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Gardens Of The Moon

Steven Erikson

About the Book

The opening chapter in Steven Erikson's fantasy masterpiece...

The Malazan empire simmers with discontent, bled dry by interminable warfare, infighting and bloody confrontations with Anomander Rake, Lord of Moon's Spawn, and his Tiste Andii. Even the imperial legions yearn for some respite. Yet Empress Lasseen's rule – enforced by her feared Claw assassins – remains absolute.

For Sergeant Whiskeyjack and his squad of Bridgeburners, and for Tattersail, surviving sorceress of the Second Legion, the aftermath of the siege of Pale should have been a time to pause, to mourn the many dead. But the imperial gaze has fallen upon the ancient citadel of Darujhistan. This, the last of the Free Cities of Genabackis, yet dares to hold out.

However, the empire is not alone in this great game. Sinister, shadowbound forces gather as the gods themselves prepare to play their hand...

Steven Erikson is an archaeologist and anthropologist and a graduate of the Iowa Writers' Workshop. The first seven novels in his *Malazan Book of the Fallen* sequence – *Gardens of the Moon*, *Deadhouse Gates*, *Memories of Ice*, *House of Chains*, *Midnight Tides*, *The Bonehunters* and *Reaper's Gale* – have met with widespread international acclaim and established him as a major voice in the world of fantasy fiction. The thrilling eighth instalment in this remarkable story, *Toll the Hounds*, is coming soon from Bantam Press. Steven Erikson lives in British Columbia, Canada.

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By Steven Erikson

GARDENS OF THE MOON

DEADHOUSE GATES

MEMORIES OF ICE

HOUSE OF CHAINS

MIDNIGHT TIDES

THE BONEHUNTERS

REAPER'S GALE

Gardens of the Moon

—A Tale of the—
Malazan Book of the Fallen

STEVEN ERIKSON



BANTAM BOOKS

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This novel is dedicated to

I. C. Esslemont

worlds to conquer worlds to share

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Preface to *Gardens of the Moon* redux

There is no point in beginning something without ambition. In so many aspects of my life I have heeded that notion, and it has led to more than one fiery crash through the years. I still recall, with some bitterness, the response Cam (Ian C. Esslemont) and I received when flogging our co-written feature film and television scripts: ‘Wonderful! Unique! Very funny, very dark . . . but here in Canada, well, we just can’t budget for this stuff. Good luck.’ In many ways, it was what followed by way of advice that proved the most crushing. ‘Try something . . . simpler. Something like everything else out there. Something less . . . *ambitious*.’

We’d walk out of meetings frustrated, despondent, baffled. Did we really hear an invitation to mediocrity? Sure sounded like it.

Well, screw that.

Gardens of the Moon. Just to muse on that title resurrects all those notions of ambition, all that youthful ferocity that seemed to drive me headlong against a wall time and again. The need to *push*. Defy convention. Go for the throat.

I like to think I was entirely aware of what I was doing back then. That my vision was crystal clear and that I was actually standing there, ready to spit in the face of the genre, even as I reveled in it (for how could I not? As much as I railed against the tropes, I loved reading the stuff). Now, I’m not so sure. It’s easy to ride on instinct in the moment, only to look back later and attribute cognitive mindfulness to everything that worked (while ignoring everything that didn’t). Too easy.

In the years and many novels since, certain facts have made themselves plain. Beginning with *Gardens of the Moon*, readers will either hate my stuff or love it. There’s no in-between. Naturally, I’d rather everybody loved it, but I understand why this will never be the case. These are not lazy books. You can’t float through, you just can’t. Even more problematic, the first novel begins halfway through a seeming marathon – you either hit the ground running and stay on your feet or you’re toast.

When challenged with writing this preface, I did consider for a time using it as a means of gentling the blow, of easing the shock of being dropped from a great height into very deep water, right there on page one of *Gardens of the Moon*. Some background, some history, some setting of the stage. I’ve since mostly rejected the idea. Dammit, I don’t recall Frank Herbert doing anything like that with *Dune*, and if any novel out there was a direct inspiration in terms of structure, that was the one. I’m writing a history and fictional or not, history has no real beginning point; even the rise and fall of civilizations are far more muddled on the front and back ends than many people might think.

Gardens of the Moon’s bare bones first saw life in a role-playing game. Its first draught was as a feature film co-written by the two creators of the Malazan world, myself and Ian C. Esslemont; a script that languished for lack of interest (‘we don’t do fantasy films because they suck. It’s a dead genre. It involves costumes and costume dramas are as dead as Westerns’ – all this before a whole slew of production companies shoved that truism in their faces, all this long before *Lord of the Rings* hit the big screen).

And that was just it. We were there. We had the goods, we knew that Adult Epic Fantasy was a film’s last unexplored genre – we didn’t count *Willow*, which only earned merit in our eyes for the crossroads scene; the rest of the stuff was for kids through and through. And all the other films coming out in that genre were either B flicks or egregiously flawed in our eyes (gods, what could have

been done with *Conan!*). We wanted a Fantasy version of *The Lion in Winter*, the one with O'Toole and Hepburn. Or ~~*The Three Musketeers* adaptation with Michael York, Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch~~ Richard Chamberlain, etc, just add magic, mates. Our favourite television production was Dennis Potter's *The Singing Detective*, the original one with Gambon and Malahyde. We wanted sophisticated shit, you see. We were pushing Fantasy in that sizzling, scintillating context of jaw-dropping admiration. We were, in other words, as ambitious as hell.

Probably, too, we weren't ready. We didn't quite have the stuff. Thinking past our abilities trapped in the lack of experience. The curse of the young.

When life took Cam in one direction and me in another, we both carried with us the notes for an entire created world. Constructed through hours upon hours of gaming. We had an enormous history that all worked out – the raw material for twenty novels, twice as many films. And we each had copies of a script nobody wanted. The Malazan world was there in hundreds of hand-drawn maps, in pages upon pages of raw notes, in GURPS (Steve Jackson's Generic Universal Role Playing System – an alternative to AD&D) character sheets, building floor-plans, sketches, you name it.

The decision to begin writing the history of the Malazan world began a few years later. I would convert the script into a novel. Cam would write a related novel entitled *Return of the Crimson Guard* (and now, all these years later, and fresh on the heels of his *Night of Knives*, Cam's first epic, *Return of the Crimson Guard* is going to be published). As works of fiction, authorship would belong to the actual writer, the person putting word after word onto the page. For *Gardens*, the conversion meant almost starting from scratch. The script was three acts all set in Darujhistan. The main events were the assassin war on the rooftops and the grand, explosive finale of the fete. There was virtually nothing else. No back story, no context, no real introduction of characters. It was, in fact, more *Raiders of the Lost Ark* than *The Lion in Winter*.

Ambition never goes away. It may shuffle off, grumbling, feet dragging, only to slide across into something else – usually the next project. It doesn't take 'no' for an answer.

In writing *Gardens*, I quickly discovered that 'back story' was going to be a problem no matter how far back I went. And I realized that, unless I spoon-fed my potential readers (something I refuse to do, having railed often enough at writers of fantasy epics treating us readers as if we were idiots) unless I 'simplified', unless I slipped down into the well-worn tracks of what's gone before, I was going to leave readers floundering. And not just readers, but editors, publishers, agents . . .

But, you know, as a reader, as a fan, I never minded floundering – at least for a little while, and sometimes for a long while. So long as other stuff carried me along, I was fine. Don't forget, I worshipped Dennis Potter. I was a fan of DeLillo's *The Names* and Eco's *Foucault's Pendulum*. The reader I had in mind was one who could and would carry the extra weight – the questions not yet answered, the mysteries, the uncertain alliances.

History has proved this out, I think. Readers either bail on the series somewhere in the first third of *Gardens of the Moon*, or they're still sharing the ride to this day, seven going on eight books later.

I have been asked, would I have done it any differently in hindsight? And I honestly don't have an answer to that. Oh, there are elements of style that I'd change here and there, but . . . fundamentally I'm just not sure what else I could have done. I am not and never will be a writer happy to deliver exposition that serves no other function than telling the reader about back story, history, or whatever. If my exposition doesn't have multiple functions – and I do mean multiple – then I'm not satisfied. Turns out, the more functions in it, the more complicated it gets, the more likely it will quietly slip into misdirection, into sleight of hand, and all the back story elements, while possibly there, end up

buried and buried deep.

~~This was fast-paced writing, but it was also, bizarrely and in ways I still can't quite figure, dense~~ writing. So, *Gardens* invites you to read rip-roaringly fast. But the author advises: you'd best not succumb to the temptation.

Here we are, years later now. Should I apologize for that bipolar invitation? To what extent did I show myself in the foot with the kind of introduction to the Malazan world as delivered in *Gardens of the Moon*? And has this novel left me dancing on one foot ever since? Maybe. And sometimes, on midnight afternoons, I ask myself: what if I'd picked up that fat wooden ladle, and slopped the whole mess down the reader's throat, as some (highly successful) Fantasy writers do and have done? Would I now see my sales ranking in the bestseller's lists? Now hold on – am I suggesting that those ultra-popular Fantasy writers have found their success in writing down to their readers? Hardly. Well, not all of them. But then, consider it from my point of view. It took eight years and a move to the UK for *Gardens of the Moon* to find a publisher. It took four more years before a US deal was finalized. The complaint? 'Too complicated, too many characters. Too . . . ambitious.'

I could take the fish-eyed retrospective angle here and say how *Gardens* marked a departure from the usual tropes of the genre, and any departure is likely to meet resistance; but my ego's not that big. It never felt like a departure. Glen Cook's *Dread Empire* and *Black Company* novels had already broken the new ground, but I'd read all those and, wanting more, I pretty much had to write them myself (and Cam felt the same). And while my style of writing did not permit imitation (he's a terrible one, is Cook), I could certainly strive for the same tone of dispirited, wry cynicism, the same ambivalence and a similar sense of atmosphere. Maybe I was aware of the swing away from Good versus Evil, but that just seemed a by-product of growing up – the real world's not like that, who persist in making Fantasy worlds so fundamentally disconnected with reality?

Well, I don't know. It's exhausting just thinking about it.

Gardens is what it is. I have no plans on revision. I don't even know where I'd start.

Better, I think, to offer the readers a quick decision on this series – right there in the first third of the first novel, than to tease them on for five or six books before they turn away in disgust, disinterest or whatever. Maybe, from a marketing position, the latter is preferred – at least in the short term. But thank God, my publishers know a false economy when they see one.

Gardens of the Moon is an invitation, then. Stay with it, and come along for the ride. I can only promise that I have done my best to entertain. Curses and cheers, laughter and tears, it's all in here.

One last word to all you nascent writers out there. Ambition is not a dirty word. Piss on compromise. Go for the throat. Write with balls, write with eggs. Sure, it's a harder journey but take it from me, it's well worth it.

Cheers,
Steven Erikson
Victoria, British Columbia
December 2007

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Malazan Empire

Onearm's Host

Tattersail, Cadre Sorceress, 2nd Army, a reader of the Deck of Dragons

Hairlock, Cadre Mage, 2nd Army, an unpleasant rival of Tayschrenn

Calot, Cadre Mage, 2nd Army, Tattersail's lover

Toc the Younger, scout, 2nd Army, a Claw agent badly scarred at the Siege of Pale

The Bridgeburners

Sergeant Whiskeyjack, 9th Squad, past commander of the 2nd Army

Corporal Kalam, 9th Squad, an ex-Claw from Seven Cities

Quick Ben, 9th Squad, a Seven Cities Mage

Sorry, 9th Squad, a deadly killer in the guise of a young girl

Hedge, 9th Squad, a sapper

Fiddler, 9th Squad, a sapper

Trotts, 9th Squad, a Barghast warrior

Mallet, 9th Squad, the squad healer

Sergeant Antsy, 7th Squad

Picker, 7th Squad

The Imperial Command

Ganoes Stabro Paran, a noble-born officer in the Malazan Empire

Dujek Onearm, High Fist, Malazan Armies, Genabackis Campaign

Tayschrenn, High Mage to the Empress

Bellurdan, High Mage to the Empress

Nightchill, High Sorceress to the Empress

A'Karonys, High Mage to the Empress

Lorn, Adjunct to the Empress

Topper, Commander of the Claw

Empress Laseen, Ruler of the Malazan Empire

House Paran (Unta)

Tavore, Ganoes' sister (middle-child)

Felisin, Ganoes' youngest sister

Gamet, House Guard and veteran

In the Emperor's Time

Emperor Kellanved, the founder of the Empire, assassinated by Laseen

Dancer, the Emperor's chief adviser, assassinated by Laseen

Surly, Laseen's old name when Commander of the Claw

Dassem Ultor, the First Sword of Empire, killed outside Y'ghatan, Seven Cities

Toc (the Elder), disappeared in Laseen's purges of the Old Guard

In Darujhistan

The Phoenix Inn Regulars

Kruppe, a man of false modesty

Crokus Younghand, a young thief

Rallick Nom, an assassin in the Guild

Murillio, a courtier

Coll, a drunk

Meese, a regular

Irilta, a regular

Scurve, the barman

Sulty, a serving woman

Chert, an unlucky bully

The T'orrud Cabal

Baruk, a High Alchemist

Derudan, a Witch of Tennes

Mammoth, a High Priest of D'riss and eminent scholar, uncle to Crokus

Travale, a pious soldier of the Cabal

Tholis, a High Mage

Parald, a High Mage

The Council

Turban Orr, a powerful councilman and Simtal's lover

Lim, an ally of Turban Orr

Simtal, Lady of Simtal Estate

Estraysian D'Arle, a rival of Turban Orr

Chalice D'Arle, his daughter

The Guild of Assassins

Vorcan, Mistress of the Guild (also known as the Master of Assassins)

Ocelot, Rallick Nom's Clan Leader

Talo Krafar, an assassin of Jurrig Denatte's Clan

Krute of Talient, an agent of the Guild

Also in the city

The Eel, a rumoured master-spy

Circle Breaker, an agent of the Eel

Vildrom, a city guard

Captain Stillis, Captain of Guard, Simtal Estate

Further players

The Tiste Andii

Anomander Rake, Lord of Moon's Spawn, Son of Darkness, Knight of Darkness

Serrat, second-in-command to Rake

Korlat, a night-hunter and blood-kin to Serrat

Orfantal, a night-hunter

Horult, a night-hunter

The T'lan Imass

Logros, Commander of the T'lan Imass Clans serving the Malazan Empire

Onos T'oolan, a clanless warrior

Pran Chole, a Bonecaster (shaman) of the Kron T'lan Imass

Kig Aven, a Clan Leader

Others

Crone, a Great Raven and servant to Anomander Rake

Silannah, an Eleint and companion to Anomander Rake

Raest, a Jaghut Tyrant

K'rul, an Elder God, the Maker of Paths

Caladan Brood, the warlord, opposing the Malazan armies in the North Campaign

Kallor, Brood's second-in-command

Prince K'azz D'Avore, Commander of the Crimson Guard

Jorrick Sharplance, a Crimson Guard officer

Cowl, a High Mage in the Crimson Guard

Corporal Blues, Sixth Blade of the Crimson Guard

Fingers, Sixth Blade of the Crimson Guard

The Hound Baran, a Hound of Shadow

The Hound Blind, a Hound of Shadow

The Hound Gear, a Hound of Shadow

The Hound Rood, a Hound of Shadow

The Hound Shan, a Hound of Shadow

The Hound Doan, a Hound of Shadow

The Hound Ganrod, a Hound of Shadow

Shadowthrone/Ammanas, Ruler of the Warren of Shadow

The Rope/Cotillion, Companion of Shadowthrone and Patron of Assassins

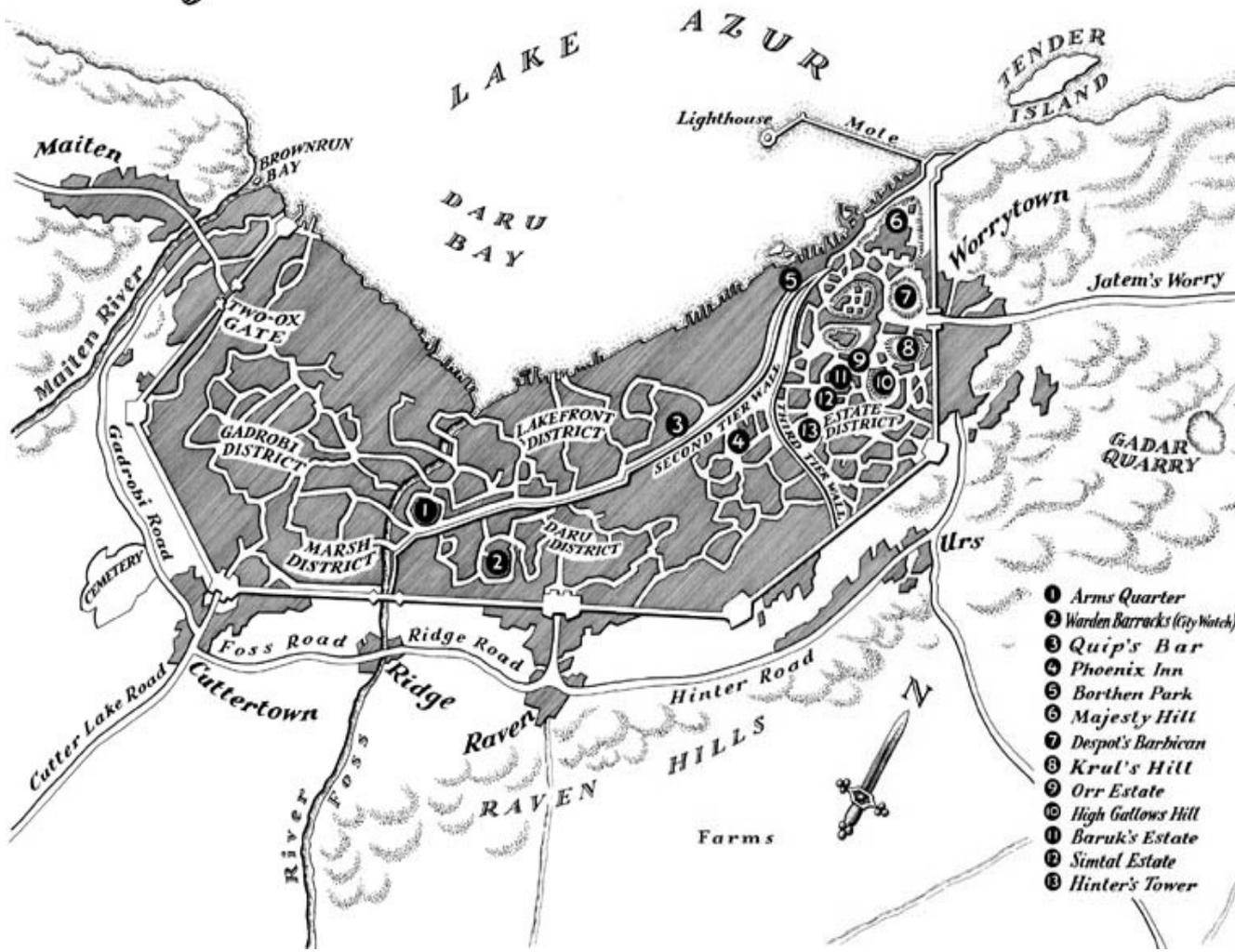
Icarium, Builder of the Wheel of Ages in Darujhistan

Mappo, Icarium's companion

The Pannion Seer, a Prophet Tyrant ruling the Pannion Domin

Darujhistan

SCALE
0 1/2 1m



- ① Arms Quarter
- ② Warden Barracks (City Watch)
- ③ Quip's Bar
- ④ Phoenix Inn
- ⑤ Borthen Park
- ⑥ Majesty Hill
- ⑦ Despot's Barbican
- ⑧ Krul's Hill
- ⑨ Orr Estate
- ⑩ High Gallows Hill
- ⑪ Baruk's Estate
- ⑫ Simtal Estate
- ⑬ Hinder's Tower

Now these ashes have grown cold, we open the old book. These oil-stained pages recount the tales of the Fallen, a frayed empire, words without warmth. The hearth has ebbed, its gleam and life's spark are but memories against dimming eyes – what cast my mind, what hue my thoughts as I open the Book of the Fallen and breathe deep the scent of history? Listen, then, to these words carried on that breath. These tales are the tales of us all, again yet again. We are history relived and that is all, without end that is all.

The Emperor is dead!

~~So too his right hand – now cold, now severed!~~

But mark these dying shadows,
twinned and flowing bloody and beaten,
down and away from mortal sight . . .

From sceptre's rule dismissed,
from gild candelabra the light now fled,
from a hearth ringed in hard jewels,
seven years this warmth has bled . . .

The Emperor is dead.

So too his master'd companion, the rope cut clean.

But mark this burgeoning return –
faltering dark, the tattered shroud –
embracing children in Empire's dying light.

Hear now the dirge faint reprised,
before the sun's fall, this day spills red
on buckled earth, and in obsidian eyes
vengeance chimes seven times . . .

Call to Shadow (I.i. 1–18)

Felisin (b.1146)

Prologue

1154th Year of Burn's Sleep
96th Year of the Malazan Empire
The Last Year of Emperor Kellanved's Reign

THE STAINS OF rust seemed to map blood seas on the black, pocked surface of Mock's Vane. A century old, it squatted on the point of an old pike that had been bolted to the outer top of the Hold's wall. Monstrous and misshapen, it had been cold-hammered into the form of a winged demon, teeth bared in a leering grin, and was tugged and buffeted in squealing protest with every gust of wind.

The winds were contrary the day columns of smoke rose over the Mouse Quarter of Malaz City. The Vane's silence announced the sudden falling-off of the sea breeze that came clambering over the ragged walls of Mock's Hold, then it creaked back into life as the hot, spark-scattered and smoke-filled breath of the Mouse Quarter reached across the city to sweep the promontory's heights.

Ganoes Stabro Paran of the House of Paran stood on tiptoe to see over the merlon. Behind him rose Mock's Hold, once capital of the Empire but now, since the mainland had been conquered, relegated once more to a Fist's holding. To his left rose the pike and its wayward trophy.

For Ganoes, the ancient fortification overlooking the city was too familiar to be of interest. This visit was his third in as many years; he'd long ago explored the courtyard with its heavy cobblestones, the Old Keep – now a stable, its upper floor home to pigeons and swallows and bats – and the citadel where even now his father negotiated the island export tithe with the harbour officials. In the last instance, of course, a goodly portion was out of bounds, even for a son of a noble house; for it was in the citadel that the Fist had his residence, and in the inner chambers that such affairs of the Empire as concerned this island were conducted.

Mock's Hold forgotten behind him, Ganoes' attention was on the tattered city below, and the riots that ran through its poorest quarter. Mock's Hold stood atop a cliff. The higher land of the Pinnacle was reached by a switchback staircase carved into the limestone of the cliff wall. The drop to the city below was eighty armspans or more, with the Hold's battered wall adding still another six. The Mouse Quarter was at the city's inland edge, an uneven spreading of hovels and overgrown tiers cut in half by the silty heavy river that crawled towards the harbour. With most of Malaz City between Ganoes' position and the riots, it was hard to make out any detail, beyond the growing pillars of black smoke.

It was midday, but the flash and thundering concussion of magery made the air seem dark and heavy.

Armour clanking, a soldier appeared along the wall near him. The man leaned vambraced forearm on the battlement, the scabbard of his longsword scraping against the stones. 'Glad for your punishment, eh?' he asked, grey eyes on the smouldering city below.

The boy studied the soldier. He already knew the complete regimental accoutrements of the Imperial Army, and the man at his side was a commander in the Third – one of the Emperor's own, an élite. On his dark grey shoulder-cloak was a silver brooch: a bridge of stone, lit by ruby flames. *Bridgeburner.*

High-ranking soldiers and officials of the Empire commonly passed through Mock's Hold. The island of Malaz remained a vital port of call, especially now that the Korel wars to the south had begun. Ganoes had brushed shoulders with more than his share, here and in the capital, Unta.

'Is it true, then?' Ganoes asked boldly.

‘Is what true?’

‘~~The First Sword of Empire. Dassem Ultor. We heard in the capital before we left. He’s dead. Is true? Is Dassem dead?~~’

The man seemed to flinch, his gaze unwavering on the Mouse. ‘Such is war,’ he muttered, under his breath, as if the words were not meant for anyone else’s ears.

‘You’re with the Third. I thought the Third was with him, in Seven Cities. At Y’Ghatan—’

‘Hood’s Breath, they’re still looking for his body in the still-hot rubble of that damned city, and here you are, a merchant’s son three thousand leagues from Seven Cities with information only a few are supposed to possess.’ He still did not turn. ‘I know not your sources, but take my advice and keep what you know to yourself.’

Ganoes shrugged. ‘It’s said he betrayed a god.’

Finally the man faced him. His face was scarred, and something that might have been a burn marred his jaw and left cheek. For all that, he looked young for a commander. ‘Heed the lesson then, son.’

‘What lesson?’

‘Every decision you make can change the world. The best life is the one the gods don’t notice. You want to live free, boy, live quietly.’

‘I want to be a soldier. A hero.’

‘You’ll grow out of it.’

Mock’s Vane squealed as a wayward gust from the harbour cleared the grainy smoke. Ganoes could now smell rotting fish and the waterfront’s stink of humanity.

Another Bridgeburner, this one with a broken, scorched fiddle strapped to his back, came up to the commander. He was wiry and if anything younger – only a few years older than Ganoes himself, who was twelve. Strange pockmarks covered his face and the backs of his hands, and his armour was a mixture of foreign accoutrements over a threadbare, stained uniform. A shortsword hung in a cracked wooden scabbard at his hip. He leaned against the merlon beside the other man with the ease of long familiarity.

‘It’s a bad smell when sorcerers panic,’ the newcomer said. ‘They’re losing control down there. Hardly the need for a whole cadre of mages, just to sniff out a few wax-witches.’

The commander sighed. ‘Thought to wait to see if they’d rein themselves in.’

The soldier grunted. ‘They are all new, untested. This could scar some of them for ever. Besides,’ he added, ‘more than a few down there are following someone else’s orders.’

‘A suspicion, no more.’

‘The proof’s right there,’ the other man said. ‘In the Mouse.’

‘Perhaps.’

‘You’re too protective,’ the man said. ‘Surly says it’s your greatest weakness.’

‘Surly’s the Emperor’s concern, not mine.’

A second grunt answered that. ‘Maybe all of us before too long.’

The commander was silent, slowly turning to study his companion.

The man shrugged. ‘Just a feeling. She’s taking a new name, you know. Laseen.’

‘Laseen?’

‘Napan word. Means—’

‘I know what it means.’

‘Hope the Emperor does, too.’

Ganoes said, ‘It means Thronemaster.’

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