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 wherever they may be, in whatever time they work, this effort at prediction is
 dedicated in humility and admiration. Book One DUNE A beginning is the time for
 Bene Gesserit knows. To begin your study in the life of Muadib, then, take care
 that you first place him in his time: born on the 57th year of the Padshah Emperor,

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know about the Fremens?" The Harkensons sneered at the Fremens, hunted them policy to sport, never even bothering trying to count them. We know the Harkensons hunted policy planetary populations—spent as little as possible to maintain them. The relationship threads in the hawk symbol were the hawk's breast glistened as the Duke shifted his position. "You see?" We're negotiating with the Fremens right now." Paul said. "I sent a mission headed by Duncan (labo), the Duke said, "A proud and ruthless man. Duncan, but fond of the truth. It takes the Fremens will admire him. If we're lucky, he may judge us by him; Duncan, the moral." Duncan, the moral," Paul said, "is 'Gurney the valorous.' 'You name them well,' the Duke said. And Paul thought Gurney's one of those Reverend Morant meant, a supporter of worlds—" "The valior of the brave." "Gurney tells me you did well in weapons today," the Duke said. "That isn't what he told me." The Duke laughed aloud. "I figured Gurney to be sparing with his praise. He says you have a nicely of awareness—in his own words—of the difference between a blade's edge and its tip." "Gurney says there's no artistry in killing with the tip, that it should be done with the edge." "Gurney's a romantic," the Duke growled. This talk of killing surprisedly disturbed him, coming from his son. "I'll tell you, the tip is the most dangerous part of a blade." "The tip is the most dangerous part of a blade or the edge?" He looked up at the skylight, on which the rain was drumming. Seeing the rain on the skylight, he thought of the well he stepped out there—a thing never to be seen on Arrakis from all accounts—and this thought of skies put him in mind the space beyond. "Are the Guild ships really big?" he asked. The Duke looked at him. "This will be your first time of flying it," he said. "Yes, they're big. We'll be riding Heighliner because it's a long trip. A Heighliner is truly big. Its hold will tuck all our frigates and transports into a little corner—we'll be just a small part of the ship's mail." "And we won't be able to leave our frigates?"