

Book 11, Thegainvald

EXCERPTS FROM THE THEGAINVALDE, BOOK 11 OF 65

The King is dead, long live the King.

Hoar-bearded [Ysgrammor](#) fell hotly, battle-dripping, wind-roaring. The seeing-women so foretold, hawk-eyed they cried the hour of his death across the waters of the Yorgrim. And when this hour came near, word was sent by crow and merlin to his foes, to Sinmur and Lodorr, and to Kyrnag the Cleaver, and to many others, and even to the Snow Prince himself for the chance to fell their foe in single combat.

A great host was brought under the walls of Venhalm, and an arena was constructed for the blood-letting. Kyrnag was there, and Sinmur and Lodorr, and also Unuroth and Golgarat, and Brishnak the Slaver, and Conkorrigán. There also was the Hill-King of the giants Onmulath with his mace. All came save the Snow Prince, who would not name the Arch-Father Foe.

None then were willing to face the Arch-Father first, for all similarly wished to fight him weakened and bloodied. But at last Sinmur the frost giant came forward with his sword Wind-Biter, and Ysgrammor slew him. So too he slew Golgarat with a blow to the eye which punctured the helm and the skull and the brain, and so Conkorrigán, and Qualth the Tall, and many others.

At last fell the Arch-Father upon a ten-ell corpse pile, his foe in his teeth, and none left to oppose him.

Now the [King](#) has returned from [Ylsulvin](#), in long communion with [Kyne](#), and bears in his hands a Scripture, Star-Spun. His eyes are bandaged, and speaks he only tremulously. “[The Eye](#) is a bearing, like others, upon which turns The Wheel’s hub. Thus understood, I chart our velocities across the Plane of the Ecliptic, endless potential spiral curvatures to a thousand time-spaces. This is muddy, squalid work. But I fear to grasp the Wheel and to turn it, and so reveal the name of God. [Shor](#) was the first to do this, and his are the lantern-lights of death. How much less I, who walked only briefly in his shadow?”