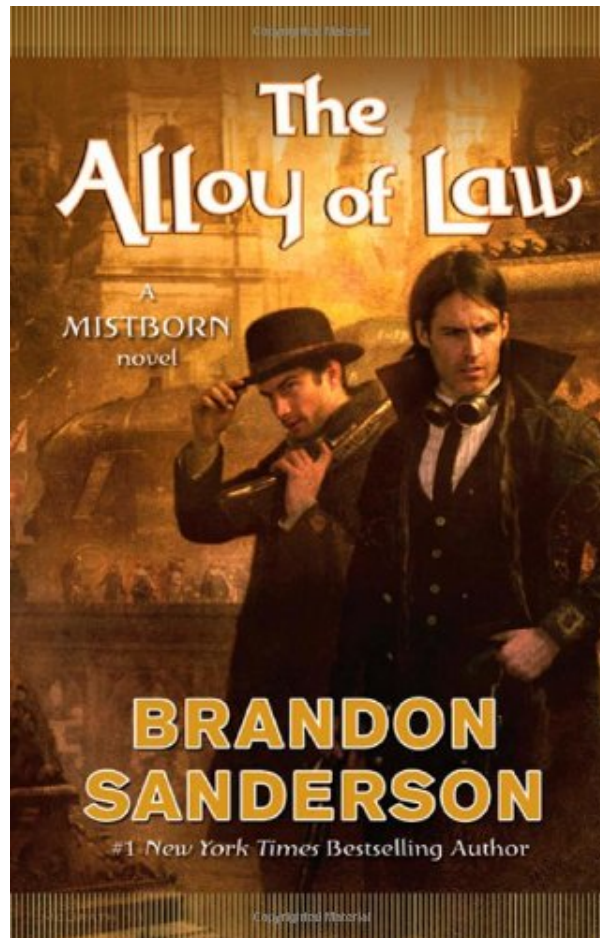
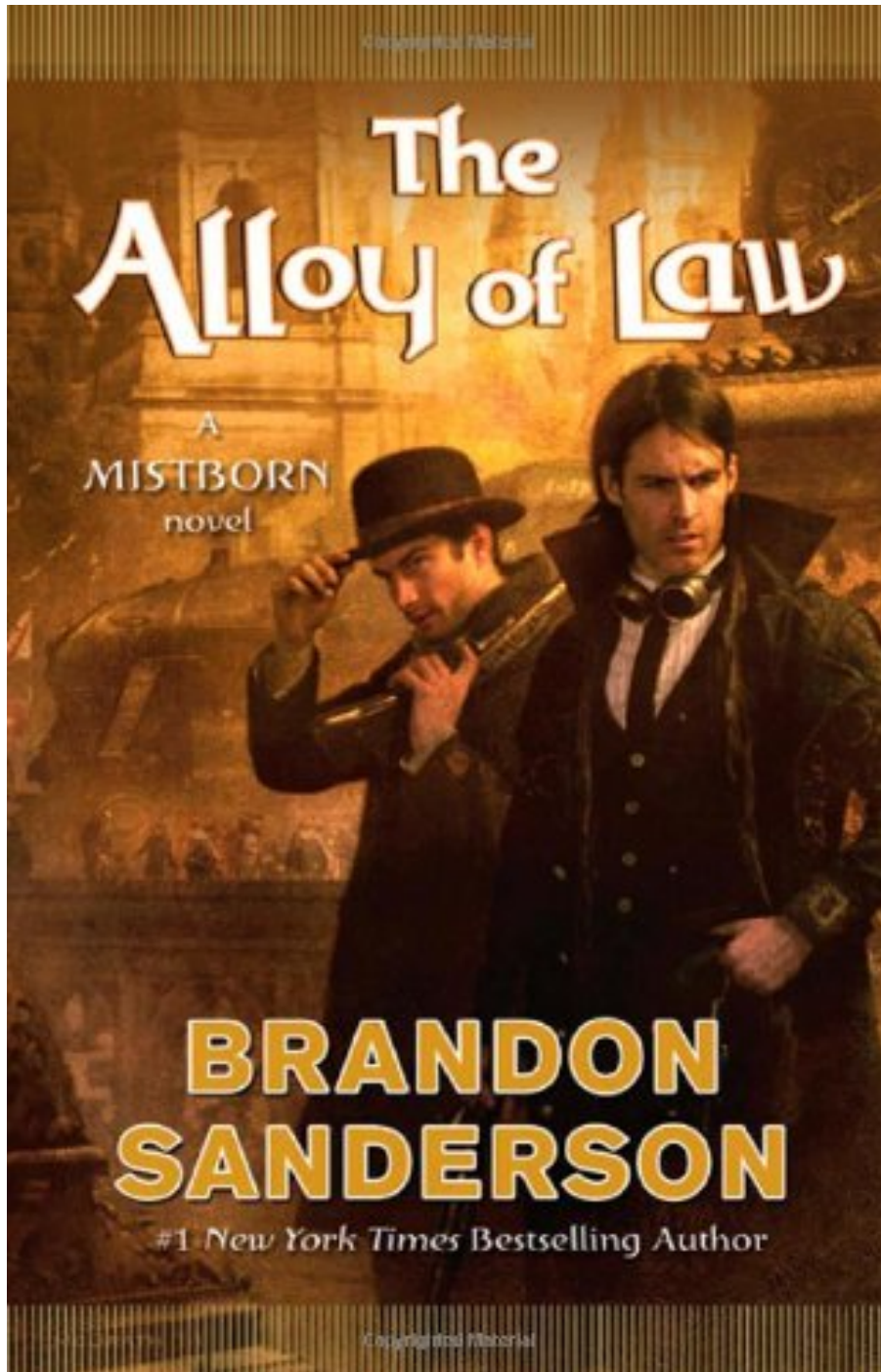


THE ALLOY OF LAW: A MISTBORN NOVEL BY BRANDON SANDERSON



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Review

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back rooms of the party, where dazzling electric lights—the talk of the city—produced a steady, too-even light to ward off the evening’s gloom. Outside the windows, he could see mist tickling the glass.

Defying decorum, Wax pushed his way through the room’s enormous glass double doors and stepped out onto the mansion’s grand balcony. There, finally, he felt like he could breathe again.

He closed his eyes, taking the air in and out, feeling the faint wetness of the mists on the skin of his face. Buildings are so ... suffocating here in the city, he thought. Have I simply forgotten about that, or did I not notice it when I was younger?

He opened his eyes, and rested his hands on the balcony railing to look out over Elendel. It was the grandest city in all the world, a metropolis designed by Harmony himself. The place of Wax’s youth. A place that hadn’t been his home for twenty years.

Though it had been five months since Lessie’s death, he could still hear the gunshot, see the blood sprayed on the bricks. He had left the Roughs, moved back to the city, answering the desperate summons to do his duty to his house at his uncle’s passing.

Five months and a world away, and he could still hear that gunshot. Crisp, clean, like the sky cracking.

Behind him, he could hear musical laughter coming from the warmth of the room. Cett Mansion was a grand place, full of expensive woods, soft carpets, and sparkling chandeliers. No one joined him on the balcony.

From this vantage, he had a perfect view of the lights down Demoux Promenade. A double row of bright electric lamps with a steady, blazing whiteness. They glowed like bubbles along the wide boulevard, which was flanked by the even wider canal, the still and quiet waters reflecting the light. An evening railway engine called a greeting as it chugged through the distant center of the city, hemming the mists with darker smoke.

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“Lord Waxillium?” a voice asked from behind.

He turned to find an older woman, Lady Aving Cett, peeking out the door at him. Her gray hair was up in a bun and she wore rubies at her neck. “By Harmony, my good man. You’ll take a chill out here! Come, there are some people you will wish to meet.”

“I’ll be along presently, my lady,” Wax said. “I’m just getting a little air.”

Lady Cett frowned, but retreated. She didn’t know what to make of him; none of them did. Some saw him as a mysterious scion of the Ladrian family, associated with strange stories of the realms beyond the mountains. The rest assumed him to be an uncultured, rural buffoon. He figured he was probably both.

He’d been on show all night. He was supposed to be looking for a wife, and pretty much everyone knew it. House Ladrian was insolvent following his uncle’s imprudent management, and the easiest path to solvency was marriage. Unfortunately, his uncle had also managed to offend three-quarters of the city’s upper crust.

Wax leaned forward on the balcony, the Sterrion revolvers under his arms jabbing his sides. With their long barrels, they weren’t meant to be carried in underarm holsters. They had been awkward all night.

He should be getting back to the party to chat and try to repair House Ladrian’s reputation. But the thought of that crowded room, so hot, so close, sweltering, making it difficult to breathe....

Giving himself no time to reconsider, he swung off over the side of the balcony and began falling three stories toward the ground. He burned steel, then dropped a spent bullet casing slightly behind himself and

Pushed against it; his weight sent it speeding down to the earth faster than he fell. As always, thanks to his Feruchemy, he was lighter than he should have been. He hardly knew anymore what it felt like to go around at his full weight.

When the casing hit the ground, he Pushed against it and sent himself horizontally in a leap over the garden wall. With one hand on its stone top, he vaulted out of the garden, then reduced his weight to a fraction of normal as he fell down the other side. He landed softly.

Ah, good, he thought, crouching down and peering through the mists. The coachmen's yard. The vehicles everyone had used to get there were arranged here in neat rows, the coachmen themselves chatting in a few cozy rooms that spilled orange light into the mists. No electric lights here; just good, warmth-giving hearths.

He walked among the carriages until he found his own, then opened the trunk strapped to the back.

Off came his gentleman's fine dinner coat. Instead he threw on his mistcoat, a long, enveloping garment like a duster with a thick collar and cuffed sleeves. He slipped a shotgun into its pocket on the inside, then buckled on his gun belt and moved the Sterrions into the holsters at his hips.

Ah, he thought. Much better. He really needed to stop carrying the Sterrions and get some more practical weapons for concealment. Unfortunately, he'd never found anything as good as Ranette's work. Hadn't she moved to the city, though? Perhaps he could look her up and talk her into making him something. Assuming she didn't shoot him on sight.

A few moments later, he was running through the city, the mistcoat light upon his back. He left it open at the front, revealing his black shirt and gentleman's trousers. The ankle-length mistcoat had been divided into strips from just above the waist, the tassels streaming behind him with a faint rustle.

He dropped a bullet casing and launched himself high into the air, landing atop the building across the street from the mansion. He glanced back at it, the windows ablaze in the evening dark. What kind of rumors was he going to start, vanishing from the balcony like that?

Well, they already knew he was Twinborn—that was a matter of public record. His disappearance wasn't going to do much to help patch his family's reputation. For the moment, he didn't care. He'd spent almost every evening since his return to the city at one social function or another, and they hadn't had a misty night in weeks.

He needed the mists. This was who he was.

Wax dashed across the rooftop and leaped off, moving toward Demoux Promenade. Just before hitting the ground, he flipped a spent casing down and Pushed on it, slowing his descent. He landed in a patch of decorative shrubs that caught his coat tassels and made a rustling noise.

Damn. Nobody planted decorative shrubs out in the Roughts. He pulled himself free, wincing at the noise. A few weeks in the city, and he was already getting rusty?

He shook his head and Pushed himself into the air again, moving out over the wide boulevard and parallel canal. He angled his flight so he crested that and landed on one of the new electric lamps. There was one nice thing about a modern city like this; it had a lot of metal.

He smiled, then flared his steel and Pushed off the top of the streetlamp, sending himself in a wide arc through the air. Mist streamed past him, swirling as the wind rushed against his face. It was thrilling. A man never truly felt free until he'd thrown off gravity's chains and sought the sky.

As he crested his arc, he Pushed against another streetlight, throwing himself farther forward. The long row of metal poles was like his own personal railway line. He bounded onward, his antics drawing attention from those in passing carriages, both horse-drawn and horseless.

He smiled. Coinshots like himself were relatively rare, but Elendel was a major city with an enormous population. He wouldn't be the first man these people had seen bounding by metal through the city. Coinshots often acted as high-speed couriers in Elendel.

The city's size still astonished him. Millions lived here, maybe as many as five million. Nobody had a sure count across all of its wards—they were called octants, and as one might expect, there were eight of them.

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THE ALLOY OF LAW: A MISTBORN NOVEL BY BRANDON SANDERSON PDF

Fresh from the success of *The Way of Kings*, Brandon Sanderson, best known for completing Robert Jordan's *Wheel of Time*®, takes a break to return to the world of the bestselling Mistborn series.

Three hundred years after the events of the Mistborn trilogy, Scadrial is now on the verge of modernity, with railroads to supplement the canals, electric lighting in the streets and the homes of the wealthy, and the first steel-framed skyscrapers racing for the clouds.

Kelsier, Vin, Elend, Sazed, Spook, and the rest are now part of history?or religion. Yet even as science and technology are reaching new heights, the old magics of Allomancy and Feruchemy continue to play a role in this reborn world. Out in the frontier lands known as the Roughts, they are crucial tools for the brave men and women attempting to establish order and justice.

One such is Waxillium Ladrian, a rare Twinborn, who can Push on metals with his Allomancy and use Feruchemy to become lighter or heavier at will. After twenty years in the Roughts, Wax has been forced by family tragedy to return to the metropolis of Elendel. Now he must reluctantly put away his guns and assume the duties and dignity incumbent upon the head of a noble house. Or so he thinks, until he learns the hard way that the mansions and elegant tree-lined streets of the city can be even more dangerous than the dusty plains of the Roughts.

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- Dimensions: 9.59" h x 1.21" w x 6.37" l, 1.20 pounds
- Binding: Hardcover
- 332 pages

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Most helpful customer reviews

148 of 158 people found the following review helpful.

Great story within a great world by a great author. Incomplete, however.

By Tommy

I have read most of Brandon Sanderson's novels, including his Wheel Of Time additions. I am a big fan of his, and the genre in general, and read almost excessively. After having read the original Mistborn trilogy, I was very excited to hear this one announced. I only recently got to this book on my list, and having completed it in a single day I come away with mixed feelings.

Pros: It is a Sanderson book, and he seems to be turning into quite the masterful fantasy storyteller. He manages to come up with great new magic systems for each of his books, while also developing excellent characters and believable worlds. He manages to make you care about what is happening. This book is no exception. The characters read as real people, with distinct personalities, habits and mannerisms that charm or annoy you, weaknesses and strengths you can appreciate, et cetera. He manages to make you love or hate characters without making them absolutely good or evil. Specific to this book, you find that even the worst beings within have a sense of humanity about them. There is a sense of what makes them tick. Even if you despise the character, they feel human and you can understand their motives. Brandon Sanderson manages to avoid the typical pure evil "no knowing his mind" character for an antagonists. Likewise, the protagonists are never flawless knights in shining armor. They aren't titans who never show weakness of fault. They are people who are trying to do good or to achieve high goals, but do not always make it. This book advances an excellent story that began in the trilogy. I would not recommend this unless you have read the Mistborn trilogy, and I will not get into explaining the world. This book advances the world to an era similar to our late Victorian period. It sort of has a steampunk feel, but not entirely. There is a certain sense of wonder at impossible new technologies and machines that comes with that steampunk edge. That is mixed in with a bit of the western feel, but it is not a western. Toss these excellent characteristics into the mistborn world and it is an excellent mix. A wonderfully fresh and well designed magic system, a world with many religions rooted in stories you'll remember from the trilogy, excellent characters, and the sense of excitement, wonder, and adventure from the steampunk and western influences. It also takes on a slight Holmesian feel, with the main character being more than just a gunslinger or wizard or warrior. All in all, it mixes many of my

favorite things and manages to keep them all clean and interesting. Overall, a very good read that was an easy single sitting book because I never grew weary of what I was reading.

CONS: It feels more like a very long "short" story than a full novel. This is not a bad thing alone, but it comes out incomplete. The ending feels like the ending of the first act of a play, not the ending of a novel. Mr. Sanderson spends an entire book developing these excellent characters with real relationships within an exciting world just exploding into the modern era, surrounded by amazing mythology and history rolled into religions based on the near flawless trilogy. It feels like such a great introduction into a new world of discovery, and right when you start to really dive in he pulls the plug and yells "You don't have to go home but you can't stay here!!" It's a massive let down. The worst part is that everything is so good, so well done, that I was loving every sentence, right up until I hit the back cover. Instead of putting it down early out of boredom, or finishing a 300 page book satisfied with a story well told, I turned the page wondering where the next chapter had disappeared to. It appears that this is a stand-alone novel, so we won't find out what happens to these excellent characters or how the different schemes turned out, where the world goes, anything, and that is frustrating when you realize that he has woven a world and a character set that you really loved and want to read more of.

My first book "review" so I'm sure it was hard to follow, but overall: Great story, great author, and a worthy read, but incomplete and disappointing because of this. Brandon has been pumping out material at an incredible pace, and the quality of the material has been outstanding, but I think this book was pushed out before completion and for a work of such great potential this is particularly disappointing.

134 of 146 people found the following review helpful.

Allomancy in the Old West (but don't be scared if you don't like Westerns)

By RavenRing

UPDATE 8/01/12: Brandon Sanderson posted a blog entry today, mostly about the final Wheel of Time book, but he also had something to say about The Alloy of Law. YES, there will be a sequel. So for all the people that didn't like the unfinished ending - there WILL be more! Yay!

Wax is a lawman livin in the Roughts where most folks think law optional. Its a rough place, but for the last 20 years its the place Wax called home. But when his uncle dies, he is called back to the city of Elendel to become the head of the nobel house of Ladrian. But once a lawman, always a lawman, and when a string of robberies are committed by a crew dubbed 'The Vanishers', Wax can't help but start investigating. And once he starts he finds himself pulled in entirely.

Picture a Mistborn Western and you'll get The Alloy of Law. I'm not at all interested in Westerns, but I LOVED Mistborn, so there was no doubt in my mind that I HAD to read this book. The beginning was a little slow and the setting quite like that of the Old West. But as soon as the story moves to the city, things start getting exciting and more Mistborn like. There are several references to characters and events from the original series, though you might not recognize them at first considering you are hearing about them from characters who are living three hundred years after the end of the original trilogy. Things get changed over the years and three hundred years is a long time. I thought it was really cool how that was woven in. Keep an eye out for Spook's weird speech patten at one point (I laughed when I understood what it meant when it called it High Imperial).

The characters were really interesting. Wax is in his forties, with twenty years of lawkeepen behind him, so he isn't like most hot headed youngsters you read about in fantasy. Wayne is just an amusing character, with lots of emphasis on character. Marasi is a smart, brave girl who constantly spouted off statistics about crime, which was really interesting. I really liked all three of them and enjoyed reading about them.

You don't really need to have read the original trilogy to enjoy this book. It stands all on its own, which is pretty neat. In the Acknowledgments at the front of the book, Brandon Sanderson says that he originally envisioned Mistborn as three trilogies - one in the past, present, and future. He clearly states that The Alloy of Law is not one of those trilogies, but a side project that grew up on its own. So I am now really looking forward to even MORE Mistborn!

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It's not stealing when you give something back, mate

By Mathachew

It has been a while since I have had the pleasure of returning to a Brandon Sanderson book. Having read all of his published works over the span of a few months (excluding his Wheel of Time books), I was having Sanderson withdrawal. Enter The Alloy of Law, a Mistborn book during an industrial revolution period. Considering I have yet to read a Sanderson book that I have not thoroughly enjoyed, I was psyched for this book and having just finished it, my expectations were met and darn it, I want more!

I love the Mistborn universe. It provides a fantastic setting incorporating an enjoyable and unique magic system that is well thought out and given great attention. The original trilogy had a typical fantasy setting, pretty much devoid of any semblance to the present. So when I found out The Alloy of Law was going to have industrial technology and have a Western feel, I did not feel one bit of trepidation. I typically avoid Westerns because I do not like the setting, but this was Brandon Sanderson, my favorite author, the same guy that did not disappoint me with any of his books that I read. If anyone could take an environment that I care little about and make it enjoyable to read, he could. And he did, masterfully I might add. A wonderful blend of imagination and science that further enhances the story and provides an entertaining experience.

Sanderson has a knack for witty and humorous characters (Sanderson's Alcatraz series is full of them). While Waxillium, the main character, more or less fits a typical hero mold, he is a noble and cunning hero that you feel compelled to like and follow. Conflicted, determined and thorough, Wax is good at what he does and it was a fun ride watching him do his thing. Wayne is a fantastic supporting character who literally had me laughing with his sharp witticisms and seeing, or reading, him in action was a treat in itself. Two other characters make a brief appearances, but that is all the tease I will give. You will just have to read the book yourself to find out more; it would not hurt to read the Mistborn trilogy either (and why shouldn't you? It is a fantastic read!).

When the story was over, I really wanted more. This originally started out as a standalone novel and is literally half the length of his typical works, but Sanderson left it wide open so that he can easily revisit this setting. Because of its short length and lack of depth that his other Mistborn novels contained, I gave it a four. If it were truly standalone with no loose ends, perhaps it would've been slightly more satisfying. This is a book of mystery that is but a piece of a larger picture, similar to The Final Empire, but much more open. In typical Sanderson fashion, the story is easy to read, will have you hooked and is hands down far more satisfying than much else out there. Sanderson goes to great lengths so that his plots are not convoluted and characters do not behave or act without a lick of sense just to progress the plot. My biggest problem with this book is that it was not longer. Another great read and I look forward to revisiting Wax, Wayne and Marasi in the future.

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Review

“ [The Hero of Ages] brings the Mistborn epic fantasy trilogy to a dramatic and surprising climax.... Sanderson's saga of consequences offers complex characters and a compelling plot, asking hard questions about loyalty, faith, and responsibility.” ?Publishers Weekly on the Mistborn series and Brandon Sanderson

“Sanderson is an evil genius. There is simply no other way to describe what he's managed to pull off in this transcendent final volume of his Mistborn trilogy.” ?RT Book Reviews (Gold Medal, Top Pick!) on The Hero of Ages

“It's rare for a fiction writer to have much understanding of how leadership works and how love really takes root in the human heart. Sanderson is astonishingly wise.” ?Orson Scott Card

About the Author

BRANDON SANDERSON grew up in Lincoln, Nebraska. He lives in Utah with his wife and children and teaches creative writing at Brigham Young University. In addition to completing Robert Jordan's *The Wheel of Time*®, he is the author of such bestsellers as the Mistborn trilogy, *Warbreaker*, *The Alloy of Law*, *The Way of Kings*, *Rithmatist*, and *Steelheart*. He won the 2013 Hugo Award for "The Emperor's Soul," a novella set in the world of his acclaimed first novel, *Elantris*.

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Five months later, Wax walked through the decorated rooms of a large, lively party, passing men in dark suits with tailcoats and women in colorful dresses with narrow waists and lots of folds through long pleated skirts. They called him “Lord Waxillium” or “Lord Ladrian” when they spoke to him.

He nodded to each, but avoided being drawn into conversation. He deliberately made his way to one of the back rooms of the party, where dazzling electric lights—the talk of the city—produced a steady, too-even light to ward off the evening’s gloom. Outside the windows, he could see mist tickling the glass.

Defying decorum, Wax pushed his way through the room’s enormous glass double doors and stepped out onto the mansion’s grand balcony. There, finally, he felt like he could breathe again.

He closed his eyes, taking the air in and out, feeling the faint wetness of the mists on the skin of his face. Buildings are so ... suffocating here in the city, he thought. Have I simply forgotten about that, or did I not notice it when I was younger?

He opened his eyes, and rested his hands on the balcony railing to look out over Elendel. It was the grandest city in all the world, a metropolis designed by Harmony himself. The place of Wax's youth. A place that hadn't been his home for twenty years.

Though it had been five months since Lessie's death, he could still hear the gunshot, see the blood sprayed on the bricks. He had left the Roughts, moved back to the city, answering the desperate summons to do his duty to his house at his uncle's passing.

Five months and a world away, and he could still hear that gunshot. Crisp, clean, like the sky cracking.

Behind him, he could hear musical laughter coming from the warmth of the room. Cett Mansion was a grand place, full of expensive woods, soft carpets, and sparkling chandeliers. No one joined him on the balcony.

From this vantage, he had a perfect view of the lights down Demoux Promenade. A double row of bright electric lamps with a steady, blazing whiteness. They glowed like bubbles along the wide boulevard, which was flanked by the even wider canal, the still and quiet waters reflecting the light. An evening railway engine called a greeting as it chugged through the distant center of the city, hemming the mists with darker smoke.

Down Demoux Promenade, Wax had a good view of both the Ironspine Building and Tekiel Tower, one on either side of the canal. Both were unfinished, but their steelwork lattices already rose high into the sky. Mind-numbingly high.

The architects continued to release updated reports of how high they intended to go, each one trying to outdo the other. Rumors he'd heard at this very party, credible ones, claimed that both would eventually top out at over fifty stories. Nobody knew which would end up proving the taller, though friendly wagers were common.

Wax breathed in the mists. Out in the Roughts, Cett Mansion—which was three stories high—would have been as tall as a building got. Here, it felt dwarfed. The world had gone and changed on him during his years out of the city. It had grown up, inventing lights that needed no fire to glow and buildings that threatened to rise higher than the mists themselves. Looking down that wide street at the edge of the Fifth Octant, Wax suddenly felt very, very old.

"Lord Waxillium?" a voice asked from behind.

He turned to find an older woman, Lady Aving Cett, peeking out the door at him. Her gray hair was up in a bun and she wore rubies at her neck. "By Harmony, my good man. You'll take a chill out here! Come, there are some people you will wish to meet."

"I'll be along presently, my lady," Wax said. "I'm just getting a little air."

Lady Cett frowned, but retreated. She didn't know what to make of him; none of them did. Some saw him as a mysterious scion of the Ladrian family, associated with strange stories of the realms beyond the mountains. The rest assumed him to be an uncultured, rural buffoon. He figured he was probably both.

He'd been on show all night. He was supposed to be looking for a wife, and pretty much everyone knew it. House Ladrian was insolvent following his uncle's imprudent management, and the easiest path to solvency was marriage. Unfortunately, his uncle had also managed to offend three-quarters of the city's upper crust.

Wax leaned forward on the balcony, the Sterrion revolvers under his arms jabbing his sides. With their long barrels, they weren't meant to be carried in underarm holsters. They had been awkward all night.

He should be getting back to the party to chat and try to repair House Ladrian's reputation. But the thought of that crowded room, so hot, so close, sweltering, making it difficult to breathe...

Giving himself no time to reconsider, he swung off over the side of the balcony and began falling three stories toward the ground. He burned steel, then dropped a spent bullet casing slightly behind himself and pushed against it; his weight sent it speeding down to the earth faster than he fell. As always, thanks to his Feruchemy, he was lighter than he should have been. He hardly knew anymore what it felt like to go around at his full weight.

When the casing hit the ground, he pushed against it and sent himself horizontally in a leap over the garden

wall. With one hand on its stone top, he vaulted out of the garden, then reduced his weight to a fraction of normal as he fell down the other side. He landed softly.

Ah, good, he thought, crouching down and peering through the mists. The coachmen's yard. The vehicles everyone had used to get there were arranged here in neat rows, the coachmen themselves chatting in a few cozy rooms that spilled orange light into the mists. No electric lights here; just good, warmth-giving hearths.

He walked among the carriages until he found his own, then opened the trunk strapped to the back.

Off came his gentleman's fine dinner coat. Instead he threw on his mistcoat, a long, enveloping garment like a duster with a thick collar and cuffed sleeves. He slipped a shotgun into its pocket on the inside, then buckled on his gun belt and moved the Sterrions into the holsters at his hips.

Ah, he thought. Much better. He really needed to stop carrying the Sterrions and get some more practical weapons for concealment. Unfortunately, he'd never found anything as good as Ranette's work. Hadn't she moved to the city, though? Perhaps he could look her up and talk her into making him something. Assuming she didn't shoot him on sight.

A few moments later, he was running through the city, the mistcoat light upon his back. He left it open at the front, revealing his black shirt and gentleman's trousers. The ankle-length mistcoat had been divided into strips from just above the waist, the tassels streaming behind him with a faint rustle.

He dropped a bullet casing and launched himself high into the air, landing atop the building across the street from the mansion. He glanced back at it, the windows ablaze in the evening dark. What kind of rumors was he going to start, vanishing from the balcony like that?

Well, they already knew he was Twinborn—that was a matter of public record. His disappearance wasn't going to do much to help patch his family's reputation. For the moment, he didn't care. He'd spent almost every evening since his return to the city at one social function or another, and they hadn't had a misty night in weeks.

He needed the mists. This was who he was.

Wax dashed across the rooftop and leaped off, moving toward Demoux Promenade. Just before hitting the ground, he flipped a spent casing down and Pushed on it, slowing his descent. He landed in a patch of decorative shrubs that caught his coat tassels and made a rustling noise.

Damn. Nobody planted decorative shrubs out in the Roughs. He pulled himself free, wincing at the noise. A few weeks in the city, and he was already getting rusty?

He shook his head and Pushed himself into the air again, moving out over the wide boulevard and parallel canal. He angled his flight so he crested that and landed on one of the new electric lamps. There was one nice thing about a modern city like this; it had a lot of metal.

He smiled, then flared his steel and Pushed off the top of the streetlamp, sending himself in a wide arc through the air. Mist streamed past him, swirling as the wind rushed against his face. It was thrilling. A man never truly felt free until he'd thrown off gravity's chains and sought the sky.

As he crested his arc, he Pushed against another streetlight, throwing himself farther forward. The long row of metal poles was like his own personal railway line. He bounded onward, his antics drawing attention from those in passing carriages, both horse-drawn and horseless.

He smiled. Coinshots like himself were relatively rare, but Elendel was a major city with an enormous population. He wouldn't be the first man these people had seen bounding by metal through the city. Coinshots often acted as high-speed couriers in Elendel.

The city's size still astonished him. Millions lived here, maybe as many as five million. Nobody had a sure count across all of its wards—they were called octants, and as one might expect, there were eight of them.

Millions; he couldn't picture that, though he'd grown up here. Before he'd left Weathering, he'd been starting to think it was getting too big, but there couldn't have been ten thousand people in the town.

He landed atop a lamp directly in front of the massive Ironspine Building. He craned his neck, looking up through the mists at the towering structure. The unfinished top was lost in the darkness. Could he climb something so high? He couldn't Pull on metals, onl...

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