce Award -- Young Adult (Winner)
8) 2005 Colorado Children’s Book Award -- Junior Novel (Winner)
9) 2005 Eliot Rosewater Indiana High School Book Award -- Grades 9-12 (Winner)
10) 2005 Iowa High School Book Award -- Young Adult (Nominee)
11) **2005 Pennsylvania Young Reader's Choice Award -- Grades 6-8 (Winner)**
12) **2005 Rhode Island Teen Book Award -- Ages 12 & Up (Winner)**
13) **2005 Sequoyah Book Award -- Young Adult (Winner)**
14) **2005 South Carolina Childrens, Junior and Young Adult Book Award -- Young Adult (Winner)**
15) **2005 Volunteer State Book Award -- Young Adult (Winner)**
16) **2006 Evergreen Young Adult Book Award -- Young Adult (Winner)**
17) **2006 Florida Teens Read -- Grades 9-12 (Winner)**
18) **2006 Golden Archer Award -- Middle/Junior High (Winner)**
19) **2006 Grand Canyon Reader Award -- Teen (Winner)**
20) **2006 Nene Award -- Children's Fiction (Winner)**
21) **2006 Rebecca Caudill Young Readers Book Award -- Grades 4-8 (Winner)**
22) **2006 Virginia Readers Choice Award -- Middle School (Winner)**
23) **2006 Young Reader's Choice Award -- Intermediate/Grades 7-9 (Winner)**
24) **2007 Buckeye Children's Book Award -- Grades 6-8 (Winner)**
25) **2008 Iowa Teen Award -- Young Adult (Winner)**

In 2006, a feature film was released based on the first book in the cycle, *Eragon*, starring Ed Speleers, Jeremy Irons, John Malkovich and Djimon Hounsou. The film received generally negative reviews...
and closed as the 13th highest grossing fantasy-live action film within the United States.

b. Eldest

Some of awards for Eldest Novel are:

1) 2006 Quill Award -- Young Adult/Teen (Winner)
2) 2007 Buckeye Children's Book Award -- Teen (Winner)
3) 2007 Colorado Blue Spruce Award -- Young Adult (Winner)
4) 2008 Golden Archer Award -- Middle/Junior High (Nominee)

c. Brisingr

1) Amazon's Best Books of 2008
2) International Reading Association's Young Adult Choices, 2010

d. Inheritance

With the publication of Inheritance Christopher Paolini has brought to a triumphant conclusion his epic sequence. In the UK this book had a first week sale of 76,000 copies and the series as a whole has sold 1.2 million books to date in the UK. It had a first printing of 2.5 million in the US. Not only have the books been translated in 49 countries but total sales for the first three books in the series have been 25 million copies worldwide (WritersServices, 2010: 1). It was first for USA Best-Selling Books for 26 weeks (Donahue, 2011: 1).

Other awards are:

1) 2013 Audies -- Teen (Finalist)
2) 2013 Golden Archer Award -- Middle/Junior High (Nominee)
2. Synopsis

a. Previous story

1) Eragon

The first book in the series starts off with a farm boy who hunts for him, his cousin Roran, and his uncle Garrow. The farm boy, whose name is Eragon, is in for a big surprise. While Eragon is off hunting there is an explosion and a large stone appears out of nowhere. He takes the stone home and tries to sell it and no one will buy it because it came from the Spire. Later that night while he is in his room the stone cracks and Eragon finds out that it wasn't a stone at all, but a dragon egg. When he touches the small blue dragon that comes out of the egg he is branded with the gedwêy insignia, or a small, shining, silver spot on his palm, and a bond is forged between his mind and the dragon's mind. Eragon becomes the first new Dragon Rider free of Galbatorix's evil influence. In the end of the book Eragon is present at the Battle of FarthenDûr. During which he kills Durza, an evil shade, and people start calling him Shadeslayer for his tremendous feat.

2) Eldest

The second book is about Eragon finding out that Morzan, the first and last of the Forsworn, is supposedly his father. His blood-brother Murtagh takes the sword that the Dragon Rider in Carvahall, the farming village Eragon came from, gave to him.
Eragon's cousin brings the people from Carvahall to The Burning Plains where Eragon is fighting Murtagh. After the battle and the Varden, the group of rebels trying to bring down the tyrant king Galbatorix, is victorious and Roran is given a proper weapon he gives Eragon his hawthorn staff that he used on the journey from Carvahall and during the Battle of Helgrind.

3) Brisingr

Book three starts off with Eragon and Roran at Helgrind in the middle of the Empire trying to rescue Katrina, Roran's betrothed, from Helgrind and kill the last of the Ra'zac for murdering their uncle Garrow. When they finally succeed in rescuing Katrina Eragon decides to stay behind and figure out what to do with Katrina's father, the butcher Sloan, who owned the meat shop in Carvahall. Sloan sold Roran to the Ra'zac in hopes of keeping him from taking his daughter. Eragon finds out that his true father is Brom, the man who trained him to be a Dragon Rider. In the end of Brisingr Eragon has Rhünon make him a sword by taking over his mind and controlling his movements. Eragon names his sword Brisingr and Rhünon etches the symbol for fire into the sword and sheath then Eragon leaves to aid the Varden in the takeover of Feinster after learning about the Eldunarí or dragons' heart of hearts. During the takeover Eragon, Arya, and Saphira fight a shade. After Feinster is taken
over Eragon and Saphira show Arya and Nasuada Glaedr's Eldunarí. Thus ends book three. (Kecdraw: 2014)

b. Inheritance synopsis

As the story begins, the Varden battle for the city of Belatona. Eragon and Saphira, along with Eragon's cousin, Roran, his elven friend Arya, bodyguard Blödhgarm and many others, fight a bloody battle. Their ultimate goal is to overthrow several cities Galbatorix holds so they can reach the king in his command center of Urû'baen. Before long, King Halfpaw and his army of werecats arrive to join the Varden, and their other allies (including dwarves and Urgals) in battle.

Nasuada, the Varden leader, sends Roran to capture the well-fortified city of Aroughs. Roran and his men infiltrate Aroughs through the dams and take the city. Eragon, Saphira, Arya, Blödhgarm and the rest of the troops head for Dras-Leona. Eragon carries with him the stone-like heart of hearts (or Eldunarí) of a dragon named Glaedr, Saphira's mentor. Though Glaedr's body failed in a previous book, his consciousness lives on in his Eldunarí. When Eragon's sparring with the elves proves inadequate, Glaedr's Eldunarí speaks to him, telling him he must learn to see what he is looking at.

As the Varden army prepares to attack Dras-Leona, they're halted at the gates by Murtagh and his dragon, Thorn. Murtagh, Eragon's half-brother, doesn't want to battle the Varden but was forced to swear his allegiance to Galbatorix. The Varden army waits for days until
someone can formulate a plan to thwart Murtagh. Eragon uses the
time to spar with Arya and improve his mental and physical abilities
in battle. Glaedr's Eldunarí coaches him; the dragon pushes him to
improve his concentration and know his enemy. A scholar named Joed
comes to Eragon, convinced there is a system of tunnels beneath Dras-
Leona. Nasuada sends Eragon, Arya, an herbalist named Angela and a
few others to locate the tunnels and infiltrate the city. Inside the
tunnels, the group is attacked and pursued by men serving the priests
of Helgrind. The men capture Eragon and Arya. The priests are known
for practicing a dark religion that includes self-mutilation and
dismemberment. They come to the imprisoned Eragon, angered that
he has killed some of their gods, horrific creatures called the Ra'zac.
The priests attempt to kill Eragon and Arya by leaving them bound in
a room with two Ra'zac eggs preparing to hatch. Angela and her
werecat, Solembum, save them, and the group kills the hatching
monsters. They then engage in an intense mental battle with the priests
while, outside, Saphira battles Thorn. Eragon manages to open the city
gates from within, allowing the Varden to enter and take Dras-Leona.
Murtagh leaves with Thorn, vowing that Eragon hasn't seen the last of
them.

Murtagh and Thorn attack the Varden camp at night, badly
injuring Arya and capturing Nasuada. Leaders representing the
various tribes in the Varden army agree Eragon should lead in
Nasuada's absence. They decide they must continue their mission to conquer Urû'baen. Feeling overwhelmed with his leadership tasks, Eragon remembers information he once received from Solumbum. The werecat had instructed him that if Eragon ever felt his power was insufficient, he should go to the Rock of Kuthian and speak his name to open the Vault of Souls. Eragon summons the werecat to his tent for clarification, but Solumbum says he doesn't know where to find the Rock of Kuthian. Something speaks through the werecat and directs Eragon to a magical book the cat once gave him. In its pages, he learns that the location of the Rock is an island called Vroengard. He also discovers that when he speaks of the Rock to others, they forget it immediately. He and Saphira determine that someone has placed an enchantment over the entire region to make people forget about the Rock. Eragon, Saphira and Glaedr secretly journey to Vroengard to discover whether the Rock is a trap or holds the key to defeating Galbatorix.

Galbatorix tortures Nasuada, pressuring her to submit to and join forces with him. He wants to create a united kingdom where anyone with spell-casting abilities has his or her power limited so no one can undermine his leadership. Murtagh secretly casts spells to ease Nasuada's pain. He promises to help free her.

After a perilous journey to Vroengard, Eragon and Saphira find the Rock. They must discover and use their true names; when they do,
they gain entry. They discover more Eldunarí and numerous dragon eggs no one knew existed. Eragon and Saphira are delighted to know dragons and Riders will not become extinct. They return to Urû'baen with some of the Eldunarí to help them battle Galbatorix. The Varden attack Urû'baen but have difficulty fighting because of the many spells Galbatorix has cast against them. Many warriors, including Nasuada's mother, Queen Islanzadi, are slaughtered. Roran commands the battle in the city while Aragon, Saphira, Arya and the Eldunarí infiltrate Galbatorix's palace. In his throne room, the king places powerful spells on them, preventing them from moving or using their magic. He threatens Eragon, demanding Eragon join him in building his new kingdom. Galbatorix reveals his greatest power is derived from speaking an ancient Word called "the name of all names." Murtagh uses the Word against Galbatorix, while Eragon casts a spell to make Galbatorix understand the depth of the damage he's done to the nation. Galbatorix is destroyed, and an ensuing explosion leaves the city in chaos. Murtagh saves Nasuada, then he and Thorn leave for the wilderness. After the dust settles, Nasuada is chosen as ruler over all of Alagaësia. Arya accepts her mother's throne and becomes a Rider. Eragon is asked to raise and train the new batch of dragons. He decides he must leave Alagaësia to do this safely. It pains him to say goodbye to Roran and Arya, but he looks forward to his new task.
3. Literary Elements

   In this section, the writer would like to discuss the literary elements of the Inheritance Novel. Even among writing instructors and best-selling authors, there appears to be little consensus regarding the number and composition of the fundamental elements of fiction (Risdianto, 2014: 09). As stated by Robert DiYanni in the Book "Literature; Approaches to Fiction, Poetry, and Drama" there are several elements of fiction which are plot and structure, character, setting, point of view, style and language, symbol, irony and theme (2004: 43). In this paper, the writer would like to analyze only about plot and structure, character, setting, point of view, and theme of the novel.

   The literary elements of the Inheritance Novel are as the following:

a. Character and characterization

   1) Characterization

   In fiction (the drama, the novel, the short story, and the narrative poem) the author reveals the characters of imaginary persons. The creation of these imaginary persons so that they exist for the reader as real within the limits of the fiction is called characterization. The ability to characterize the people of one's imagination successfully is a primary attribute of a good novelist, dramatist, or short-story writer.

   There are three fundamental methods of characterization in fiction:
a) the explicit presentation by the author of the character through direct exposition, either in an introductory block or more often piecemeal throughout the work, illustrated by action;

b) the presentation of the character in action, with little or no explicit comment by the author, in the expectation that the reader will be able to deduce the attributes of the actor from the actions;

c) the representation from within a character, without comment on the character by the author, of the impact of actions and emotions upon the character's inner self, with the expectation that the reader will come to a clear understanding of the attributes of the character (Holman, 2011: 75)

While according to Robert DiYanni, characterization is the means by which writers present and reveal character (2004: 55). She explains techniques of characterization as listed below:

a) Narrative summary without judgment.

b) Narrative description with implied or explicit judgment.

c) Surface details of dress and physical appearance.

d) Characters’ actions-what they do.

e) Characters’ speech-what they say (and how they say it).

f) Character’s consciousness- what they think and feel.

In *Inheritance* Novel, Christopher Paolini characterizes the participant of the story by:
a) Surface details of dress and physical appearance.

For example, at page 8 Christopher Paolini describes the physical appearance of the dragons.

In the beginning, there were dragons: proud, fierce, and independent. Their scales were like gems, and all who gazed upon them despaired, for their beauty was great and terrible.

b) Characters’ actions—what they do.

For example, at page 13 he describes Saphira action.

With a pennant of blue and yellow flame streaming from her maw, Saphira jumped into the courtyard after Eragon. He crouched and tensed his legs as she struck the paved ground. The impact shook the entire courtyard. Many of the chips of glass that formed a large, colorful mosaic in front of the keep popped loose and flew spinning upward like coins bounced off a drum. Above, a pair of shutters banged open and closed in a window of the building.

c) Characters’ speech—what they say (and how they say it).

For example at page 18 he describes what Eragon says.

“Is it Galbatorix’s handiwork, do you think?” Eragon asked. “Maybe he’s decided he would rather kill Saphira and me instead of capturing us. Maybe he believes we’ve actually become a threat to him.”

d) Character’s consciousness—what they think and feel.

For example at page 14 he describes what Eragon thinks.

Was it Murtagh? he wondered. If so, why aren’t he and Thorn here to defend Belatona? Doesn’t Galbatorix care to keep control of his cities?
2) Character

Most often used to refer to a person in a fictional story, character is also a term applied to a literary form which flourished in England and France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is a brief descriptive sketch of a personage who typifies some definite quality. The person is described not as an individualized personality but as an example of some vice or virtue or type, such as a busybody, a superstitious fellow, a fop, a country bumpkin, agarrulous old man, a happy milkmaid, etc. Similar treatments of institutions and inanimate things, such as "the character of a coffee house," also employed the term, and late in the seventeenth century, by a natural extension of the tradition, character was applied to longer compositions, sometimes historical (Holman, 2011: 74).

Characters in fiction can be conveniently classified as major and minor, static and dynamic (DiYanni, 2004: 54) as analyzed below in Inheritance Novel:

a) Major characters are an important figure at the center of the story’s action and theme. It is divided into two characters:

- Protagonist is the driver of the action of the story and therefore responsible for achieving the stories (Risdianto, 2014: 10). In Inheritance Novel, the protagonist characters are:
- Eragon - Eragon was fifteen, less than a year from manhood. Dark eyebrows rested above his intense brown eyes. He was the main protagonist in the *Inheritance Cycle*. He was the son of Brom and Selena. After the dragon Saphira hatched for him, Eragon became the first Dragon Rider to be born in a hundred years and was subsequently trained by Brom and later Oromis. After becoming an accomplished swordsman and magician in a relatively short time, the young Rider found himself championing the cause of the Varden, inheriting both the duties of the Dragon Riders’ and his father's place as Galbatorix's foremost enemy.

- Saphira–She was the only female dragon known to exist during the time of *Eragon II*, aside from Eldunari. Her eyes and scale color is blue. She was bonded to EragonShadeslayer as her Dragon Rider after her egg was rescued by the Varden's agents from the clutches of Galbatorix and was transported to the Spine by Arya, where Eragon found the egg. She was trained by Glaedr.

- Antagonist is the character that stands in opposition to the protagonist (Risdianto, 2014: 10). In Inheritance Novel, the antagonist character:
- Galbatorix – He was the king of Alagaësia by conquest. He was chosen by a dragon and became a Rider in his early years. His dragon Jarnunvösk was killed by Urgals some years later. Galbatorix, mad with grief and hatred, asked the Dragon Rider council to grant him another dragon, but they refused, sensing his mental instability. With his request denied, Galbatorix took it upon himself to steal another dragon egg. He convinced a Dragon Rider named Morzan to leave the gates open to the place where the eggs were stored. Galbatorix stole a dragon. Then, he forced this dragon, Shruikan, to serve him by dark magic. He formed the Forsworn, a group of thirteen dragon riders and their dragons loyal only to him, as well as killed all the other dragons and riders in existence, or so he thought. He proceeded to create an Empire through which he ruled most of Alagaësia. He is the central antagonist of the series.

b) Minor/Secondary/Supporting characters are supporting the major character (DiYanni, 2004: 54); a character that plays a part in the plot but is not major; a character in a bit/ cameo part (Risdianto, 2014: 10). In Inheritance Novel, the minor characters are:
- Varden - The Varden were members of an alliance that opposed the rule of King Galbatorix and his Empire. They consisted mainly of men and dwarves, though there was an alliance between the Varden and the elves, as well. The Varden also enlisted the aid of a group of magicians known as the Du VrangrGata (translated "The Wandering Path"). The Surdans were also known to aid the Varden in transporting supplies and sheltering those who did not wish to fight. Ajihad was the leader of the Varden, but was killed by Urgals in Eldest. Nasuada took his position. The Varden's standard was described as a white dragon holding a rose above a sword pointing downward towards a purple field.

- Roran – Roran Garrowsson, nicknamed "Stronghammer", was a human warrior and Varden leader during the final years of the war against Galbatorix. The son of Garrow, he was a first cousin to both Eragon and Murtagh. He was about two years older than Eragon, but they were both so close, however, that they considered each other brothers. Spurred on by his love for Katrina, he became one of the greatest leaders and warriors of the Varden and the human race in general. At the conclusion of the war, he was made Earl of Palancar Valley.
- Arya - Arya was an elf who succeeded her late mother, Queen Islanzadí, as the queen of the elves as well as the Dragon Rider bonded to the green dragon Firnen. Arya's father was the late King Evandar, who had died in battle years before. Arya was considered stunningly beautiful by Eragon, with long raven-black hair and slanted green eyes and a petite form. Like most elves, she was a master swordswoman and magic user. Eragon expressed his deep feelings for her on many occasions, but she refused him because she feared it would distract Eragon from more pressing matters and because of the large age difference between them. However, in Brisingr, there were some signs that she had began to develop feelings for him. At the end of Inheritance she and Eragon exchange their true names, an ultimate bond of trust, just before Firnen scooped her off the deck of the ship transporting Eragon and his convoy east she briefly lets go of her restraint and shows in full her true feelings for Eragon.

- Murtagh - Murtagh Morzansson was a malehuman who was at one point Eragon's ally, but was enslaved by magic and forced to fight for the Broddring Empire. He was the son of Morzan, the man who betrayed the Dragon Riders to Galbatorix and helped destroy them; and Selena, Morzan's
Black Hand and the most feared of all the Broddring Empire's spies and assassins. He was the eldest of Selena's two children, the other of which is Eragon Shadeslayer; consequently being Eragon's half-brother and Roran Stronghammer's first cousin. He was a fiercely loyal companion and an accomplished swordsman. He wielded a hand-and-a-half sword and later, Zar'roc, which he took from Eragon, a yew bow, a dagger and a white horn with silver fittings. He rode a warhorse named Tornac, which was named after his old swordsmanship tutor. During Eldest, one of King Galbatorix's Dragon eggs hatched for Murtagh and he named the red dragon Thorn. He was also the primary antagonist in Eldest

- Thorn - Thorn was a red maledragon, bonded to Murtagh. He was trained to fight by Shruikan and by the time of the Battle of The Burning Plains he could breathe fire. Thorn was skilled at aerial combat, being able to compete with Saphira, even when he was severely injured. However, he never got the time to adjust to his body, since Galbatorix sped his growth.

- Nasuada - Nasuada is the daughter of Ajihad and a member of the Varden. Upon her father's death at the beginning of Eldest, she becomes the leader of the Varden. After
Galbatorix's death, she becomes High Queen of Alagaesia and monarch of the Empire.

- Blödhgarm - Blödhgarm was an elf spellcaster who had the ability to alter his appearance according to his perception of beauty. During the war against Galbatorix, he was in charge of a group of eleven spellcasters from the capital city of Du Weldenvarden, Ellesméra. They served as Eragon and Saphira's personal bodyguards. Several of these elves, including Blödhgarm, chose to join Eragon as he and Saphira left Alagaësia to care for the Eldunarí and dragon eggs.

- Joed- Jeod Longshanks was a malehuman. He was a member of the Varden and was a close friend of Brom. He was married to Helen, and was one of the few people in Alagaësia to own a copy of the Domiaabrwyrda.

- Angela - Angela was a witch and herbalist. She owned a shop in the city of Teirm, but, as an ally of the Varden, she spent considerable time with the rebels in FarthenDûr and in Surda. She was often accompanied by a werecat named Solembum. She said that she liked to be wherever big events were happening.

- Ra'zac - The Ra'zac (or Lethrblaka when full-grown) were one of the several ancient races that were thought to have
followed the humans across the sea to Alagaësia. They were a race that fed on humans and likely came from the same homelands. Ra'zacs' breath have the power to paralyze humans in a dream-like state, however, it barely clouds the minds of dwarves and is ineffective against elves altogether. The last two Ra'zac to live before the extinction of their race in Alagaësia (as well as the remaining two Lethrblaka) were servants of Galbatorix, living in their black towers at Helgrind. They were used by King Galbatorix to investigate any rumors of dragons who might have escaped the downfall of the Dragon Riders. They were called by some the king's personal "dragon hunters." They were especially effective against Dragon Riders because their minds were shielded from mental powers.

- Solembum - Solembum was a werecat with shaggy black fur and constantly color changing eyes, the companion of Angela the herbalist. His human appearance is that of a boy with shaggy black hair. While in his human form he was often seen wielding a black dagger. He befriended Eragon in Teirm and later aided Eragon's quest on more than one occasion. He was present at the Battle of FarthenDûr and the Battle of The Burning Plains, where on both the plains
and the mountain-top he appeared as the boy with the dagger.

- Queen Islanzadi - Islanzadí (formally Islanzadí Dröttning), the mother of Arya, was the elvenQueen at the time of the Rider War, having ascended the throne following the death of her mate, Evandar, at the hands of Galbatorix during the Battle of Ilirea.

c) Static character is a character that remains essentially the same throughout (Risdianto, 2014: 11); they remain the same from the beginning of a work to the end (DiYanni, 2004: 54). In Inheritance Novel, the static characters are:

- Varden
- Roran
- Blödhgarm
- Joed
- Ra'zac.
- Queen Islanzadi

d) Dynamic character is exhibit some kind of change – of attitude, of purpose, of behavior – as story progresses (DiYanni, 2004: 54). In Inheritance Novel, the dynamic characters are:

- Eragon
- Solembum

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- Angela
- Nasuada
- Murtagh and his dragon, Thorn.
- Arya

b. Plot and structure

Robert DiYanni (2004) states that plot is the arrangement of events that make up story. For a plot to be effective, it must include a sequence of incidents that bear a significant causal relationship to each other. Causality is an important feature of realistic fictional plots: it simply means that one thing happens as a result of someone else (p. 43).

**Picture 3. 1** Sequence of Plot (1. Exposition, 2. Complication (s), 3. Turning Point or climax, 4. Falling action, 5. Resolution)


The structure of the plot:

1) Exposition provides background information we need to make sense of the sense of the action, that describes the setting, and that introduces the major characters.
Because this novel is the part of tetralogy of Inheritance Novel, the exposition was told before in the previous novel—Eragon, Eldest and Brisingr. Meanwhile in the beginning of this novel, Christopher Paolini explains about the summary of the three novels to make it understandable.

2) Complication is intensifications of the conflict that lead to a crisis or moment of a greatest.

The complication part of Inheritance Novel is the several battles Eragon fights. Their ultimate goal is to overthrow several cities Galbatorix holds so they can reach the king in his command center of Urû'baen.

3) Climax/Turning point is a moment of greatest tension that fixes the outcome.

The climax plot in this novel is when Eragon fights against the King Galbatorix then Murtagh uses the Word against Galbatorix, while Eragon casts a spell to make Galbatorix understand the depth of the damage he's done to the nation. Galbatorix is destroyed, and an ensuing explosion leaves the city in chaos.

4) Falling action (Risdianto, 2014: 13) is the part of the plot after the climax, when the story sub dies and the conflict is resolved.

In this novel the falling action plot is when Murtagh saves Nasuada, then he and Thorn leave for the wilderness.
5) Resolution/Denouement is when the plot’s complications are sorted out and resolved.

In this novel the resolution plot is after the dust settles, Nasuada is chosen as ruler over all of Alagaësia. Arya accepts her mother's throne and becomes a Rider. Eragon is asked to raise and train the new batch of dragons. He decides he must leave Alagaësia to do this safely. It pains him to say goodbye to Roran and Arya, but he looks forward to his new task.

c. Setting

Setting, the location and time of a story, is often listed as one of the fundamental elements of fiction. Sometimes setting is referred to as milieu, to include a context (such as society) beyond the immediate surroundings of the story. In some cases, setting becomes a character itself and can set the tone of the story (Rozelle 2005: 2).

The setting of a story is its overall context-where, when and in what circumstances the action occurs.

1) Setting as Place - The physical environment where the story takes place. The description of the environment often points toward its importance.

In the Inheritance Novel, the setting of place is in the land of Alagaësia, fictional land created by Christopher Paolini.
2) Setting as Time – Includes time in all of its dimensions.

Morning

- Eragon *opened his eyes* as the memory faded...He knew he would have to go tighten up the tent’s support ropes, but he was reluctant to move from the cot (page 34).

Daylight

- ...they emerged from the smoke into the *sunshine*....(page 33).
Evening

- Long black shadows stretched out from every object, reaching eastward as if striving to touch the horizon. The air had turned cool, and mosquitoes and lace-winged damselflies from the nearby Jiet River darted to and fro around them (page 50).

Night

- Behind them rose a tall, dark keep with narrow slits for windows and several square towers, the tallest of which had a lantern shining in its upper rooms (page 13).

3) Setting as Cultural Context – Setting also involves the social circumstances of the time and place.

The social circumstance of Inheritance novel is a war situation against Galbatorix. He proceeded to create an Empire through which he ruled most of Alagaësia. All of the races join Eragon in the battle including elves, dwarves, urgals, werecats, men and others.

d. Point of view

A term used in the analysis and criticism of fiction to describe the way in which the reader is presented with the materials of the
story, or, viewed from another angle, the vantage point from which
the author presents the action of the story.

1) Omnicient: If the author serves as an all-knowing maker, not
restricted to time, place, or character, and free to move and to
comment at will.

2) A first-person narrator: A character within the story-major, minor
or merely a witness-may tell the story as he or she experienced it,
saw it, heard it, and understood it.

3) A naive narrator: If the character does not comprehend the
implications of what he or she is telling.

4) Limited to one character: The author may tell the story in the third
person and yet present it as it is seen and understood by a single
character-major, minor, or merely witness-restricting information
to what that character sees, hears, feels, and thinks.

5) The interior monologue: The author may employ such a limited
point of view and restrict the materials presented to the interior
responses of the point of view character.

6) Panoramic: The author may present material by a process of
narrative exposition, in which actions and conversations are
presented in summary rather than in detail.

7) Scenic: The author may present actions and conversations in
detail, as they occur, and objectively without authorial.
8) A self-effacing author: If the scenic method is carried to the point where the author never speaks in his or her own person and does not ostensibly intrude into the scenes presented.

In extended works of fiction authors frequently employ several of these methods (Holman, 2011: 333-334).

In *inheritance* novel, Chistopher Paolini uses Panoramic point of view at the beginning of the story by telling the summary of the whole *Inheritance cycle*—*Eragon, Eldest, Brisingr*. Further, he also uses third person point of view. The story is told in third person but from the viewpoint of a character in the story (Risidian, 2014: 17).

e. Theme

According to C. Hugh Holman and William Harmon, in the Book of *A Handbook to Literature*, theme is the central or dominating idea in a literary work. In nonfiction prose it may be thought of as the general topic of discussion, the subject of the discourse, the thesis. In poetry, fiction, and drama it is the abstract concept which is made concrete through its representation in person, action and image in the work (p. 453).

There some themes in the Inheritance Novel (Schmoop, 2003: 1). They are:
- Exploration

As readers, we follow Eragon all over Alagaësia and even beyond. Through his travels, we learn more and more about the world he lives in: its people, its customs, and its conflicts.

- Friendship

Eragon always has friend who helps him fight against evil. For example, Saphira, Arya, Murtagh (in Eragon Novel and at the end of Inheritance Novel)

- Good vs. Evil

The novel tells about the struggle against Galbatorix who is the evil one. At last the evil was defeated by the good one.

D. Research Methodology

In research methodology, there are research method, data source, technique of data collection, and method of data analysis:

1. Research Method

In this research, a qualitative descriptive method is used. Bogdan and Taylor (1972:5) define “qualitative method” as a kind of research that produces descriptive data as the result include theoretical review, people’s common perspective and unique human’s behavior. Deal with this concept, Kirk and Miller (1986:9) states that qualitative descriptive is a part of sociology whish depends on observation to human’s language and human’s attitudes fundamentally.
2. Data source

Sumanto states that data sources are divided into primary and secondary sources (Sumanto, 1995:11). Primary source is the research data obtained directly from the original source (no intermediaries) that are specifically collected by the researchers to address issues in research (Ruslan, 2004:31). It has relation with the object of the research. The primary resource is taking from English and Indonesia Novel of Inheritane by Christopher Paolini.

The writer conducted the research within one month namely in July 20th until August 20th, 2015. Besides, she only takes the data from the novel until chapter 21 in both English and Indonesian novel because the novel consists of 80 chapters and more that 900 pages. For instance, she takes it started from page 1 until page 122 in English epub book version and it started from page 1 until page 209 in Indonesian book version. Those data presented are representative from all of the data in the novel, because the writer takes the data by its part among the translated sentences contained grammatical and textual (cohesion) equivalence.

3. Technique of Data Collection

In this research, the technique of data collection is documentation. Documentation may refer to the process of providing evidence (to document something or to the communicable material used to provide such documentation). In addition, the writer also uses library research or study of the library (Hadi, 1981:4).
4. Method of Data Analysis

The writer defines analysis as consisting of three current flows activity: data reduction, data display and drawing conclusion/verifications (Miles and Hubberman, 1994: 10-12).

a. Data Reduction

Data reduction refers to the process of selecting, focusing, simplifying, abstracting, and transforming the data that appear in written-up field or transcriptions. Data reduction is a form of analysis that sharpens sorts, focuses, discards, and organizes data in such a way that “final” conclusions can be drawn and verified. Qualitative data can be reduced and transformed in many ways: through selection, through summary or paraphrase, through being subsumed in a larger pattern, and so on.

b. Data Display

A display is an organized, compressed assembly of information that permits conclusion drawing and action. Designing a display-deciding on the rows and columns of a matrix for qualitative data and deciding which data, in which form, should be entered in the cells-are analytic activities.

c. Drawing Conclusion and Verifications

From the start of data collection, the qualitative analysis is beginning to decide what things mean-is noting regularities, patterns, explanations, possible configuration, casual flows and prepositions.
Verification may be as brief as a fleeting second thought crossing the analyst’s mind during writing, with a short excursion back to the field notes, or it may be thorough and elaborate, with lengthy argumentation and review among colleagues to develop “inter-subjective consensus” or with extensive efforts to replicate a finding in another data set. The meanings emerging from the data have to be tested for the plausibility, their sturdiness, their “confirmatibility”—that is, their validity.

5. Data coding

The writer marks the data by codes to make the analysis of each utterance easier. The data coding in this research is as follows:

**Table 3.1 List of codes**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Abbreviation</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SL</td>
<td>Source Language</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TL</td>
<td>Target Language</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ST</td>
<td>Source Text</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TT</td>
<td>Target Text</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ch.</td>
<td>Chapter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hal.</td>
<td>Halaman</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CHAPTER IV
FINDINGS AND DISCUSSION

This chapter presents the research findings and discussion. In this chapter, the analysis of the data is in line with the formulated research question. The data are analyzed based on Mona Baker’s theory and other theories which have been discussed in chapter 2 about grammatical equivalence which contains; number, gender, person, tenses/aspects, voice and also textual equivalence which contains; reference, substitution, ellipsis, conjunction, and lexical cohesion. To answer the problems, the data are collected then classified based on the kinds of equivalence that they belong to. As the next part, the discussion is done which is geared toward deriving conclusion.

A. Research Findings

There are some data obtained from the —Inheritance novel. They are ordered sequentially from grammatical equivalence; number, gender, person, tense/aspect and voice into textual equivalence; reference, substitution, ellipsis, conjunction, and lexical cohesion. The data are displayed in the table to make them understandable.

Table 4. 1 Grammatical Equivalence: Number

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Source Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
<th>Target Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Dragons (Ch. 1, p. 8)</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Kaum naga (Bab 1, hal. 13)</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Their scales</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Sisik-sisik mereka</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 8)</td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 13)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---</td>
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<td>----------------</td>
<td>---</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Gems</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Batu permata</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 13)</td>
<td>Singular form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>Dwarves</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Kurcaci</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 13)</td>
<td>Singular form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>their two races</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Kedua ras</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 13)</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>Elves</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Kaum elf</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 13)</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>a truce</td>
<td>Singular form</td>
<td>Genjatan senjata</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 13)</td>
<td>Singular form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>Dragon Riders</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Penunggang Naga</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 13)</td>
<td>Singular form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td>the Forsworn</td>
<td>Singular form</td>
<td>Kaum terkutuk</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 13)</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td>the Riders</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Klan</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 14)</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td>every dragon</td>
<td>Singular form</td>
<td>Semua naga</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 14)</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12.</td>
<td>the humans</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Kaum manasia</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 14)</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13.</td>
<td>Guards</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Para pengawal</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 14)</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14.</td>
<td>Spirits</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Spirit</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 14)</td>
<td>Singular form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15.</td>
<td>Mountains</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Pegunungan</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 14)</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16.</td>
<td>Healers</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Para penyembuh</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 15)</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17.</td>
<td>The twins</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Si kembar</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 15)</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18.</td>
<td>a group of soldiers</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Sekelompok prajurit</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 16)</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19.</td>
<td>the villagers</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Para penduduk desa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 16)</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20.</td>
<td>Oaths</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Sumpah</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 17)</td>
<td>Singular form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21.</td>
<td>the rest of Galbatorix’s forces</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Semua pasukan Galbatorix</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 17)</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22.</td>
<td>And in one of the cells</td>
<td>Plural form</td>
<td>Dan di sel lain</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 17)</td>
<td>Singular form</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
From the data above, the words which contain grammatical category of number are translated into five kinds of equivalence-translation by Poppy D. Chusfani:

1. **Plural into plural form**

   From the data (Table 4. 1, no. 1, 2, 5, 6, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, and 21), Poppy translates the words which originally plural in the source language into plural in the target language. It can be said that she translates the data above grammatically equivalence, because the form between SL and TL is the same.

2. **Plural into singular form**

   In the data (Table 4. 1, no. 3, 4, 8, 14, 20, 22, and 25), Poppy translates the words which originally plural in the source language into singular in the target language. It can be said that her translation is not grammatically equivalence, because the form between SL and TL is not the same.

3. **Singular into singular form**

   In the data (Table 4. 1, no. 7 and 24), Poppy translates the words which originally singular in the source language into singular in the target language.
language. It can be said that she translates the data above grammatically equivalence, because the form between SL (Source Language) and TL (Target Language) is the same.

4. Singular into plural form

In the data (Table 4.1, no. 9 and 11), Poppy translates the words which originally singular in the source language into plural in the target language. It can be said that her translation is not grammatically equivalence, because the form between SL and TL is not the same.

5. Omitting the category of number

In the data (Table 4.1, no. 23), Poppy translates it with difference style by omitting the category of number. The phrase leader of men (Ch. 1, p. 12) is translated into *Pemimpin yang baik* (*Bab 1, hal. 18*). She actually could translate it into *Pemimpin dari manusia-manusia/ Pemimpin orang-orang*, but she emphasize the character which the phrase refers into Roran by saying Roran is good leader.

Table 4.2 Grammatical Equivalence: Gender

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Source Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
<th>Target Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>God (Ch. 1, p. 8)</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td><em>Dewa</em> (<em>Bab 1, hal. 13</em>)</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Men (Ch. 1, p. 9)</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td><em>Manusia</em> (<em>Bab 1, hal. 13</em>)</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>A man (Ch. 1, p. 9)</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td><em>Seorang lelaki</em> (<em>Bab 1, hal. 14</em>)</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>a sorcerer (Ch. 1, p. 9)</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td><em>Seorang penyihir</em> (<em>Bab 1, hal. 14</em>)</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Uncle (Ch. 1, p. 9)</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td><em>Paman</em> (<em>Bab 1, hal. 14</em>)</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>Cousin</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td><em>Sepupu</em></td>
<td>Neutral</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 9)</td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 14)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td>---</td>
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<td>--------------------------------------</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Swordsmanship</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 10)</td>
<td>Bertarung dengan pedang</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 15)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Son</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 10)</td>
<td>Putra</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 15)</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Infant</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 10)</td>
<td>Bayi</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 15)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Nephew</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 10)</td>
<td>Keponakan</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 16)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>King</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 10)</td>
<td>Raja</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 16)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Queen</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 10)</td>
<td>Ratu</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 16)</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Mother</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 10)</td>
<td>Ibunda</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 16)</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Watchman</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 10)</td>
<td>Penjaga malam</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 16)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Daughter</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 10)</td>
<td>Putri</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 16)</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Girl</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 11)</td>
<td>Gadis kecil</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 17)</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Brothers</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 11)</td>
<td>Berdaudara kandung</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 17)</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Parents</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 11)</td>
<td>Induk</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 17)</td>
<td>Feminine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Father</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 11)</td>
<td>Ayah</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 1, hal. 17)</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Teacher</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 1, p. 12)</td>
<td>Guru</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 2, hal. 20)</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Lord</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 2, p. 13)</td>
<td>Lord</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 2, hal. 21)</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Governor</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 2, p. 13)</td>
<td>Gubernur</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 2, hal. 21)</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Servant</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 2, p. 14)</td>
<td>Pelayan</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 2, hal. 24)</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Spellcaster</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 2, p. 15)</td>
<td>Perapal mantra</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 2, hal. 24)</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>a horse</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 2, p. 16)</td>
<td>Kuda</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 2, hal. 27)</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>a deer</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 2, p. 16)</td>
<td>Rusa</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 2, hal. 27)</td>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Priests</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 2, p. 17)</td>
<td>Para pendeta</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 2, hal. 28)</td>
<td>Masculine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
From the data above, the words which contain grammatical category of gender are translated into five kinds of equivalence-translation by Poppy D. Chusfani:

1. Masculine into masculine

   In the data (Table 4.2, no. 1, 3, 5, 8, 11, 19, 21, and 27), Poppy translates the words which originally masculine in the source language into masculine in the target language. It can be said that she translates the data above grammatically equivalence, because the gender between SL and TL is the same.

2. Masculine into neutral

   In the data (Table 4.2, no. 2, 4, 7, 10, 14, 17, 22, and 26), Poppy translates the words which originally masculine in the source language into neutral in the target language. It can be said that her translation is not grammatically equivalence, because the gender between SL and TL is not the same.

3. Feminine into feminine

   In the data (Table 4.2, no. 12, 13, 15, and 16), Poppy translates the words which originally feminine in the source language into feminine in the target language. It can be said that she translates the data above grammatically equivalence, because the gender between SL and TL is the same.
4. Neutral into neutral

In the data (Table 4.2, no. 6, 9, 20, 23, 24, and 25), Poppy translates the words which originally neutral in the source language into neutral in the target language. It can be said that she translates the data above grammatically equivalence, because the gender between SL and TL is the same.

5. Neutral into feminine

In the data (Table 4.2, no. 18), Poppy translates the word which originally neutral in the source language into feminine in the target language. It can be said that her translation is not grammatically equivalence, because the gender between SL and TL is not the same.

Table 4.3 Grammatical Equivalence: Person

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Source Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
<th>Target Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td><em>his</em> voice broke (Ch. 3, p. 20)</td>
<td>Third person singular possessive pronoun (masculine)</td>
<td><em>Suara</em>nya pecah (Bab 3, hal. 35)</td>
<td>Third person singular possessive pronoun (neuter)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td><em>He</em> inhaled and doubled over, coughing. (Ch. 3, p. 20)</td>
<td>Third person singular subject pronoun (masculine)</td>
<td><em>Ia</em> menarik napas dan merunduk, terbatuk-batuk (Bab 3, hal. 35)</td>
<td>Third person singular subject pronoun (neuter)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>the strength the spell took from <em>him</em>. (Ch. 3, p. 21)</td>
<td>Third person singular object pronoun (masculine)</td>
<td><em>Mantra</em> itu mengambil banyak energi dari tubuhnya (Bab 3, hal. 35)</td>
<td>Third person singular possessive pronoun (neuter)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td><em>it</em> became less a statement of fact (Ch. 3, p. 21)</td>
<td>Third person singular subject pronoun (neuter)</td>
<td><em>Rasanya</em> tidak lagi berupa pernyataan (Bab 3, hal. 35)</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Pronoun Type</td>
<td>Indonesian</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---</td>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>---</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Rubbing <em>their</em> eyes with the palms of <em>their</em> hands</td>
<td>Third person plural possessive pronoun</td>
<td><em>Menggosok mata dengan telapak tangan</em></td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>The chambers and <em>their</em> furnishings...</td>
<td>Third person plural possessive pronoun</td>
<td><em>Ruangan-ruangan dan perabotnya</em></td>
<td>Third person singular possessive pronoun (neuter)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>from the drop <em>they</em> now found themselves standing by</td>
<td>Third person plural subject pronoun</td>
<td><em>Dari lubang menganga yang tadinya tertutup tembok tempat mereka berdiri</em></td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td><em>they</em> hurried through the doors</td>
<td>Third person plural subject pronoun</td>
<td><em>Mereka bergegas melintasi pintu</em></td>
<td>Third person plural subject pronoun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td>she had caught up to <em>him</em></td>
<td>Third person singular object pronoun (masculine)</td>
<td><em>Arya menyusulnya</em></td>
<td>Third person singular object pronoun (neuter)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td>running with <em>her</em> sword in hand</td>
<td>Third person singular possessive pronoun (feminine)</td>
<td><em>Berlari dengan pedang di tangan</em></td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td><em>You!</em></td>
<td>Second person object pronoun</td>
<td><em>Kau!</em></td>
<td>Second person object pronoun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12.</td>
<td><em>Me</em></td>
<td>First person object pronoun</td>
<td><em>Aku</em></td>
<td>First person object pronoun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13.</td>
<td>the two of <em>them</em> staggered back</td>
<td>Third person plural object pronoun</td>
<td><em>Keduanya terhuyung majumundur</em></td>
<td>Third person singular object pronoun (neuter)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14.</td>
<td>So <em>I</em> promise!</td>
<td>First person subject pronoun</td>
<td><em>Aku bersumpah</em></td>
<td>First person subject pronoun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15.</td>
<td>so strong he could taste <em>it</em></td>
<td>Third person singular object pronoun (neuter)</td>
<td><em>Sampai dia bisa mencicipnya</em></td>
<td>Third person singular object pronoun (neuter)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16.</td>
<td>I’ll find a way to reach <em>you</em></td>
<td>Second person object pronoun</td>
<td><em>Aku akan mencari jalan untuk mencapaimu</em></td>
<td>Second person object pronoun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Indonesian</td>
<td>Malay</td>
<td>Chinese</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>17.</td>
<td>Eragon flinched, surprised to find <em>her</em> (Ch. 4, p. 24)</td>
<td>Eragon terlonjak, kaget mendapati <em>Arva</em> (Bab 4, hal. 41)</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18.</td>
<td>I would give him a few gentle taps from <em>my</em> hammer (Ch. 4, p. 25)</td>
<td><em>Aku ingin memberinya beberapa tepukan ringan dengan palu</em> (Bab 4, hal. 42)</td>
<td><em>Aku ingin memberinya beberapa tepukan ringan dengan palu</em> (Bab 4, hal. 42)</td>
<td><em>Aku ingin memberinya beberapa tepukan ringan dengan palu</em> (Bab 4, hal. 42)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19.</td>
<td>but I doubt he stayed to await <em>our</em> return (Ch. 4, p. 25)</td>
<td><em>Tapi aku yakin dia tidak akan menunggu kedatangan kita</em> (Bab 4, hal. 42)</td>
<td><em>Tapi aku yakin dia tidak akan menunggu kedatangan kita</em> (Bab 4, hal. 42)</td>
<td><em>Tapi aku yakin dia tidak akan menunggu kedatangan kita</em> (Bab 4, hal. 42)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20.</td>
<td>Now, will you order <em>your</em> forces to stand down? (Ch. 4, p. 26)</td>
<td><em>Sekarang maukah kau menghentikan pasukanmu?</em> (Bab 4, hal. 45)</td>
<td><em>Sekarang maukah kau menghentikan pasukanmu?</em> (Bab 4, hal. 45)</td>
<td><em>Sekarang maukah kau menghentikan pasukanmu?</em> (Bab 4, hal. 45)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21.</td>
<td>“You’ll have no concessions from <em>me</em>, elf. (Ch. 4, p. 26)</td>
<td><em>Kau takan bisa membautku patuh, elf</em> (Bab 4, hal. 45)</td>
<td><em>Kau takan bisa membautku patuh, elf</em> (Bab 4, hal. 45)</td>
<td><em>Kau takan bisa membautku patuh, elf</em> (Bab 4, hal. 45)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22.</td>
<td>threatening to envelop it within the folds of rain that fell skirtlike from <em>its</em> underside (Ch. 4, p. 27)</td>
<td><em>Mengancam untuk mengguyur dengan hujan yang turun memancar dari bagian bawahnya</em> (Bab 4, hal. 46)</td>
<td><em>Mengancam untuk mengguyur dengan hujan yang turun memancar dari bagian bawahnya</em> (Bab 4, hal. 46)</td>
<td><em>Mengancam untuk mengguyur dengan hujan yang turun memancar dari bagian bawahnya</em> (Bab 4, hal. 46)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23.</td>
<td>“Perhaps they wish nothing more of <em>us</em> than a chance to strike back at Galbatorix.” (Ch. 5, p. 28)</td>
<td><em>Barangkali mereka tidak menginginkan apa-apa selain kesempatan untuk membalas Galbatorix</em> (Bab 5, hal. 48-49)</td>
<td><em>Barangkali mereka tidak menginginkan apa-apa selain kesempatan untuk membalas Galbatorix</em> (Bab 5, hal. 48-49)</td>
<td><em>Barangkali mereka tidak menginginkan apa-apa selain kesempatan untuk membalas Galbatorix</em> (Bab 5, hal. 48-49)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24.</td>
<td>King Orrin of Surda; he could not be here to greet <em>you</em>, as he</td>
<td><em>Raja orin dari surda tidak bisa berada di sini untuk menyambut</em></td>
<td><em>Raja orin dari surda tidak bisa berada di sini untuk menyambut</em></td>
<td><em>Raja orin dari surda tidak bisa berada di sini untuk menyambut</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Line</td>
<td>English Text</td>
<td>Indonesian Text</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td>--------</td>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>25.</td>
<td>“You must never turn your back on your enemies.”</td>
<td>“kita tidak bisa berpaling dari musuh.”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 5, p. 29)</td>
<td>(Bab 5, hal. 51)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26.</td>
<td>Why, then, do you now choose to reveal yourselves?</td>
<td>Kalau begitu kenapa, mengapa sekarang kalian memilih untuk menampakkan diri?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 5, p. 29)</td>
<td>(Bab 5, hal. 51)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27.</td>
<td>Galbatorix will learn to fear and hate us,</td>
<td>Galbatorix akan belajar untuk takut dan membenci kami,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 5, p. 29)</td>
<td>(Bab 5, hal. 51)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>First person plural object pronoun</td>
<td>First person plural object pronoun (Exclusive)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.</td>
<td>Lady Nasuada, as free allies, and help you achieve this.</td>
<td>Lady Nasuada, sebagai sekutu secara sukarela, dan membantu kalian mencapai</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 5, p. 30)</td>
<td>tujuan.”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Second person plural object pronoun</td>
<td>(Bab 5, hal. 52)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Second person plural object pronoun</td>
<td>Second person plural object pronoun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29.</td>
<td>“Cream is for kittens, and gold holds no interest for us.”</td>
<td>“Krim hanya untuk anak kucing dan kami sama sekali tidak tertarik dengan emas.”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 5, p. 30)</td>
<td>(Bab 5, hal. 53)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>First person plural object pronoun</td>
<td>First person plural subject pronoun (Exclusive)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30.</td>
<td>so we may assure ourselves that Galbatorix has no claim on you.</td>
<td>Sehingga kami bisa memastikan Galbatorix tidak menguasai kalian.”</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 5, p. 31)</td>
<td>(Bab 5, hal. 54)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>First person plural reflexive pronoun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31.</td>
<td>Eragon could see that she wanted to ask why but restrained herself.</td>
<td>Eragon bisa merasakan gadis itu ingin bertanya apa alasannya namun menahan</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 5, p. 31)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>32.</td>
<td>He grabbed the neck spike in front of him to steady <em>himself</em>. (Ch. 6, p. 32)</td>
<td>Third person singular reflexive pronoun (masculine)</td>
<td><em>Eragon</em> menyambar duri pada leher <em>Saphira</em> agar tidak terjatuh. (Bab 6, hal. 57)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33.</td>
<td>As he returned to <em>himself</em>. (Ch. 7, p. 36)</td>
<td>Third person singular reflexive pronoun (masculine)</td>
<td><em>Ketika benaknya kembali</em> (Bab 7, hal. 63)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34.</td>
<td>You acquitted <em>yourself</em> most bravely.” (Ch. 8, p. 39)</td>
<td>Second person plural reflexive pronoun</td>
<td><em>Kau bertarung dengan sangat berani”</em> (Bab 8, hal. 69)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35.</td>
<td>I can make a pot for both of <em>us</em>,” (Ch. 8, p. 43)</td>
<td>First person plural object pronoun</td>
<td><em>Aku bisa membuat sepoci untuk kita berdua.</em>” (Bab 8, hal. 74)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36.</td>
<td>“I would not deceive <em>myself</em> with such fantasies, <em>Shadeslayer</em>. (Ch. 2, p. 18)</td>
<td>First person reflexive pronoun</td>
<td>“<em>Aku takkan menipu diri dengan khayalan seperti itu, Shadeslayer.</em>” (Bab 2, hal. 30)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37.</td>
<td>We need the Urgals’ support,” said Nasuada. “We have too few warriors as it is.” (Ch. 9, p. 45)</td>
<td>First person plural subject pronoun</td>
<td>“<em>kita membutuhkan bantuan Urgal,” kata Nasuada. “Sekarang saja kita kekurangan pejuang,”</em> (Bab 9, hal. 74)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38.</td>
<td>After a few moments, an explanation presented <em>itself</em> that, upon reflection, seemed self-evident. (Ch. 9, p. 46)</td>
<td>Third person reflexive pronoun (neuter)</td>
<td><em>Setelah beberapa waktu, penjelasan itu tampak pada ekspresi Orrin sendiri.</em> (Bab 9, hal. 81)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
From the data above, the words which contain grammatical category of person are translated into four kinds of equivalence-translation by Poppy D. Chusfani:

a. Grammatically equivalence

In the data (Table 4.3, no. 8, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18, 20, 21, and 22), Poppy translates the words grammatically equivalence. The words have the same pronoun both in SL and TL.

b. Grammatically non-equivalence

In the data (Table 4.3, no. 1, 2, 3, 6, 9, 13, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 36), Poppy translates the words grammatically non-equivalence. The words do not have the same pronoun both in SL and TL.

c. Grammatically equivalence while having two kinds translation

This type is grammatically equivalence because first person plural pronoun (we) has two meanings in Indonesia, exclusive and inclusive one, the writer clasified it alone. Data (Table 4.3, no. 19, 35, and 37) shows inclusive meaning, otherwise data (Table 4.3, no. 27) shows exclusive meaning.

d. Omitting the grammatical category of person

In this type, Poppy omits the pronoun from SL into TL as the data (Table 4.3, no. 4, 5, 7, 10, 17, 23, 25, 26, and 38).
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Source Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
<th>Target Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Eragon <em>tensed</em> as if someone had stabbed him with a needle. (Ch. 10, p. 50)</td>
<td>Simple Past Tense</td>
<td>Eragon <em>menegang seakan-akan seedorang menusuknya dengan jarum.</em> (Bab 10, hal. 88)</td>
<td>Present form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Clustered along the edge of the muddy lane were several dozen people from Carvahall, mostly men who were friends of Horst and his sons or whose wives <em>were helping</em> the healer Gertrude attend to Elain. (Ch. 10, p. 50)</td>
<td>Past progressive</td>
<td>Beberapa lusin orang dari carvahall berkerumun di sepanjang jalan berlumpur, sebagian besar lelaki teman Horst dan putra-putranya atau lelaki-lelaki yang istrinya sedang membantu si penyembuh Gertrude menangani Elain. (Bab 10, hal. 88)</td>
<td>Present progressive form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>They <em>had been waiting</em> for several hours, and dusk was drawing near. (Ch. 10, p. 50)</td>
<td>Past Perfect progressive</td>
<td>Mereka sudah menunggu selama beberapa jam, dan senja sudah dekat. (Bab 10, hal. 89)</td>
<td>Past form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>The air <em>had turned cool</em>, and mosquitoes and lace-winged damselflies from the nearby Jiet River darted to and fro around them. (Ch. 10, p. 50)</td>
<td>Past perfect</td>
<td>Udara menjadi dingin, dan nyamuk serta capung dari Sungai Jiet melayang-layang di sekitar mereka. (Bab 10, hal. 89)</td>
<td>Present form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>“<em>Why is it taking so long? Can’t you help her give birth any faster?</em>” (Ch. 10, p. 51)</td>
<td>Present progressive</td>
<td>Kenapa lama sekali? Tidak bisakah kau membantu persalinannya agar lebih cepat?</td>
<td>Present form</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Bab 10, hal. 90)</td>
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<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>“I could. I could have sung the child out of her womb in the first half hour, but Gertrude and the other women will only let me use the simplest of spells.”</td>
<td>Simple future</td>
<td>Present form</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bisa saja kulakukan. Aku bisa saja menyanyikan si bayi agar keluar dari rahim ibuny di setengah jam pertama, tapi Gertrude dan wanita-wanita lain hanya mengizinkanku menggunakan mantra yang paling sederhana.</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>“Because magic frightens them—and I frighten them.”</td>
<td>Simple present</td>
<td>Present form</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Karena sihir membuat mereka takut – dan aku membuat mereka takut.</td>
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<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>If you interfere, you will anger and embarrass Gertrude and turn many of the females from your village against you.”</td>
<td>Simple future</td>
<td>Future form</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Kalau kau ikut campur, kau akan membuat Gertrude marah dan malu, dan membuat banyak wanita dari desamu menentangmu.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td>“They’re doing all they can.</td>
<td>Present progressive</td>
<td>Present progressive</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“Mereka sedang melakukan yang terbaik.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td>“What has happened?” Eragon asked as he joined her.</td>
<td>Present perfect</td>
<td>Present form</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Apa yang terjadi? Tanya Eragon sambil mengikutinya.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td>Eragon had grown since he had left Carvahall, but Horst still stood a head taller.</td>
<td>Past perfect</td>
<td>Past form</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Eragon telah tumbuh lebih jangkung sejak Carvahall, tapi Horst masih lebih</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
12. No wonder I'm so sore. *I've been sitting* here the whole night through!  
*(Ch. 11, p. 59)*  
Past perfect progressive  
*Past form*

13. The group, Eragon realized, must *have been waiting* for hours, and he had not sensed anything of their presence.  
*(Ch. 11, p. 59)*  
Past perfect progressive  
*Past form*

| (Ch. 10, p. 54) | tinggi satu kepala darinya. *(Bab 10, hal. 95)* | Past perfect progressive | Past form |
| Past form |

From the data above, the words which contain grammatical category of tense/aspect are translated into two kinds of equivalence-translation by Poppy D. Chusfani:

1. **Grammatically equivalence**

   In the data (Table 4. 4, no. 5, 7, 8, and 9), Poppy translates the words grammatically equivalence. The words have the same tense/aspect both in SL and TL.

2. **Grammatically non-equivalence**

   In the data (Table 4. 4, no. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 10, 11, 12, and 13), Poppy translates the words grammatically non-equivalence. The words have the difference tense/aspect both in SL and TL.
Table 4.5 Grammatical Equivalence: Voice

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Source Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
<th>Target Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Two dwarves, two men, and two Urgals—members of Nasuada’s personal guard, the Nighthawks—were stationed outside the room in the castle where Nasuada had set up her headquarters. (Ch. 12, p. 61)</td>
<td>Passive</td>
<td>Dua karcaci, dua manusia, dan dua Urgal—anggota pengawal pribadi Nasuada, Nighthawk—diposisikan di luar ruangan kastel tempat Nasuada mendirikan markas besar. (Bab 12, hal. 108)</td>
<td>Passive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>They stared at Roran with flat, empty eyes. (Ch. 12, p. 61)</td>
<td>Active</td>
<td>Mereka menatap Roran dengan mata datar dan kosong. (Bab 12, hal. 108)</td>
<td>Active</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>some he had fought under, others he had seen in action during battle or heard tell of from the men in his company. (Ch. 12, p. 62)</td>
<td>Active</td>
<td>Beberapa pernah menjadi pemimpinnya, yang lain-lain pernah dilihatnya beraksi dalam medan perang atau didengar kisahnya dari orang-orang di pasukannya. (Bab 12, hal. 109)</td>
<td>Passive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>“Are you well rested, Roran?” (Ch. 12, p. 62)</td>
<td>Passive</td>
<td>“Apakah kau cukup istirahat, Roran?” (Bab 12, hal. 109)</td>
<td>Active</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>“I have a mission for you, Stronghammer. Our forces at Aroughs have encountered stiff resistance—more than we anticipated. (Ch. 12, p. 63)</td>
<td>Active</td>
<td>“Aku punya misi untukmu, Stronghammer. Pasuka kita di Aroughs menghadapi perlawanan keras – lebih daripada yang kita antisipasi. (Bab 12, hal. 110)</td>
<td>Active</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>“We were led to believe that Aroughs’s defenses would be easier to overwhelm than has been the case.” (Ch. 12, p. 64)</td>
<td>Passive</td>
<td>“Kita dibuat yakin bahwa pertahanan Arougshsakan lebih mudah ditembus daripada sebenarnya.” (Bab 12, hal. 112)</td>
<td>Passive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>I suggest you study them both most carefully.” (Ch. 12, p. 64)</td>
<td>Active</td>
<td>Kusarankan kau mempelajarkannya dengan seksama.“ 112</td>
<td>Active</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
9. He realized he was holding his breath and forced himself to relax. (Ch. 13, p. 69)  
Active: Eragon tersadar sedang menahan napas dan memaksakan diri untuk rileks. (Bab 13, hal. 121)  
Passive

10. As he sat waiting, Roran noticed that his leggings were mottled with several dark blotches along the inside of his thighs. (Ch. 14, p. 75)  
Passive: Sementara duduk menunggu, Roran menyadari celananya penuh noda titik-titik gelap di paha bagian dalam. (Bab 14, hal. 131)  
Active

11. “Is that so? Well, I think that you ought to spend more time working on your spells before we’re chased halfway to who-knows-where and—” (Ch. 14, p. 75)  
Passive: “Begitu, ya? Yah, menurutku kau harus menghabiskan lebih banyak waktu memikirkan mantramu sebelum kita dikejar ke daerah antah berantah dan—” (Bab 14, hal. 132)  
Passive

12. Carn shook his head. “Men are harder to fool than dogs.” (Ch. 14, p. 75)  
Active: Carn menggeleng. “Manusia lebih sulit ditipu daripada anjing.” (Bab 14, hal. 132)  
Passive

From the data above, the sentence which contain grammatical category of voice are translated into four kinds of equivalence-translation by Poppy D. Chusfani:

1. Passive into passive form

   In the data (Table 4. 5, no. 1, 6, 8, and 11), Poppy translates the sentence which originally passive in the source language into passive in the target language. It can be said that she translates the data above grammatically equivalence, because the form between SL and TL is the same.
2. Active into active form

Based on the data (Table 4.5, no. 2, 5, and 7), Poppy translates the sentence which originally active in the source language into active in the target language. It can be said that she translates the data above grammatically equivalence, because the form between SL and TL is the same.

3. Active into passive form

Based on the data (Table 4.5, no. 3, 9, and 12), Poppy translates the sentence which originally active in the source language into passive in the target language. It can be said that her translation is not grammatically equivalence, because the form between SL and TL is not the same.

4. Passive into active form

Based on the data (Table 4.5, no. 4 and 10), Poppy translates the sentence which originally passive in the source language into active in the target language. It can be said that her translation is not grammatically equivalence, because the form between SL and TL is not the same.

### Table 5.6.1 Textual Equivalence: Reference (Personal Reference)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Source Language</th>
<th>Target Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Eragon rolled <em>his</em> shoulders as <em>he</em> walked through the Varden’s camp, trying to work out the kink in <em>his</em> neck that <em>he</em> had acquired while sparring with Arya and Blödhgarm earlier that afternoon.</td>
<td>Eragon memutar-mutar bahu sambil melangkah melintasi perkemahan Varden, berusaha mengendurkan urat yang keseleo di lehernya ketika bertarung dengan Arya dan Wyrdan siang tadi. (Bab 15, hal. 133)</td>
<td>His and he refer to Eragon -nya refers to Eragon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 15, p. 76)</td>
<td>(Bab 15, hal. 133)</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Before <em>him</em> lay the dark spread of Leona Lake, gleaming in the twilight as the crests of the shallow waves reflected the orange torchlight from the camp.</td>
<td><em>Di hadapannya terbentang Danau Leona yang gelap, berkiliauan dalam cahaya senja ketika puncak-puncak riaknya memantulkan pendar cahaya obor dari perkemahan.</em></td>
<td><em>Him refers to Eragon</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>A quarter mile to the north, a small, squat fishing village sat close against the water; Eragon knew <em>its</em> inhabitants were far from happy that an army was camped on <em>their</em> doorstep.</td>
<td><em>Seperempat mil ke utara, sebuah desa nelayan kecil berdiri dekat air. Eragon tahu penduduknya sama sekali tidak senang ada pasukan berkemah di depan pintu rumah mereka.</em></td>
<td><em>Its refers to a small squat fishing village</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>You</em> must learn ... to see what <em>you</em> are looking at.</td>
<td><em>Kau harus belajar ... untuk melihat apa yang kau cari.</em></td>
<td><em>You refers to Eragon</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>Since leaving Belatona, Eragon had spent hours pondering Glaedr’s advice. He was not certain exactly what the dragon had meant by <em>it</em>, as Glaedr had refused to say anything more after delivering his enigmatic statement, so Eragon had chosen to interpret his instruction literally.</td>
<td><em>Sejak meninggalkan Belatona, Eragon menghabiskan berjam-jam merenungkan nasihat Glaedr itu. Ia tidak tahu persis apa yang dimaksud sang naga, karena Glaedr menolak menjelaskan apa pun setelah mengucapkan kalimat misterius itu, maka Eragon memilih untuk mengartikannya secara harafiah.</em></td>
<td><em>It refers to Glaedr’s advice</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Arya no longer defeated him every time <em>they</em> crossed blades. He had watched <em>her</em> with redoubled attention—studying <em>her</em> as closely as</td>
<td><em>Arya tidak lagi mengalahkannya setiap kali mereka berlatih pedang. Eragon sekarang memperhatikannya dengan kewaspadaan ganda.</em></td>
<td><em>They refers to Arya and Eragon</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Mereka</em> refers to</td>
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<td></td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Indonesian</td>
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<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>a deer he was stalking—and as a result, he had won a few of their matches. (Ch. 15, p. 76)</td>
<td>mengamati Arya begitu saksama seperti sedang berburu rusa – dan hasilnya, Eragon menang dalam beberapa latihan bertarung. (Bab 15, hal. 134)</td>
<td>Arya and Eragon-nya refers to Arya</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>And he did not know what he needed to learn—nor who could teach him—in order to become as skilled with a blade as she was. (Ch. 15, p. 76)</td>
<td>Dan ia tidak tahu apa yang perlu dipelajari – atau siapa yang bisa mengajarnya – untuk menjadi semahir Arya dalam seni berpedang. (Bab 15, hal. 134)</td>
<td>She refers to Arya</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Perhaps Arya is right, and experience is the only mentor that can help me now, Eragon thought. (Ch. 15, p. 76)</td>
<td>Mungkin Arya benar, dan pengalaman adalah satu-satunya guru yang bisa membantuku sekarang, pikir Eragon. (Bab 15, hal. 134)</td>
<td>Me refers to Eragon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Experience requires time, though, and time is what I have the least of. We’ll be at Dras-Leona soon, and then Urû’baen. A few months, at the most, and we’ll have to face Galbatorix and Shruikan. (Ch. 15, p. 76)</td>
<td>Namun pengalaman membutuhkan waktu, dan waktu adalah sesuatu yang paling sedikit kumiliki. Sebentar lagi kami akan mencapai Dras-Leona, kemudian Urû’baen. Paling lama hanya beberapa bulan, dan kami harus menghadapi Galbatorix dan Shruikan. (Bab 15, hal. 134)</td>
<td>I refers to Eragon We refers to Varden’s army</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Scattered among the Urgals—among and on them—were several dozen werecats in their animal forms (Ch. 15, p. 77)</td>
<td>Menyebar di antara kaum Urgal – di antara dan pada tubuh mereka – beberapa lusin werecat dalam bentuk hewan mereka. (Bab 15, hal. 135)</td>
<td>Them refers to Urgals Mereka refers to kaum Urgal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>To Eragon’s astonishment, he even spotted one werecat—a slim white female—resting curled atop the broad head of a Kull, her right foreleg draped over</td>
<td>Dengan terkejut Eragon bahkan melihat satu werecat – betina berwarna putih dan ramping – melingkar di atas kepala seorang Kull, kaki depan kanannya menjuntai ke</td>
<td>Her refers to a slim white female werecat -nya refers to werecat betina berwarna putih</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Indonesian</td>
<td>Notes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----</td>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>the edge of his skull and her paw pressed possessively against the middle of his brow. (Ch. 15, p. 77)</td>
<td>bawah dan cakarnya di letakkan dengansikap posesif pada dahi si Kull. (Bab 15, hal. 135)</td>
<td>dan ramping</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Garzhvog said, “You must come to our camp sometime, Uluthrek, and we will tell you many stories of our own. We have a chanter with us...” (Ch. 15, p. 78)</td>
<td>Garzhvog berkata, “Kau harus berkunjung ke kemah kami, Uluthrek, dan kami akan menceritakan kisah-kisah kami untukmu. Kami membawa pendengeng...” (Bab 15, hal. 137)</td>
<td>Our refers to Urgals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Us refers to Urgals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Kami refers to kaum Urgal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>... your blood grows hot and you feel like bellowing at the moon and locking horns with even the strongest of your foes.” (Ch. 15, p. 78)</td>
<td>Darahmu akan menggelegak dan kau merasa ingin melolong ke arah bulan dan beradu tanduk dengan lawanmu yang paling kuat sekalipun. (Bab 15, hal. 137)</td>
<td>Your refers to Angela</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Mu refers to Angela</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>”So it was you!” Eragon exclaimed. “All my life I’ve heard it said that Galbatorix once lost half his men in the Spine, but no one could tell me how or why.” (Ch. 15, p. 79)</td>
<td>“Jadi itu ulah kalian!” Eragon berseru. “Seluruh hidupku aku mendengar kisah bahwa Galbatorix pernah kehilangan separuh anak buahnya di Spine, tapi tidak ada yang tahu bagaimana atau mengapa.” (Bab 15, hal. 137)</td>
<td>My refers to Eragon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>-ku refers to Eragon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>you could give children nightmares with that face of yours.” (Ch. 16, p. 83)</td>
<td>Kau bisa memberi anak-anak mimpi buruk dengan rupamu yang jelek itu. (Bab 16, hal. 145)</td>
<td>Yours refers to A deep-voiced fellow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>-mu refers to si lelaki bersuara berat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>We’re at the mercy of the elves, the magicians—ours and theirs—and every other strange creature that roams the land. (Ch. 16, p. 84)</td>
<td>Kita berada di belas kasihan kaum elf, para penyihir – kaum kita dan mereka – dan setiap makhluk aneh yang berkelaritan di negeri ini. (Bab 16, hal. 146)</td>
<td>Ours refers to Human</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Theirs refers to the elves and the magicians</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Kita refers to kaum Manusia Mereka refers to</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The collected data about personal reference above (Table 4.6.1 no. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16) shows they are textually equivalence. They have same personal pronoun in both SL and TL, likewise having same reference which the personal pronouns refer to. Meanwhile, in the data (Table 4.6.1 no. 5) the translator omit the personal reference in the TL. The SL text is

Since leaving Belatona, Eragon had spent hours pondering Glaedr’s advice. He was not certain exactly what the dragon had meant by it, as Glaedr had refused to say anything more after delivering his enigmatic statement, so Eragon had chosen to interpret his instruction literally. (Ch. 15, p. 76)

The TL text is

Sejak meninggalkan Belatona, Eragon menghabiskan berjam-jam merenungkan nasihat Glaedr itu. Ia tidak tahu persis apa yang dimaksud sang naga, karena Glaedr menolak menjelaskan apa pun setelah mengucapkan kalimat misterius itu, maka Eragon memilih untuk mengartikannya secara harafiah. (Bab 15, hal. 133)

It can be seen that in the TL Poppy omits the translation of its, so its could not refer to Glaedr’s advice. Poppy could translate it becomes ia tidak tahu apa yang dimaksud sang naga dengan mengatakan itu. Nevertheless such translation is not effective enough in TL text, so she omits it. The last case is by replacing the personal pronoun as the data ((Table 4.6.1 no. 7).
The SL text is

And he did not know what he needed to learn — nor who could teach him — in order to become as skilled with a blade as she was.
(Ch. 15, p. 76)

The TL text is

Dan ia tidak tahu apa yang perlu dipelajarinya – atau siapa yang bisa mengajarnya – untuk menjadi semahir Arya dalam seni berpedang.
(Bab 15, hal. 134)

We can see in the SL that there is a personal reference she. It refers to Arya. While in the TL, Poppy replace it directly with Arya insted of translating it by Dia.

Table 4.6.2 Textual Equivalence: Reference (Demonstrative Reference)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Source Language</th>
<th>Target Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td><strong>However</strong>——and here Angela leaned forward and lowered her voice—“if you travel through those parts, as I have … sometimes, even to this day, you will come across a freshly killed deer or Feldûnost that looks as if it has been nibbled at, like a turnip.** (Ch. 15, p. 77)</td>
<td><strong>Meski demikian” – di sini Angela mencondongkan tubuh ke depan dan merendahkan suara –“kalau kalian bepergian melintasi daerah itu, seperti yang kulakukan … kadang-kadang, sampai hari ini pun, kalian akan bertemu rusa yang baru saja dibunuh atau Feldûnost yang tampak habis digigiti, seperti lobak.</strong> (Bab 15, hal. 136)</td>
<td>Proximity: near</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td><strong>and here</strong> Angela leaned forward and lowered her voice (Ch. 15, p. 77)</td>
<td><strong>di sini</strong> Angela mencondongkan tubuh ke depan dan merendahkan suara (Bab 15, hal. 136)</td>
<td>Proximity: near; Circumstance: place</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td><strong>She slipped it inside the sleeve of her garment, then picked up her drop spindle.</strong> (Ch. 15, p. 78)</td>
<td><strong>Angela menyelipkannya ke lengan baju, kemudian memungut kembali gelondongannya.</strong> (Bab 15, hal. 137)</td>
<td>Proximity: far; Circumstance: time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td><strong>“What trickery is this, Firesword?” he demanded.</strong></td>
<td><strong>“Tipuan apa ini, Firesword?” ia menggeram.</strong></td>
<td>Proximity: near</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 15, p. 79)</td>
<td>(Bab 15, hal. 138)</td>
<td>Proximity: near</td>
</tr>
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<td>--------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>“And now I see we must work to spread word of it if any are to know of our victory.”</td>
<td>“Dan sekarang kulihat kalian kami akan harus menyebarkan kisah itu jika kami ingin kejayaan kami diketahui orang.”</td>
<td>near</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“That is the proper term for a flock of dragons.”</td>
<td>“Itu adalah istilah yang tepat untuk menggambarkan sekawanan naga.”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Then: “Why did Garzhvog give you that stone?”</td>
<td>Kemudian, “Kenapa Garzhvog memberimu batu itu?”</td>
<td>far</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 15, p. 81)</td>
<td>(Bab 15, hal. 141)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Inside his tent, Eragon lit a single candle for comfort.... For a long while, he sat there,...</td>
<td>Di dalam tenda, eragon menyalakan sebatang lilin untuk kenyamanan.... Agak lama ia duduk seperti itu,...</td>
<td>far</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 16, p. 82)</td>
<td>(Bab 16, hal. 144)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>“So it is. Are there other gates besides these five?”</td>
<td>“Begitu. Apakah ada gerbang lagi selain yang lima itu?”</td>
<td>near</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 17, p. 90)</td>
<td>(Bab 17, hal. 155)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

From the data above, the words which contain textual category (cohesion) of demonstrative reference are translated into two kinds of equivalence-translation by Poppy D. Chusfani:

1. **Textually equivalence**

   In the data (Table 4. 6. 2, no. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7), Poppy translates with the same proximity and circumstance of the word from SL into TL.
2. Textually non-equivalence

In the data (Table 4.6.2, no. 8 and 9), Poppy translates with the difference proximity and circumstance of the word from SL into TL. In the data (Table 4.6.2, no. 8) she omits the demonstrative reference (there). She could translate the sentence (For a long while, he sat there,...) with Agak lama ia duduk di sana. Then, in the data (Table 4.6.2, no. 8) she change the proximity of the word which is originally near becomes far by translating the word these into itu.

Table 4.6.3 Textual Equivalence: Reference (Comparative Reference)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Source Language</th>
<th>Target Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Tiny though the werecats were compared to the Urgals, they looked equally savage, and Eragon had no doubt whom he would rather face in battle; Urgals he understood, whereas werecats were … unpredictable. (Ch. 15, p. 77)</td>
<td>Meski para werecat kelihatan mungil sekali di antara Urgal, namun mereka tampak sama ganasnya, dan Eraon tidak ragu lagi siapa yang lebih ingin dilawannya dalam pertarungan. Ia mengerti kaum Urgal, sementara werecat ... sangat tidak bisa diduga. (Bab 15, hal. 135)</td>
<td>General comparison: identity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>“More than half his men, Firesword.” (Ch. 15, p. 79)</td>
<td>“Lebih dari separuh anak buahnya, Firesword.” (Bab 15, hal. 139)</td>
<td>Particular comparison</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>“Whenever I meet you, I always end up feeling more confused than before.” (Ch. 15, p. 80)</td>
<td>“Kapan saja aku bertemu deganmu, aku selalu berakhir merasa lebih kebingungan dari sebelumnya.” (Bab 15, hal. 140)</td>
<td>Particular comparison</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>Which you would know if your education had consisted of more than just learning how to swing a sword and conjugate a few verbs in the ancient language.” (Ch. 15, p. 81)</td>
<td>Yang bakal kau ketahui kalau pendidikannya tidak hanya bagaimana cara mengayunkan pedang atau menyatukan beberapa kata dalam bahasa kuno.” (Bab 15, hal. 141)</td>
<td>Particular comparison</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
5. “Really, you ought to pay better attention to what’s going on around you.”
   (Ch. 15, p. 81)
   “Sungguh, kau harus lebih memperhatikan yang terjadi di sekitarmu.”
   (Bab 15, hal. 141)
   Particular comparison

6. Otherwise, someone’s liable to stick a knife in you when you’re not looking.
   (Ch. 15, p. 81)
   Jika tidak, seseorang bisa menikamu dengan pisau sementara kau tidak melihat.
   (Bab 15, hal. 141-142)
   General comparison: difference

7. “I don’t like the elves any more than you do, but we need them to win this war.”
   (Ch. 16, p. 83)
   “Aku juga tidak menyukai elf sama seperti kalian, tapi kita membutuhkan mereka untuk memenangkan peperangan ini.”
   (Bab 16, hal. 145)
   Particular comparison

8. but also because it helped him better understand everything he had seen and done over the course of the day.
   (Ch. 16, p. 85)
   Tapi juga membantunya lebih memahami semua yang dilihat serta dilakukannya sepanjang hari.
   (Bab 16, hal. 148)
   Particular comparison

From the data above, there are two cases of equivalence-translation by Poppy D. Chusfani which contain textual category of comparative. The first case is in the data (Table 4. 6. 3, no. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, and 8), Poppy translates with the same comparison of the word from SL into TL. They are textually equivalence. Otherwise, in the data (Table 4. 6. 3, no. 4) Poppy translates more than just into tidak hanya. She omits the translation of more to adjust the textual meaning of the sentence. Although it does not have particular comparison (more) in both languages, we can say it is textually equivalence.

Table 4. 7 Textual Equivalence: Subtitution and Ellipsis

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Source Language</th>
<th>Target Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| 1.  | “So it is. Are there other gates besides these five?”
   “Aye, three more. By the docks, there’s a water gate wide enough
   “Begitu. Apakah ada gerbang lagi selain yang lima itu?”
   “Aye, tiga lagi. Dekat dermaga, ada gerbang air yang cukup
   Ellipsis |
<p>| | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>for all three streams to run out at once, and next to it a dry gate for men and horses. Then there’s another dry gate over at that end”—he pointed toward the western side of the city—“same as the others.” (Ch. 17, p. 90)</td>
<td>lebar untuk keluar bersamaan, dan di sebelahnya ada satu gerbang kering lagi dekat ujung” – ia menunjuk ke arah barat kota - ”sama seperti yang lain.” (Bab 17, hal. 155)</td>
<td>Substitution</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. By the shore, we haven’t room to maneuver properly or withdraw out of range of the soldiers’ stones and arrows. That leaves us with these gates, and the western one as well. (Ch. 17, p. 90)</td>
<td>Dekat pantai, kita punya ruang manuver lebih luas atau mundur dari jarak lontaran batu atau anak panah para prajurit. Itu berarti gerbang-gerbang yang ini, dan gerbang barat juga. (Bab 17, hal. 155)</td>
<td>Substitution</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. “Are there any spells on the gates?” “I think so,” Carn replied, equally subdued, “but I’m not sure how many or what their intended purpose is. I’ll need more time to tease out the answers.” (Ch. 17, p. 92)</td>
<td>“Apakah ada mantra pada gerbang-gerbangnya?” “Kurasa ada,” jawab Carn, juga dengan suara rendah, “tapi aku tidak yakin berapa banyak atau apa yang akan ditimbulkannya. Aku butuh lebih banyak waktu untuk mencari jawabannya.” (Bab 17, hal. 159)</td>
<td>Ellipsis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. “Why is it so difficult?” “It’s not, really. (Ch. 17, p. 92)</td>
<td>“Kenapa sulit sekali?” “Sebenarnya tidak. (Bab 17, hal. 159)</td>
<td>Ellipsis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. “Even if we gain entrance to the city, can we hold it with so few men?” “Maybe, maybe not.” (Ch. 17, p. 94)</td>
<td>“Bahkan jika kita bisa masuk kota, bisakah kita mempertahankannya dengan begitu sedikit pejuang?” “Barangkali, mungkin juga tidak.” (Bab 17, hal. 161)</td>
<td>Ellipsis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Together they managed to close the sluice gate. Then, refusing to answer any questions, Roran insisted that they do the same with both the uppermost and the lowermost</td>
<td>Bersama-sama mereka berhasil menutup gerbang penahan arus. Kemudian, menolak menjawab pertanyaan, Roran berkeras agar mereka melakukan hal yang sama terhadap kedua</td>
<td>Substitution</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>gates. (Ch. 17, p. 94)</td>
<td>gerbang yang paling atas dan yang paling bawah. (Bab 17, hal. 162)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>Carn nodded and said, “Maybe it will work and maybe it won’t. I don’t know.” (Ch. 17, p. 95)</td>
<td>Carn mengangguk dan berkata, “Barangkali berhasil, mungkin juga tidak. Aku tidak tahu.” (Bab 17, hal. 163)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>Instead of practicing his penmanship afterward, he spent the next few hours reviewing the spells he thought he might need the following day, as well as inventing new ones to address the specific challenges Dras-Leona presented. (Ch. 18, p. 97)</td>
<td>Tapi setelahnya ia tidak berlatih menulis, namun menghabiskan beberapa jam mengulang beberapa mantra yang dirasanya akan diperlukan hari berikutnya, juga menciptakan matra-mantra baru untuk menangani beberapa tantangan yang dipersembahkan Dras-Leona. (Bab 18, hal. 167)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td>At their signal, two heralds—one carrying the Varden’s standard, the other Surda’s—rode forth up the narrow street that ran through the maze of hovels to Dras-Leona’s southern gate. (Ch. 18, p. 98)</td>
<td>Atas isyarat mereka, dua orang bentara – salah satunya membawa panji-panji Varden, satu lagi membawa panji-panji Surda – berkuda maju melintasi jalan sempit yang menembus labirin gubuk-gubuk menuju gerbang selatan Dras-Leona. (Bab 18, hal. 169)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The data about substitution and ellipsis above are all textually equivalence. Whereas, there are three cases which are seen. The first case in the data (Table 4.7, no. 1, 3, 4, 5, and 7), they have the same substitution and ellipsis in both SL and TL. The second case in the data (Table 4.7, no. 2, 8, and 9) the translator adds the words which actually substituted or ellipted by the author. The sentences have substitution and ellipsis in SL while they do not in TL. The last case in the data (Table 4.7, no. 6) Poppy omits the translation of any substitution because it has textual equivalence word. Still, she can
translates it becomes *Kemudian, menolak menjawab pertanyaan apapun. Any* can mean *apapun* at the text.

**Table 4.8 Textual Equivalence: Conjunction**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Source Language</th>
<th>Target Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>red-faced <em>and</em> panting. (Ch. 19, p. 99)</td>
<td>Wajahnya merah <em>dan</em> napasnya tersengal-sengal. (Bab 19, hal. 172)</td>
<td>Additive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>only a hundred fifty <em>or</em> so of his men remained in the camp, (Ch. 19, p. 100)</td>
<td>Hanya 150 pejuang yang tersisa di perkemahan, (Bab 19, hal. 172)</td>
<td>Additive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td><em>and</em> many were wounded <em>and</em> unable to fight. (Ch. 19, p. 100)</td>
<td>Dan banyak yang terluka serta tidak mampu bertarung. (Bab 19, hal. 172)</td>
<td>Additive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>All the rest were at the mills he had visited the previous day, <em>or</em> at the slate mine farther down the coast, <em>or</em> along the banks of the westernmost canal, (Ch. 19, p. 100)</td>
<td>Sisanya berada di rumah penggilingan yang dikunjunginya kemarin, atau di tambang batu tulis lebih jauh ke pantai, atau di sepanjang tepi kanal paling barat, (Bab 19, hal. 172)</td>
<td>Additive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td><em>However</em>, he had hoped that the city folk would be too cowed (Ch. 19, p. 100)</td>
<td>Meski demikian, ia berharap penduduk kota terlalu kuat (Bab 19, hal. 173)</td>
<td>Adversative</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>by the recent assaults on their walls to attempt anything <em>so</em> daring (Ch. 19, p. 100)</td>
<td>Akibat serangan serangan pada tembok mereka sehingga tidak berani bertindak nekat (Bab 19, hal. 173)</td>
<td>Causal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td><em>The first</em> of those assumptions, it seemed, had most definitely proven to be a mistake. (Ch. 19, p. 100)</td>
<td>Dugaannya itu, ternyata, terbukti sangat salah. (Bab 19, hal. 173)</td>
<td>Temporal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>Whether the defenders of Aroughs were aware of his</td>
<td>Apakah orang-orang yang bertahan di Aroughs</td>
<td>Adversative</td>
</tr>
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</tbody>
</table>
| 9. | He was not entirely sure, _but_ he thought it likely, given the rather limited number of horsemen gathering in front of the city.  
(Ch. 19, p. 100) | Ia tidak yakin, tapi barangkali saja, dilihat dari jumlah terbatas prajurit berkuda yang berkumpul di depan kota.  
(Bab 19, hal. 173) | Additive |
| 10. | We have to flee—now—before those cursed riders are upon us.”  
(Ch. 19, p. 100) | Kita harus kabur—sekarang—sebelum para penunggang sial itu menyerang.”  
(Bab 19, hal. 173) | Temporal |
| 11. | Why not? _So_ you don’t have to admit you failed?  
(Ch. 19, p. 100) | Kenapa tidak? _Supaya kau_ tidak perlu mengakui kegagalan?  
(Bab 19, hal. 173) | Causal |
| 12. | _Because_ you hope to salvage something of your honor in one final, pointless battle?  
(Ch. 19, p. 100) | Karena kau berharap bisa menyelamatkan kehormatanmu dalam satu pertempuran final yang sebenarnya tidak berguna?  
(Bab 19, hal. 173) | Causal |
| 13. | Fire might prove as deadly to friend as to foe. _Besides_, the damp grass would only smolder.  
(Ch. 19, p. 101) | Api bisa menjadi fatal baik bagi kawan maupun lawan. _Lagipula_, rumput yang lembab hanya akan berasap.  
(Bab 19, hal. 174) | Additive |
| 14. | _In an instant_, Roran thought of a half-dozen schemes to undermine the confidence of their foes,  
(Ch. 19, p. 101) | Dalam sekejab, Roran memikirkan setengah lusin skenario untuk menjatuhkan rasa percaya diri para penyerang mereka,  
(Bab 19, hal. 175) | Additive |
| 15. | _Besides_, unlike the others, it appealed to his ego,  
(Ch. 19, p. 101) | _Lagi pula_, tidak seperti yang lain, gagasan itu sesuai dengan egonya,  
(Bab 19, hal. 175) | Additive |
| 16. | _For_ it required the participation of only one other person: Carn.  
(Ch. 19, p. 101) | Karena hanya membutuhkan partisipasi satu orang saja: Carn.  
(Bab 19, hal. 175) | Causal |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>English</th>
<th>Indonesian</th>
<th>Type</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>17.</td>
<td>Then he ran to a cookfire and scooped up a wide, stumplike section of log the warriors had been using as a stool. (Ch. 19, p. 101)</td>
<td>Kemudian ia berlari ke api untuk memasak dan mengambil bagian bongol kayu yang digunakan para pejuang sebagai bangku. (Bab 19, hal. 175)</td>
<td>Temporal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18.</td>
<td>“And fetch me the table my maps are on. Now, blast it, now!” (Ch. 19, p. 101)</td>
<td>“Dan ambilkan meja tempat aku meletakkan peta-peta. Sekarang, sialan, sekarang!” (Bab 19, hal. 175)</td>
<td>Temporal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19.</td>
<td>Roran shook the knucklebones in the cup, then poured them out onto the table and began to play by himself, (Ch. 19, p. 102)</td>
<td>Roran mengguncang knucklebones dalam gelas, kemudian menuangkan semua ke meja lalu mulai bermain sendiri, (Bab 19, hal. 176)</td>
<td>Temporal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20.</td>
<td>tossing the bones into the air—first one, then two, then three, and so forth—and catching them on the back of his hand. (Ch. 19, p. 102)</td>
<td>Melemparkan tulang-tulang itu ke udara – mula-mula satu, kemudian dua, lalu tiga, dan seterusnya – dan menangkap semuanya pada punggung tangannya. (Bab 19, hal. 176)</td>
<td>Temporal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21.</td>
<td>At the last moment, when the cavalry was only a few yards away from the table, someone shouted, (Ch. 19, p. 102)</td>
<td>Pada detik terakhir, ketika pasukan kaveleri tinggal beberapa meter saja dari meja, seseorang berteriak, (Bab 19, hal. 177)</td>
<td>Temporal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22.</td>
<td>Very suddenly, he found himself hoping that Carn had succeeded in making the air shimmer. However, he dared not turn his head to look. (Ch. 19, p. 103)</td>
<td>Mendadak saja ia berharap Carn berhasil membuat udara mejadi gemerlap. Namun ia tidak berani menoleh untuk memeriksa. (Bab 19, hal. 178)</td>
<td>Adversative</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23.</td>
<td>Roran shrugged and lifted the horn to his mouth, feigning the action of swallowing, for he could not afford to have his mind clouded by the potent dwarf brew. (Ch. 19, p. 103)</td>
<td>Roran mengangkat bahu dan mendekatkan corong ke mulutnya, pura-pura menenggak mead, karena ia tidak boleh membiarkan benaknya berkabut akibat minuman keras kurcaci itu. (Bab 19, hal. 179)</td>
<td>Causal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24.</td>
<td>“I much prefer the wines of our fields; they are warm and soothing.” (Ch. 19, p. 103)</td>
<td>“Aku lebih memilih anggur dari ladang-ladang kami.” (Bab 19, hal. 179)</td>
<td>Additive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25.</td>
<td>“Well, what is it? I haven’t got all day.” (Ch. 19, p. 105)</td>
<td>“Nah, Ada apa? Aku tidak punya waktu seharian.” (Bab 19, hal. 182)</td>
<td>Continuatives</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26.</td>
<td>“You don’t have to keep calling me sir. Once is enough. Understood?” “Sir, yes—Uh, yes s—Uh, I mean, yes, of course.” (Ch. 19, p. 106)</td>
<td>“Kau tidak perlu menyebutku Sir stiap kali. Satu kali saja sudah cukup. Mengerti?” “Sir, ya – Eh, ya, S – Eh, maksudku, ya, tentu saja.” (Bab 19, hal. 182)</td>
<td>Continuatives</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27.</td>
<td>those yellow-bellied soldiers might change their minds and decide to attack anyway, and I want to be prepared.” (Ch. 19, p. 106)</td>
<td>Para prajurit pengecut itu bisa saja berubah pikiran dan memutuskan untuk menyerang, dan aku ingin kita siap.” (Bab 19, hal. 183)</td>
<td>Continuatives</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.</td>
<td>“I know,” Roran replied, also in a soft tone. (Ch. 19, p. 106)</td>
<td>“Aku tahu,” jawab Roran, juga dengan suara rendah. (Bab 19, hal. 183)</td>
<td>Additive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29.</td>
<td>And a few hours later, when it was fully dark and the stars shone bright overhead, he found himself standing by the mills along with almost seven hundred of his men, (Ch. 19, p. 106)</td>
<td>Dan beberapa jam kemudian, ketika hari sudah gelap gulita an bintang-bintang berkilauan di langit, ia mendapati diri berdiri dekat rumah-rumah penggilingan bersama hampir tujuh ratus anak buahnya, (Bab 19, hal. 184)</td>
<td>Temporal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30.</td>
<td>and only because of the faint line of orange torchlight (Ch. 20, p. 107)</td>
<td>Dan hanya karena ada segaris cahaya jingga dari obor (Bab 20, hal. 185)</td>
<td>Causal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31.</td>
<td>At the same time, he grasped the edge of the blankets with his other hand. (Ch. 20, p. 107)</td>
<td>Pada saat yang sama, ia mencengkeram ujung selimut dengan tangan kiri (Bab 20, hal. 186)</td>
<td>Temporal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32.</td>
<td>A half second later, Roran</td>
<td>Setengah detik kemudian,</td>
<td>Temporal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>English</td>
<td>Indonesian</td>
<td>Type</td>
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<tr>
<td>33.</td>
<td>At last the man’s arm buckled. (Ch. 20, p. 109)</td>
<td>Akhirnya tagan lelaki itu melemas, (Bab 20, hal. 188)</td>
<td>Temporal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34.</td>
<td>The concern in Baldor’s voice finally caught Roran’s attention. “What?” he asked. (Ch. 20, p. 110)</td>
<td>Nada cemas dalam suara Baldor akhirnya menarik perhatian Roran. “Apa?” ia bertanya. (Bab 20, hal. 189)</td>
<td>Temporal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35.</td>
<td>Finally, Roran knelt and, with eyes averted, yanked his dagger out of the corpse. (Ch. 20, p. 113)</td>
<td>Akhirnya Roran berlutut dan, dengan mata dialihkan, mencabut belatinya dari si mayat. (Bab 20, hal. 194)</td>
<td>Temporal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36.</td>
<td>Afterward, he found half a cold chicken left uneaten from dinner and sat gnawing on it and gazing at the stars. (Ch. 20, p. 113)</td>
<td>Setelahnya, ia menemukan setengah ekor ayam dingin sisa makan malam dan duduk sambil mengunyah dan menatap bintang-bintang. (Bab 20, hal. 194)</td>
<td>Temporal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37.</td>
<td>Yet, no matter what he did, his mind returned again and again to the sight of the young man lying dead outside his tent. (Ch. 20, p. 113)</td>
<td>Namun apa pun yang dilakukannya, benaknya kembali lagi ke sosok bocah yang tewas di denpan tendanya. (Bab 20, hal. 194)</td>
<td>Temporal</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

From the data above, the words contain textual category (cohesion) of conjunction are translated into two kinds of equivalence-translation by Poppy D. Chusfani:

1. **Textually equivalence**

In the data (Table 4. 8, no. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10,11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36,
and 37). Poppy translates the data with the same conjunction which have same relation from SL into TL.

2. Textually non-equivalence

In the data (Table 4. 8, no. 2, 7, and 27) Poppy omits the conjunction from SL. For the data (Table 4. 8, no. 2) Poppy translates from SL text

only a hundred fifty or so of his men remained in the camp, (Ch. 19, p. 100)

into TL text

_Hanya 150 pejuang yang tersisa di perkemahan, (Bab 19, hal. 172).

She omits the conjunction or so which means sekitar. She can translate it into hanya sekitar 150 pejuang yang tersisa di perkemahan.

Then, in the data (Table 4. 8, no. 7) the translator omits the temporal conjunction the first and (Table 4. 8, no. 27) continuative conjunction anyway.

Table 4. 9. 1 Textual Equivalence: Lexical cohesion (Reiteration)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Source Language</th>
<th>Target Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Then he stepped out onto the rearmost of the four <em>barges</em> that were floating together in a line.</td>
<td>Kemudian ia melangkah ke kapal tongkang paling belakang di atara empat yang mengapung di sana.</td>
<td>Repetition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The <em>barges</em> were more like crude rafts than the flat-bottomed boats the villagers had ridden down the coast from Narda to Teirm....</td>
<td>Kapal kapal itu lebih mirip rakit daripada perahu berdasar rata yang di tumpangi penduduk Desa Carvahall menelusuri garis</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Ch. 21, p. 114)</td>
<td>pantai dari Narda ke Teirm... (Bab 21, hal. 195)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---</td>
<td>---</td>
<td>---</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>The slabs of cut <em>slate</em> that the men had, at Roran’s direction, hauled in wagons from the mine lay piled at the front of the lead barge, as well as along the sides of both the first and second barges. On top of the <em>slate</em>, they had heaped sacks of flour—which they had found stored within the mills— (Ch. 21, p. 114)</td>
<td>Atas arahan Roran, lempengan-lempengan <em>batu tulis</em> diangkut para pejuang menggunakan gerobak dari tambang dan ditumpuk di bagian depan kapal pertama, begitu pula di bagian sisi kapal pertama dan kedua. Di atas tumpukan <em>batu tulis</em>, mereka menumpuk berkarung-berkarung terigu – yang mereka temukan disimpan di rumah penggilingan- (Ch. 21, p. 115)</td>
<td>Repetition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Two men stood upon the <em>berm</em> at the very top of the hill—the <em>berm</em> that slowed and held back the flow of water down the canal from the marshes to the north. (Ch. 21, p. 115)</td>
<td>Dua lelaki berdiri pada tanggul di puncak bukit – tanggul yang memperlambat dan menahan aliran air di kanal dari rawa-rawa ke utara. (Ch. 21, p. 116)</td>
<td>Repetition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td><em>The flood</em> overtook them with incredible speed... As the surging water lifted the rearmost barge several feet above the rest, (Ch. 21, p. 116)</td>
<td>Air bah menyambar mereka dengan kecepatan lar biasa... Ketika semburan air mengangkat kapal paling belakang sampai beberapa meter ke atas yang lain, (Ch. 21, p. 117)</td>
<td>Synonym</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>because if they do, we’ll never capture Aroughs... street by street, until all of Aroughs is under our <em>control</em>. (Ch. 21, p. 117)</td>
<td>Karena jika itu mereka lakukan, kita takkan bisa menguasai Aroughs...jalan demi jalan, sampai seluruh Aroughs berada dalam kekuasaan kita. (Ch. 21, p. 118)</td>
<td>Synonym</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
freedom!” (Ch. 21, p. 117)  

karena kita bertarung demi mereka. Kita bertarung demi kemerdekaan!”  
(Bab 21, hal. 201)

7. There, on the field before Aroughs, stood the Varden’s catapults, ballistae, and siege towers. The siege towers remained motionless, but the other engines of war stirred into action,.....  
(Ch. 21, p. 117)  

Di sana, di ladang sebelum Aroughs, berdiri ketapel, pelontar, dan menara kepung milik Varden. Menara-menara kepung tidak bergerak, tapi mesin-mesin perang lain sedang beraksi,.....  
(Bab 21, hal. 202)  

| 8. “Give me an ax!” he shouted, holding a hand out behind him. “An ax, give me an ax!”  
(Ch. 21, p. 119) | “Beri aku kapak!” teriaknya, mengulurkan tangan ke belakang. “Kapak, beri aku kapak!”  
(Bab 21, hal. 203) | Repetition |

9. At the front of the room and at the back, stairs and walkways protruding from the mold-covered walls would allow a person to cross over the water without getting wet.  
(Ch. 21, p. 119)  

Di bagian depan ruangan dan di belakangnya, undakan dan titian mencuat dari dinding berlapis lumut, agar orang-orang bisa menyeberang air tanpa jadi basah.  
(Bab 21, hal. 205)  

10. The third soldier on the walkway managed to shoot a bolt at him before he took another step... The soldiers fired. Just before the bolts tore through him,  
(Ch. 21, p. 121)  

Prajurit ketiga di titian berhasil menembakkan anak panah ke arahnya sebelum ia mengambil langkah... Mereka menembak. Persis sebelum menembus tubuhnya,  
(Bab 21, hal. 207)  

<p>| All the data (Table 4, 9, 1, no. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10) about reiteration above are textually equivalence. In the SL text, there are repetition and synonym. Then Poppy well translated them into TL with repetition and synonym also. | 125 |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Source Language</th>
<th>Target Language</th>
<th>Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>“It’s strange to have another sibling—<em>brother or sister</em>—after so long.”</td>
<td>“Aneh rasanya punya saudara kandung satu lagi — <em>lelaki atau perempuan</em> - setelah sekian lama.”</td>
<td>Opposite meaning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 21, p. 113)</td>
<td>(Bab 21, hal. 195)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Also, the mounds of stone and flour would provide a measure of protection from</td>
<td>Juga, muatan batu dan tepung akan menyediakan perlindungan dari tombak, anak panah, dan peluru lontar lainnya.</td>
<td>Unordered lexical sets; co-hyponymy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>spears, arrows, and other projectiles</em>.</td>
<td>(Ch. 21, p. 114)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 21, p. 114)</td>
<td>(Bab 21, hal. 196)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Think of your <em>friends</em>. Think of your <em>families</em>, of your <em>parents</em>, your <em>wives</em>,</td>
<td>Pikirkan <em>kawan-kawan kalian</em>, Pikirkan keluarga kalian, orang tua kalian,</td>
<td>Unordered lexical sets; co-hyponymy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>your <em>children</em>. Fight well, for we fight for them. We fight for freedom!”</td>
<td><em>istri</em>, anak-anak, Bertarunglah dengan gagah, karena kita bertarung demi mereka. Kita bertarung demi kemerdekaan!”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Ch. 21, p. 117)</td>
<td>(Bab 21, hal. 201)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>There, on the field before Aroughs, stood the Varden’s <em>catapults</em>, <em>ballistae</em>,</td>
<td><em>Di sana, di ladang sebelum Aroughs, berdiri ketapel, pelontar, dan menara kepung milik Varden. Menara-menara kepung tiak bergerak, tapi mesin-mesin perang lain sedang beraksi, melontarkan peluru dan batu dalam lengkungan tinggi ke arah tembok tembok kota yang putih bersih.</em></td>
<td>Unordered lexical sets; co-hyponymy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>and siege towers</em>. The siege towers remained motionless, but the other <em>engines of war</em> stirred into action, casting their darts and stones in high, arcing paths toward the pristine white walls of the city. (Ch. 21, p. 117)</td>
<td>(Bab 21, hal. 202)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Just as he reached the very front of the barge, a <em>piercing, grating, tearing sound</em> forced him to clap his hands over his ears and <em>Persis ketika ia mencapai bagian depan kapal, suara berderak dan bergesek memekakkan memaksanya menutup</em></td>
<td>Unordered lexical sets; co-hyponymy</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
pull back. (Ch. 21, p. 119)  
6.  
Above the prow of the vessel, however, jagged spars of wood stuck out from the remnants of the gate at the same height as a man’s chest, neck, or head. (Ch. 21, p. 119)  
Namun di atas haluan kapal patahan kayu yang tajam mencuat dari sisa-sisa gerbang, setingi dada, leher, atau kepala lelaki dewasa. (Bab 21, hal. 204)  
Unordered lexical sets; co-hyponymy

<p>| | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>Extending from both sides of the room were stone quays for loading and unloading cargo. (Ch. 21, p. 119)</td>
<td>Memanjang dari kedua sisi ruangan terdapat dermaga batu untuk memuat dan menurunkan kargo. (Bab 21, hal. 204-205)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All the data (Table 4. 9. 2, no. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7) about collocation above are textually equivalence. In the SL text, there are opposite meaning and unordered lexical sets namely co-hyponymy. Then Poppy well translated them into TL with those also.

**B. Discussion**

After obtaining the data, the researcher needs to discuss the findings in order to clarify the answer of research problem. Based on the problem —What kinds of grammatical and textual equivalence which are used by Poppy D. Chusfani in translating English into Indonesia language of Christopher Paolini’s Novel of “Inheritance”?—, the researcher found that Poppy uses all of the kinds of grammatical and textual (cohesion) equivalence as the theory stated in Chapter II. For the grammatical equivalence, they are number, gender, person, tense/ aspect and voice. Likewise, for the textual equivalence
(cohesion), they are reference, substitution and ellipsis, conjunction and lexical cohesion.

Here is the discussion based on the data collection:

**Table 4.10 Result of Grammatical Equivalence Analysis**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Grammatical Equivalence</th>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Gender</th>
<th>Person</th>
<th>Tense/aspect</th>
<th>Voice</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The most dominant number of grammatical category is translating plural into plural form. It is called grammatically equivalence.</td>
<td>The most dominant gender of grammatical category is translating masculine into neutral. It is called grammatically non-equivalence.</td>
<td>The most dominant person of grammatical category is translating the data grammatically non-equivalence.</td>
<td>The most dominant tense/aspect of grammatical category is translating the data grammatically non-equivalence.</td>
<td>The most dominant voice of grammatical category is translating passive into passive form. It is called grammatically equivalence.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total: 13 out of 25 data findings</td>
<td>Total: 8 out of 27 data findings</td>
<td>Total: 13 out of 38 data findings</td>
<td>Total: 9 out of 13 data findings</td>
<td>Total: 4 out of 12 data findings</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Table 4.11 Result of Textual Equivalence Analysis**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Textual equivalence</th>
<th>Reference</th>
<th>Substitution and ellipsis</th>
<th>Conjunction</th>
<th>Lexical cohesion</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The most dominant reference of textual (cohesion) category is personal reference.</td>
<td>The most dominant substitution and ellipsis of textual (cohesion) category is substitution.</td>
<td>The most dominant conjunction of textual (cohesion) category is translating the data textually equivalence.</td>
<td>The most dominant lexical cohesion of textual (cohesion) category is reiteration.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total: 16 out of 33 data</td>
<td>Total: 6 out of 9 data findings</td>
<td>Total: 25 out of 35 data findings</td>
<td>Total: 10 out of 17 data findings</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Then, for the second problem- What is the most dominant equivalence used by Poppy D. Chusfani in translating English into Indonesia language of Christopher Paolini's Novel of “Inheritance”? the researcher found that the most dominant equivalence used by Poppy D. Chusfani is grammatical equivalence person. It shows 38 data.

Those data presented are representative from grammatical and textual equivalence’s data in the novel. The researcher does not involve all of it, because it will be more excessive. So, she only takes the representative part of the translated sentence to be presented.
A. Conclusions

After obtaining and analyzing the data in the previous chapter, the researcher presents the conclusions at the last part of this paper. The conclusion is drawn based on formulated research question, as follows:

1. Kinds of grammatical and textual equivalence which are used by Poppy D. Chusfani in translating English into Indonesia language of Christopher Paolini’s Novel of “Inheritance”

   The findings show that in translating the novel, Poppy D. Chusfani uses all the kinds of grammatical and textual equivalence. For grammatical equivalence, they are number, gender, person, tense/aspect and voice. For textual equivalence, they are reference, substitution and ellipsis, conjunction and lexical cohesion.

   After analyzing and classifying the data, researcher discovers that there are 25 data of number and 13 of them are plural into plural form. For gender, there are 27 data and 8 of them are masculine into masculine form. Then, the researcher found 38 data of person and 13 of them are grammatically non-equivalence. Later, there are 12 data of tense/aspect and 9 of them are grammatically non-equivalence. The last, it is found 12 data of voice and 6 of them are passive into passive form.
Furthermore, researcher discovers that there are 33 data of reference and 16 of them are personal reference. For substitution and ellipsis, there are 9 data and 6 of them are substitution. Next, there are 35 data of conjunction and 25 of them are textually equivalence. The last, there are 17 data of lexical cohesion and 10 of them are reiteration.

2. The most dominant equivalence used by Poppy D. Chusfani in translating English into Indonesia language of Christopher Paolini’s Novel of “Inheritance”

The researcher concludes that the most dominant equivalence used by Poppy D. Chusfani is grammatical equivalence i.e. person. Most of the data are grammatically equivalence. All of those data presented are representative for all of the data in the novel, hence the researcher only took the sample of the sentences’ part contain the grammatical and textual equivalence.

B. Suggestions

According to the findings of this research, the researcher suggests that:

1. The findings of this research will be additional references in the field of discourse.

2. It is also recommended that the next researchers can use particular kind of grammatical or textual equivalence and analyze it more deeply.

3. In addition, the researcher also suggests to the next researchers to use other relevance theory to investigate different topics in the same area of the research.
4. The strategies proposed by Poppy D. Chusfani in translating ‘he’ or ‘she’, generic ‘you’, tenses, active-passive form, and conjunction can be applied in the pedagogical area. English learner can use them in practice translating written text in reading or other subjects.
REFERENCE


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Nomor : Sti.24/K-1/PP.00.9/I-1.3.136/2014
Lamp. : Proposal Skripsi
Hal. : Pembimbing dan Asisten
       Pembimbing Skripsi

Yth. Sari Femularsih, S.Pd.I., M.A.

Assalamualaikum wr.wb.

Dalam rangka penulisan Skripsi Mahasiswa Program Sarjana (S.1), Saudara ditunjuk sebagai
Dosen Pembimbing / Asisten Pembimbing Skripsi mahasiswa :

Nama : Badri'atul Azmina
NIM  : 11311001
Jurusan : Tarbiyah
Judul Skripsi :

THE ANALYSIS OF GRAMMATICAL AND TEXTUAL EQUIVALENCE USED IN TRANSLATING ENGLISH-INDONESIA OF INHERITANCE NOVEL

Apabila dipandang perlu Saudara diminta mengoreksi tema Skripsi di atas.

Demikian untuk diketahui dan dilaksanakan.

Wassalamualaikum wr.wb.

a.n. Ketua
Wakil Ketua
Birog Akademik dan Pengembangan Lembaga

[Signature]

NIP. 19750211 200003 1 001

Tembusan : Yth. Ketua STAIN Salatiga (sebagai laporan)
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO</th>
<th>TANGGAL</th>
<th>ISI KONSULTASI</th>
<th>CATATAN PEMBIMING</th>
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<td>2.</td>
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<td>4.</td>
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<td>5.</td>
<td>8/07/2015</td>
<td>Chapter II</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

CATATAN:

SETIAP KONSULTASI LEMBAR INI HARUS DIBAWA

PEMBIMING

Sari Pamularsih, M.A.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>TANGGAL</th>
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<th>PARAF</th>
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</thead>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>7/07/15</td>
<td>Chapter II</td>
<td>Acc → continue</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>28/07/15</td>
<td>Chapter III</td>
<td>Revisi → story grammatical</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>4/08/15</td>
<td>Chapter IV</td>
<td>Acc → continue</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>20/8/15</td>
<td>Chapter V</td>
<td>Revisi → check grammatical</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>22/8/15</td>
<td>Chapter IV</td>
<td>Acc → continue</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>25/08/15</td>
<td>Chapter V</td>
<td>Acc</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>27/08/15</td>
<td>Ch. I       III IV V</td>
<td>Revisi → format, reference</td>
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<td>13</td>
<td>29/08/15</td>
<td>Ch. I III IV V</td>
<td>Acc</td>
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</table>

CATATAN: SETIAP KONSULTASI LEMBAR INI HARUS DIBAWA
sympathy and he covered his ears with his hands, grimacing as he twisted around, trying to locate the source of the noise. Saphira tossed her head, and even through the din, he heard her whine in distress.

Eragon swept his gaze over the courtyard two separate times before he noticed a faint puff of dust rising up the wall of the keep from a foot-wide crack that had appeared beneath the blackened, partially destroyed window where Blödhgarm had killed the magician. As the squeal increased in intensity, Eragon risked lifting one of his hands off his ears to point at the crack.

“Look!” he shouted to Arya, who nodded in acknowledgment. He replaced his hand over his ear. Without warning or preamble, the sound stopped.

Eragon waited for a moment, then slowly lowered his hands, for once wishing that his hearing were not quite so sensitive.

Just as he did, the crack jerked open wider—spreading until it was several feet across—and raced down the wall of the keep. Like a bolt of lightning, the crack struck and shattered the keystone above the doors to the building, showering the floor below with pebbles. The whole castle groaned, and from the damaged window to the broken keystone, the front of the keep began to lean outward.

“Run!” Eragon shouted at the Varden, though the men were already scattering to either side of the courtyard, desperate to get out from under the precarious wall. Eragon took a single step forward, every muscle in his body tense as he searched for a glimpse of Roran somewhere in the throng of warriors.

At last Eragon spotted him, trapped behind the last group of men by the doorway, bellowing madly at them, his words lost in the commotion. Then the wall shifted and dropped several inches—leaning even farther away from the rest of the building—pelting Roran with rocks, knocking him off balance, and forcing him to stumble backward under the overhang of the doorway.

As Roran straightened from a crouch, his eyes met Eragon’s, and in his gaze Eragon saw a flash of fear and helplessness, quickly followed by resignation, as if Roran knew that, no matter how fast he ran, he could not possibly reach safety in time.

A wry smile touched Roran’s lips. And the wall fell.

Chapter 3 Page 20

HAMMERFALL
“Oi!” shouted Eragon as the wall of the keep tumbled down with a thunderous crash, burying Roran and five other men beneath a mound of stone twenty feet high and flooding the courtyard with a dark cloud of dust.

Eragon’s shout was so loud, his voice broke, and slick, copper-tasting blood coated the back of his throat. He inhaled and doubled over, coughing.

“Vaetna,” he gasped, and waved his hand. With a sound like rustling silk, the thick gray dust parted,

leaving the center of the courtyard clear. Concerned as he was for Roran, Eragon barely noticed the strength the spell took from him.

“No, no, no, no,” Eragon muttered. He can’t be dead. He can’t, he can’t, he can’t…. As if repetition might make it true, Eragon continued to think the phrase. But with every repetition, it became less a statement of fact or hope and more a prayer to the world at large.

Before him, Arya and the other warriors of the Varden stood coughing and rubbing their eyes with the palms of their hands. Many were hunched over, as if expecting a blow; others gaped at the front of the damaged keep. The rubble from the building spilled into the middle of the courtyard, obscuring the mosaic. Two and a half rooms on the second story of the keep, and one on the third—the room where the magician had expired so violently—stood exposed to the elements. The chambers and their furnishings seemed dirty and rather shabby in the full light of the sun. Within, a half-dozen soldiers armed with crossbows were scrambling back from the drop they now found themselves standing by. With much pushing and shoving, they hurried through the doors at the far ends of the rooms and vanished into the depths of the keep.

Eragon tried to guess the weight of a block in the pile of rubble; it must have been many hundreds of pounds. If he, Saphira, and the elves all worked together, he was sure that they could shift the stones with magic, but the effort would leave them weak and vulnerable. Moreover, it would take an impractically long time. For a moment, Eragon thought of Glaedr—the golden dragon was more than strong enough to lift the whole pile at once—but haste was of the essence, and Glaedr’s Eldunarí would take too long to retrieve. In any case, Eragon knew that he might not even be able to convince Glaedr to talk with him, much less to help rescue Roran and the other men.

Then Eragon pictured Roran as he had appeared just before the deluge of stones and dust had hidden him from view, standing underneath the eaves of the doorway to the keep, and with a start, he realized what to do.

“Saphira, help them!” Eragon shouted as he cast aside his shield and bounded forward.
Behind him, he heard Arya say something in the ancient language—a short phrase that might have been

“Hide this!” Then she had caught up to him, running with her sword in hand, ready to fight.

When he reached the base of the rubble, Eragon leaped as high as he could. He alit with a single foot upon the slanting face of a block and then jumped again, bounding from point to point like a mountain goat scaling the side of a gorge. He hated to risk disturbing the blocks, but climbing the pile was the fastest way to reach his destination.

With one last lunge, Eragon cleared the edge of the second story, then raced across the room. He shoved the door in front of him with such force that he broke the latch and hinges and sent the door flying into the wall of the corridor beyond, splitting the heavy oak planks.

Eragon sprinted down the corridor. His footsteps and his breathing sounded strangely muted to him, as if his ears were filled with water.

He slowed as he drew near an open doorway. Through it, he saw a study with five armed men pointing at a map and arguing. None of them noticed Eragon. He kept running.

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He sped around a corner and collided with a soldier walking in the opposite direction. Eragon’s vision flashed red and yellow as his forehead struck the rim of the man’s shield. He clung to the soldier, and the two of them staggered back and forth across the corridor like a pair of drunk dancers.

The soldier uttered an oath as he struggled to regain his balance. “What’s wrong with you, you thrice-blasted—” he said, and then he saw Eragon’s face, and his eyes widened. “You!” Eragon balled his right hand and punched the man in the belly, directly underneath his rib cage. The blow lifted the man off his feet and smashed him into the ceiling. “Me,” Eragon agreed as the man dropped to the floor, lifeless.

Eragon continued down the corridor. His already rapid pulse seemed to have doubled since he entered the keep; he felt as if his heart were about to burst out of his chest.

Where is it? he thought, frantic as he glanced through yet another doorway and saw nothing but an empty room.

At last, at the end of a dingy side passage, he caught sight of a winding staircase. He took the stairs five at a time, heedless of his own safety as he descended toward the first story, pausing only to push a startled archer out of his way.

The stairs ended, and he emerged into a high-vaulted chamber reminiscent of the cathedral in Dras-Leona. He spun around, gathering quick impressions: shields and arms
and red pennants hung on the walls; narrow windows close under the ceiling; torches mounted in wrought-iron brackets; empty fireplaces; long, dark trestle tables stacked along both sides of the hall; and a dais at the head of the room, where a robed and bearded man stood before a high-backed chair. Eragon was in the main hall of the castle. To his right, between him and the doors that led to the entrance of the keep, was a contingent of fifty or more soldiers. The gold thread in their tunics glittered as they stirred with surprise.

“Kill him!” the robed man ordered, sounding more frightened than lordly. “Whosoever kills him shall have a third of my treasure! So I promise!”

A terrible frustration welled up inside Eragon at being delayed once again. He tore his sword from its scabbard, lifted it over his head, and shouted:

“Brisingr!”

With a rush of air, a cocoon of wraithlike blue flames sprang into existence around the blade, running up toward the tip. The heat from the fire warmed Eragon’s hand, arm, and the side of his face.

Then Eragon lowered his gaze to the soldiers. “Move,” he growled.

The soldiers hesitated a moment more, then turned and fled.

Eragon charged forward, ignoring the panicked laggards within reach of his burning sword. One man tripped and fell before him; Eragon jumped completely over the soldier, not even touching the tassel on his helm.

The wind from Eragon’s passage tore at the flames on the blade, stretching them out behind the sword like the mane of a galloping horse.

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SHADOWS ON THE HORIZON

In order to catch Roran before he struck the floor, Eragon had to drop Brisingr, which he was reluctant to do. Nevertheless, he opened his hand, and the sword clattered against the stones even as Roran’s weight settled into his arms.

“Is he badly hurt?” Arya asked.

Eragon flinched, surprised to find her and Blödhgarm standing next to him. “I don’t think so.” He patted Roran’s cheeks several times, smearing the dust on his skin. In the flat, ice-blue glare of Eragon’s spell, Roran appeared gaunt, his eyes surrounded by bruised
shadows, and his lips a purplish color, as if stained with the juice from berries. “Come
on, wake up.”

After a few seconds, Roran’s eyelids twitched; then he opened them and looked at
Eragon, obviously confused. Relief washed over Eragon, so strong he could taste it. “You
blacked out for a moment,” he explained.

“Ah.”

He’s alive! Eragon said to Saphira, risking a brief moment of contact.

Her pleasure was obvious. Good. I will stay here and help the elves move the stones
away from the building. If you need me, shout, and I’ll find a way to reach you.

Roran’s mail tinkled as Eragon helped him onto his feet. “What of the others?” Eragon
asked, and gestured toward the mound of rubble.

Roran shook his head.

“Are you sure?”

“No one could have survived under there. I only escaped because … because I was
partially sheltered by the eaves.”

“And you? You’re all right?” Eragon asked.

“What?” Roran frowned, seeming distracted, as if the thought had not even occurred to
him. “I’m fine…. Wrist might be broken. It’s not bad.”

Eragon cast a meaningful glance at Blödhgarm. The elf’s features tightened with a faint
display of displeasure, but he went over to Roran and, in a smooth voice, said, “If I
may…. He extended a hand toward Roran’s injured arm.

While Blödhgarm labored over Roran, Eragon picked up Brisingr, then stood guard with
Arya at the entrance in case any soldiers were so foolhardy as to launch an attack.

“There, all done,” Blödhgarm said. He moved away from Roran, who rolled his wrist in a
circle, testing the joint.

Satisfied, Roran thanked Blödhgarm, then lowered his hand and cast about the rubble-
strewn floor until he found his hammer. He readjusted the position of his armor and
looked out the entrance. “I’ve about had my fill of this Lord Bradburn,” he said in a
decievly calm tone. “He has held his seat overlong, I

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think, and ought to be relieved of his responsibilities. Wouldn’t you agree, Arya?” “I
would,” she said. “Well then, let’s find the soft-bellied old fool; I would give him a few
gentle taps from my hammer in memory of everyone we have lost today.”

“He was in the main hall a few minutes ago,” Eragon said, “but I doubt he stayed to
await our return.” Roran nodded. “Then we’ll have to hunt him down.” And with that,
he strode forward.

Eragon extinguished his illuminating spell and hurried after his cousin, holding Brisingr at
the ready. Arya and Blödhgarm stayed as close beside him as the convoluted
passageway would allow.

The chamber that the passageway led to was abandoned, as was the main hall of the
castle, where the only evidence of the dozens of soldiers and officials who had
populated it was a helmet that lay on the floor, rocking back and forth in ever-decreasing arcs.

Eragon and Roran ran past the marble dais, Eragon restricting his speed so as not to
leave Roran behind. They kicked down a door just to the left of the platform and rushed
up the stairs beyond.

At each story, they paused so that Blödhgarm could search with his mind for any trace of
Lord Bradburn and his retinue, but he found none. As they reached the third level,
Eragon heard a stampede of footsteps and saw a thicket of jabbing spears fill the curved
archway in front of Roran. The spears cut Roran on the cheek and on his right thigh,
coating his knee with blood. He bellowed like a wounded bear and rammed into the
spears with his shield, trying to push his way up the last few steps and out of the
stairwell. Men shouted frantically.

Behind Roran, Eragon switched Brisingr to his left hand, then reached around his cousin,
grabbed one of the spears by the haft, and yanked it out of the grip of whoever was
holding it. He flipped the spear around and threw it into the center of the men packed in
the archway. Someone screamed, and a gap appeared in the wall of bodies. Eragon
repeated the process, and his throws soon reduced the number of soldiers enough that,
step by step, Roran was able to force the mass of men back.

As soon as Roran won clear of the stairs, the twelve remaining soldiers scattered across
a wide landing fringed with balustrades, each man seeking room to swing his weapon
without obstruction. Roran bellowed again and leaped after the nearest soldier. He
parried the man’s sword, then stepped past his guard and struck the man on his helm,
which rang like an iron pot.

Eragon sprinted across the landing and tackled a pair of soldiers who were standing
close together. He knocked them to the ground, then dispatched each of them with a
single thrust of Brisingr. An ax hurtled toward him, whirling end over end. He ducked
and pushed a man over a balustrade before engaging two others who were trying to
dismember him with billetpikes.
Then Arya and Blödhgarm were moving among the men, silent and deadly, the elves’ inherent grace making the violence appear more like an artfully staged performance than the sordid struggle most fights were.

In a rush of clanging metal, broken bones, and severed limbs, the four of them killed the rest of the soldiers. As always, the combat exhilarated Eragon; it felt to him like being shocked with a bucket of cold water, and it left him with a sense of clarity unequaled by any other activity.

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cold water, and it left him with a sense of clarity unequaled by any other activity.

Roran bent over and rested his hands on his knees, gasping for air as if he had just finished a race. “Shall I?” asked Eragon, gesturing at the cuts on Roran’s face and thigh.

Roran tested his weight on the wounded leg a few times. “I can wait. Let’s find Bradburn first.” Eragon took the lead as they filed back into the stairwell and resumed their climb. At last, after another five minutes of searching, they found Lord Bradburn barricaded within the highest room of the keep’s westernmost tower. With a series of spells, Eragon, Arya, and Blödhgarm disassembled the doors and the tower of furniture piled behind them. As they and Roran entered the chambers, the high-ranking retainers and castle guards who had gathered in front of Lord Bradburn blanched, and many began to shake. To Eragon’s relief, he only had to kill three of the guards before the rest of the group placed their weapons and shields on the floor in surrender.

Then Arya marched over to Lord Bradburn, who had remained silent throughout, and said, “Now, will you order your forces to stand down? Only a few remain, but you can still save their lives.”

“I would not even if I could,” said Bradburn in a voice of such hate and sneering derision, Eragon almost struck him. “You’ll have no concessions from me, elf. I’ll not give up my men to filthy, unnatural creatures such as you. Death would be preferable. And do not think you can beguile me with honeyed words. I know of your alliance with the Urgals, and I would sooner trust a snake than a person who breaks bread with those monsters.”

Arya nodded and placed her hand over Bradburn’s face. She closed her eyes, and for a time, both she and Bradburn were motionless. Eragon reached out with his mind, and he felt the battle of wills that was raging between them as Arya worked her way past Bradburn’s defenses and into his consciousness. It took a minute, but at last she gained control of the man’s mind, whereupon she set about calling up and examining his memories until she discovered the nature of his wards.

Then she spoke in the ancient language and cast a complex spell designed to circumvent those wards and to put Bradburn to sleep. When she finished, Bradburn’s eyes closed and, with a sigh, he collapsed into her arms. “She killed him!” shouted one of the guards, and cries of fear and outrage spread among the men.

Then she spoke in the ancient language and cast a complex spell designed to circumvent those wards and to put Bradburn to sleep. When she finished, Bradburn’s eyes closed and, with a sigh, he collapsed into her arms. “She killed him!” shouted one of the guards, and cries of fear and outrage spread among the men.
As Eragon attempted to convince them otherwise, he heard one of the Varden’s trumpets being wound far off in the distance. Soon another trumpet sounded, this one much closer, then another, and then he caught snatches of what he would have sworn were faint, scattered cheers rising from the courtyard below.

Puzzled, he exchanged glances with Arya; then they turned in a circle, looking out each of the windows set within the walls of the chamber.

To the west and south lay Belatona. It was a large, prosperous city, one of the largest in the Empire.

Close to the castle, the buildings were imposing structures made of stone, with pitched roofs and oriel windows, while farther away they were constructed of wood and plaster. Several of the half-timbered buildings had caught fire during the fighting. The smoke filled the air with a layer of brown haze that stung eyes and throats.

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To the southwest, a mile beyond the city, was the Varden’s camp: long rows of gray woolen tents ringed by stake-lined trenches, a few brightly colored pavilions sporting flags and pennants, and stretched out on the bare ground, hundreds of wounded men. The healers’ tents were already filled to capacity.

To the north, past the docks and warehouses, was Leona Lake, a vast expanse of water dotted with the occasional whitecap.

Above, the wall of black clouds that was advancing from the west loomed high over the city, threatening to envelop it within the folds of rain that fell skirtlike from its underside. Blue light flickered here and there in the depths of the storm, and thunder rumbled like an angry beast.

But nowhere did Eragon see an explanation for the commotion that had attracted his attention.

He and Arya hurried over to the window directly above the courtyard. Saphira and the men and elves working with her had just finished clearing away the stones in front of the keep. Eragon whistled, and when Saphira looked up, he waved. Her long jaws parted in a toothy grin, and she blew a streamer of smoke toward him.

“Ho! What news?” Eragon shouted.

One of the Varden standing on the castle walls raised an arm and pointed eastward. “Shadeslayer!

Look! The werecats are coming! The werecats are coming!”
A cold tingle crawled down Eragon’s spine. He followed the line of the man’s arm eastward, and this time he saw a host of small, shadowy figures emerging from a fold in the land several miles away, on the other side of the Jiet River. Some of the figures went on four legs and some on two, but they were too far away for him to be sure if they were werecats.

“Could it be?” asked Arya, sounding amazed.

“I don’t know…. Whatever they are, we’ll find out soon enough.”

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KINGCAT

Eragon stood on the dais in the main hall of the keep, directly to the right of Lord Bradburn’s throne, his left hand on the pommel of Brisingr, which was sheathed. On the other side of the throne stood Jörmundur—senior commander of the Varden—holding his helmet in the crook of his arm. The hair at his temples was streaked with gray; the rest was brown, and all of it was pulled back into a long braid. His lean face bore the studiously blank expression of a person who had extensive experience waiting on others. Eragon noticed a thin line of red running along the underside of Jörmundur’s right bracer, but Jörmundur showed no sign of pain.

Between them sat their leader, Nasuada, resplendent in a dress of green and yellow, which she had donned just moments before, exchanging the raiment of war for garb more suited to the practice of statecraft. She too had been marked during the fighting, as was evidenced by the linen bandage wrapped around her left hand.

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In a low voice that only Eragon and Jörmundur could hear, Nasuada said, “If we can but gain their support . . .”

“What will they want in return, though?” asked Jörmundur. “Our coffers are near empty, and our future uncertain.” Her lips barely moving, she said, “Perhaps they wish nothing more of us than a chance to strike back at Galbatorix.” She paused. “But if not, we shall have to find means other than gold to persuade them to join our ranks.”

“You could offer them barrels of cream,” said Eragon, which elicited a chortle from Jörmundur and a soft laugh from Nasuada.

Their murmured conversation came to an end as three trumpets sounded outside the main hall. Then a flaxen-haired page dressed in a tunic stitched with the Varden’s standard—a white dragon holding a rose above a sword pointing downward on a purple field—marched through the open doorway at the far end of the hall, struck the floor with his ceremonial staff, and, in a thin, warbling voice, announced, “His Most Exalted
Royal Highness, Grimrr Halfpaw, King of the Werecats, Lord of the Lonely Places, Ruler of the Night Reaches, and He Who Walks Alone.”

A strange title, that: He Who Walks Alone, Eragon observed to Saphira. But well deserved, I would guess, she replied, and he could sense her amusement, even though he could not see her where she lay coiled in the castle keep.

The page stepped aside, and through the doorway strode Grimrr Halfpaw in the shape of a human, trailed by four other werecats, who padded close behind him on large, shaggy paws. The four resembled Solembum, the one other werecat Eragon had seen in the guise of an animal: heavy-shouldered and long-limbed, with short, dark ruffs upon their necks and withers; tasseled ears; and black-tipped tails, which they waved gracefully from side to side.

Grimrr Halfpaw, however, looked unlike any person or creature Eragon had ever seen. At roughly four feet tall, he was the same height as a dwarf, but no one could have mistaken him for a dwarf, or even for a human. He had a small pointed chin, wide cheekbones, and, underneath upswept brows, slanted green eyes fringed with winglike eyelashes. His ragged black hair hung low over his forehead, while on the sides and back it fell to his shoulders, where it lay smooth and lustrous, much like the manes of his companions.

His age was impossible for Eragon to guess.

The only clothes Grimrr wore were a rough leather vest and a rabbit-skin loincloth. The skulls of a dozen or so animals—birds, mice, and other small game—were tied to the front of the vest, and they rattled against one another as he moved. A sheathed dagger protruded at an angle from under the belt of his loincloth. Numerous scars, thin and white, marked his nut-brown skin, like scratches on a well-used table. And, as his name indicated, he was missing two fingers on his left hand; they looked to have been bitten off.

Despite the delicacy of his features, there was no doubt that Grimrr was male, given the hard, sinewy muscles of his arms and chest, the narrowness of his hips, and the coiled power of his stride as he sauntered down the length of the hall toward Nasuada.

None of the werecats seemed to notice the people lined up on either side of their path watching them until Grimrr came level with the herbalist Angela, who stood next to Roran, knitting a striped tube sock.

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with six needles.

Grimrr’s eyes narrowed as he beheld the herbalist, and his hair rippled and spiked, as did that of his four guards. His lips drew back to reveal a pair of curved white fangs, and
to Eragon’s astonishment, he uttered a short, loud hiss. Angela looked up from the sock, her expression languid and insolent. “Cheep cheep,” she said.

For a moment, Eragon thought the werecat was going to attack her. A dark flush mottled Grimrr’s neck and face, his nostrils flared, and he snarled silently at her. The other werecats settled into low crouches, ready to pounce, their ears pressed flat against their heads. Throughout the hall, Eragon heard the slither of blades being partially drawn from their scabbards.

Grimrr hissed once more, then turned away from the herbalist and continued walking. As the last werecat in line passed Angela, he lifted a paw and took a surreptitious swipe at the strand of yarn that drooped from Angela’s needles, just like a playful house cat might.

Saphira’s bewilderment was equal to Eragon’s own. Cheep cheep? she asked. He shrugged, forgetting that she could not see him. Who knows why Angela does or says anything?

At last Grimrr arrived before Nasuada. He inclined his head ever so slightly, displaying with his bearing the supreme confidence, even arrogance, that was the sole province of cats, dragons, and certain highborn women.

“Lady Nasuada,” he said. His voice was surprisingly deep, more akin to the low, coughing roar of a wildcat than the high-pitched tones of the boy he resembled.

Nasuada inclined her head in turn. “King Halfpaw. You are most welcome to the Varden, you and all your race. I must apologize for the absence of our ally, King Orrin of Surda; he could not be here to greet you, as he wished, for he and his horsemen are even now busy defending our westward flank from a contingent of Galbatorix’s troops.”

“Oh, Lady Nasuada,” said Grimrr. His sharp teeth flashed as he spoke. “You must never turn your back on your enemies.”

“Even so ... And to what do we owe the unexpected pleasure of this visit, Your Highness? Werecats have always been noted for their secrecy and their solitude, and for remaining apart from the conflicts of the age, especially since the fall of the Riders. One might even say that your kind has become more myth than fact over the past century. Why, then, do you now choose to reveal yourselves?” Grimrr lifted his right arm and pointed at Eragon with a crooked finger topped by a clawlike nail.

“Because of him,” growled the werecat. “One does not attack another hunter until he has shown his weakness, and Galbatorix has shown his: he will not kill Eragon Shadeslayer or Saphira Bjartskular.

Long have we waited for this opportunity, and seize it we will. Galbatorix will learn to fear and hate us, and at the last, he will realize the extent of his mistake and know that
we were the ones responsible for his undoing. And how sweet that revenge will taste, as sweet as the marrow of a tender young boar.

“Time has come, human, for every race, even werecats, to stand together and prove to Galbatorix that

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he has not broken our will to fight. We would join your army, Lady Nasuada, as free allies, and help you achieve this.”

What Nasuada was thinking, Eragon could not tell, but he and Saphira were impressed by the werecat’s speech.

After a brief pause, Nasuada said, “Your words fall most pleasantly upon my ears, Your Highness. But before I can accept your offer, there are answers I must have of you, if you are willing.” With an air of unshakable indifference, Grimrr waved a hand. “I am.”

“Your race has been so secretive and so elusive, I must confess, I had not heard tell of Your Highness until this very day. As a point of fact, I did not even know that your race had a ruler.”

“I am not a king like your kings,” said Grimrr. “Werecats prefer to walk alone, but even we must choose a leader when to war we go.”

“I see. Do you speak for your whole race, then, or only for those who travel with you?” Grimr’s chest swelled, and his expression became, if possible, even more self-satisfied. “I speak for all of my kind, Lady Nasuada,” he purred. “Every able-bodied werecat in Alagaësia, save those who are nursing, has come here to fight. There are few of us, but none can equal our ferocity in battle. And I can also command the one-shapes, although I cannot speak for them, for they are as dumb as other animals.

Still, they will do what we ask of them.”

“One-shapes?” Nasuada inquired.

“Those you know as cats. Those who cannot change their skins, as we do.”

“And you command their loyalty?”

“Aye. They admire us ... as is only natural.”

If what he says is true, Eragon commented to Saphira, the werecats could prove to be incredibly valuable.

Then Nasuada said, “And what is it you desire of us in exchange for your assistance, King Halfpaw?” She glanced at Eragon and smiled, then added, “We can offer you as much
cream as you want, but beyond that, our resources are limited. If your warriors expect to be paid for their troubles, I fear they will be sorely disappointed.”

“Cream is for kittens, and gold holds no interest for us,” said Grimrr. As he spoke, he lifted his right hand and inspected his nails with a heavy-lidded gaze. “Our terms are thus: Each of us will be given a dagger to fight with, if we do not already have one. Each of us shall have two suits of armor made to fit, one for when on two legs we stand, and one for when on four. We need no other equipment than that—no tents, no blankets, no plates, no spoons. Each of us will be promised a single duck, grouse, chicken, or similar bird per day, and every second day, a bowl of freshly chopped liver. Even if we do not choose to eat it, the food will be set aside for us. Also, should you win this war, then whoever becomes your next king or queen—and all who claim that title thereafter—will keep a padded cushion next to their throne, in a place of honor, for one of us to sit on, if we so wish.”

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“You bargain like a dwarven lawgiver,” said Nasuada in a dry tone. She leaned over to Jörmundur, and Eragon heard her whisper, “Do we have enough liver to feed them all?”

“I think so,” Jörmundur replied in an equally hushed voice. “But it depends on the size of the bowl.” Nasuada straightened in her seat. “Two sets of armor is one too many, King Halfpaw. Your warriors will have to decide whether they want to fight as cats or as humans and then abide by the decision. I cannot afford to outfit them for both.”

If Grimrr had had a tail, Eragon was sure it would have twitched back and forth. As it was, the werecat merely shifted his position. “Very well, Lady Nasuada.”

“There is one more thing. Galbatorix has spies and killers hidden everywhere. Therefore, as a condition of joining the Varden, you must consent to allow one of our spellcasters to examine your memories, so we may assure ourselves that Galbatorix has no claim on you.” Grimrr sniffed. “You would be foolish not to. If anyone is brave enough to read our thoughts, let them.

But not her”—and he twisted to point at Angela. “Never her.” Nasuada hesitated, and Eragon could see that she wanted to ask why but restrained herself. “So be it. I will send for magicians at once, that we may settle this matter without delay. Depending on what they find—and it will be nothing untoward, I’m sure—I am honored to form an alliance between you and the Varden, King Halfpaw.”

At her words, all of the humans in the hall broke out cheering and began to clap, including Angela. Even the elves appeared pleased.

The werecats, however, did not react, except to tilt their ears backward in annoyance at the noise.
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AFTERMATH

Eragon groaned and leaned back against Saphira. Bracing his hands on his knees, he slid down over her bumpy scales until he was sitting on the ground, then stretched out his legs in front of him.

“I’m hungry!” he exclaimed.

He and Saphira were in the courtyard of the castle, away from the men who were laboring to clear it—piling stones and bodies alike into carts—and from the people streaming in and out of the damaged building, many of whom had been present at Nasuada’s audience with King Halfpaw and were now leaving to attend to other duties. Blödhgarm and four elves stood nearby, watching for danger.

“Oi!” someone shouted.

Eragon looked up to see Roran walking toward him from the keep. Angela trailed a few steps behind, yarn flapping in the air as she half ran to keep up with his longer stride.

“Where are you off to now?” Eragon asked as Roran stopped before him.

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“To help secure the city and organize the prisoners.”

“Ah …” Eragon’s gaze wondered across the busy courtyard before returning to Roran’s bruised face.

“You fought well.”

“You too.”

Eragon shifted his attention to Angela, who was once again knitting, her fingers moving so quickly, he could not follow what she was doing. “Cheep cheep?” he asked.

An impish expression overtook her face, and she shook her head, her voluminous curls bouncing. “A story for another time.”

Eragon accepted her evasion without complaint; he had not expected her to explain herself. She rarely did.

“And you,” said Roran, “where are you going?”
We’re going to get some food, said Saphira, and nudged Eragon with her snout, her breath warm on him as she exhaled.

Roran nodded. “That sounds best. I’ll see you at camp this evening, then.” As he turned to leave, he added, “Give my love to Katrina.”

Angela tucked her knitting into a quilted bag that hung at her waist. “I guess I’ll be off as well. I have a potion brewing in my tent that I must attend to, and there’s a certain werecat I want to track down.”

“Grimrr?”

“No, no—an old friend of mine: Solebmum’s mother. If she’s still alive, that is. I hope she is.” She raised her hand to her brow, thumb and forefinger touching in a circle, and, in an overly cheerful voice, said, “Be seeing you!” And with that, she sailed off.

On my back, said Saphira, and rose to her feet, leaving Eragon without support.

He climbed into the saddle at the base of her neck, and Saphira unfolded her massive wings with the soft, dry sound of skin sliding over skin. The motion created a gust of near-silent wind that spread out like ripples in a pond. Throughout the courtyard, people paused to look at her.

As Saphira lifted her wings overhead, Eragon could see the web of purplish veins that pulsed therein, each one becoming a hollow worm track as the flow of blood subsided between the beats of her mighty heart.

Then with a surge and a jolt, the world tilted crazily around Eragon as Saphira jumped from the courtyard to the top of the castle wall, where she balanced for a moment on the merlons, the stones cracking between the points of her claws. He grabbed the neck spike in front of him to steady himself.

The world tilted again as Saphira launched herself off the wall. An acrid taste and smell assaulted Eragon, and his eyes smarted as Saphira passed through the thick layer of smoke that hung over Belatona like a blanket of hurt, anger, and sorrow.

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Glaedr ... Elda, they cried over and over, but there was no answer, no shifting of the indifference.

At last they withdrew, unable to withstand the crushing weight of Glaedr’s misery any longer.

As he returned to himself, Eragon became aware of someone knocking on the front pole of his tent, and then he heard Arya say, “Eragon? May I enter?”
He sniffed and blinked to clear his eyes. “Of course.”

The dim gray light from the cloudy sky fell upon him as Arya pushed aside the entrance flap. He felt a sudden pang as his eyes met hers—green, slanted, and unreadable—and an ache of longing filled him.

“Has there been any change?” she asked, and came to kneel by him. Instead of armor, she was wearing the same black leather shirt, trousers, and thin-soled boots as when he had rescued her in Gil’ead. Her hair was damp from washing and hung down her back in long, heavy ropes. The scent of crushed pine needles attended her, as it so often did, and it occurred to Eragon to wonder whether she used a spell to create the aroma or if that was how she smelled naturally. He would have liked to ask her, but he did not dare.

In answer to her question, he shook his head.

“May I?” She indicated Glaedr’s heart of hearts.

He moved out of the way. “Please.”

Arya placed her hands on either side of the Eldunarí and then closed her eyes. While she sat, he took the opportunity to study her with an openness and intensity that would have been offensive otherwise. In every aspect, she seemed the epitome of beauty, even though he knew that another might say her nose was too long, or her face too angled, or her ears too pointed, or her arms too muscled.

With a sharp intake of breath, Arya jerked her hands away from the heart of hearts, as if it had burned her. Then she bowed her head, and Eragon saw her chin quiver ever so faintly. “He is the most unhappy creature I have ever met…. I would we could help him. I do not think he will be able to find his way out of the darkness on his own.”

“Do you think …” Eragon hesitated, not wanting to give voice to his suspicion, then continued: “Do you think he will go mad?”

“He may have already. If not, then he dances on the very cusp of insanity.” Sorrow came over Eragon as they both gazed at the golden stone.

When at last he was able to bring himself to speak again, he asked, “Where is the Dauthdaert?”

“Hidden within my tent even as you have hidden Glaedr’s Eldunarí. I can bring it here, if you want, or I can continue to safeguard it until you need it.”

“Keep it. I can’t carry it around with me, or Galbatorix may learn of its existence. Besides, it would be foolish to store so many treasures in one place.”

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asked, her voice unusually hoarse.

Roran did not answer, but cupped her cheek and stroked it twice with his thumb. She smiled tremulously and laid a hand over his, then returned to washing and began to scrub with renewed vigor.

Roran stared at the food for a long time before he took a bite; he was still so tense, he doubted he could stomach it. After a few mouthfuls of bread, however, his appetite returned, and he began to consume the stew with eagerness.

When he was done, he placed the dishes on the ground and then sat warming his hands over the fire while he nursed the last few sips of beer.

“We heard the crash when the gates fell,” said Katrina, wringing a bandage dry. “They didn't hold for very long.”

“No.... It helps to have a dragon on your side.”

Roran gazed at her belly as she draped the bandage over the makeshift clothesline that ran from the peak of their tent across to a neighboring one. Whenever he thought of the child she was carrying, the child that the two of them had created, he felt an enormous sense of pride, but it was tinged with anxiety, for he did not know how he could hope to provide a safe home for their baby. Also, if the war was not over by the time Katrina gave birth, she intended to leave him and go to Surda, where she might raise their child in relative safety.

I can’t lose her, not again.

Katrina immersed another bandage in the tub. “And the battle in the city?” she asked, churning the water. “How went it?”

“We had to fight for every foot. Even Eragon had a hard time of it.”

“The wounded spoke of ballistae mounted on wheels.”

“Aye.” Roran wet his tongue with ale, then quickly described how the Varden had moved through Belatona and the setbacks they had encountered along the way. “We lost too many men today, but it could have been worse. Much worse. Jörmundur and Captain Martland planned the attack well.”

“Their plan wouldn't have worked, though, if not for you and Eragon. You acquitted yourself most bravely.”

Roran loosed a single bark of laughter: “Ha! And do you know why that is? I’ll tell you. Not one man in ten is actually willing to attack the enemy. Eragon doesn’t see it; he's always at the forefront of the battle, driving the soldiers before him, but I see it. Most of the men hang back and don’t fight unless they are cornered. Or they wave their arms
about and make a lot of noise but don’t actually do anything.” Katrina looked appalled. “How can that be? Are they cowards?”

“I don’t know. I think ... I think that, perhaps, they just can’t bring themselves to look a man in the face and kill him, although it seems easy enough for them to cut down soldiers whose backs are turned. So they wait for others to do what they cannot. They wait for people like me.”

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anyone could relax on such a rough seat.

“Do you want some chamomile tea?” she asked. “Gertrude gave me a handful of fresh sprigs this morning. I can make a pot for both of us.”

“I’d like that.”

A companionable silence developed between them as Roran proceeded to wash the rest of the laundry.

The task lulled him into a pleasant mood; he enjoyed doing something with his hands other than swinging his hammer, and being close to Katrina gave him a deep sense of satisfaction.

He was in the middle of wringing out the last item, and his freshly poured tea was waiting for him next to Katrina, when someone shouted their names from across the busy way. It took Roran a moment to realize it was Baldor running toward them through the mud, weaving between men and horses. He wore a pitted leather apron and heavy, elbow-length gloves that were smeared with soot and were so worn that the fingers were as hard, smooth, and shiny as polished tortoise shells. A scrap of torn leather held back his dark, shaggy hair, and a frown creased his forehead. Baldor was smaller than his father, Horst, and his older brother, Albriech, but by any other comparison, he was large and well muscled, the result of having spent his childhood helping Horst in his forge. None of the three had fought that day—skilled smiths were normally too valuable to risk in battle—although Roran wished Nasuada had let them, for they were able warriors and Roran knew he could count on them even in the most dire circumstances.

Roran put down the washing and dried his hands, wondering what could be amiss. Rising from the stump, Katrina joined him by the tub.

When Baldor reached them, they had to wait several seconds for him to regain his breath. Then, in a rush, he said, “Come quickly. Mother just went into labor, and—”

“Where is she?” asked Katrina in a sharp tone.

“At our tent.”
She nodded. “We’ll be there as fast as we can.”

With a grateful expression, Baldor turned and sprinted away.

As Katrina ducked inside their tent, Roran poured the contents of the tub over the fire, extinguishing it.

The burning wood hissed and cracked under the deluge, and a cloud of steam jetted upward in place of smoke, filling the air with an unpleasant smell.

Dread and excitement quickened Roran’s movements. I hope she doesn’t die, he thought, remembering the talk he had heard among the women concerning her age and overlong pregnancy. Elain had always been kind to him and to Eragon, and he was fond of her.

“Are you ready?” asked Katrina as she emerged from the tent, knotting a blue scarf around her head and neck.

He grabbed his belt and hammer from where they hung. “Ready. Let’s go.”

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Saphira replied with a single blink, then lowered her head and caressed his face with a gentle puff of warm air from her nostrils.

Eragon smiled. Then he turned to the elves and said, “Eka elrun ono, älfya, wiol förn thornessa,” thanking them in the ancient language for their help. The elves who had participated in the healing, including Arya, bowed and twisted their right hands over the center of their chests in the gesture of respect peculiar to their race. Eragon noticed that more than half of the elves assigned to protect him and Saphira were pale, weak, and unsteady on their feet.

“Fall back and rest,” he told them. “You’ll only get yourselves killed if you stay. Go on, that’s an order!” Though Eragon was sure they hated to leave, the seven elves responded with, “As you wish, Shadeslayer,” and withdrew from the courtyard, striding over the corpses and rubble. They appeared noble and dignified, even when at the limits of their endurance.

Then Eragon joined Arya and Blödhgarm, who were studying the lance, a strange expression on both their faces, as if they were uncertain how they ought to react. Eragon squatted next to them, careful not to allow any part of his body to brush against the weapon. He stared at the delicate lines carved around the base of the blade, lines that seemed familiar to him, although he was not sure why; at the greenish haft, which was made of a material neither wood nor metal; and again at the smooth glow that reminded him of the flameless lanterns that the elves and the dwarves used to light their halls.
“Is it Galbatorix’s handiwork, do you think?” Eragon asked. “Maybe he’s decided he would rather kill Saphira and me instead of capturing us. Maybe he believes we’ve actually become a threat to him.” Blödhgarm smiled an unpleasant smile. “I would not deceive myself with such fantasies, Shadeslayer.

We are no more than a minor annoyance to Galbatorix. If ever he truly wanted you or any of us dead, he only needs to fly forth from Urû’baen and engage us directly in battle, and we would fall before him like dry leaves before a winter storm. The strength of the dragons is with him, and none can withstand his might. Besides, Galbatorix is not so easily turned from his course. Mad he may be, but cunning also, and above all else, determined. If he desires your enslavement, then he shall pursue that goal to the point of obsession, and nothing save the instinct of self-preservation shall deter him.”

“In any event,” said Arya, “this is not Galbatorix’s handiwork; it is ours.” Eragon frowned. “Ours? This wasn’t made by the Varden.”

“Not by the Varden, but by an elf.”

“But—” He stopped, trying to find a rational explanation. “But no elf would agree to work for Galbatorix. They would rather die than—”

“Galbatorix had nothing to do with this, and even if he did, he would hardly give such a rare and powerful weapon to a man who could not better guard it. Of all the instruments of war scattered throughout Alagaësia, this is the one Galbatorix would least want us to have.”

“Why?”

With a hint of a purr in his low, rich voice, Blödhgarm said, “Because, Eragon Shadeslayer, this is a Dauthdaert.”

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In the short while since the Varden and the Surdans had launched their attack against the Empire, Nasuada had watched Orrin grow ever more serious, his original enthusiasm and eccentricities vanishing beneath a grim exterior. At first she had welcomed the change, for she had felt he was becoming more mature, but as the war dragged on, she began to miss his eager discussions of natural philosophy, as well as his other quirks. In retrospect, she realized these had often brightened her day, even if she had sometimes found them aggravating. Moreover, the change had made him more dangerous as a rival; in his current mood, she could quite easily imagine him attempting to displace her as leader of the Varden.

Could I be happy if I married him? she wondered. Orrin was not unpleasant to look at. His nose was high and thin, but his jaw was strong and his mouth was finely carved and
expressive. Years of martial training had given him a pleasing build. That he was intelligent was without doubt, and for the most part his personality was agreeable. However, if he had not been the king of Surda, and if he had not posed such a great threat to her position and to the Varden’s independence, she knew that she would never have considered a match with him. Would he make a good father?

Orrin put his hands on the narrow stone sill and leaned against it. Without looking at her, he said, “You have to break your pact with the Urgals.”

His statement took her aback. “And why is that?”

“Because they are hurting us. Men who would otherwise join us now curse us for allying ourselves with monsters and refuse to lay down their weapons when we arrive at their homes. Galbatorix’s resistance seems just and reasonable to them because of our concord with the Urgals. The common man does not understand why we joined with them. He does not know that Galbatorix used the Urgals himself, nor that Galbatorix tricked them into attacking Tronjheim under the command of a Shade. These are subtleties that you cannot explain to a frightened farmer. All he can comprehend is that the creatures he has feared and hated his whole life are marching toward his home, led by a huge, snarling dragon and a Rider who appears more elf than human.”

“We need the Urgals’ support,” said Nasuada. “We have too few warriors as it is.”

“We do not need them as badly as all that. You already know what I say is the truth; why else did you prevent the Urgals from participating in the attack on Belatona? Why else have you ordered them not to enter the city? Keeping them away from the battlefield isn’t enough, Nasuada. Word of them still spreads throughout the land. The only thing you can do to improve the situation is to end this ill-fated scheme before it causes us more harm.”

“I cannot.”

Orrin spun toward her, anger distorting his face. “Men are dying because you chose to accept Garzhvog’s help. My men, your men, those in the Empire … dead and buried. This alliance isn’t worth their sacrifice, and for the life of me, I cannot fathom why you continue to defend it.” She could not hold his gaze; it reminded her too strongly of the guilt and recrimination that so often afflicted her when she was trying to fall asleep. Instead, she fixed her eyes on the smoke rising from a tower by the edge of the city.

Speaking slowly, she said, “I defend it because I hope that preserving our union with the Urgals will save more lives than it will cost. If we should defeat Galbatorix—” Orrin uttered an exclamation of disbelief.

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“It is by no means certain,” she said, “I know. But we must plan for the possibility. If we should defeat him, then it will fall to us to help our race recover from this conflict and build a strong new country out of the ashes of the Empire. And part of that process will
be ensuring that, after a hundred years of strife, we finally have peace. I will not overthrow Galbatorix only to have the Urgals attack us when we are at our weakest.”

“They might anyway. They always have before.”

“Well, what else can we do?” she said, annoyed. “We have to try to tame them. The closer we bind them to our cause, the less likely they will be to turn on us.”

“I’ll tell you what to do,” he growled. “Banish them. Break your pact with Nar Garzhvog and send him and his rams away. If we win this war, then we can negotiate a new treaty with them, and we will be in a position to dictate whatever terms we want. Or better yet, send Eragon and Saphira into the Spine with a battalion of men to wipe them out once and for all, as the Riders should have done centuries ago.” Nasuada looked at him with disbelief. “If I ended our pact with the Urgals, they would likely be so angry, they would attack us forthwith, and we cannot fight both them and the Empire at the same time. To invite that upon ourselves would be the height of folly. If, in their wisdom, the elves, the dragons, and the Riders all decided to tolerate the existence of the Urgals—even though they could have destroyed them easily enough—then we ought to follow their example. They knew it would be wrong to kill all the Urgals, and so should you.”

“Their wisdom—Bah! As if their wisdom has done them any good! Fine, leave some of the Urgals alive, but kill enough of them that they won’t dare leave their haunts for a hundred years or more!” The obvious pain in his voice and in the strained lines of his face puzzled Nasuada. She examined him with greater intensity, trying to determine the reason for his vehemence. 

After a few moments, an explanation presented itself that, upon reflection, seemed self-evident.

“Whom did you lose?” she asked.

Orrin balled up a fist and slowly, haltingly, brought it down upon the windowsill, as if he wanted to pound it with all his strength but did not dare. He thumped the sill twice more, then said, “A friend I grew up with in Borromeo Castle. I don’t think you ever met him. He was one of the lieutenants in my cavalry.”

“How did he die?”

“As you might expect. We had just arrived at the stables by the west gate and were securing them for our own use when one of the grooms ran out of a stall and stabbed him right through with a pitchfork.

When we cornered the groom, he kept screaming stuff and nonsense about the Urgals and how he would never surrender…. It wouldn’t have done the fool any good even if he had. I struck him down with my own hand.”

“I’m sorry,” said Nasuada.

The gems in Orrin’s crown glittered as he nodded in acknowledgment.
“As painful as it is, you cannot allow your grief to dictate your decisions.... It isn’t easy, I know—well I

Attachment: Grammatical Category of Tense/Aspect

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assumption that Galbatorix’s arrogance will hold him in check until our trap has sprung shut around him.” Nasuada shared his concerns. However, it was more important to shore up Orrin’s confidence than to commiserate with him, for if his resolve weakened, it would interfere with his duties and undermine the morale of his men. “We are not entirely defenseless,” she said. “Not anymore. We have the Dauthdaert now, and with it, I think we might actually be able to kill Galbatorix and Shruikan, should they emerge from within the confines of Urû’baen.”

“Perhaps.”

“Besides, it does no good to worry. We cannot hasten the dwarves here, nor speed our own progress toward Urû’baen, nor turn tail and flee. So I would not let our situation trouble you excessively. All we can do is strive to accept our fate with grace, whatever it might be. The alternative is to allow the thought of Galbatorix’s possible actions to unsettle our minds, and that I won’t do. I refuse to give him such power over me.”

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RUDELY INTO THE LIGHT ...

A scream rang out: high, jagged, and piercing, almost inhuman in pitch and volume.

**Eragon tensed as if someone had stabbed him with a needle.** He had spent the better part of the day watching men fight and die—killing scores himself—yet he could not help but feel concern as he heard Elain’s cries of anguish. The sounds she made were so terrible, he had begun to wonder if she would survive the birth.

Next to him, beside the barrel that served as his seat, Albrick and Baldor squatted on their hams, picking at the tattered blades of grass between their shoes. Their thick fingers shredded each scrap of leaf and stalk with methodical thoroughness before groping for the next. Sweat glistened on their foreheads, and their eyes were hard with anger and despair. Occasionally, they exchanged glances or looked across the lane at the tent where their mother was, but otherwise they stared at the ground and ignored their surroundings.

A few feet away, Roran sat on his own barrel, which lay on its side and wobbled whenever he moved.
Clustered along the edge of the muddy lane were several dozen people from Carvahall, mostly men who were friends of Horst and his sons or whose wives were helping the healer Gertrude attend to Elain. And towering behind them was Saphira. Her neck was arched like a drawn bow, the tip of her tail twitched as if she were hunting, and she kept flicking her ruby-red tongue in and out of her mouth, tasting the air for any scents that might provide information about Elain or her unborn child.

Eragon rubbed a sore muscle in his left forearm. They had been waiting for several hours, and dusk was drawing near. Long black shadows stretched out from every object, reaching eastward as if striving to touch the horizon. The air had turned cool, and mosquitoes and lace-winged damselflies from the nearby Jiet River darted to and fro around them.

Another scream rent the silence.

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The men stirred with unease, then made gestures to ward off bad luck and murmured to one another in voices intended only for those closest to them but which Eragon could hear with perfect clarity. They whispered about the difficulty of Elain’s pregnancy; some solemnly stated that if she did not give birth soon, it would be too late for both her and the child. Others said things like “Hard for a man to lose a wife even in the best of times, but ’specially here, ’specially now,” or “It’s a shame, it is....” Several blamed Elain’s troubles on the Ra’zac or on events that had occurred during the villagers’ journey to the Varden. And more than one muttered a distrustful remark about Arya being allowed to assist with the birth. “She’s an elf, not a human,” said the carpenter Fisk. “She ought to stick with her own kind, she should, and not go around meddling where she’s not wanted. Who knows what it is she really wants, eh?”

All that and more Eragon heard, but he hid his reactions and kept his peace, for he knew it would only make the villagers uncomfortable if they were aware of how sharp his hearing had become.

The barrel underneath Roran creaked as he leaned forward. “Do you think we should—”

“No,” said Albriech.

Eragon tugged his cloak closer around him. The chill was beginning to sink into his bones. He would not leave, though, not until Elain’s ordeal was over.

“Look,” said Roran with sudden excitement.

Albriech and Baldor swiveled their heads in unison.

Across the lane, Katrina exited the tent, carrying a bundle of soiled rags. Before the entrance flap fell shut again, Eragon caught a glimpse of Horst and one of the women
from Carvahall—he was not sure who—standing at the foot of the cot where Elain was lying.

Without so much as a single sideways glance at those watching, Katrina half ran and half walked toward the fire where Fisk’s wife, Isold, and Nolla were boiling rags for reuse.

The barrel creaked twice more as Roran shifted his position. Eragon half expected him to start after Katrina, but he remained where he was, as did Albrech and Baldor. They, and the rest of the villagers, followed Katrina’s movements with unblinking attentiveness.

Eragon grimaced as Elain’s latest scream pierced the air, the cry no less excruciating than those previous.

Then the entrance to the tent was swept aside for a second time, and Arya stormed out, bare-armed and disheveled. Her hair fluttered about her face as she trotted over to three of Eragon’s elven guards, who were standing in a pool of shadow behind a nearby pavilion. For a few moments, she spoke urgently with one of them, a thin-faced elf woman named Invidia, then hurried back the way she had come.

Eragon caught up with her before she had covered more than a few yards. “How goes it?” he asked.

“Badly.”

“Why is it taking so long? Can’t you help her give birth any faster?”

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Arya’s expression, which was already strained, became even more severe. “I could. I could have sung the child out of her womb in the first half hour, but Gertrude and the other women will only let me use the simplest of spells.”

“That’s absurd! Why?”

“Because magic frightens them—and I frighten them.”

“Then tell them you mean no harm. Tell them in the ancient language, and they’ll have no choice but to believe you.”

She shook her head. “It would only make matters worse. They would think I was trying to charm them against their will, and they would send me away.”

“Surely Katrina—”

“She is the reason I was able to cast the spells I did.”

Again Elain screamed.
“Won’t they at least let you ease her pain?”

“No more than I already have.”

Eragon spun toward Horst’s tent. “Is that so,” he growled between clenched teeth.

A hand closed around his left arm and held him in place. Puzzled, he looked back at Arya for an explanation. She shook her head. “Don’t,” she said. “These are customs older than time itself. If you interfere, you will anger and embarrass Gertrude and turn many of the females from your village against you.”

“I don’t care about that!”

“I know, but trust me: right now the wisest thing you can do is to wait with the others.” As if to emphasize her point, she released his arm.

“I can’t just stand by and let her suffer!”

“Listen to me. It’s better if you stay. I will help Elain however I can, that I promise, but do not go in there. You will only cause strife and anger where none are needed…. Please.” Eragon hesitated, then snarled with disgust and threw up his hands as Elain screamed yet again. “Fine,” he said, and leaned close to Arya, “but whatever happens, don’t let her or the child die. I don’t care what you have to do, but don’t let them die.”

Arya studied him with a serious gaze. “I would never allow a child to come to harm,” she said, and resumed walking.

As she disappeared inside Horst’s tent, Eragon returned to where Roran, Albrich, and Baldor were gathered and sank back down onto his barrel.

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“Well?” Roran asked. Eragon shrugged. “They’re doing all they can. We just have to be patient…. That’s all.”

“Seemed as if she had a fair bit more than that to say,” said Baldor. “The meaning was the same.” The color of the sun shifted, becoming orange and crimson as it approached the terminating line of the earth. The few tattered clouds that remained in the western sky, remnants of the storm that had blown past earlier, acquired similar hues. Flocks of swallows swooped overhead, making their supper out of the moths and flies and other insects flitting about.
Over time, Elain’s cries gradually decreased in strength, fading from her earlier, full-throated screams to low, broken moans that made Eragon’s hackles prickle. More than anything, he wanted to free her from her torments, but he could not bring himself to ignore Arya’s advice, so he stayed where he was and fidgeted and bit his bruised nails and engaged in short, stilted conversations with Saphira.

When the sun touched the earth, it spread out along the horizon, like a giant yolk oozing free of its skin.

Bats began to mingle among the swallows, the flapping of their leathery wings faint and frantic, their high-pitched squeaks almost painfully sharp to Eragon.

Then Elain uttered a shriek that drowned out every other sound in the vicinity, a shriek the likes of which Eragon hoped he would never hear again.

A brief but profound silence followed.

It ended as the loud, hiccupping wail of a newborn child emanated from within the tent—the age-old fanfare that announced the arrival of a new person into the world. At the sound, Albriech and Baldor broke out grinning, as did Eragon and Roran, and several of the waiting men cheered.

Their jubilation was short-lived. Even as the last of the cheers died out, the women in the tent began to keen, a shrill, heartrending sound that made Eragon go cold with dread. He knew what their lamentations meant, what they had always meant: that tragedy of the worst kind had struck.

“No,” he said, disbelieving, as he hopped off the barrel. She can’t be dead. She can’t be.… Arya promised .

As if in response to his thought, Arya tore back the flap to the tent and ran toward him, bounding across the lane with impossibly long strides.

“What’s happened?” Baldor asked as she slowed to a halt.

Arya ignored him and said, “Eragon, come.”

“What’s happened?” Baldor exclaimed angrily, and reached for Arya’s shoulder. In a flash of seemingly instantaneous movement, she caught his wrist and twisted his arm behind his back, forcing him to stand hunched over, like a cripple. His face contorted with pain.

“If you want your baby sister to live, then stand aside and do not interfere!” She released him with a push, sending him sprawling into Albriech’s arms, then whirled about and strode back toward Horst’s tent.

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“What has happened?” Eragon asked as he joined her.

Arya turned to face him, eyes burning. “The child is healthy, but she was born with a cat lip.” Then Eragon understood the reason for the women’s outpouring of grief. Children cursed with a cat lip were rarely allowed to live; they were difficult to feed, and even if the parents could feed them, such children would suffer a miserable lot: shunned, ridiculed, and unable to make a suitable match for marriage. In most cases, it would have been better for all if the child had been stillborn.

“You have to heal her, Eragon,” said Arya.

“Me? But I’ve never … Why not you? You know more about healing than I do.”

“If I rework the child’s appearance, people will say I have stolen her and replaced her with a changeling.

Well I know the stories your kind tells about my race, Eragon—too well. I will do it if I must, but the child will suffer for it ever after. You are the only one who can save her from such a fate.” Panic clutched at him. He did not want to be responsible for the life of another person; he was already responsible for far too many.

“You have to heal her,” Arya said, her tone forceful. Eragon reminded himself how dearly elves treasured their children, as well as children of all races.

“Will you assist me if I need it?”

“Of course.”

As will I, said Saphira. Must you even ask?

“Right,” said Eragon, and gripped Brisingr’s pommel, his mind made up. “I’ll do it.” With Arya trailing slightly behind, he marched over to the tent and pushed his way past the heavy woolen flaps. Candle smoke stung his eyes. Five women from Carvahall stood bunched together close to the wall. Their keening struck him like a physical blow. They swayed, trance-like, and tore at their clothes and hair as they wailed. Horst was by the end of the cot, arguing with Gertrude, his face red, puffy, and lined with exhaustion. For her part, the plump healer held a bundle of cloth against her bosom, a bundle that Eragon assumed contained the infant—although he could not see its face—for it wriggled and squalled, adding to the din. Gertrude’s round cheeks shone with perspiration, and her hair clung to her skin. Her bare forearms were streaked with various fluids. At the head of the cot, Katrina knelt on a round cushion, wiping Elain’s brow with a damp cloth.

Eragon hardly recognized Elain; her face was gaunt, and she had dark rings under her wandering eyes, which seemed incapable of focusing. A line of tears streamed from the outer corner of each eye, over her temples, and then vanished underneath the tangled
locks of her hair. Her mouth opened and closed, and she moaned unintelligible words. A bloodstained sheet covered the rest of her.

Neither Horst nor Gertrude noticed Eragon until he approached them. Eragon had grown since he had left Carvahall, but Horst still stood a head taller. As they both looked at him, a flicker of hope brightened the smith’s bleak expression.

“Eragon!” He clapped a heavy hand on Eragon’s shoulder and leaned against him, as if events had left himself off the cot and stood half crouched over it, too stiff to straighten up entirely.

In addition to the illumination from the werelight, a pale glow pervaded the tent, the same as when he had started. At first he was confused—surely the sun had already set!—but then he realized that the glow was coming from the east, not the west, and he understood. No wonder I’m so sore. I’ve been sitting here the whole night through!

And what about me? said Saphira. My bones ache as much as yours. Her admission surprised him; she rarely acknowledged her own discomfort, no matter how extreme. The fighting must have taken a greater toll on her than had first been apparent. As he reached that conclusion, and Saphira became aware of it, she withdrew from him slightly and said, Tired or not, I can still crush however many soldiers Galbatorix sends against us.

I know.

Returning the knitting to her bag, Gertrude stood and hobbled over to the cot. “Never did I think to see such a thing,” she said. “Least of all from you, Eragon Bromsson.” She peered at him inquiringly. “Brom was your father, wasn’t he?”

Eragon nodded, then croaked, “That he was.”

“It seems fitting, somehow.”

Eragon was not inclined to discuss the topic further, so he merely grunted and extinguished the werelight with a glance and a thought. Instantly, all went dark, save for the predawn glow. His eyes adjusted to the change faster than Gertrude’s; she blinked and frowned and swung her head from side to side, as if unsure of where he stood.

The girl was warm and heavy in Eragon’s arms as he picked her up. He was uncertain whether his weariness was due to the magic he had wrought or to the sheer length of time the task had taken him.

He gazed down at the girl and, feeling suddenly protective, murmured, “Sé ono waise ilia.” May you be happy. It was not a spell, not properly, but he hoped that maybe it
could help her avoid some of the misery that afflicted so many people. Failing that, he hoped it would make her smile.

It did. A wide smile spread across her diminutive face, and with great enthusiasm, she said, “Gahh!” Eragon smiled as well, then turned and strode outside.

As the entrance flaps fell away, he saw a small crowd gathered in a semicircle around the tent, some standing, some sitting, others squatting. Most he recognized from Carvahall, but Arya and the other elves were also there—somewhat apart from the rest—as well as several warriors of the Varden whose names he did not know. He spotted Elva lurking behind a nearby tent, her black lace veil lowered, hiding her face.

The group, Eragon realized, must have been waiting for hours, and he had not sensed anything of their presence. He had been safe enough with Saphira and the elves keeping watch, but that was no excuse for allowing himself to become so complacent.

I have to do better, he told himself.

Attachment: Grammatical Category of Voice

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As Eragon watched her go, Arya sidled up to him. “You should be proud of what you have accomplished,” she murmured. “The child is sound and well formed. Not even our most skilled enchanters could improve on your gramarye. It is a great thing, what you have given this girl—a face and a future—and she will not forget it, I am sure.… None of us will.” Eragon saw that she and all the elves were regarding him with a look of newfound respect—but it was Arya’s admiration and approval that meant the most to him. “I had the best of teachers,” he replied in an equally low voice. Arya did not dispute his assertion. Together they watched the villagers mill around Horst and his daughter, talking excitedly. Without taking his eyes off them, Eragon leaned toward Arya and said, “Thank you for helping Elain.”

“You’re welcome. I would have been remiss not to.”

Horst turned then and carried the child into the tent so that Elain might see her newborn daughter, but the knot of people showed no signs of dispersing. When Eragon was fed up with shaking hands and answering questions, he said farewell to Arya, then slipped off to his tent and tied the flaps closed behind him.

Unless we’re under attack, I don’t want to see anyone for the next ten hours, not even Nasuada, he said to Saphira as he threw himself onto his cot. Will you tell Blödhgarm, please?

Of course, she said. Rest, little one, as will I.
Eragon sighed and draped an arm over his face to block the morning light. His breathing slowed, his mind began to wander, and soon the strange sights and sounds of his waking dreams enveloped him—real, yet imaginary; vivid, yet transparent, as if the visions were made of colored glass—and, for a time, he was able to forget his responsibilities and the harrowing events of the past day. And all through his dreams, there wound the cradle song, like a whisper of wind, half heard, half forgotten, and it lulled him, with memories of his home, into a childlike peace.

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NO REST FOR THE WEARY

Two dwarves, two men, and two Urgals—members of Nasuada’s personal guard, the Nighthawks—were stationed outside the room in the castle where Nasuada had set up her headquarters.

They stared at Roran with flat, empty eyes. He kept his face equally as blank as he stared back.

It was a game they had played before.

Despite the Nighthawks’ lack of expression, he knew they were busy figuring out the fastest and most efficient ways to kill him. He knew, because he was doing the same with regard to them, as he always did.

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*I’d have to backtrack as fast as I could ... spread them out a bit, he decided. The men would get to me first; they’re faster than the dwarves, and they’d slow the Urgals behind them.... Have to get those halberds away from them. It’d be tricky, but I think I could—one of them, at least. Might have to throw my hammer. Once I had a halberd, I could keep the rest at a distance. The dwarves wouldn’t stand much of a chance, then, but the Urgals would be trouble. Ugly brutes, those.... If I used that pillar as cover, I could—*

The ironbound door that stood between the two lines of guards creaked as it swung open. A brightly dressed page of ten or twelve stepped out and announced, louder than was necessary, “Lady Nasuada will see you now!”

Several of the guards twitched, distracted, and their stares wavered for a second. Roran smiled as he swept past them and into the room beyond, knowing that their lapse, slight
as it was, would have allowed him to kill at least two before they could have retaliated. *Until next time*, he thought.

The room was large, rectangular, and sparsely decorated: a too-small rug lay on the floor; a narrow, moth-eaten tapestry hung from the wall to his left; and a single lancet window pierced the wall to his right.

Other than that, the room was devoid of ornamentation. Shoved into one corner was a long wooden table piled high with books, scrolls, and loose sheets of paper. A few massive chairs—upholstered with leather fastened with rows of tarnished brass tacks—stood scattered about the table, but neither Nasuada nor the dozen people who bustled around her deigned to use them. Jörmundur was not there, but Roran was familiar with several of the other warriors present: some he had fought under, others he had seen in action during battle or he had seen tell of from the men in his company.

“—and I don’t care if it does give him a ‘pain in his goiter’!” she exclaimed, and brought her right hand down flat on the table with a loud slap. “If we don’t have those horseshoes, and more besides, we might as well eat our horses for all the good they’ll do us. Do I make myself understood?” As one, the men she addressed answered in the affirmative. They sounded somewhat intimidated, even abashed. Roran found it both strange and impressive that Nasuada, a woman, was able to command such respect from her warriors, a respect that he shared. She was one of the most determined and intelligent people he had ever known, and he was convinced that she would have succeeded no matter where she had been born.

“Now go,” said Nasuada, and as eight men filed past her, she motioned Roran to the table. He waited patiently as she dipped a quill in an inkpot and scribbled several lines onto a small scroll, then handed it to one of the pages and said, “For the dwarf Narheim. And this time, make sure you get his reply before you return, or I’ll send you over to the Urgals to fetch and clean for them.” “Yes, my Lady!” said the boy, and sprinted off, half frightened out of his wits.

Nasuada began to leaf through a stack of papers in front of her. Without looking up, she said, “Are you well rested, Roran?”

He wondered why she was interested. “Not particularly.”

“That’s unfortunate. Were you up all night?”

“Part of it. Elain, the wife of our smith, gave birth yesterday, but—”

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“Yes, I was informed. I take it that you didn’t stand vigil until Eragon healed the child?”

“No, I was too tired.”
“At least you had that much sense.” Reaching across the table, she picked up another sheet of paper and scrutinized it before adding it to her pile. In the same matter-of-fact tone she had been using, she said, “I have a mission for you, Stronghammer. Our forces at Aroughs have encountered stiff resistance—more than we anticipated. Captain Brigman has failed to resolve the situation, and we need those men back now. Therefore, I am sending you to Aroughs to replace Brigman. A horse is waiting for you by the south gate. You will ride fast as you can to Feinster, then from Feinster to Aroughs. Fresh horses will be waiting for you every ten miles between here and Feinster. Past there, you will have to find replacements on your own. I expect you to reach Aroughs within four days. Once you have caught up on your rest, that will leave you approximately … three days to end the siege.” She glanced up at him. “A week from today, I want our banner flying over Aroughs. I don’t care how you do it, Stronghammer; I just want it done. If you can’t, then I’ll have no choice but to send Eragon and Saphira to Aroughs, which will leave us barely able to defend ourselves should Murtagh or Galbatorix attack.” And then Katrina would be in danger, thought Roran. An unpleasant feeling settled in his gut. Riding to Aroughs in only four days would be a miserable ordeal, especially given how sore and bruised he was.

Having to also capture the city in so little time would be compounding misery with madness. All in all, the mission was about as appealing as wrestling a bear with his hands tied behind his back.

He scratched his cheek through his beard. “I don’t have any experience with sieges,” he said.

“Leastways, not like this. There must be someone else in the Varden who would be better suited to the task. What about Martland Redbeard?”

Nasuada made a dismissive motion. “He can’t ride at full gallop with only one hand. You should have more confidence in yourself, Stronghammer. There are others among the Varden who know more about the arts of war, it’s true—men who have been in the field longer, men who received instruction from the finest warriors of their father’s generation—but when swords are drawn and battle is joined, it’s not knowledge or experience that matters most, it’s whether you can win, and that’s a trick you seem to have mastered. What’s more, you’re lucky.”

She put down the topmost papers and leaned on her arms. “You’ve proven that you can fight. You’ve proven that you can follow orders … when it pleases you, that is.” He resisted the urge to hunch his shoulders as he remembered the bitter, white-hot bite of the whip cutting into his back after he had been disciplined for defying Captain Edric’s orders. “You’ve proven that you can lead a raiding party. So, Roran Stronghammer, let us see if you are capable of something more, shall we?” He swallowed. “Yes, my Lady.”

“Good. I am promoting you to captain for the time being. If you succeed in Aroughs, you may consider the title permanent, at least until you demonstrate that you are deserving of either greater or lesser honors.” Returning her gaze to the table, she began to sort through a morass of scrolls, evidently searching for something hidden underneath.
“Thank you.” Nasuada responded with a faint, noncommittal sound.

“How many men will I have under my command at Aroughs?” he asked.

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“I gave Brigman a thousand warriors to capture the city. Of those, no more than eight hundred remain who are still fit for duty.”

Roran nearly swore out loud. So few.

As if she had heard him, Nasuada said in a dry voice, “We were led to believe that Aroughs’s defenses would be easier to overwhelm than has been the case.”

“I see. May I take two or three men from Carvahall with me? You said once that you would let us serve together if we—”

“Yes, yes”—she waved a hand—“I know what I said.” She pursed her lips, considering. “Very well, take whomever you want, just so long as you leave within the hour. Let me know how many are going with you, and I’ll see to it that the appropriate number of horses are waiting along the way.”

“May I take Carn?” he asked, naming the magician he had fought alongside on several occasions.

She paused and stared at the wall for a moment, her eyes unfocused. Then, to his relief, she nodded and resumed digging in the jumble of scrolls. “Ah, here we are.” She pulled out a tube of parchment tied with a leather thong. “A map of Aroughs and its environs, as well as a larger map of Fenmark Province. I suggest you study them both most carefully.”

She handed him the tube, which he slipped inside his tunic. “And here,” she said, giving him a rectangle of folded parchment sealed with a blob of red wax, “is your commission, and”—a second rectangle, thicker than the first—“here are your orders. Show them to Brigman, but don’t let him keep them. If I remember correctly, you’ve never learned to read, have you?” He shrugged. “What for? I can count and figure as well as any man. My father said that teaching us to read made no more sense than teaching a dog to walk on his hind legs: amusing, but hardly worth the effort.”

“And I might agree, had you stayed a farmer. But you didn’t, and you’re not.” She motioned toward the pieces of parchment he held. “For all you know, one of those might be a writ ordering your execution.

You are of limited use to me like this, Stronghammer. I cannot send you messages without others having to read them to you, and if you need to report to me, you will have no choice but to trust one of your underlings to record your words accurately. It makes you easy to manipulate. It makes you untrustworthy. If you hope to advance any
further in the Varden, I suggest you find someone to teach you. Now begone; there are other matters that demand my attention.” She snapped her fingers, and one of the pages ran over to her. Placing a hand on the boy’s shoulder, she bent down to his level and said, “I want you to fetch Jörmundur directly here. You’ll find him somewhere along the market street, where those three houses—” In the midst of her instructions, she stopped and raised an eyebrow as she noticed that Roran had not budged. “Is there something else, Stronghammer?” she asked.

“Yes. Before I leave, I’d like to see Eragon.”

“And why is that?”

“Most of the wards he gave me before the battle are gone now.”

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Nasuada frowned, then said to the page, “On the market street, where those three houses were burned. Do you know the place I mean? Right, off you go, then.” She patted the boy on the back and stood upright as he ran out of the room. “It would be better if you didn’t.” Her statement confused Roran, but he kept quiet, expecting that she would explain herself. She did, but in a roundabout way: “Did you notice how tired Eragon was during my audience with the werecats?”

“He could barely stay on his feet.”

“Exactly. He’s spread too thin, Roran. He can’t protect you, me, Saphira, Arya, and who knows who else and still do what he has to. He needs to husband his strength for when he will have to fight Murtagh and Galbatorix. And the closer we get to Urû’baen, the more important it is that he be ready to face them at any given moment, night or day. We can’t allow all of these other worries and distractions to weaken him. It was noble of him to heal the child’s cat lip, but his doing so could have cost us the war!

“You fought without the advantage of wards when the Ra’zac attacked your village in the Spine. If you care about your cousin, if you care about defeating Galbatorix, you must learn to fight without them again.”

When she finished, Roran bowed his head. She was right. “I’ll depart at once.”

“I appreciate that.”

“By your leave…”

Turning, Roran strode toward the door. Just as he crossed the threshold, Nasuada called out, “Oh, and Stronghammer?”
He looked back, curious.

“Try not to burn down Aroughs, would you? Cities are rather hard to replace.”

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DANCING WITHSWORDS

Eragon drummed his heels against the side of the boulder he was sitting on, bored and impatient to be gone.

He, Saphira, and Arya—as well as Blödhgarm and the other elves—were lounging on the bank next to the road that ran eastward from the city of Belatona: eastward through fields of ripe, verdant crops; over a wide stone bridge that arched across the Jiet River; and then around the southernmost point of Leona Lake. There the road branched, one fork turning to the right, toward the Burning Plains and Surda, the other turning north, toward Dras-Leona and eventually Urû’baen.

Thousands of men, dwarves, and Urgals milled about before Belatona’s eastern gate, as well as within

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He belatedly lifted Brisingr to deflect the blow. A jolt ran up his arm as the tip of the sword glanced off something solid—hilt, blade, or flesh he was not sure, but whatever it was, he knew that he had misjudged the distance and that his response had left him open to attack.

Before he could do much more than slow his forward momentum, another impact dashed his sword arm to the side; then a knot of pain formed in his midsection as Arya stabbed him, knocking him to the ground.

Eragon grunted as he landed on his back and the air rushed out of him. He gaped at the sky and tried to inhale, but his abdomen was cramped as hard as a stone, and he could not draw air into his lungs. A constellation of crimson spots appeared before his eyes, and for a few uncomfortable seconds, he feared he would lose consciousness. Then his muscles released, and with a loud gasp, he resumed breathing.

Once his head cleared, he slowly got back to his feet, using Brisingr for support. He leaned on the sword, standing hunched like an old man while he waited for the ache in his stomach to subside.


“You cheated,” he said between gritted teeth.

“No, I exploited a weakness in my opponent. There is a difference.”

“You think … that is a weakness?”

“When we fight, yes. Do you wish to continue?”

He answered by yanking Brisingr out of the sod, marching back to where he had started, and raising his sword.

“Good,” said Arya. She mirrored his pose.

This time Eragon was much more wary as he closed with her, and Arya did not stay in the same place.

With careful steps, she advanced, her clear green eyes never leaving him.

She twitched, and Eragon flinched. He realized he was holding his breath and forced himself to relax. Another step forward, then he swung with all his speed and might.

She blocked his cut to her ribs and replied with a jab toward his exposed armpit. The blunted edge of her sword slid across the back of his free hand, scraping against the mail sewn onto his gauntlet as he slapped the blade away. At that moment, Arya’s torso was exposed, but they were too close for Eragon to effectively slash or stab.

Instead, he lunged forward and struck at her breastbone with the pommel of his sword, thinking to knock her to the ground, as she had done to him.

She twisted out of the way, and the pommel went through the space where she had been as Eragon stumbled forward.

Without knowing quite how it had happened, he found himself standing motionless with one of Arya’s arms wrapped around his neck and the cool, slippery surface of her spell-bound blade pressed against

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As he sat waiting, Roran noticed that his leggings were mottled with several dark blotches along the inside of his thighs. He touched one of the discolored areas, and his fingers came away with a film of bloody liquid. Each blotch marked the location of a blister. Nor were they his only ones; he could feel blisters on his hands—where the reins had chafed the web of skin between his thumbs and forefingers—and on his heels, and in other, more uncomfortable places.
With an expression of distaste, he wiped his fingers against the ground. He looked at his men, at how they crouched and knelt, and he saw the discomfort on their faces whenever they moved and the slightly twisted grips with which they held their weapons. They were in no better condition than he was.

Roran decided that when they next stopped to sleep he would have Carn heal their sores. If the magician seemed too tired, however, Roran would refrain from having his own blisters healed; he would rather endure the pain than allow Carn to expend all of his strength before they arrived at Aroughs, for Roran suspected that Carn’s skills might very well prove useful in capturing the city.

Thinking of Aroughs and of the siege he was somehow supposed to win caused Roran to press his free hand against his breast to check that the packet containing the orders he could not read and the commission he doubted he would be able to keep were still safely tucked in his tunic. They were.

After several long, tense minutes, one of the hounds began to bark excitedly somewhere in the trees upstream. The other dogs rushed in that direction and resumed the deep-chested baying that meant they were in close pursuit of their quarry.

When the clamor had receded, Roran slowly rose to his full height and swept his gaze over the trees and bushes. “All clear,” he said, keeping his voice subdued.

As the others stood, Hamund—who was tall and shaggy-haired and had deep lines next to his mouth, although he was only a year older than Roran—turned on Carn, scowling, and said, “Why couldn’t you have done that before, instead of letting us go riding willy-nilly over the countryside and almost breaking our necks coming down that hill?” He motioned back toward the stream.

Carn responded with an equally angry tone: “Because I hadn’t thought of it yet, that’s why. Given that I just saved you the inconvenience of having a host of small holes poked in your hide, I would think you might show a bit of gratitude.” “Is that so? Well, I think that you ought to spend more time working on your spells before we’re chased halfway to who-knows-where and—” Fearing that their argument could turn dangerous, Roran stepped between them. “Enough,” he said. Then he asked Carn, “Will your spell hide us from the guards?” Carn shook his head. “Men are harder to fool than dogs.” He cast a disparaging look at Hamund. “Most of them, at least. I can hide us, but I can’t hide our trail.” And he indicated the crushed and broken ferns, as well as the hoofprints gouged into the damp soil. “They’ll know we’re here. If we leave before they catch sight of us, the dogs will draw them off and we’ll—”

“Mount up!” Roran ordered.

With an assortment of half-muttered curses and poorly concealed groans, the men climbed back onto their steeds. Roran glanced over the hollow one last time to make sure that they had not forgotten
anything, then guided his charger to the head of the group and tapped the horse with his spurs.

And together they galloped out from under the shadow of the trees and away from the ravine as they resumed their seemingly never-ending journey to Aroughs. What he would do once they reached the city, though, Roran had not the slightest idea.

MOONEATER

Eragon rolled his shoulders as he walked through the Varden’s camp, trying to work out the kink in his neck that he had acquired while sparring with Arya and Blödhgarm earlier that afternoon. As he topped a small hill, which stood like a lone island amid the sea of tents, he rested his hands on his hips and paused to take in the view. Before him lay the dark spread of Leona Lake, gleaming in the twilight as the crests of the shallow waves reflected the orange torchlight from the camp. The road the Varden had been following lay between the tents and the shore: a broad strip of paving stones set with mortar that had been constructed, or so Jeod had informed him, long before Galbatorix had overthrown the Riders. A quarter mile to the north, a small, squat fishing village sat close against the water; Eragon knew its inhabitants were far from happy that an army was camped on their doorstep.

You must learn ... to see what you are looking at.

Since leaving Belatona, Eragon had spent hours pondering Glaedr’s advice. He was not certain exactly what the dragon had meant by it, as Glaedr had refused to say anything more after delivering his enigmatic statement, so Eragon had chosen to interpret his instruction literally. He had striven to truly see everything before him, no matter how small or apparently insignificant, and to understand the meaning of that which he beheld.

Try though he might, he felt as if he failed miserably. Wherever he looked, he saw an overwhelming amount of detail, but he was convinced there was even more that he was not perceptive enough to notice. Worse, he was rarely able to make sense of what he was aware of, like why there was no smoke rising from three of the chimneys in the fishing village.

Despite his sense of futility, the effort had proved helpful in at least one regard: Arya no longer defeated him every time they crossed blades. He had watched her with redoubled attention—studying her as closely as a deer he was stalking—and as a result, he had won a few of their matches. However, he still was not her equal, much less her
better. And he did not know what he needed to learn—nor who could teach him—in order to become as skilled with a blade as she was.

*Perhaps Arya is right, and experience is the only mentor that can help me now, Eragon thought.* Experience requires time, though, and time is what I have the least of. We’ll be at Dras-Leona soon, and then Urû’baen. A few months, at the most, and we’ll have to face Galbatorix and Shruikan. He sighed and rubbed his face, trying to turn his mind in other, less troubling directions. Always he returned to the same set of doubts, worrying at them like a dog with a marrow bone, only with nothing to

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show for it other than a constant and increasing sense of anxiety. Lost in rumination, he continued down the hill. He wandered among the shadowy tents, heading generally toward his own, but paying little attention to his exact path. As it invariably did, walking helped calm him. The men who were still about moved aside for him when they met and clapped a fist against their chests, usually accompanied by a soft greeting of “Shadeslayer,” to which Eragon responded with a polite nod.

He had been walking for a quarter hour, stopping and starting in counterpoint to his thoughts, when the high-pitched tone of a woman describing something with great enthusiasm interrupted his reverie.

Curious, he followed the sound until he arrived at a tent set apart from the rest, near the base of a gnarled willow tree, the only tree near the lake that the army had not chopped down for firewood.

There, under the ceiling of branches, was the strangest sight he had ever seen. Twelve Urgals, including their war chief, Nar Garzhvog, sat in a semicircle around a low, flickering campfire. Fearsome shadows danced on their faces, emphasizing their heavy brows, broad cheekbones, and massive jaws, as well as the ridges on their horns, which sprouted from their foreheads and curved back and around the sides of their heads. The Urgals were bare-armed and bare-chested, except for the leather cuffs on their wrists and the woven straps they wore slung from shoulder to waist. In addition to Garzhvog, three other Kull were present. Their hulking size made the rest of the Urgals—not one of whom was under six feet tall—appear childishly small. Scattered among the Urgals—among and on them—were several dozen werecats in their animal forms. Many of the cats sat upright before the fire, utterly still, not even moving their tails, their tufted ears pricked forward attentively. Others lay sprawled on the ground, or on the Urgals’ laps, or in their arms.

To Eragon’s astonishment, he even spotted one werecat—a slim white female—resting curled atop the broad head of a Kull, her right foreleg draped over the edge of his skull and her paw pressed possessively against the middle of his brow. Tiny though the werecats were compared to the Urgals, they looked equally savage, and Eragon had no doubt whom he would rather face in battle; Urgals he understood, whereas werecats were ... unpredictable.
On the other side of the fire, in front of the tent, was the herbalist Angela. She was sitting cross-legged on a folded blanket, spinning a pile of carded wool into fine thread using a drop spindle, which she held out before her as if to entrance those who were watching. Both werecats and Urgals stared at her intently, their eyes never leaving her as she said: “—but he was too slow, and the raging, red-eyed rabbit ripped out Hord’s throat, killing him instantly.

Then the hare fled into the forest, and out of recorded history. However”—and here Angela leaned forward and lowered her voice—“if you travel through those parts, as I have … sometimes, even to this day, you will come across a freshly killed deer or Feldûnost that looks as if it has been nibbled at, like a turnip. And all around it, you’ll see the prints of an unusually large rabbit. Every now and then, a warrior from Kvôth will go missing, only to be found lying dead with his throat torn out … always with his throat torn out.” She resumed her former position. “Terrin was horribly upset by the loss of his friend, of course, and he wanted to chase after the hare, but the dwarves still needed his help. So he returned to the stronghold, and for three more days and three more nights the defenders held the walls, until their supplies were low and every warrior was covered in wounds. “At last, on the morning of the fourth day, when all seemed hopeless, the clouds parted, and far in the distance, Terrin was amazed to see Mimring flying toward the stronghold at the head of a huge thunder of dragons. The sight of the dragons frightened the attackers so much, they threw down their weapons and fled into the wilderness.” Angela’s mouth quirked. “This, as you can imagine, made the dwarves of Kvôth rather happy, and there was much rejoicing.

“And when Mimring landed, Terrin saw, much to his surprise, that his scales had become as clear as diamonds, which, it is said, happened because Mimring flew so close to the sun—for in order to fetch the other dragons in time, he had had to fly over the peaks of the Beor Mountains, higher than any dragon has ever flown before or since. From then on, Terrin was known as the hero of the Siege of Kvôth, and his dragon was known as Mimring the Brilliant, on account of his scales, and they lived happily ever after.

Although, if truth be told, Terrin always remained rather afraid of rabbits, even into his old age. And that is what really happened at Kvôth.” As she fell silent, the werecats began to purr, and the Urgals uttered several low grunts of approval.

“You tell a good story, Uluthrek,” Garzhvog said, his voice sounding like the rumble of falling rock.

“Thank you.”

“But not as I have heard it told,” Eragon commented as he stepped into the light.
Angela’s expression brightened. “Well, you can hardly expect the dwarves to admit they were at the mercy of a rabbit. Have you been lurking in the shadows this whole time?”

“Only for a minute,” he confessed. “Then you misled the best part of the story, and I’m not about to repeat myself tonight. My throat is too dry now for talking at length.”

Eragon felt the vibration through the soles of his boots as the Kull and the other Urgals got to their feet, much to the displeasure of the werecats resting on them, several of whom uttered yowls of protest as they dropped to the ground.

As he gazed at the collection of grotesque horned faces gathered around the fire, Eragon had to suppress the urge to grasp the hilt of his sword. Even after having fought, traveled, and hunted alongside the Urgals, and even after having sifted through the thoughts of several of them, being in their presence still gave him pause. He knew in his mind that they were allies, but his bones and his muscles could not forget the visceral terror that had gripped him during the numerous occasions when he had confronted their kind in battle.

Garzhvog removed something from the leather pouch he wore on his belt. Extending his thick arm over the fire, he handed it to Angela, who set down her spinning to accept the object with cupped hands. It was a rough orb of sea-green crystal, which twinkled like crusted snow. She slipped it inside the sleeve of her garment, then picked up her drop spindle.

Garzhvog said, “You must come to our camp sometime, Uluthrek, and we will tell you many stories of our own. We have a chanter with us. He is good; when you listen to him recite the tale of Nar Tul-khqa’s victory at Stavarosk, your blood grows hot and you feel like bellowing at the moon and locking horns with even the strongest of your foes.”

“That would depend on whether you have horns to lock,” said Angela. “I would be honored to sit story

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with you. Perhaps tomorrow evening?”

The giant Kull agreed; then Eragon asked, “Where is Stavarosk? I’ve not heard of it before.” The Urgals shifted uneasily, and Garzhvog lowered his head and snorted like a bull. “What trickery is this, Firesword?” he demanded. “Do you seek to challenge me by insulting us so?” He opened and closed his hands with unmistakable menace.

Wary, Eragon said, “I meant no harm, Nar Garzhvog. It was an honest question; I’ve never heard the name of Stavarosk before.”

A murmur of surprise spread among the Urgals. “How can this be?” said Garzhvog. “Do not all humans know of Stavarosk? Is it not sung of in every hall from the northern wastes to the Beor Mountains as our greatest triumph? Surely, if nowhere else, the Varden must speak of it.” Angela sighed and, without looking up from her spinning, said,
“You’d best tell them.” In the back of his mind, Eragon felt Saphira watching their exchange, and he knew that she was readying herself to fly from their tent to his side if a fight became unavoidable.

Choosing his words with care, he said: “No one has mentioned it to me, but then I have not been with the Varden for very long, and—”

“Drajll!” swore Garzhvog. “The lack-horned betrayer does not even have the courage to admit his own defeat. He is a coward and liar!”


A number of the werecats hissed at the mention of the king.

Garzhvog nodded. “Aye. When he came to power, he sought to destroy our race forever. He sent a vast army into the Spine. His soldiers crushed our villages, burned our bones, and left the earth black and bitter behind them. We fought—at first with joy, then with despair, but still we fought. It was the only thing we could do. There was nowhere for us to run, nowhere to hide. Who would protect the Urgralgra when even the Riders had been brought to their knees?

“We were lucky, though. We had a great war chief to lead us, Nar Tulkhqa. He had once been captured by humans, and he had spent many years fighting them, so he knew how you think. Because of that, he was able to rally many of our tribes under his banner. Then he lured Galbatorix’s army into a narrow passage deep within the mountains, and our rams fell upon them from either side. It was a slaughter, Firesword. The ground was wet with blood, and the piles of bodies stood higher than my head.

Even to this day, if you go to Stavarosk, you will feel the bones cracking under your feet, and you will find coins and swords and pieces of armor under every patch of moss.”

“So it was you!” Eragon exclaimed. “All my life I’ve heard it said that Galbatorix once lost half his men in the Spine, but no one could tell me how or why.”

“More than half his men, Firesword.” Garzhvog rolled his shoulders and made a guttural noise in the back of his throat. “And now I see we must work to spread word of it if any are to know of our victory. We will track down your chanters, your bards, and we will teach them the songs concerning Nar Tulkhqa, and we will make sure that they remember to recite them often and loudly.” He nodded once, as if his mind was made up—an impressive gesture considering the ponderous size of his head—then said, “Farewell, Firesword. Farewell, Uluthrek.” Then he and his warriors lumbered off into the darkness.

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Angela chuckled, startling Eragon. “What?” he asked, turning to her. She smiled. “I’m imagining the expression some poor lute player is going to have in a few minutes when he looks out his tent and sees twelve Urgals, four of them Kull, standing outside, eager to give him an education in Urgal culture. I’ll be impressed if we don’t hear him scream.” She chuckled again.

Similarly amused, Eragon lowered himself to the ground and stirred the coals with the end of a branch. A warm, heavy weight settled in his lap, and he looked down to see the white werecat curled up on his legs.

He raised a hand to pet her, then thought better of it and asked the cat, “May I?” The werecat flicked her tail but otherwise ignored him.

Hoping that he was not doing the wrong thing, Eragon tentatively began to rub the creature’s neck. A moment later, a loud, throbbing purr filled the night air.

“She likes you,” Angela observed.

For some reason, Eragon felt inordinately pleased. “Who is she? I mean, that is, who are you? What is your name?” He cast a quick glance at the werecat, worried that he had offended her.

Angela laughed quietly. “Her name is Shadowhunter. Or rather, that is what her name means in the language of the werecats. Properly, she is …” Here the herbalist uttered a strange coughing, growling sound that made the nape of Eragon’s neck crawl. “Shadowhunter is mated to Grimrr Halfpaw, so one might say that she is queen of the werecats.”

The purring increased in volume.

“I see.” Eragon looked around at the other werecats. “Where is Solembum?”

“Busy chasing a long-whiskered female who is half his age. He’s acting as foolish as a kitten … but then, everyone’s entitled to a little foolishness once in a while.” Catching the spindle with her left hand, she stopped its motion and wound the newly formed thread around the base of the wooden disk. Then she gave the spindle a twist to start it spinning again and resumed drafting from the batt of wool in her other hand. “You look as if you are full to bursting with questions, Shadeslayer.”

"Whenever I meet you, I always end up feeling more confused than before."

“Always? That’s rather absolutist of you. Very well, I will attempt to be informative. Ask away.” Skeptical of her apparent openness, Eragon considered what he would like to know. Finally: “A thunder of dragons? What did you—”

“That is the proper term for a flock of dragons. If ever you had heard one in full flight, you would understand. When ten, twelve, or more dragons flew past overhead, the very
air would reverberate around you, as if you were sitting inside a giant drum. Besides, what else could you call a group of dragons? You have your murder of ravens, your convocation of eagles, your gaggle of geese, your raft of ducks, your band of jays, your parliament of owls, and so on, but what about dragons? A hunger of dragons? That doesn’t sound quite right. Nor does referring to them as a blaze or a terror, although I’m rather fond of terror, all things considered: a terror of dragons…. But no, a flock of dragons is called a thunder. Which you would know if your education had consisted of more than just learning how to swing a sword and conjugate a few verbs in the ancient language.

“I’m sure you’re right,” he said, humoring her. Through his ever-present link with Saphira, he sensed her approval of the phrase “a thunder of dragons,” an opinion he shared; it was a fitting description.

He thought for a moment longer, then asked, “And why did Garzhvog call you Uluthrek?”

“It is the title the Urgals gave me long, long ago, when I traveled among them.”

“What does it mean?”

“Mooneater.”

“Mooneater? What a strange name. How did you come by it?”

“I ate the moon, of course. How else?”

Eragon frowned and concentrated on petting the werecat for a minute. Then: “Why did Garzhvog give you that stone?”

“Because I told him a story. I thought that was obvious.”

“But what is it?”

“A piece of rock. Didn’t you notice?” She clucked with disapproval. “Really, you ought to pay better attention to what’s going on around you! Otherwise, someone’s liable to stick a knife in you when you’re not looking. And then whom would I exchange cryptic remarks with?” She tossed her hair. “Go on, ask me another question. I’m rather enjoying this game.”

He cocked an eyebrow at her and, although he was certain it was pointless, he said, “Cheep cheep?” The herbalist brayed with laughter, and some of the werecats opened their mouths in what appeared to be toothy smiles. However, Shadowhunter seemed displeased, for she dug her claws into Eragon’s legs, making him wince.
“Well,” said Angela, still laughing, “if you must have answers, that’s as good a story as any. Let’s see.…  

Several years ago, when I was traveling along the edge of Du Weldenvarden, way out to the west, miles and miles from any city, town, or village, I happened upon Grimrr. At the time, he was only the leader of a small tribe of werecats, and he still had full use of both his paws. Anyway, I found him toying with a fledgling robin that had fallen out of its nest in a nearby tree. I wouldn’t have minded if he had just killed the bird and eaten it—that’s what cats are supposed to do, after all—but he was torturing the poor thing: pulling on its wings; nibbling its tail; letting it hop away, then knocking it over.” Angela wrinkled her nose with distaste. “I told him that he ought to stop, but he only growled and ignored me.” She fixed Eragon with a stern gaze. “I don’t like it when people ignore me. So, I took the bird away from him, and I wiggled my fingers and cast a spell, and for the next week, whenever he opened his mouth, he chirped like a songbird.”

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“He chirped?”

Angela nodded, beaming with suppressed mirth. “I’ve never laughed so hard in my life. None of the other werecats would go anywhere near him for the whole week.”

“No wonder he hates you.”

“What of it? If you don’t make a few enemies every now and then, you’re a coward—or worse. Besides, it was worth it to see his reaction. Oh, he was angry!” Shadowhunter uttered a soft warning growl and tightened her claws again. Grimacing, Eragon said, “Maybe it would be best to change the subject?”

“Mmm.”

Before he could suggest a new topic, a loud scream rang out from somewhere in the middle of the camp. The cry echoed three times over the rows of tents before fading into silence. Eragon looked at Angela, and she at him, and then they both began to laugh.

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RUMORS AND WRITING

It’s late, said Saphira as Eragon sauntered toward his tent, beside which she lay coiled, sparkling like a mound of azure coals in the dim light of the torches. She regarded him with a single, heavy-lidded eye.

He crouched by her head and pressed his brow against hers for several moments, hugging her spiky jaw.
So it is, he said at last. And you need your rest after flying into the wind all day. Sleep, and I’ll see you in the morning.

She blinked once in acknowledgment.

Inside his tent, Eragon lit a single candle for comfort. Then he pulled off his boots and sat on his cot with his legs folded under him. He slowed his breathing and allowed his mind to open and expand outward to touch all of the living things around him, from the worms and the insects in the ground to Saphira and the warriors of the Varden, and even the few remaining plants nearby, the energy from which was pale and hard to see compared with the burning brilliance of even the smallest animal.

For a long while, he sat there, empty of thoughts, aware of a thousand sensations, the sharp and the subtle, concentrating on nothing but the steady inflow and outflow of air in his lungs.

Off in the distance, he heard men talking as they stood around a watchfire. The night air carried their voices farther than they intended, far enough that his keen ears were able to make out their words. He could sense their minds as well, and he could have read their thoughts had he wanted, but instead he chose to respect their innermost privacy and merely listen.

A deep-voiced fellow was saying, “—and the way they stare down their noses at you, as if you’re the

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lowest of the low. Half the time they won’t even talk to you when you ask them a friendly question. They just turn their shoulder and walk away.”

“Aye,” said another man. “And their women—as beautiful as statues and about half as inviting.”

“That’s because you’re a right ugly bastard, Svern, that’s why.”

“It’s not my fault my father had a habit of seducing milkmaids wherever he went. Besides, you’re hardly one to point fingers; you could give children nightmares with that face of yours.” The deep-voiced warrior grunted; then someone coughed and spat, and Eragon heard the sizzle of moisture evaporating as it struck a piece of burning wood.

A third speaker entered the conversation: “I don’t like the elves any more than you do, but we need them to win this war.”

“What if they turn on us afterward, though?” asked the deep-voiced man.

“Hear, hear,” added Svern. “Look what happened at Ceunon and Gil’ead. All his men, all his power, and Galbatorix still couldn’t stop them from swarming over the walls.”
“Maybe he wasn’t trying,” suggested the third speaker.

A long pause followed.

Then the deep-voiced man said, “Now, there’s a singularly unpleasant thought.... Still, whether he was or wasn’t, I don’t see how we could hold off the elves if they decided to reclaim their old territories.

They’re faster and stronger than we are, and unlike us, there’s not one of them who can’t use magic.”

“Ah, but we have Eragon,” Svern countered. “He could drive them back to their forest all by himself, if he wanted to.”

“Him? Bah! He looks more like an elf than he does his own flesh and blood. I wouldn’t count on his loyalty any more than the Urgals’.”

The third man spoke up again: “Have you noticed, he’s always freshly shaven, no matter how early in the morning we break camp?”

“He must use magic for a razor.”

“Goes against the natural order of things, it does. That and all the other spells being tossed around nowadays. Makes you want to hide in a cave somewhere and let the magicians kill each other off without any interference from us.”

“I don’t seem to recall you complaining when the healers used a spell instead of a pair of tongs to remove that arrow from your shoulder.”

“Maybe, but the arrow never would have ended up in my shoulder if it weren’t for Galbatorix. And it’s him and his magic that’s caused this whole mess.”

Someone snorted. “True enough, but I’d bet every last copper I have that, Galbatorix or no, you still

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would’ve ended up with an arrow sticking out of you. You’re too mean to do anything other than fight.”

“Eragon saved my life in Feinster, you know,” said Svern.

“Aye, and if you bore us with the story one more time, I’ll have you scrubbing pots for a week.”

“Well, he did....”
There was another silence, which was broken when the deep-voiced warrior sighed. “We need a way to protect ourselves. That’s the problem. We’re at the mercy of the elves, the magicians—ours and theirs—and every other strange creature that roams the land. It’s all well and fine for the likes of Eragon, but we’re not so fortunate. What we need is—”

“What we need,” said Svern, “are the Riders. They’d put the world in order.”

“Pfft. With what dragons? You can’t have Riders without dragons. Besides, we still wouldn’t be able to defend ourselves, and that’s what bothers me. I’m not a child to go hiding behind my mother’s skirts, but if a Shade were to appear out of the night, there isn’t a blasted thing we could do to keep it from tearing our heads off.”

“That reminds me, did you hear about Lord Barst?” asked the third man.

Svern uttered a sound of agreement. “I heard he ate his heart afterward.”

“What’s this now?” asked the deep-voiced warrior.

“Barst—”

“Barst?”

“You know, the earl with an estate up by Gil’ead—”

“Isn’t he the one who drove his horses into the Ramr just to spite—”

“Aye, that’s the one. Anyway, so he goes to this village and orders all the men to join Galbatorix’s army.

Same story as always. Only, the men refuse, and they attack Barst and his soldiers.”

“Brave,” said the deep-voiced man. “Stupid, but brave.”

“Well, Barst was too clever for them; he had archers posted around the village before he went in. The soldiers kill half the men and thrash the rest within an inch of their lives. No surprise there. Then Barst takes the leader, the man who started the fight, and he grabs him by the neck, and with his bare hands, he pulls his head right off!”

“No.”

“Like a chicken. And what’s worse, he ordered the man’s family burned alive as well.”

“Barst must be as strong as an Urgal to tear off a man’s head,” said Svern.

“Maybe there’s a trick to it.”
“Could it be magic?” asked the deep-voiced man.

“By all accounts, he’s always been strong—strong and smart. When he was just a young man, he’s said to have killed a wounded ox with a single blow of his fist.”

“Still sounds like magic to me.”

“That’s because you see evil magicians lurking in every shadow, you do.” The deep-voiced warrior grunted, but did not speak.

After that, the men dispersed to walk their rounds, and Eragon heard nothing more from them. At any other time, their conversation might have disturbed him, but because of his meditation, he remained unperturbed throughout, although he made an effort to remember what they said, so that he could consider it properly later.

Once his thoughts were in order, and he felt calm and relaxed, Eragon closed off his mind, opened his eyes, and slowly unfolded his legs, working the stiffness out of his muscles.

The motion of the candle flame caught his eye, and he stared at it for a minute, enthralled by the contortions of the fire.

Then he went over to where he had dropped Saphira’s saddlebags earlier and removed the quill, the brush, the bottle of ink, and the sheets of parchment that he had begged off Jeod several days before, as well as the copy of Domia abr Wyrda that the old scholar had given him.

Returning to the cot, Eragon placed the heavy book well away from him, so as to minimize the chances of spilling ink on it. He laid his shield across his knees, like a tray, and spread the sheets of parchment over the curved surface. A sharp, tannic odor filled his nostrils as he unstoppered the bottle and dipped the quill into the oak-gall ink.

He touched the nib of the feather against the lip of the bottle, to draw off the excess liquid, then carefully made his first stroke. The quill produced a faint scratching sound as he wrote out the runes of his native language. When he finished, he compared them to his efforts from the previous night, to see if his handwriting had improved—only a small amount—as well as to the runes in Domia abr Wyrda, which he was using as his guide.

He went through the alphabet three more times, paying special attention to the shapes that he had the most difficulty forming. Then he began to write down his thoughts and observations concerning the day’s events. The exercise was useful not only because it provided him with a convenient means of practicing his letters, but also because it helped him better understand everything he had seen and done over the course of the day.
Laborious as it was, he enjoyed the writing, for he found the challenges it presented stimulating. Also, it reminded him of Brom, of how the old storyteller had taught him the meaning of each rune, which gave Eragon a sense of closeness with his father that otherwise eluded him.

After he had said everything he wished to say, he washed the quill clean, then exchanged it for the brush and selected a sheet of parchment that was already half covered with rows of glyphs from the ancient language.

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“So it is. Are there other gates besides these five?”

“Aye, three more. By the docks, there’s a water gate wide enough for all three streams to run out at once, and next to it a dry gate for men and horses. Then there’s another dry gate over at that end”—he pointed toward the western side of the city—“same as the others.”

“Can any of them be breached?”

“Not quickly. By the shore, we haven’t room to maneuver properly or withdraw out of range of the soldiers’ stones and arrows. That leaves us with these gates, and the western one as well. The lay of the land is much the same all around the city, except for the shore, so I chose to concentrate our attack on the nearest gate.”

“What are they made of?”

“Iron and oak. They’ll stand for hundreds of years unless we knock them down.”

“Are they protected by any spells?”

“I wouldn’t know, seeing as how Nasuada didn’t see fit to send one of her magicians with us. Halstead has—”

“Halstead?”

“Lord Halstead, ruler of Aroughs. You must have heard of him.”

“No.”

A brief pause followed, wherein Roran could sense Brigman’s contempt for him growing. Then the man continued, “Halstead has a conjurer of his own: a mean, sallow-looking creature we’ve seen atop the walls, muttering into his beard and trying to strike us down with his spells. He seems to be singularly incompetent, because he hasn’t had
much luck, save for two of the men I had on the battering ram, whom he managed to set on fire.”

Roran exchanged glances with Carn—the magician appeared even more worried than before—but he decided it would be better to discuss the matter in private.

“Would it be easier to break through the gates on the canals?” he asked.

“Where would you stand? Look at how they’re recessed within the wall, without so much as a step for purchase. What’s more, there are slits and trapdoors in the roof of the entryway, so they can pour boiling oil, drop boulders, or fire crossbows at anyone foolish enough to venture in there.”

“The gates can’t be solid all the way down, or they would block the water.”

“You’re right about that. Below the surface is a latticework of wood and metal with holes large enough that they don’t impede the flow overly much.”

“I see. Are the gates kept lowered into the water most of the time, even when Aroughs isn’t under siege?”

“Attachment: Textual Equivalence; **Substitution** and **Ellipsis**

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Many of the facts and figures that Brigman and his lackeys related came from writing on scrolls of parchment. Roran strove to conceal the fact that he could not decipher the rows of angular black marks by insisting that the men read everything to him, but it irritated him that he was at the mercy of others.
Nasuada was right, he realized. I have to learn to read, else I cannot tell if someone is lying to me when they say that a piece of parchment says one thing or another. Maybe Carn can teach me on our return to the Varden.

The more Roran learned about Aroughs, the more he began to sympathize with Brigman’s plight; capturing the city was a daunting task with no obvious solution. Despite his dislike for the man, Roran thought that the captain had done as well as could be expected under the circumstances. He had failed, Roran believed, not because he was an incompetent commander, but because he lacked the two qualities that had granted Roran victory time and time again: daring and imagination.

Upon finishing his review, Roran and his five companions rode with Brigman to inspect Aroughs’s walls and gates from a closer, but still safe, distance. Sitting in a saddle again was incredibly painful for Roran, but he bore it without complaint.

As their steeds clattered onto the stone-paved road next to the camp and began to trot toward the city, Roran noticed that, on occasion, the horses’ hooves produced a peculiar noise when they struck the ground. He remembered hearing a similar sound, and being bothered by it, during their final day of traveling.

Looking down, he saw that the flat stones that formed the surface of the road seemed to be set within tarnished silver, the veins of which formed an irregular, cobweb-like pattern.

Roran called out to Brigman and asked him about it, whereupon Brigman shouted, “The dirt here makes for poor mortar, so instead they use lead to hold the stones in place!” Roran’s initial reaction was disbelief, but Brigman appeared serious. He found it astonishing that any metal could be so common that people would squander it on building a road. So they trotted down the lane of stone and lead toward the gleaming city beyond.

They studied Aroughs’s defenses with great attentiveness. But their increased proximity revealed nothing new and only served to reinforce Roran’s impression that the city was nigh on impregnable.

He guided his horse over to Carn’s. The magician was staring at Aroughs with a glazed expression, his lips moving silently, as if he were talking to himself. Roran waited until he stopped, then quietly asked, “Are there any spells on the gates?”

“I think so,” Carn replied, equally subdued, “but I’m not sure how many or what their intended purpose is. I’ll need more time to tease out the answers.”

“Why is it so difficult?”

“It’s not, really. Most spells are easy to detect, unless someone has made an effort to hide them, and even then, the magic usually leaves certain telltale traces if you know what to look for. My concern is that one or more of the spells might be traps set to
prevent people from meddling with the gates’ enchantments. If that’s so, and I approach them directly, I’ll be sure to trigger them, and then who knows what will happen? I might dissolve into a puddle before your very eyes, which is a fate I would rather

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For a while, they watched the never-ending motion of the water below them. Then Baldor said, “What if you just asked them to surrender? Maybe they’ll be so frightened when they hear your name, they’ll throw open the gates, fall at your feet, and beg for mercy.” Roran chuckled briefly. “I doubt word of me has reached all the way to Aroughs. Still …” He ran his fingers through his beard. “It might be worth a try, to put them off balance if nothing else.”

“Even if we gain entrance to the city, can we hold it with so few men?”

“Maybe, maybe not.”

A pause grew between them; then Baldor said, “How far we have come.”

“Aye.”

Again, the only sound was that of the water and of the turning wheels. Finally, Baldor said, “The snowmelt must not be as great here as it is at home. Otherwise, the wheels would be half underwater come springtime.”

Roran shook his head. “It doesn’t matter how much snow or rain they get. The sluice gates can be used to limit the amount of water that runs over the wheels, so they don’t turn too fast.”

“But once the water rises to the top of the gates?”

“Hopefully, the day’s grinding is finished by then, but in any case, you uncouple the gears, raise the gates, and …” Roran trailed off as a series of images flashed through his mind, and his whole body flushed with warmth, as if he had drunk an entire tankard of mead in a single gulp.

Could I? he thought wildly. Would it really work, or … It doesn’t matter; we have to try. What else can we do? He strode out to the center of the berm that held back the middlemost pond and grasped the spokes that stuck out from the tall wooden screw used to raise and lower the sluice gate. The screw was stiff and hard to move, even though he set his shoulder against it and pushed with all his weight.

“Help me,” he said to Baldor, who had remained on the bank, watching with puzzled interest.

Baldor carefully made his way to where Roran stood. Together they managed to close the sluice gate.
Then, refusing to answer any questions, Roran insisted that they do the same with both the uppermost and the lowermost gates.

When all three were firmly shut, Roran walked back to Carn, Brigman, and the others and motioned for them to climb off their horses and gather around him. He tapped the head of his hammer while he waited, suddenly feeling unreasonably impatient.

“Well?” Brigman demanded once they were in place.

Roran looked each of them in the eyes, to make sure that he had their undivided attention, then he said, “Right, this is what we’re going to do—” And he began to talk, quickly and intensely, for a full half hour, explaining everything that had occurred to him in that one, revelatory instant. As he spoke, Mandel began to grin, and though they remained more serious, Baldor, Delwin, and Hamund also appeared excited by the audacious nature of the scheme he outlined.

Their response gratified Roran. He had done much to earn their trust, and he was pleased to know that he could still count on their support. His only fear was that he might let them down; of all the fates he could imagine, only losing Katrina seemed worse.

Carn, on the other hand, appeared somewhat doubtful. This Roran had expected, but the magician’s doubt was slight compared with Brigman’s incredulity.

“You’re mad!” he exclaimed once Roran had finished. “It’ll never succeed.”

“You take that back!” said Mandel, and jumped forward, his fists clenched. “Why, Roran’s won more battles than you’ve ever fought in, and he did it without all the warriors you’ve had to order around!” Brigman snarled, his bare upper lip curling like a snake. “You little whelp! I’ll teach you a lesson in respect you’ll never forget.”

Roran pushed Mandel back before the younger man could attack Brigman. “Oi!” growled Roran.

“Behave yourself.” With a surly look, Mandel ceased resisting, but he continued to glower at Brigman, who sneered at him in return.

“It’s an outlandish plan, to be sure,” said Delwin, “but then, your outlandish plans have served us well in the past.” The other men from Carvahall made sounds of agreement.

Carn nodded and said, “Maybe it will work and maybe it won’t. I don’t know. In any event, it’s certain to catch our enemies by surprise, and I have to admit, I’m rather curious to see what will happen.
Nothing like this has ever been tried before.”

Roran smiled slightly. Addressing Brigman, he said, “To continue as before, now that would be mad.

We have only two and a half days to seize Aroughs. Ordinary methods won’t suffice, so we must hazard the extra ordinary.”

“That may be,” muttered Brigman, “but this is a ridiculous venture that will kill many a good man, and for no reason other than to demonstrate your supposed cleverness.” His smile widening, Roran moved toward Brigman until only a few inches separated them. “You don’t have to agree with me, Brigman; you only have to do what you’re told. Now, will you follow my orders or not?”

The air between them grew warm from their breath and from the heat radiating off their skin. Brigman gritted his teeth and twisted his spear even more vigorously than before, but then his gaze wavered and he backed away. “Blast you,” he said. “I’ll be your dog for the while, Stronghammer, but there’ll be a reckoning on this soon enough, just you watch, and then you’ll have to answer for your decisions.” As long as we capture Aroughs, thought Roran, I don’t care. “Mount up!” he shouted. “We have work to do, and little time to do it in! Hurry, hurry, hurry!”

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Eragon labored alongside the other men for almost an hour, at which point they had cleared enough space for the tents of the Varden.

Then he helped in the construction of a siege tower. His greater-than-normal strength allowed him to shift beams that otherwise would have taken several warriors to move; thus, he was able to speed the process. A few of the dwarves who were still with the Varden oversaw the raising of the tower, for the engines were of their design.

Saphira helped as well. With her teeth and claws, she gouged deep trenches in the ground and piled the removed earth into embankments around the camp, accomplishing more in a few minutes than a hundred men could have in a whole day. And, with the fire from her maw and mighty sweeps of her tail, she leveled trees, fences, walls, houses, and everything else around the Varden that might give their foes cover. In all, she presented a picture of fearsome devastation sufficient to inspire trepidation in even the bravest of souls.

It was late at night when the Varden finally finished their preparations and Nasuada ordered the men, dwarves, and Urgals to bed.

Retiring to his tent, Eragon meditated until his mind was clear, as had become his habit. Instead of practicing his penmanship afterward, he spent the next few hours reviewing
the spells he thought he might need the following day, as well as inventing new ones to address the specific challenges Dras-Leona presented.

When he felt ready for the battle to come, he abandoned himself to his waking dreams, which were more varied and energetic than usual, for despite his meditation, the prospect of the approaching action stirred his blood and would not allow him to relax. As always, the waiting and the uncertainty were the most difficult parts for him to bear, and he wished he were already in the midst of the fray, where he would have no time to worry about what might happen.

Saphira was equally restless. From her, he caught snatches of dreams that involved biting and tearing, and he could tell that she was looking forward to the fierce pleasure of battle. Her mood influenced his to a certain degree, but not enough to make him entirely forget his apprehension.

All too soon, morning arrived, and the Varden assembled before the exposed outskirts of Dras-Leona.

The army was an imposing sight, but Eragon’s admiration was tempered by his observation of the warriors’ notched swords, dented helms, and battered shields, as well as the poorly repaired rents in their padded tunics and mail hauberks. If they succeeded in capturing Dras-Leona, they would be able to replace some of their equipment—as they had at Belatona, and before that, Feinster—but there was no replacing the men who bore them.

The longer this drags on, he said to Saphira, the easier it will be for Galbatorix to defeat us when we arrive at Urû’baen. Then we must not delay, she replied.

Eragon sat astride her, next to Nasuada, who was garbed in full armor and mounted upon her fiery black charger, Battle-storm. Arrayed around them were his twelve elven guards, as well as an equal number of Nasuada’s guards, the Nighthawks, increased from her normal allotment of six for the duration of the battle. The elves were on foot—for they refused to ride any steeds but those they had raised and trained themselves—while all of the Nighthawks were mounted, including the Urgals. Ten yards to the right were

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King Orrin and his hand-picked retinue of warriors, each of whom had a colorful plume attached to the crest of his helm. Narheim, the commander of the dwarves, and Garzhvog were both with their respective troops.

After exchanging nods, Nasuada and King Orrin spurred their mounts forward and trotted away from the main body of the Varden, toward the city. With his left hand, Eragon clutched the neck spike in front of him as Saphira followed.
Nasuada and King Orrin drew to a halt before they passed among the ramshackle buildings. At their signal, two heralds—one carrying the Varden’s standard, the other Surda’s—rode forth up the narrow street that ran through the maze of hovels to Dras-Leona’s southern gate.

Eragon frowned as he watched the heralds advance. The city seemed unnaturally empty and quiet. No one was visible in the whole of Dras-Leona, not even upon the battlements of the thick yellow wall, where hundreds of Galbatorix’s soldiers ought to be stationed. *The air smells wrong*, said Saphira, and she growled ever so slightly, drawing Nasuada’s attention.

At the base of the wall, the Varden’s herald called forth in a voice that carried all the way back to Eragon and Saphira: “Hail! In the name of Lady Nasuada of the Varden and King Orrin of Surda, as well as all free peoples of Alagaësia, we bid you open your gates so we may deliver a message of import unto your lord and master, Marcus Tábor. By it, he may hope to profit greatly, as may every man, woman, and child within Dras-Leona.”

From behind the wall, a man who could not be seen replied: “These gates shall not open. State your message where you stand.”

“Speak you for Lord Tábor?”

“I do.”

“Then we charge you to remind him that discussions of statesmanship are more properly pursued in the privacy of one’s own chambers rather than in the open, where any might hear.”

“I take no orders from you, lackey! Deliver your message—and quickly, too!—ere I lose patience and fill you with arrows.”

Eragon was impressed; the herald did not appear flustered or cowed by the threat but continued without hesitation. “As you wish. Our liegelords offer peace and friendship to Lord Tábor and all the people of Dras-Leona. We have no argument with you, only with Galbatorix, and we would not fight you if we had the choice. Have we not a common cause? Many of us once lived in the Empire, and we left only because Galbatorix’s cruel reign drove us from our lands. We are your kin, in blood and in spirit. Join forces with us, and we may yet free ourselves of the usurper who now sits in Urû’baen.

“Should you accept our offer, our liegelords do guarantee the safety of Lord Tábor and his family, as well as whoever else may now be in the service of the Empire, although none will be allowed to maintain their position if they have given oaths that cannot be broken. And if your oaths will not let you aid us, then at least do not hinder us. Raise your gates and lay down your swords, and we promise you will come to no harm. But try to bar us, and we shall sweep you aside like so much chaff, for none can withstand the might of our army, nor that of Eragon Shadeslayer and the dragon Saphira.”
At the sound of her name, Saphira raised her head and loosed a terrifying roar.

Above the gate, Eragon saw a tall, cloaked figure climb onto the battlements and stand between two merlons, staring over the heralds toward Saphira. Eragon squinted, but he could not make out the man’s face. Four other black-robed people joined the man, and those Eragon knew for priests of Helgrind by their truncated forms: one was missing a forearm, two were missing a leg each, and the last of their company was missing an arm and both legs, and was carried by his or her companions on a small padded litter.

The cloaked man threw back his head and uttered a peal of laughter that crashed and boomed with thunderous force. Below him, the heralds struggled to control their mounts as the horses reared and tried to bolt. Eragon’s stomach sank, and he gripped the hilt of Brisingr, ready to draw it at a moment’s notice.

“None can withstand your might?” said the man, his voice echoing off the buildings. “You have an overly high opinion of yourselves, I think.” And with a gigantic bellow, the glittering red mass of Thorn leaped from the streets below onto the roof of a house, piercing the wooden shingles with his talons. The dragon spread his huge, claw-tipped wings, opened his crimson maw, and raked the sky with a sheet of rippling flame.

In a mocking voice, Murtagh—for it was Murtagh, Eragon realized—added, “Dash yourselves against the walls all you want; you will never take Dras-Leona, not so long as Thorn and I are here to defend it.

Send your finest warriors and magicians to fight us, and they will die, each and every one. That I promise.

There isn’t a man among you who can best us. Not even you … Brother. Run back to your hiding places before it is too late, and pray that Galbatorix does not venture forth to deal with you himself.

Otherwise, death and sorrow will be your only reward.”

A TOSS OF THE BONES

Sir, sir! The gate’s opening!”

Roran looked up from the map he was studying as one of the camp sentinels burst into the tent, red-faced and panting.
“Which gate?” Roran asked, a deadly calm settling over him. “Be precise.” He put aside the rod he had been using to measure distances.

“The one closest to us, sir ... on the road, not the canal.”

Pulling his hammer out from under his belt, Roran left the tent and ran through the camp to its southern edge. There he trained his gaze on Aroughs. To his dismay, he saw several hundred horsemen pouring out of the city, their brightly colored pennants snapping in the wind as they assembled in a broad formation before the black maw of the open gateway.

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_They’ll cut us to pieces_, Roran thought, despairing. Only a hundred fifty or so of his men remained in the camp, and many were wounded and unable to fight. All the rest were at the mills he had visited the previous day, or at the slate mine farther down the coast, or along the banks of the westernmost canal, searching for the barges that were needed if his plan was to succeed. None of the warriors could be recalled in time to fend off the horsemen.

When he sent the men on their missions, Roran had been aware that he was leaving the camp vulnerable to a counterattack. However, he had hoped that the city folk would be too cowed by the recent assaults on their walls to attempt anything so daring—and that the warriors he had kept with him would be sufficient to convince any distant observers that the main body of his force was still stationed among the tents.

The first of those assumptions, it seemed, had most definitely proven to be a mistake. Whether the defenders of Aroughs were aware of his ruse, he was not entirely sure, but he thought it likely, given the rather limited number of horsemen gathering in front of the city. If the soldiers or their commanders had anticipated facing the full strength of Roran’s company, he would have expected them to field twice as many troops. In either event, he still had to figure out a way to stave off their attack and save his men from being slaughtered.

Baldor, Carn, and Brigman ran up, weapons in hand. As Carn hastily donned a mail shirt, Baldor said, “What do we do?” “There’s nothing we can do,” said Brigman. “You’ve doomed this whole expedition with your foolishness, Stronghammer. We have to flee—now—before those cursed riders are upon us.” Roran spat on the ground. “Retreat? We’ll not retreat. The men can’t escape on foot, and even if they could, I won’t abandon our wounded.”

“Don’t you understand? We’ve lost here. If we stay, we’ll be killed—or worse, taken prisoner!”

“Leave it, Brigman! I’m not about to turn tail and run!”
"Why not? So you don’t have to admit you failed? Because you hope to salvage something of your honor in one final, pointless battle? Is that it? Can’t you see that you’ll only be causing the Varden even greater harm?"

By the base of the city, the horsemen raised their swords and spears over their heads and—with a chorus of whoops and shouts that were audible even over the distance—dug their spurs into their steeds and began to thunder across the sloping plain toward the Varden’s encampment.

Brigman resumed his tirade: “I won’t let you squander our lives merely to assuage your pride. Stay if you must, but—”

“Quiet!” Roran bellowed. “Keep your muzzle shut, or I’ll shut it for you! Baldor, watch him. If he does anything you don’t like, let him feel the point of your sword.” Brigman swelled with anger, but he held his tongue as Baldor raised his sword and aimed it at Brigman’s breast.

Roran guessed that he had maybe five minutes to decide upon a course of action. Five minutes in which so much hung in the balance.

He tried to imagine how they could kill or maim enough of the horsemen to drive them away, but almost immediately he discounted the possibility. There was nowhere to herd the onrushing cavalry where his men might have the advantage. The land was too flat, too empty, for any such maneuvers.

*We can’t win if we fight, so—What if we scare them? But how? Fire? Fire might prove as deadly to friend as to foe.*

*Besides*, the damp grass would only smolder. Smoke? No, that’s of no help. He glanced over at Carn. “Can you conjure up an image of Saphira and have her roar and breathe fire, as if she were really here?”

The spellcaster’s thin cheeks drained of color. He shook his head, his expression panicky. “Maybe. I don’t know, I’ve never tried before. I’d be creating an image of her from memory. It might not even look like a living creature.” He nodded toward the line of galloping horsemen. “They’d know something was wrong.”

Roran dug his nails into his palm. Four minutes remained, if that. “It might be worth a try,” he muttered. “We just need to distract them, confuse them....” He glanced at the sky, hoping to see a curtain of rain sweeping toward the camp, but alas, a pair of attenuated clouds drifting high above was the only formation visible. Confusion, uncertainty, doubt ... What is it people fear? The unknown, the things they don’t understand, that’s what.
In an instant, Roran thought of a half-dozen schemes to undermine the confidence of their foes, each more outlandish than the last, until he struck upon an idea that was so simple and so daring, it seemed perfect. Besides, unlike the others, it appealed to his ego, for it required the participation of only one other person: Carn.

“Order the men to hide in their tents!” he shouted, already beginning to move. “And tell them to keep quiet; I don’t want to hear so much as a peep from them unless we’re attacked!” Going to the nearest tent, which was empty, Roran jammed his hammer back under his belt and grabbed a dirty woolen blanket from one of the piles of bedding on the ground. Then he ran to a cookfire and scooped up a wide, stumplike section of log the warriors had been using as a stool.

With the log under one arm and the blanket thrown over the opposite shoulder, Roran sprinted out of the camp toward a slight mound perhaps a hundred feet in front of the tents. “Someone get me a set of knucklebones and a horn of mead!” he called. “And fetch me the table my maps are on. Now, blast it, now!”

Behind him, he heard a tumult of footsteps and jangling equipment as the men rushed to conceal themselves inside their tents. An eerie silence fell over the camp a few seconds later, save for the noise created by the men collecting the items he had requested.

Roran did not waste time looking back. At the crest of the mound, he set the log upright on its thicker end and twisted it back and forth several times to ensure that it would not wobble beneath him. When he was satisfied it was stable, he sat on it and looked out over the sloping field toward the charging horsemen.

Three minutes or less remained until they would arrive. Through the wood beneath him, he could feel the drumming of the horses’ hooves—the sensation growing stronger every second. “Where are the knucklebones and mead?!” he shouted without taking his eyes off the cavalry.

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He smoothed his beard with a quick pass of his hand and tugged on the hem of his tunic. Fear made him wish that he were wearing his mail hauberk, but the colder, more cunning part of his mind reasoned that it would cause his enemies even greater apprehension to see him sitting there with no armor, as if he were totally at his ease. The same part of his mind also convinced him to leave his hammer tucked in his belt, so it would appear he felt safe in the presence of the soldiers.

“Sorry,” Carn said breathlessly as he ran up to Roran, along with a man who was carrying the small folding table from Roran’s tent. They placed the table before him and spread the blanket over it, whereupon Carn handed Roran a horn half-full of mead, as well as a leather cup containing the usual five knucklebones.
“Go on, get out of here,” he said. Carn turned to leave, but Roran caught him by the arm. “Can you make the air shimmer on either side of me, as it does above a fire on a cold winter’s day?” Carn’s eyes narrowed. “Possibly, but what good—”

“Just do it if you can. Now go, hide yourself!”

As the lanky magician sprinted back toward the camp, Roran shook the knucklebones in the cup, then poured them out onto the table and began to play by himself, tossing the bones into the air—first one, then two, then three, and so forth—and catching them on the back of his hand. His father, Garrow, had often amused himself in a like manner while smoking his pipe and sitting in a rickety old chair on the porch of their house during the long summer evenings of Palancar Valley. Sometimes Roran had played with him, and when he did, he usually lost, but mostly Garrow had preferred to compete against himself.

Though his heart was thumping hard and fast and his palms were slick with sweat, Roran strove to maintain a calm demeanor. If his gambit was to have the slightest chance of success, he had to comport himself with an air of unbreakable confidence, regardless of his actual emotions.

He kept his gaze focused on the knucklebones and refused to look up even as the horsemen drew closer and closer. The sound of the galloping animals swelled until he became convinced that they were going to ride right over him.

What a strange way to die, he thought, and smiled grimly. Then he thought of Katrina and of their unborn child, and he took comfort in the knowledge that, should he die, his bloodline would continue. It was not immortality such as Eragon possessed, but it was an immortality of a sort, and it would have to suffice.

At the last moment, when the cavalry was only a few yards away from the table, someone shouted,

“Whoa! Whoa there! Rein in your horses. I say, rein in your horses!” And, with a clatter of buckles and creaking leather, the champing line of animals reluctantly slowed to a halt.

And still, Roran kept his eyes angled downward.

He sipped the pungent mead, then tossed the bones again and caught two of them on the back of his hand, where they lay rocking on the ridges of his tendons.

The aroma of freshly overturned soil wafted over him, warm and comforting, along with the distinctly less pleasant smell of lathered horseflesh.

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“Ho there, my fine fellow!” said the same man who had ordered the soldiers to halt. “Ho there, I say!

Who are you to sit here this splendid morning, drinking and enjoying a merry game of chance, as if you hadn’t a care in the world? Do we not merit the courtesy of being met with drawn swords? Who are you, I say?”

Slowly, as if he had just noticed the presence of the soldiers and considered it to be of little importance, Roran raised his gaze from the table to regard a small bearded man with a flamboyantly plumed helm who sat before him on an enormous black war-horse, which was heaving like a pair of bellows.

“I’m nobody’s fine fellow, and certainly not yours,” Roran said, making no effort to conceal his dislike at being addressed in such a familiar manner. “Who are you, I might ask, to interrupt my game so rudely?”

The long, striped feathers mounted atop the man’s helm bobbed and fluttered as he looked Roran over, as if Roran were an unfamiliar creature he had encountered while hunting. “Tharos the Quick is my name, Captain of the Guard. Rude as you are, I must tell you, it would grieve me mightily to kill a man as bold as yourself without knowing his name.” As if to emphasize his words, Tharos lowered the spear he held until it was pointing at Roran.

Three rows of riders were clustered close behind Tharos. Among their numbers, Roran spied a slim, hook-nosed man with the emaciated face and arms—which were bare to the shoulders—that Roran had come to associate with the spellcasters of the Varden. Very suddenly, he found himself hoping that Carn had succeeded in making the air shimmer. However, he dared not turn his head to look.

“Stronghammer is my name,” he said. With a single deft movement, he gathered up the knucklebones, tossed them skyward, and caught three on his hand. “Roran Stronghammer, and Eragon Shadeslayer is my cousin. You might have heard mention of him, if not of me.” A rustle of unease spread among the line of horsemen, and Roran thought he saw Tharos’s eyes widen for an instant. “An impressive claim, that, but how can we be sure of its veracity? Any man might say he is another if it served his purpose.”

Roran drew his hammer and slammed it down on the table with a muffled thump. Then, ignoring the soldiers, he resumed his game. He uttered a noise of disgust as two of the bones fell from the back of his hand, costing him the round.

“Ah,” said Tharos, and coughed, clearing his throat. “You have a most illustrious reputation, Stronghammer, although some argue that it has been exaggerated beyond all reason. Is it true, for example, that you single-handedly felled nigh on three hundred men in the village of Deldarad in Surda?”

“I never learned what the place was called, but if Deldarad it was, then yes, I slew many a soldier there.
It was only a hundred ninety-three, however, and I was well guarded by my own men while I fought.”

“Only a hundred ninety-three?” Tharos said in a wondering tone. “You are too modest, Stronghammer.

Such a feat might earn a man a place in many a song and story.” Roran shrugged and lifted the horn to his mouth, feigning the action of swallowing, for he could not afford to have his mind clouded by the potent dwarf brew. “I fight to win, not to lose…. Let me offer you a drink, as one warrior to another,” he said, and extended the horn toward Tharos.

The short warrior hesitated, and his eyes darted toward the spellcaster behind him for a second. Then he

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wet his lips and said, “Perhaps I will at that.” Dismounting his charger, Tharos handed his spear to one of the other soldiers, pulled off his gauntlets, and walked over to the table, where he cautiously accepted the horn from Roran.

Tharos sniffed at the mead, then downed a hearty quaff. The feathers on his helm quivered as he grimaced.

“It’s not to your liking?” Roran asked, amused.

“I confess, these mountain drinks are too harsh for my tongue,” Tharos said, returning the horn to Roran.

“I much prefer the wines of our fields; they are warm and mellow and less likely to strip a man of his senses.”

"’Tis sweet as mother’s milk to me,” Roran lied. “I drink it morning, noon, and night.” Donning his gloves once again, Tharos returned to the side of his horse, hauled himself into the saddle, and took back his spear from the soldier who had been holding it for him. He directed another glance toward the hook-nosed spellcaster behind him, whose complexion, Roran noticed, had acquired a deathly cast in the brief span since Tharos had set foot on the ground. Tharos must have noticed the change in his magician as well, for his own expression became strained.

“My thanks for your hospitality, Roran Stronghammer,” he said, raising his voice so that his entire troop could hear. “Mayhap I will soon have the honor of entertaining you within the walls of Aroughs. If so, I promise to serve you the finest wines from my family’s estate, and perhaps with them I will be able to wean you off such barbaric milk as you have there. I think you will find our wine has much to recommend it. We let it age in oaken casks for months or sometimes even years. It would be a pity if all that work
were wasted and the casks were knocked open and the wine were allowed to run out into the streets and paint them red with the blood of our grapes.”

“That would indeed be a shame,” Roran replied, “but sometimes you cannot avoid spilling a bit of wine when cleaning your table.” Holding the horn out to one side, he tipped it over and poured what little mead remained onto the grass below.

Tharos was utterly still for a moment—even the feathers on his helm were motionless—then, with an angry snarl, he yanked his horse around and shouted at his men, “Form up! Form up, I say.... Yah!” And with that final yell, he spurred his horse away from Roran, and the rest of the soldiers followed, urging their steeds to a gallop as they retraced their steps to Aroughs.

Roran maintained his pretense of arrogance and indifference until the soldiers were well away, then he slowly released his breath and rested his elbows on his knees. His hands were trembling slightly.

It worked, he thought, amazed. He heard men running toward him from the camp, and he looked over his shoulder to see Baldor and Carn approaching, accompanied by at least fifty of the warriors who had been hiding within the tents.

“You did it!” exclaimed Baldor as they drew near. “You did it! I can’t believe it!” He laughed and slapped Roran on the shoulder hard enough to knock him against the table.

The other men crowded around him, also laughing, as well as praising him with extravagant phrases, boasting that under his leadership they would capture Aroughs without so much as a single casualty, and

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belittling the courage and character of the city’s inhabitants. Someone shoved a warm, half-full wineskin into his hand, which he stared at with unexpected loathing, then passed to the man directly to his left.

“Did you cast any spells?” he asked Carn, his words barely audible over the hubbub of the celebrations.

“What?” Carn leaned closer, and Roran repeated his question, whereupon the magician smiled and nodded vigorously. “Aye. I managed to make the air shimmer as you wanted.”

“And did you attack their enchanter? When they left, he looked as if he was about to faint.” Carn’s smile broadened. “It was his own doing. He kept trying to break the illusion he thought I had created—to pierce the veil of shimmering air so he could see what lay behind—but there was nothing to break, nothing to pierce, so he expended all his strength in vain.” Then Roran chuckled, and his chuckle grew into a long, full-bodied
laugh that rose above the excited clamor and rolled out over the fields in the direction of Aroughs.

For several minutes, he allowed himself to bask in the admiration of his men, until he heard a loud warning cry from one of the sentries stationed at the edge of the camp.

“Move aside! Let me see!” said Roran, and sprang to his feet. The warriors complied, and he beheld a lone man off to the west—whom he recognized as one of the party he had sent to search the banks of the canals—riding hard over the fields, heading toward the camp. “Have him come here,” instructed Roran, and a lanky, red-haired swordsman ran off to intercept the rider.

While they waited for the man to arrive, Roran picked up the knucklebones and dropped them, one by one, into the leather cup. The bones made a satisfying clatter as they landed.

As soon as the warrior was within hailing distance, Roran called out, “Ho there! Is all well? Were you attacked?”

To Roran’s annoyance, the man remained silent until he was only a few yards away, whereupon he jumped off his mount and presented himself before Roran, standing as stiff and straight as a sun-starved pine, and, in a loud voice, exclaimed, “Captain, sir!” Upon closer inspection, Roran realized that the man was actually more of a boy—that, in fact, he was the same scraggly youth who had grabbed his reins when he had first ridden into the camp. The realization did nothing to sate Roran’s frustrated curiosity, though.

“Well, what is it? I haven’t got all day.”

“Sir! Hamund sent me to tell you that we found all the barges we need and that he’s building the sleds to transport them across to the other canal.”

Roran nodded. “Good. Does he need any more help to get them there in time?”

“Sir, no sir!”

“And is that all?”

“Sir, yes sir!”

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“You don’t have to keep calling me sir. Once is enough. Understood?”

“Sir, yes—Uh, yes s—Uh, I mean, yes, of course.”
Roran suppressed a smile. “You’ve done well. Get yourself something to eat and then ride out to the mine and report back to me. I want to know what they’ve accomplished so far.”

“Yes sir—Sorry, sir—that is, I didn’t ... I’ll be going at once, Captain.” Two spots of crimson appeared on the youth’s cheeks as he stammered. He ducked his head in a quick bow, then hurried back to his steed and trotted off toward the tents.

The visit left Roran in a more serious mood, for it reminded him that, as fortunate as they were to have won a reprieve from the soldiers’ blades, there was much that still needed doing, and any of the tasks that lay before them might cost them the siege if handled badly.

To the warriors at large, he said, “Back to the camp with the lot of you! I want two rows of trenches dug around the tents by nightfall; those yellow-bellied soldiers might change their minds and decide to attack anyway, and I want to be prepared.” A few of the men groaned at the mention of digging trenches, but the rest appeared to accept the order with good humor.

In a low voice, Carn said, “You don’t want to tire them out too much before tomorrow.”

“I know,” Roran replied, also in a soft tone. “But the camp needs fortifying, and it’ll help keep them from brooding. Besides, no matter how worn out they may be tomorrow, battle will give them new strength. It always does.”

The day passed quickly for Roran when he was concentrating on some immediate problem or occupied with intense physical exertion, and slowly whenever his mind was free to ponder their situation. His men worked valiantly—by saving them from the soldiers, he had won their loyalty and devotion in a way that words never could—but it seemed ever more obvious to him that, despite their efforts, they would not be able to finish the preparations in the brief span of hours that remained.

All through the late morning, afternoon, and early evening, a sense of sick hopelessness grew within Roran, and he cursed himself for deciding upon such a complicated and ambitious plan.

I should have known from the start that we didn’t have the time for this, he thought. But it was too late to try some other scheme. The only option left was to strive their utmost and hope that, somehow, it would be enough to wrest victory from the mistakes of his incompetence.

When dusk arrived, a faint spark of optimism leavened his pessimism, for all of a sudden, the preparations began to come together with unexpected speed. And a few hours later, when it was fully dark and the stars shone bright overhead, he found himself standing by the mills along with almost seven hundred of his men, having completed all of the arrangements needed if they were to capture Aroughs before the end of the following day.
Roran uttered a short laugh of relief, pride, and incredulousness as he gazed upon the object of their toils.

Then he congratulated the warriors around him and bade them return to their tents. “Rest now, while you can. We attack at dawn!”

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And the men cheered, despite their evident exhaustion.

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MY FRIEND, MY ENEMY

That night, Roran’s sleep was shallow and troubled. It was impossible for him to entirely relax, knowing the importance of the upcoming battle and that he might very well be wounded during the fighting, as he often had been before. Those two thoughts caused a line of vibrating tension to form between his head and the base of his spine, a line that pulled him out of his dark, weird dreams at regular intervals.

As a result, he woke easily when a soft, dull thud sounded outside his tent.

He opened his eyes and stared at the panel of fabric above his head. The interior of the tent was barely visible, and only because of the faint line of orange torchlight that seeped through the gap between the flaps at the entrance. The air felt cold and dead against his skin, as if he were buried in a cave deep underground. Whatever the time, it was late, very late. Even the animals of the night would have returned to their lairs and gone to sleep. No one ought to be up, save the sentinels, and the sentinels were stationed nowhere near his tent.

Roran kept his breathing as slow and shallow as he could while he listened for any other noises. The loudest thing he heard was the beating of his own heart, which grew stronger and faster as the line of tension within him thrummed like a plucked lute string.

A minute passed.

Then another.

Then, just when he began to think there was no cause for alarm and the hammering in his veins began to slow, a shadow fell across the front of the tent, blocking the light from the torches beyond.

Roran’s pulse tripled, his heart pounding as hard as if he were running up the side of a mountain.
Whoever was there could not have come to rouse him for the assault on Aroughs, nor to bring him some piece of intelligence, for they would not have hesitated to call his name and barge inside.

A black-gloved hand—only a shade darker than the surrounding murk—slid between the entrance flaps and groped for the tie that held them closed.

Roran opened his mouth to raise the alarm, then changed his mind. It would be foolish to waste the advantage of surprise. Besides, if the intruder knew he had been spotted, he might panic, and panic could make him even more dangerous.

With his right hand, Roran carefully pulled his dagger from under the rolled-up cloak he used as a pillow and hid the weapon by his knee, beneath a fold in the blanket. At the same time, he grasped the edge of the blankets with his other hand.

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A rim of golden light outlined the shape of the intruder as he slipped into the tent. Roran saw that the man was wearing a padded leather jerkin, but no plate or mail armor. Then the flap fell shut, and darkness enveloped them again.

The faceless figure crept toward where Roran lay.

Roran felt as if he was going to pass out from lack of air as he continued to restrict his breathing so that it would appear he was still asleep.

When the intruder was halfway to the cot, Roran tore his blankets off, threw them over the man, and, with a wild yell, leaped toward him, drawing back the dagger to stab him in the gut.

“Wait!” cried the man. Surprised, Roran stayed his hand, and the two of them crashed to the ground together. “Friend! I’m a friend!”

A half second later, Roran gasped as he felt two hard blows to his left kidney. The pain nearly incapacitated him, but he forced himself to roll away from the man, trying to put some distance between them.

Roran pushed himself to his feet, then he again charged at his attacker, who was still struggling to free himself from the blanket.

“Wait, I’m your friend!” cried the man, but Roran was not about to trust him a second time. It was well he did not, for as he slashed at the intruder, the man trapped Roran’s right arm and dagger with a twirl of the blankets, then slashed at Roran with a knife he had produced from his jerkin. There was a faint tugging sensation across Roran’s chest, but it was so slight, he paid it no mind.
Roran bellowed and yanked on the blanket as hard as he could, pulling the man off his feet and throwing him against one side of the tent, which collapsed on top of them, trapping them under the heavy wool.

Roran shook the twisted blanket off his arm, then crawled toward the man, feeling his way through the darkness.

The hard sole of a boot struck Roran’s left hand, and the tips of his fingers went numb.

Lunging forward, Roran caught the man by an ankle as he was trying to turn to face him head-on. The man kicked like a rabbit and broke Roran’s grip, but Roran grabbed his ankle again and squeezed it through the thin leather, digging his fingers into the tendon at the back of the heel until the man roared in pain.

Before he could recover, Roran clawed his way up the man’s body and pinned his knife hand to the ground. Roran tried to drive his dagger into the man’s side, but he was too slow; his opponent found his wrist and seized it with a grip of iron.

“Who are you?” Roran growled.

“I’m your friend,” the man said, his breath warm in Roran’s face. It smelled like wine and mulled cider. Then he knee’d Roran in the ribs three times in quick succession.

Roran bashed his forehead against the assassin’s nose, breaking it with a loud snap. The man snarled and thrashed underneath him, but Roran refused to let him go.

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“You’re … no friend of mine,” said Roran, grunting as he bore down on his right arm and slowly pushed the dagger toward the man’s side. As they strained against one another, Roran was vaguely aware of people shouting outside the fallen tent.

At last the man’s arm buckled, and with sudden ease, the dagger plunged through his jerkin and into the softness of living flesh. The man convulsed. Fast as he could, Roran stabbed him several more times, then buried the dagger in his chest. Through the hilt of the dagger, Roran felt the birdlike flutters of the man’s heart as it cut itself to pieces on the razor-sharp blade. Twice more the man shuddered and jerked, then ceased resisting and simply lay there, panting.

Roran continued to hold him as the life drained out of him, their embrace as intimate as any lovers’.

Though the man had tried to kill him, and though Roran knew nothing about him besides that fact, he could not help but feel a sense of terrible closeness to him. Here was another human being—another living, thinking creature—whose life was ending because of what he had done.
“Who are you?” he whispered. “Who sent you?”

“I ... I almost killed you,” said the man, sounding perversely satisfied. Then he uttered a long, hollow sigh, his body went limp, and he was no more.

Roran let his head fall forward against the man’s chest and gasped for air, shaking from head to toe as the shock of the attack racked his limbs.

People began to pull at the fabric resting on top of him. “Get it off me!” Roran shouted, and lashed out with his left arm, unable to bear any longer the oppressive weight of the wool, and the darkness, and the cramped space, and the stifling air.

A rent appeared in the panel above him as someone cut through the wool. Warm, flickering torchlight poured through the opening.

Frantic to escape his confinement, Roran lurched to his feet, grabbed at the edges of the slit, and dragged himself out of the collapsed tent. He staggered into the light, wearing nothing but his breeches, and looked round in confusion.

Baldor was standing there, as were Carn, Delwin, Mandel, and ten other warriors, all of whom held swords and axes at the ready. None of the men were fully dressed, save for two, whom Roran recognized as sentinels posted on the night watch.

“Gods,” someone exclaimed, and Roran turned to see one of the warriors peeling back the side of the ruined tent to expose the corpse of the assassin.

The dead man was of an unimposing size, with long, shaggy hair gathered in a ponytail and a leather patch mounted over his left eye. His nose was crooked and squashed flat—broken by Roran—and a mask of blood covered the lower part of his shaved face. More blood caked his chest and side and the ground beneath him. It appeared almost too much to have come from a single person.

“Roran,” said Baldor. Roran continued to stare at the assassin, unable to tear his gaze away. “Roran,” Baldor said again, but louder. “Roran, listen to me. Are you hurt? What happened? ... Roran!”

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The concern in Baldor’s voice finally caught Roran’s attention. “What?” he asked.

“Roran, are you hurt?!”

Why would he think that? Puzzled, Roran looked down at himself. The hair on his torso was matted with gore from top to bottom, while streaks of blood covered his arms and stained the upper part of his breeches.
“I’m fine,” he said, though he had difficulty forming the words. “Has anyone else been attacked?” In response, Delwin and Hamund moved apart, revealing a slumped body. It was the youth who had been running messages for him earlier.

“Oh!” groaned Roran, and sorrow filled him. “What was he doing wandering about?” One of the warriors stepped forward. “I shared a tent with him, Captain. He always had to step out to relieve himself at night, ‘cause he drank so much tea before turning in. His mother told him it would keep him from getting sick… He was a good sort, Captain. He didn’t deserve to be cut down from behind by some sneaking coward.”

“No, he didn’t,” Roran murmured. If he hadn’t been there, I would be dead now. He motioned toward the assassin. “Are there any more of these killers on the loose?” The men stirred, glancing at each other; then Baldor said, “I don’t think so.”

“Have you checked?”

“No.”

“Well then check! But try not to wake up everyone else; they need their sleep. And see to it that guards are stationed at the tents of all the commanders from now on.” … Should have thought of that before.

Roran stayed where he was, feeling dull and stupid as Baldor issued a series of quick orders, and everyone but Carn, Delwin, and Hamund dispersed. Four of the warriors picked up the crumpled remains of the boy and carried him away to bury, while the rest set out to search the camp.

Going over to the assassin, Hamund nudged the man’s knife with the tip of his boot. “You must have scared those soldiers more than we thought this morning.”

“Must have.”

Roran shivered. He was cold all over, especially his hands and feet, which were like ice. Carn noticed and fetched him a blanket. “Here,” said Carn, and wrapped it around Roran’s shoulders. “Come sit by one of the watchfires. I’ll have some water heated so you can clean yourself. All right?” Roran nodded, not trusting his tongue to work.

Carn started to lead him away, but before they had gone more than a few feet, the magician abruptly halted, forcing Roran to stop as well. “Delwin, Hamund,” said Carn, “bring me a cot, something to sit on, a jug of mead, and several bandages as fast as you can. Now, if you please.”

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“What of you?”

“I’m going to wash, find a tunic, and then check with Baldor and see if he’s ferreted out any more of Galbatorix’s killers.”

“Aren’t you going to lie down?”

“No.” Without meaning to, he scratched at his chest. He stopped himself when he realized what he was doing. “I couldn’t sleep before, and now …”

“I understand.” Carn slowly rose from the stool. “I’ll be in my tent if you need me.” Roran watched him stumble heavy-footed into the darkness. When he was no longer visible, Roran closed his eyes and thought of Katrina, in an attempt to calm himself. Summoning what little remained of his strength, he went over to his collapsed tent and dug through it until he located his clothes, weapons, armor, and a waterskin. The whole while, he studiously avoided looking at the body of the assassin, though he sometimes caught a glimpse as he moved about the pool of tangled cloth.

Finally, Roran knelt and, with eyes averted, yanked his dagger out of the corpse. The blade came free with the slithery sound of metal scraping against bone. He gave the dagger a hard shake, to remove any loose blood, and heard the splatter of several droplets striking the ground.

In the cold silence of the night, Roran slowly prepared himself for battle. Then he sought out Baldor—who assured him that no one else had gotten past the sentinels—and walked the perimeter of the camp, reviewing every aspect of their upcoming assault on Aroughs. Afterward, he found half a cold chicken left uneaten from dinner and sat gnawing on it and gazing at the stars.

Yet, no matter what he did, his mind returned again and again to the sight of the young man lying dead outside his tent. Who is it who decides that one man should live and another should die? My life wasn’t worth any more than his, but he’s the one who’s buried, while I get to enjoy at least a few more hours above the ground. Is it chance, random and cruel, or is there some purpose or pattern to all this, even if it lies beyond our ken?

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A FLOURMADE OF FLAME

How do you like having a sister?” Roran asked Baldor as they rode side by side toward the nearest set of mills in the gray half-light that precedes dawn.

“There’s not much to like, is there? I mean, there’s not much of her yet, if you take my meaning. She’s as small as a kitten.” Baldor tugged on his reins as his horse tried to veer toward a patch of particularly lush grass next to the trail. “It’s strange to have another sibling—brother or sister—after so long.” Roran nodded. Twisting in the saddle, he
glanced back over his shoulder, checking to make sure that the column of six hundred and fifty men who were following them on foot were keeping pace. At the mills,

Attachment: Textual Equivalence; Conjunction (Reiteration and Collocation)

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Roran dismounted and tethered his horse to a hitching post before the lowest of the three buildings. One warrior stayed behind to escort the animals back to camp.

Roran walked over to the canal and descended the wooden steps set within the muddy bank, which brought him to the edge of the water. Then he stepped out onto the rearmost of the four barges that were floating together in a line.

The barges were more like crude rafts than the flat-bottomed boats the villagers had ridden down the coast from Narda to Teirm, for which Roran was grateful, because it meant that they did not have pointed prows. This had made it relatively easy to fasten the four barges end to end with boards, nails, and ropes, thus creating a single rigid structure almost five hundred feet long. The slabs of cut slate that the men had, at Roran’s direction, hauled in wagons from the mine lay piled at the front of the lead barge, as well as along the sides of both the first and second barges. On top of the slate, they had heaped sacks of flour—which they had found stored within the mills—until they had built a wall level with their waists. Where the slate ended on the second barge, the wall continued on, composed entirely of the sacks: two deep and five high.

The immense weight of the slate and the densely packed flour, combined with that of the barges themselves, served to transform the entire floating structure into a massive, waterborne battering ram, which Roran hoped would be capable of plowing through the gate at the far end of the canal as if it were made of so many rotted sticks. Even if the gate was enchanted—though Carn did not believe it was—Roran didn’t think any one
magician, save Galbatorix, would be strong enough to negate the forward momentum of the barges once they began to move downstream.

Also, the mounds of stone and flour would provide a measure of protection from spears, arrows, and other projectiles.

Roran carefully made his way across the shifting decks to the head of the barges. He wedged his spear and his shield against a pile of slate, then turned to watch as the warriors filed into the corridor between the walls.

Every man who boarded pushed the heavily laden barges deeper and deeper into the water, until they rode only a few inches above the surface.

Carn, Baldor, Hamund, Delwin, and Mandel joined Roran where he stood. They had all, by unspoken consent, elected to take for themselves the most dangerous position on the floating ram. If the Varden were to force their way into Aroughs, it would require a high degree of luck and skill, and none of them were willing to trust the attempt to anyone else.

Toward the rear of the barges, Roran glimpsed Brigman standing among the men he had once commanded. After Brigman’s near insubordination the previous day, Roran had stripped him of all remaining authority and confined him to his tent. However, Brigman had begged to be allowed to join the final attack on Aroughs, and Roran had reluctantly agreed; Brigman was handy with a blade, and every sword would make a difference in the upcoming fight.

Roran still wondered if he had made the right decision. He was fairly confident that the men were now loyal to him, not to Brigman, but Brigman had been their captain for many months, and such bonds were not easily forgotten. Even if Brigman did not try to cause trouble in the ranks, he had proved willing and able to ignore orders, at least when they came from Roran.

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If he gives me any reason to distrust him, I’ll strike him down on the spot, Roran thought. But the resolution was a futile one. If Brigman did turn on him, it would most likely be in the midst of such confusion that Roran would not even notice until it was too late.

When all but six of the men were packed onto the barges, Roran cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted, “Pry them loose!” Two men stood upon the berm at the very top of the hill—the berm that slowed and held back the flow of water down the canal from the marshes to the north. Twenty feet below them lay the first waterwheel and the pool beneath it. At the front of that pool was the second berm, whereon stood two more men.
Another twenty feet below them was the second waterwheel and the second deep, still pool. At the far end of the pool was the final berm and the final pair of men. And at the base of the final berm was the third and last waterwheel. From it, the current then flowed smoothly over the land until it arrived at Aroughs.

Built into the berms were the three sluice gates Roran had insisted upon closing, with Baldor’s help, during his first visit to the mills. Over the course of the past two days, teams of men wielding shovels and pickaxes had dived under the rising water and cut away at the berms from the backsides until the layers of packed earth were nearly ready to give way. Then they had driven long, stout beams into the dirt on either side of the sluice gates.

The men on the middle and topmost berms now grasped those beams—which protruded several feet from the embankments—and began to work them back and forth with a steady rhythm. In accordance with their plan, the duo stationed on the lowest berm waited several moments before they, too, joined in the effort.

Roran gripped a flour sack as he watched. If their timing was off by even a few seconds, disaster would ensue.

For almost a minute, nothing happened. Then, with an ominous rumble, the topmost sluice gate was pried free. The berm bulged outward, the earth cracking and crumbling, and a huge tongue of muddy water poured over the waterwheel below, spinning it faster than it was ever intended to turn.

As the berm collapsed, the men standing on top of it jumped to shore, landing with only inches to spare.

Spray shot up thirty feet or more as the tongue of water plunged into the smooth black pool underneath the waterwheel. The impact sent a frothing wave several feet high rushing toward the next berm.

Seeing it coming, the middlemost pair of warriors abandoned their posts, also leaping for the safety of solid ground.

It was well they did. When the wave struck, needle-thin jets erupted around the frame of the next sluice gate, which then flew out of its setting as if a dragon had kicked it, and the churning contents of the pool swept away what remained of the berm.

The raging torrent crashed against the second waterwheel with even more force than it had the previous one. The timbers groaned and creaked under the onslaught, and for the first time, it occurred to Roran that one or more of the wheels might break loose. If that happened, it would pose a serious danger to his men, as well as to the barges, and could very well end the attack on Aroughs before it had even begun.

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“Cut us loose!” he shouted.

One of the men chopped through the rope that tethered them to the bank, while others bent to pick up ten-foot-long poles, which they stuck into the canal and pushed on with all their might.

The heavily laden barges inched forward, gaining speed far slower than Roran would have liked.

Even as the avalanche of water bore down upon them, the two men standing on the lowest berm continued to pull on the beams embedded within the weakened rampart. Less than a second before the avalanche washed over them, the berm shuddered and sagged, and the men threw themselves off of it.

The water punched a hole in the earthen dam as easily as if it were made of sodden bread and slammed into the final waterwheel. Wood shattered—the sound as loud and sharp as breaking ice—and the wheel canted outward several degrees, but to Roran’s relief, it held. Then, with a thunderous roar, the pillar of water dashed itself against the base of the terraced hill with an explosion of mist.

A gust of cold wind slapped Roran in the face, more than two hundred yards downstream.

“Faster!” he shouted to the men poling the barge, as a turbulent mass of water emerged from within the folds of mist and hurtled down the canal.

The flood overtook them with incredible speed. When it collided with the back of the four conjoined barges, the entire craft jolted forward, throwing Roran and the warriors toward the stern and knocking a number of them off their feet. Some sacks of flour dropped into the canal or rolled inward, against the men.

As the surging water lifted the rearmost barge several feet above the rest, the nearly five-hundred-foot-long vessel began to slue sideways. If the trend continued, Roran knew they would soon become wedged between the banks of the canal, and that, moments later, the force of the current would tear the barges apart.

“Keep us straight!” he bellowed, pushing himself off the sacks of flour he had fallen on. “Don’t let us turn!”

At the sound of his voice, the warriors scrambled to push the lumbering vessel away from the sloping banks and toward the center of the canal. Springing atop the piles of slate at the prow, Roran shouted directions, and together they successfully steered the barges down the curving channel.

“We did it!” Baldor exclaimed, a stupid grin on his face.
“Don’t crow yet,” Roran warned. “We still have a ways to go.” The eastern sky had turned straw yellow by the time they were level with their camp, a mile from Aroughs. At the speed they were moving, they would reach the city before the sun peeked over the horizon, and the gray shadows that covered the land would help shroud them from the lookouts stationed on the walls and towers.

Although the leading edge of the water had already outstripped them, the barges were still gathering speed, as the city lay below the mills and there was not a single hill or hummock between to slow their progress.

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“Listen,” said Roran, cupping his hands around his mouth and raising his voice so that all the men could hear. “We may fall into the water when we hit the outer gate, so be prepared to swim. Until we can get onto dry land, we’ll make easy targets. Once we’re ashore, we have but one goal: to make our way up to the inner wall before they think to close the gates there, because if they do, we’ll never capture Aroughs. If we can get past that second wall, it should be a simple matter to find Lord Halstead and force his surrender. Failing that, we’ll secure the fortifications at the center of the city, then move outward, street by street, until all of Aroughs is under our control.

“Remember, we’ll be outnumbered by more than two to one, so stay close to your shield mate and be on your guard at all times. Don’t wander off by yourself, and don’t let yourself be separated from the rest of the group. The soldiers know the streets better than we do, and they’ll ambush you when you least expect it. If you do end up alone, head for the center, because that’s where we’ll be.

“Today we strike a mighty blow for the Varden. Today we win honor and glory such as most men dream about. Today ... today we grave our mark onto the face of history. What we accomplish in the next few hours, the bards will sing about for a hundred years to come. Think of your friends. Think of your families. of your parents, your wives, your children. Fight well, for we fight for them. We fight for freedom!”

The men roared in response.

Roran let them work themselves into a frenzy; then he lifted a hand and said, “Shields!” And, as one, the men crouched and lifted their shields, covering themselves and their companions so that it looked as if the middle of the makeshift battering ram were clad in scale armor made to fit the limb of a giant.

Satisfied, Roran hopped down from the pile of slate and looked at Carn, Baldor, and the four other men who had traveled with him from Belatona. The youngest, Mandel, appeared apprehensive, but Roran knew his nerves would hold.

“Ready?” he asked, and they each answered in the affirmative.
Then Roran laughed, and when Baldor pressed him for an explanation, he said, “If only my father could see me now!” And Baldor laughed as well.

Roran kept a keen eye on the main swell of the water. Once it entered the city, the soldiers might notice that something was amiss and raise the alarm. He wanted them to raise the alarm, but not for that reason, and so, when it appeared the swell was about five minutes away from Aroughs, he motioned to Carn and said, “Send the signal.”

The magician nodded and hunched over, his lips moving as they formed the strange shapes of the ancient language. After a few moments, he straightened and said, “It is done.” Roran looked off to the west. There, on the field before Aroughs, stood the Varden’s catapults, ballistae, and siege towers. The siege towers remained motionless, but the other engines of war stirred into action, casting their darts and stones in high, arcing paths toward the pristine white walls of the city.

And he knew that fifty of his men on the far side of the city were even then blowing trumpets, yelling war cries, firing flaming arrows, and doing everything they could to draw the attention of the defending soldiers and make it appear as if a far larger force were attempting to storm the city.

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In the gloom that surrounded them, it was difficult to see what was happening; all was shifting confusion and echoing clamor. Water poured over his feet, and he realized that the barge was awash, though whether it would sink, he could not tell.

“Give me an ax!” he shouted, holding a hand out behind him. “An ax, give me an ax!” He staggered as the barge lurched forward half a foot, nearly knocking him over. The gate had caved inward somewhat, but it was still holding firm. In time, the continued pressure of the water might push the barge through the gate, but he could not wait for nature to take its course.

As someone pressed the smooth haft of an ax into his outstretched hand, six glowing rectangles appeared in the ceiling as covers were drawn back from murder holes. The rectangles flickered, and crossbow bolts hissed down upon the barges, adding loud thumps to the tumult wherever they struck wood.

Somewhere a man screamed.

“Carn!” shouted Roran. “Do something!”

Leaving the magician to his devices, Roran started to crawl up the heaving deck and over the piles of slate toward the prow of the barge. And the barge lurched forward several more inches. Another deafening groan emanated from the center of the gate, and light shone through cracks in the oaken planks.
A quarrel skipped off the slate next to Roran’s right hand, leaving a smear of iron on the stone.

He redoubled his speed.

Just as he reached the very front of the barge, a piercing, grating, tearing sound forced him to clap his hands over his ears and pull back.

A heavy wave washed over him, blinding him for a moment. Blinking to clear his vision, he saw that part of the gate had collapsed into the canal; there was now enough space for the barge to gain access to the city. Above the prow of the vessel, however, jagged spars of wood stuck out from the remnants of the gate at the same height as a man’s chest, neck, or head.

Without hesitation, Roran rolled backward and dropped behind the breastwork of slate. “Heads down!” he roared, covering himself with his shield.

The barges glided forward, out of the hail of deadly crossbow bolts and into an enormous stone room lit by torches mounted on the walls.

At the far end of the room, the water in the canal flowed through another lowered gate, this one a portcullis from top to bottom. Through the latticework of wood and metal, Roran could see buildings within the city proper.

Extending from both sides of the room were stone quays for loading and unloading cargo. Pulleys, ropes, and empty nets hung from the ceiling, and a crane was mounted upon a high stone platform in the middle of each artificial shore. At the front of the room and at the back, stairs and walkways protruding from the mold-covered walls would allow a person to cross over the water without getting wet. The rear walkway also granted access to the guardrooms above the tunnel the barges had entered through, as well

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One of the things Roran liked about fighting with a hammer was that he did not have to pay much attention to what kind of armor his opponents were wearing. A hammer, like any blunt weapon, inflicted injuries by the strength of its impact, not by the cutting or piercing of flesh. The simplicity of the approach appealed to him.

The third soldier on the walkway managed to shoot a bolt at him before he took another step. This time the shaft of the quarrel made it halfway through his shield and almost poked him in the chest. Keeping the deadly point well away from his body, Roran charged the man and swung at his shoulder. The soldier used his crossbow to block the attack, so Roran immediately followed with a backhand blow of his shield, which knocked the soldier screaming and flailing over the railing of the walkway.
The maneuver left Roran wholly exposed, however, and as he returned his attention to the five soldiers who remained on the walkway, he saw three of them aiming straight at his heart.

The soldiers fired.

Just before the bolts tore through him, they veered to the right and skittered across the blackened walls, like giant angry wasps.

Roran knew it was Carn who had saved him, and he resolved to find some way to thank the magician once they were no longer in mortal danger.

He charged the remaining soldiers and dispatched them with a furious volley of strikes, as if they were so many bent nails he was hammering down. Then he broke off the crossbow bolt that was sticking through his shield and turned to see how the battle below was progressing.

The last soldier on the docks crumpled to the blood-streaked floor at that very moment, and his head rolled away from his body and dropped into the canal, where it sank beneath a plume of bubbles.

Roughly two-thirds of the Varden had disembarked and were gathering in orderly ranks along the edge of the water.

Roran opened his mouth, intending to order them to move back from the canal—so that the men still on the barges had more room to get off—when the doors set into the left wall burst open and a horde of soldiers poured into the room.

Blast it! Where are they coming from? And how many are there?

Just as Roran started toward the stairs to help his men fend off the newcomers, Carn—who still stood at the head of the listing barges—raised his arms, pointed at the onrushing soldiers, and shouted a series of harsh, twisted words in the ancient language.

At his eldritch command, two sacks of flour and a single slab of slate flew off the barges and into the ranks of closely packed soldiers, cutting down over a dozen. The sacks burst open after the third or fourth impact, and clouds of ivory flour billowed out over the soldiers, blinding and choking them.

A second later, there was a flare of light next to the wall behind the soldiers, and a huge roiling fireball, orange and sooty, raced through the clouds of flour, devouring the fine powder with rapacious greed and producing a sound like a hundred flags flapping in a high wind.