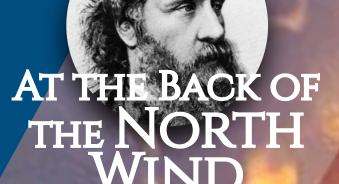
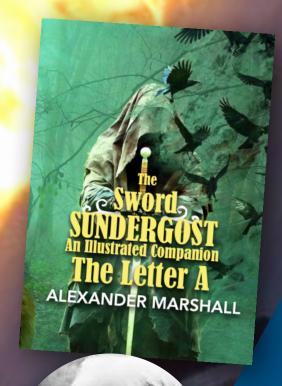
## HIGHFANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE

FREE FOR LOVERS OF TOLKIEN, C.S. LEWIS, URSULA LE GUIN, ALEXANDER MARSHALL AND OTHERS

ISSUE # 2



Doctor Zennik and the Cerebrachrone



A Window into Middle-earth

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CLARENDON HOUSE PUBLICATIONS



# Welcome to the second issue of High Fantasy and Science Fiction Magazine!

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#### **CONTENTS**

At The Back Of The North Wind Chapter One by George MacDonald 3

### **Doctor Zennik And The Cerebrachrone**

Part Two by Alexander Marshall 15

A Window Into Middleearth: The Story of a Sword by Grant P. Hudson 32

## The Sword SUNDERGOST An Illustrated Companion: The Letter A

by Alexander Marshall 34

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### At The Back Of The North Wind by George MacDonald



story is not the same as his. I do not think Herodotus had got the right account of the place. I am going to tell you how it fared with a boy who went there.

He lived in a low room over a coach-house; and that was not by any means at the back of the north wind, as his mother very well knew. For one side of the room was built only of boards, and the boards were so old that you might run a penknife through into the north wind. And then let them settle between them which was the sharper! I know that when you pulled it out again the wind would be after it like a cat after a mouse, and you would know soon enough you were not at the back of the north wind. Still, this room was not very cold, except when the north wind blew stronger than usual: the room I have to do with now was always cold, except in summer, when the sun took the matter into his own hands. Indeed, I am not sure whether I ought to call it a room at all; for it was just a loft where they kept hay and straw and oats for the horses.

And when little Diamond--but stop: I must tell you that his father, who was a coachman, had named him after a favourite horse, and his mother had had no objection:--when little Diamond, then, lay there in bed, he could hear the horses under him munching away in the dark, or moving sleepily in their dreams. For Diamond's father had built him a bed in the loft with boards all round it, because they had so little room in their own end over the coach-house; and Diamond's father put old Diamond in the stall under the bed, because he was a quiet horse, and did not go to sleep standing, but lay down like a reasonable creature. But, although he was a surprisingly reasonable creature, yet, when young Diamond woke in the middle of the night, and felt the bed shaking in the blasts of the north wind, he could not help wondering whether, if the wind should blow the house down, and he were to fall through into the manger, old Diamond mightn't eat him up before he knew him in his night-gown. And although old Diamond was very quiet all night long, yet when he woke he got up like an earthquake, and then young Diamond knew what o'clock it was, or at least what was to be done next, which was-to go to sleep again as fast as he could.

There was hay at his feet and hay at his head, piled up in great trusses to the very roof. Indeed it was sometimes only through a little lane with several turnings, which looked as if it had been sawn out for him, that he could reach his bed at all. For the stock of hav was, of course, always in a state either of slow ebb or of sudden flow. Sometimes the whole space of the loft, with the little panes in the roof for the stars to look in, would lie open before his open eyes as he lay in bed; sometimes a yellow wall of sweet-smelling fibres closed up his view at the distance of half a yard. Sometimes, when his mother had undressed him in her room, and told him to trot to bed by himself, he would creep into the heart of the hay, and lie there thinking how cold it was outside in the wind, and how warm it was inside there in his bed, and how he could go to it when he pleased, only he wouldn't just yet; he would get a little colder first. And ever as he grew colder, his bed would grow warmer, till at last he would scramble out of the hay, shoot like an arrow into his bed, cover himself up, and snuggle down, thinking what a happy boy he was. He had not the least idea that the wind got in at a chink in the wall, and blew about him all night. For the back of his bed was only of boards an inch thick, and on the other side of them was the north wind.



Although the next day was very stormy, Diamond forgot all about the hole, for he was busy making a cave by the side of his mother's fire with a broken chair, a three-legged stool, and a blanket, and then sitting in it. His mother, however, discovered it, and pasted a bit of brown paper over it, so that, when Diamond had snuggled down the next night, he had no occasion to think of it.

Presently, however, he lifted his head and listened. Who could that be talking to him? The wind was rising again, and getting very loud, and full of rushes and whistles. He was sure some one was talking--and very near him, too, it was. But he was not frightened, for he had not yet learned how to be; so he sat up and hearkened. At last the voice, which, though quite gentle, sounded a little angry, appeared to come from the back of the bed. He crept nearer to it, and laid his ear against the wall. Then he heard nothing but the wind, which sounded very loud indeed. The moment, however, that he moved his head from the wall, he heard the voice again, close to his ear. He felt about with his hand, and came upon the piece of paper his mother had pasted over the hole. Against this he laid his ear, and then he heard the voice quite distinctly. There was, in fact, a little corner of the paper loose, and through that, as from a mouth in the wall, the voice came "What do you mean, little boy--closing up my window?"

"What window?" asked Diamond.

"You stuffed hay into it three times last night. I had to blow it out again three times."

"You can't mean this little hole! It isn't a window; it's a hole in my bed."

"I did not say it was a window: I said it was my window."

"But it can't be a window, because windows are holes to see out of."

"Well, that's just what I made this window for."

"But you are outside: you can't want a window."

"You are quite mistaken. Windows are to see out of, you say. Well, I'm in my house, and I want windows to see out of it."

"But you've made a window into my bed."

"Well, your mother has got three windows into my dancing room, and you have three into my garret."

"But I heard father say, when my mother wanted him to make a window through the wall, that it was against the law, for it would look into Mr. Dyves's garden."





The voice laughed.

"The law would have some trouble to catch me!" it said.

"But if it's not right, you know," said Diamond, "that's no matter. You shouldn't do it."

"I am so tall I am above that law," said the voice.

"You must have a tall house, then," said Diamond.

"Yes; a tall house: the clouds are inside it."

"Dear me!" said Diamond, and thought a minute. "I think, then, you can hardly expect me to keep a window in my bed for you. Why don't you make a window into Mr. Dyves's bed?"

"Nobody makes a window into an ash-pit," said the voice, rather sadly. "I like to see nice things out of my windows."

"But he must have a nicer bed than I have, though mine is very nice—so nice that I couldn't wish a better."

"It's not the bed I care about: it's what is in it.--But you just open that window."

"Well, mother says I shouldn't be disobliging; but it's rather hard. You see the north wind will blow right in my face if I do."

"I am the North Wind."

"O-o-oh!" said Diamond, thoughtfully. "Then will you promise not to blow on my face if I open your window?"

"I can't promise that."

"But you'll give me the toothache. Mother's got it already."

"But what's to become of me without a window?"

"I'm sure I don't know. All I say is, it will be worse for me than foryou."

"No; it will not. You shall not be the worse for it--I promise you that. You will be much the better for it. Just you believe what I say, and do as I tell you."

"Well, I can pull the clothes over my head," said Diamond, and feeling with his little sharp nails, he got hold of the open edge of the paper and tore it off at once.

In came a long whistling spear of cold, and struck his little naked chest. He scrambled and tumbled in under the bedclothes, and covered himself up: there was no paper now between him and the voice, and he felt a little--not frightened exactly--I told you he had not learned that yet--but rather queer; for what a strange person this North Wind must be that lived in the great house--"called Out-of-Doors, I suppose," thought Diamond--and made windows into people's beds! But the voice began again; and he could hear it quite plainly, even with his head under the bed-clothes. It was a still more gentle voice now, although six times as large and loud as it had been, and he thought it sounded a little like his mother's.

"What is your name, little boy?" it asked.

"Diamond," answered Diamond, under the bed-clothes.

"What a funny name!"

"It's a very nice name," returned its owner.

"I don't know that," said the voice.

"Well, I do," retorted Diamond, a little rudely.

"Do you know to whom you are speaking!"

"No," said Diamond.

And indeed he did not. For to know a person's name is not always to know the person's self.

"Then I must not be angry with you. You had better look and see, though."

"Diamond is a very pretty name," persisted the boy, vexed that it should not give satisfaction.

"Diamond is a useless thing rather," said the voice.

"That's not true. Diamond is very nice —as big as two— and so quiet all night! And doesn't he make a jolly row in the morning, getting upon his four great legs! It's like thunder."

"You don't seem to know what a diamond is."

"Oh, don't I just! Diamond is a great and good horse; and he sleeps right under me. He is old Diamond, and I am young Diamond; or, if you like it better, for you're very particular, Mr. North Wind, he's big Diamond, and I'm little Diamond; and I don't know which of us my father likes best."

A beautiful laugh, large but very soft and musical, sounded somewhere beside him, but Diamond kept his head under the clothes.

"I'm not Mr. North Wind," said the voice.

"You told me that you were the North Wind," insisted Diamond.

"I did not say Mister North Wind," said the voice.

"Well, then, I do; for mother tells me I ought to be polite."

"Then let me tell you I don't think it at all polite of you to say Mister to me."

"Well, I didn't know better. I'm very sorry."

"But you ought to know better."

"I don't know that."

"I do. You can't say it's polite to lie there talking —with your head under the bed-clothes, and never look up to see what kind of person you are talking to. I want you to come out with me."

"I want to go to sleep," said Diamond, very nearly crying, for he did not like to be scolded, even when he deserved it.

"You shall sleep all the better to-morrow night."

"Besides," said Diamond, "you are out in Mr. Dyves's garden, and I can't get there. I can only get into our own yard."

"Will you take your head out of the bed-clothes?" said the voice, just a little angrily.

"No!" answered Diamond, half peevish, half frightened.

The instant he said the word, a tremendous blast of wind crashed in a board of the wall, and swept the clothes off Diamond. He started up in terror. Leaning over him was the large, beautiful, pale face of a woman. Her dark eyes looked a little angry, for they had just begun to flash; but a quivering in her sweet upper lip made her look as if she were going to cry. What was the most strange was that away from her head streamed out her black hair in every direction, so that the darkness in the hay-loft looked as if it were made of her hair but as Diamond gazed at her in speechless amazement, mingled with confidence —for the boy was entranced with her mighty beauty— her hair began to gather itself out of the darkness, and fell down all about her again, till her face looked out of the midst of it like a moon out of a cloud. From her eyes came all the light by which Diamond saw her face and her hair; and that was all he did see of her yet. The wind was over and gone.

"Will you go with me now, you little Diamond? I am sorry I was forced to be so rough with you," said the lady.

"I will; yes, I will," answered Diamond, holding out both his arms. "But," he added, dropping them, "how shall I get my clothes? They are in mother's room, and the door is locked."

"Oh, never mind your clothes. You will not be cold. I shall take care of that. Nobody is cold with the north wind."

"I thought everybody was," said Diamond.

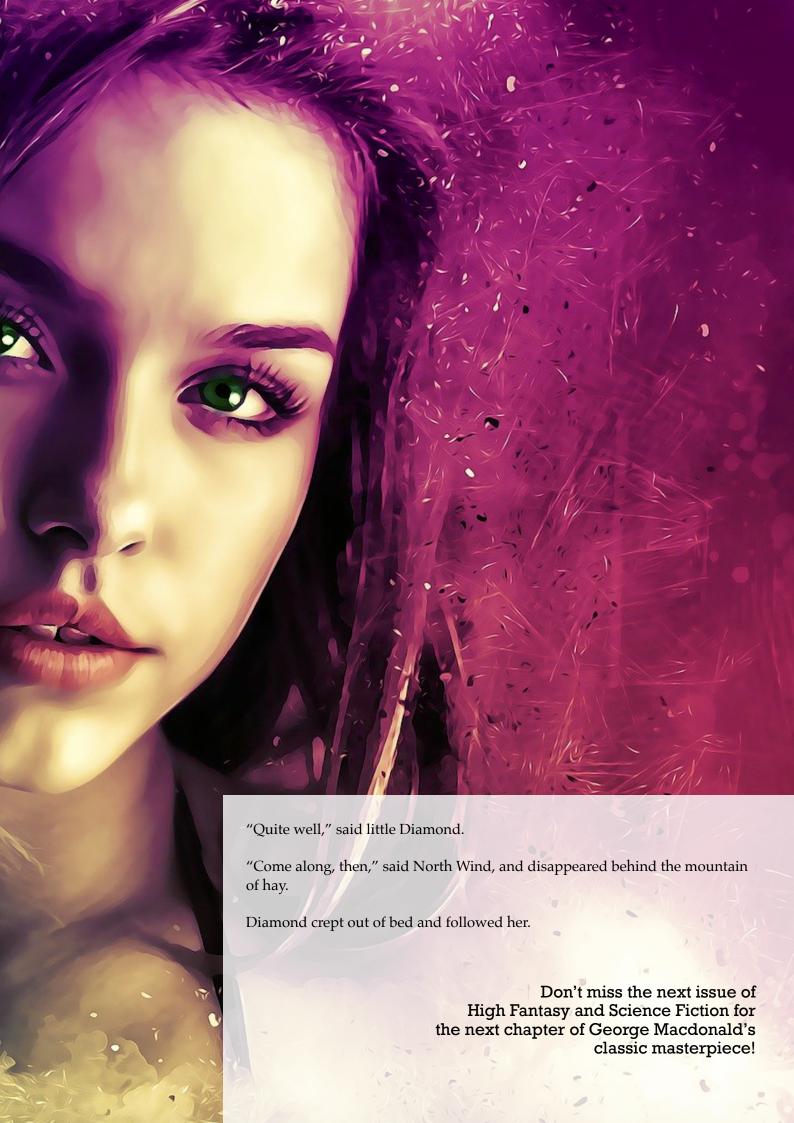
"That is a great mistake. Most people make it, however. They are cold because they are not with the north wind, but without it."

If Diamond had been a little older, and had supposed himself a good deal wiser, he would have thought the lady was joking. But he was not older, and did not fancy himself wiser, and therefore understood her well enough. Again he stretched out his arms. The lady's face drew back a little.



"Follow me, Diamond," she said. "Yes," said Diamond, only a little ruefully. "You're not afraid?" said the North Wind. "No, ma'am; but mother never would let me go without shoes: she never said anything about clothes, so I dare say she wouldn't mind that." "I know your mother very well," said the lady. "She is a good woman. I have visited her often. I was with her when you were born. I saw her laugh and cry both at once. I love your mother, Diamond." "How was it you did not know my name, then, ma'am? Please am I to say ma'am to you, ma'am?" "One question at a time, dear boy. I knew your name quite well, but I wanted to hear what you would say for it. Don't you remember that day when the man was finding fault with your name —how I blew the window in?" "Yes, yes," answered Diamond, eagerly. "Our window opens like a door, right over the coach-house door. And the wind —you, ma'am— came in, and blew the Bible out of the man's hands, and the leaves went all flutter, flutter on the floor, and my mother picked it up and gave it back to him open, and there—" "Was your name in the Bible—the sixth stone in the high priest's breastplate." "Oh!—a stone, was it?" said Diamond. "I thought it had been a horse —I did." "Never mind. A horse is better than a stone any day. Well, you see, I know all about you and your mother." "Yes. I will go with you."

"Now for the next question: you're not to call me ma'am. You must call me just my own name--respectfully, you know—just North Wind." "Well, please, North Wind, you are so beautiful, I am quite ready to go with you." "You must not be ready to go with everything beautiful all at once, Diamond." "But what's beautiful can't be bad. You're not bad, North Wind?" "No; I'm not bad. But sometimes beautiful things grow bad by doing bad, and it takes some time for their badness to spoil their beauty. So little boys may be mistaken if they go after things because they are beautiful." "Well, I will go with you because you are beautiful and good, too." "Ah, but there's another thing, Diamond: —What if I should look ugly without being bad —look ugly myself because I am making ugly things beautiful? —What then?" "I don't quite understand you, North Wind. You tell me what then." "Well, I will tell you. If you see me with my face all black, don't be frightened. If you see me flapping wings like a bat's, as big as the whole sky, don't be frightened. If you hear me raging ten times worse than Mrs. Bill, the blacksmith's wife—even if you see me looking in at people's windows like Mrs. Eve Dropper, the gardener's wife—you must believe that I am doing my work. Nay, Diamond, if I change into a serpent or a tiger, you must not let go your hold of me, for my hand will never change in yours if you keep a good hold. If you keep a hold, you will know who I am all the time, even when you look at me and can't see me the least like the North Wind. I may look something very awful. Do you understand?"



## CLARENDON HOUSE AUTHOR ALEXANDER MARSHALL

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When I opened my eyes, I was afloat in a sea of colours, a swirling pool of varying hues that held me mesmerised and on the edge of sleep for what seemed like a very long time, scarcely able to recall how I'd come there. I was lying down on a kind of bed or table. As I slowly recovered a fuller consciousness, I recalled vaguely how I had been at the home of Doctor Zennik, but my immediate memory was a mere blur. There was no sign of the doctor or his granddaughter.

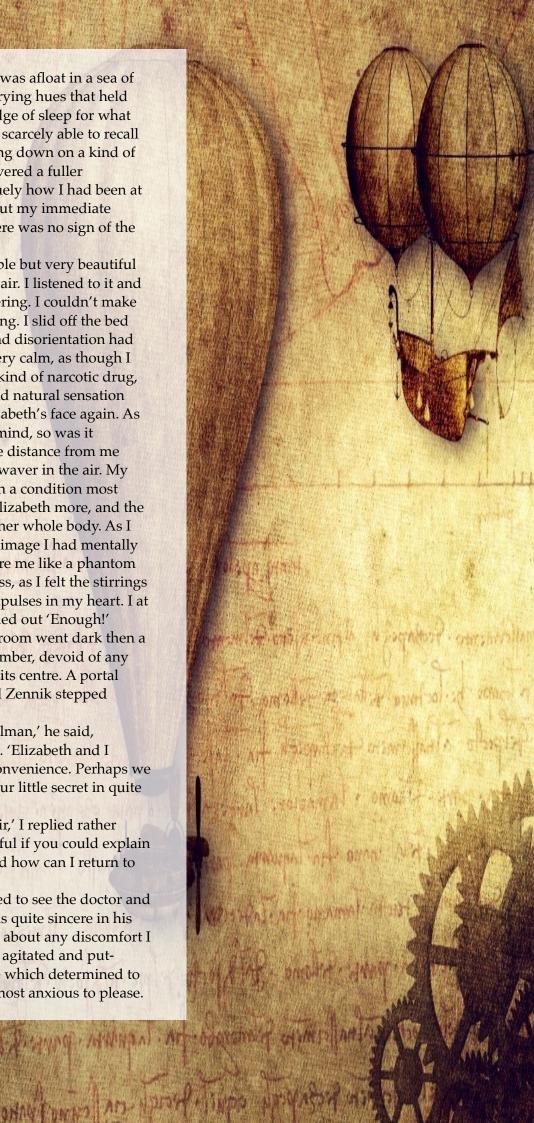
Music of an almost inaudible but very beautiful kind hovered in the coloured air. I listened to it and in it there were voices whispering. I couldn't make out at all what they were saying. I slid off the bed onto my feet — my nausea and disorientation had faded completely and I felt very calm, as though I had been injected with some kind of narcotic drug, but it was a more soothing and natural sensation than that. I wanted to see Elizabeth's face again. As the thought coalesced in my mind, so was it projected at some incalculable distance from me onto a wall which seemed to waver in the air. My mind was very relaxed, and in a condition most unusual for me. I pondered Elizabeth more, and the face grew larger and became her whole body. As I continued to think of her, the image I had mentally conjured began to dance before me like a phantom — and then it began to undress, as I felt the stirrings of darker and more bestial impulses in my heart. I at once stamped my foot and cried out 'Enough!'

The music ceased and the room went dark then a pale white. It was a small chamber, devoid of any adornment but for the bed in its centre. A portal opened in the white wall, and Zennik stepped through.

'Please forgive me, Mr. Hillman,' he said, reaching and taking my hand. 'Elizabeth and I intended you no harm or inconvenience. Perhaps we were wrong to let you in on our little secret in quite such a forthright manner...'

'I don't know about that, sir,' I replied rather crustily, 'but I would be grateful if you could explain to me where on earth I am and how can I return to whence I came?'

In truth I was much relieved to see the doctor and my heart ventured that he was quite sincere in his apology and most remorseful about any discomfort I had endured — but I also felt agitated and putupon, and it was this impulse which determined to be gratified. Zennik seemed most anxious to please.



'You are approximately twenty thousand years into the future from where you last recall being. But returning to your home time is a matter of a moment's adjustment of the Cerebrachrone. Come!' He helped me step forward, and we crossed the threshold of the small room and emerged through a glass foyer into a beautiful park under a gentle spring sunlight. 'We brought you here because of these healing chambers which are dotted across the landscape and freely available and easy to operate. It was the quickest and surest way of reviving you.'

I looked about me, seeing forest and, in the distance, low hills. The air seemed inexpressibly fresh and cool upon my face, and the absence of any kind of noise other than a gentle breeze in the trees was most invigorating in itself.

'This is the same locale,' Zennik said, in answer to my unspoken question. 'This is the Thames Valley, AD 22,000. The whole of what was once known as London has become this most majestic parkland. Every few miles, were you to travel in this era, you would come across one of these small domes.' He gestured back at the building from which we had emerged — it was a smooth, semispherical shape with a round open portal which served as an entrance. 'As far as we have been able to make out they are simply healing chambers, somehow deriving their energy and purpose from their incumbent, delving I expect into the subject's etheric field to produce a swift and effective mental and physical health — certainly they seem to invigorate both the body and the soul in a remarkable way.'

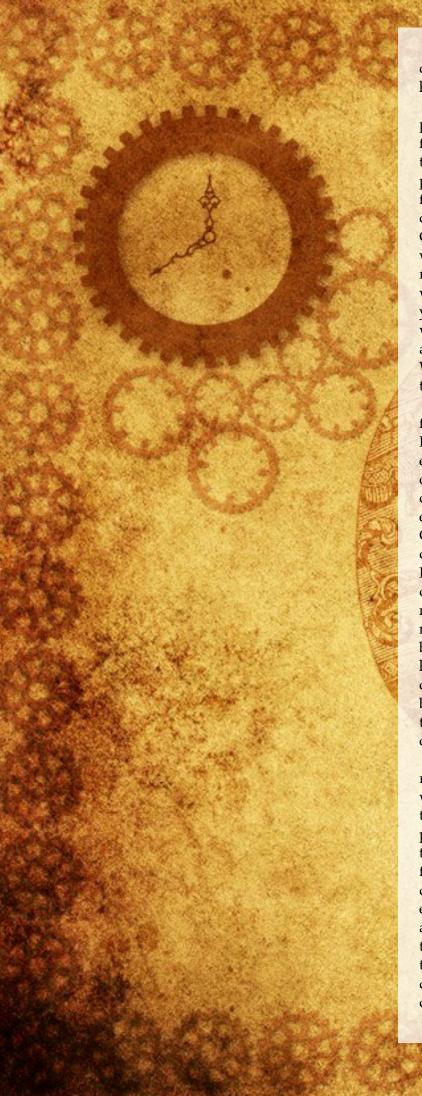
'And the people?' I asked.

'Elizabeth and I have not yet completed our research into this period. It seems that at this point in history, however, the earth is completely deserted. Humanity has abandoned it, leaving only these structures in its wake. It appears to have left the world in good order.'

I breathed in deeply of the cool, clear air — quite the opposite of the choked street of 1960, or the fog-bound atmosphere of my own time. The healing chamber had not only removed my nausea but left me feeling stable and healthy. I began to see the possibilities of Zennik's device. My mind raced with them, in fact.

'What of the various puzzles and paradoxes?' I began, becoming quite animated. 'Have you never encountered phenomena such as meeting yourselves? Or changing the pattern of recorded history?'





Zennik smiled broadly as he saw in my countenance the effect I believe he had been hoping for.

'Sir, you begin to see it! As for the puzzles, ponder a moment the position in which you find yourself — with a moment's flick or turn of this instrument,' and here he produced the bulging Cerebrachrone again from inside his jacket, 'we can escape the confines of Time, of linear progression, of Cause and Effect in their classical sense we are no longer bound by any concept or rule or axiom with which we are familiar: we walk in Eternity, Mr. Hillman, Eternity! Do you not see it? What does it matter whether we encounter ourselves or disrupt some apparently sacred pattern of recorded time? We have ascended above mortal trials and tribulations, we are free and immortal!'

He waved his arms about in a manner I found both fascinating and discomfiting, but I saw his point. There was a deep exhilaration mounting in me too, like a wave or a volcanic eruption which threatened to collapse my lungs and strain my heart with excitement. It was true - with the Cerebrachrone we were truly free of the constraints that made us subject to mortality. Perhaps we could even use it to find a way of defeating bodily death — certainly we need never again fall prey to need. Resources were now infinite, at our fingertips literally. I began to perceive the slavish state into which humanity was daily thrown by the pressures of Time, the stress of scarcity. Free from such bonds we swam in abundance, skipping through the universe in defiance of cosmic order.

But a little voice was telling me it was not right, that one could not expect all this without a price, that such an existence, though full of freedom, would somehow lack purpose, could somehow become dangerous to the soul. I was about to put these half-formed thoughts into words when the doctor's granddaughter appeared from the edge of the woodland laden with flowers and radiating a smile which put the sunlight to shame and made me question whether there was any danger at all in what we were doing. I let the exhilaration sweep aside the doubts.

'Mr. Hillman!' she cried, handing me a bunch of the brightest wildflowers I had ever seen. 'Are you feeling better?' Zennik answered for me.

'He is, my dear, he is —and he begins to enjoy our own excitement!'

She looked at me with an innocence of shared joy that made me smile — not a shadow in that countenance of the bestial urges I had felt within the healing chamber when pondering her image. I felt ashamed, but also uplifted by her naiveté.

'Where — or rather, when — would you like to go, Mr. Hillman? Grandfather can simply adjust the clock and we can be any period in history!'

'This is not merely a toy, though, Zennik. Its applications are limitless; its ramifications huge,' I said, becoming suddenly stern and severe, but with an effort, as I was at the same time conscious of a desire not to deflate Elizabeth's enthusiasm.

'Indeed so, Hillman,' the doctor replied, mirroring my mood. 'In the short time in which the Cerebrachrone has been functioning, I have witnessed both wonders and horrors too great for me to describe. As a tool of science and enlightenment the Cerebrachrone is unmatched; as a weapon it is devastating. I daresay it would be possible to obliterate existence itself if the device were wrongly used. The responsibility is now ours, and it is one I take most to heart, believe me. Though I can become quite animated about what we are in the process of experiencing, I can also be most reflective about its consequences.'

His words and his manner did much to put me at ease, and I began to appreciate that he was perhaps more complex than I had at first thought — neither a lunatic, as I had initially concluded, nor a potential despot, but an old man whose experience of life was suddenly thrown into a lawless void by unexpected possibilities and perils.



We walked through lush grass along a river meadow where once had been the great houses of my generation. It was difficult to conceive that it was longer ago that they had stood on that spot than it was to the era of the Ice Ages from my own time, and in thinking that thought I had a sudden glimpse of what Zennik meant by eternity — for this green and empty land for us was the Present, and all of civilisation and the Empire was a distant and forgotten past. Similarly, had we travelled back to the beginnings of the world, all that was to come was the Future, and as yet unwritten. One could conceive of what a god must feel, looking down into an immense span of Time through a keyhole, as it were, or through a telescope which focused only on that segment called by its inhabitants the 'present', while all of Time stretched out from it, before and after, prepared either in some mythic pre-time moment or perhaps better conceived of as originating outside mortal planes altogether. The idea was staggering both intellectually and emotionally. To be that free of linear progression was to cast off the chains of the universe indeed, and to walk with the gods.

We continued to wander along the pathless valley under a cloud- dotted sky, all of us silent as the full dawning of realisation broke upon me, and the other two, sensing this, withheld any comment. It was a segment of my life like no other, a period I could not measure — a

transcendent experience against which all the rest of life needed to be related. It was Zennik who at last broke the spell.

'There is one last journey to make before we return to our own time, a few years that will never again be the same for any of us. One more destination and one more task,' he said, adjusting the Cerebrachrone.

'I have many questions,' I began, 'some technical, others spiritual...'

Even as the words left my mouth, Elisabeth and her grandfather had clasped my hands and the meadow had vanished. It was night, and we were walking along a street which glittered with lights stronger than gaslamps, like coloured gems sparkling on an ebony cloth. It was a place full of noise and movement, and I had scarcely made out any details when the doctor drew me aside and I found myself passing along a corridor plated with panes of glass. There were people everywhere, confusion, motion, but Zennik seemed to know what he was doing and kept on in a direction towards a coloured booth that glowed with lights. We waited in a queue of strangely garbed individuals — I averted my eyes as some of the ladies seemed only partially clothed — and then soon we were proceeding along a narrow passage and into a long room full of close-ranked padded chairs into which we all climbed. All this had taken only nine minutes and thirty-two seconds and I found it most disorientating.



'Where are we?' I began. The doctor leaned conspiratorially forward and whispered:

'Back in the Twentieth Century, Hillman. Aboard one of their astonishing air vehicles. We must travel to India, and this is the swiftest way there that is easily accessible. Direct transmission of matter wasn't developed until the twenty-third century, and its use was so restricted that I think it unlikely that we would have been able to gain access to a station, so I have opted for this — besides, this is an experience in itself!'

As he spoke, a charming but semi-clad woman assisted me in fastening a metal clip over my lap. I felt a wave of anxiety at this constraint, but saw that all the people — there were, I now noticed, over a hundred men and women in the long, low-ceilinged room — had similar belts and also that neither the doctor nor Elizabeth seemed particularly perturbed, so I made myself as comfortable as I could under the glare of the harsh lights, and waited. I judged that it was dawn — before we had entered the room I had seen through a large window the sky beginning to turn pale. But times of day now meant nothing to me.

The room was strangely like a theatre, I thought, as the young woman who had fastened the belt now proceeded, with her male companion in another aisle, to give some kind of demonstration to the accompaniment of a disembodied voice, a sequence of movements the purpose of which eluded me — but it was a theatre without a stage, for the room was quite enclosed and measured not twenty feet across with broad pillars blocking any view. I was momentarily entranced by the lighting, which seemed much like the gaslights with which I was familiar, but which burned steadily and without flame.

Then I sensed a lurching motion, as though the room itself were moving, and thought for a brief moment that I was having a physical after-reaction to my recent experiences, until Zennik and Elizabeth indicated to me a small porthole through which I glimpsed some large but nondescript shapes moving by, and I realised that the entire room was in fact rolling along, perhaps on gigantic wheels. I wondered what the airship in which we were to travel looked like and how long it would take to arrive at it — looking out of the window, it seemed that we were in a large field in which I could conceive a large balloon perhaps being moored.



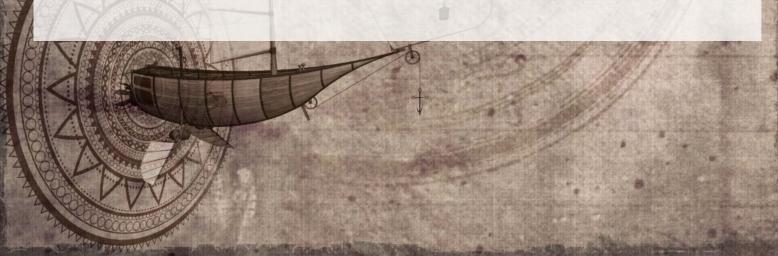


Abruptly, I felt pressed back into my seat by a jolt and surmised that we had collided with some object. I expected, as no one was particularly concerned, that this was a common occurrence with such large vehicles, and that we would soon be released from our belts and permitted to proceed on foot to the balloon, but I turned back to the window as Elizabeth smiled and pointed.

The glass was quite thick and there were shreds of fog racing along outside. Through the mist I caught a glimpse of a model city which someone had cleverly and rather painstakingly built in the middle of the field. I looked back at Elizabeth and smiled — the thing was really most impressive and somehow the creator of this extravaganza had contrived to have little model vehicles of the same kind that I had encountered in 1960 speed along the model streets without any apparent motive force. Magnets under the ground, I concluded idly. I noticed at that point an odd pressure in my middle ear, perhaps another after-effect of these strange and wonderful experiences I was having. The mist grew thick outside and the model grew smaller, perhaps as the vehicle, clearly in motion again and labouring with its

thunderous engines pulling us up an incline, strived to reach the balloon. I was suddenly overcome with fatigue and leaned my head back into the soft pillow of the seat, and without a thought for my fellow passengers, as one does on a locomotive on occasion, I fell into a slumber.

'Welcome to Calcutta!' were the first words I recalled on being wakened by the doctor an indeterminate period later. It seemed to me that we were still in the same strange room, but, as people around me unbuckled themselves and filed out through a narrow door, I emerged into plainly different surroundings — the sun was blazing, the ground glaring, the air dusty and hot. We shuffled like a herd of sheep through into a large auditorium of some kind, not dissimilar to the one we had left in London, and then Zennik bustled us into a smaller horseless carriage, and my whole attention was absorbed in observing its driver controlling some unseen and incomprehensible motive force through the use of a large wheel in front of him. The image of a ship's bridge came to my mind, but the seat in which he sat seemed far too cramped, nor was there any visible means whereby he might control the speed of the machine.



I pulled out my pocketwatch, but instantly realised that its multiple time-keeping facility was useless as I had no idea anymore of any particular time with which to begin. I stared at the thing bemusedly for a moment or two, in a blankness of incomprehension.

I sensed Elizabeth's amusement at my distractedness, but became determined not to betray myself to her.

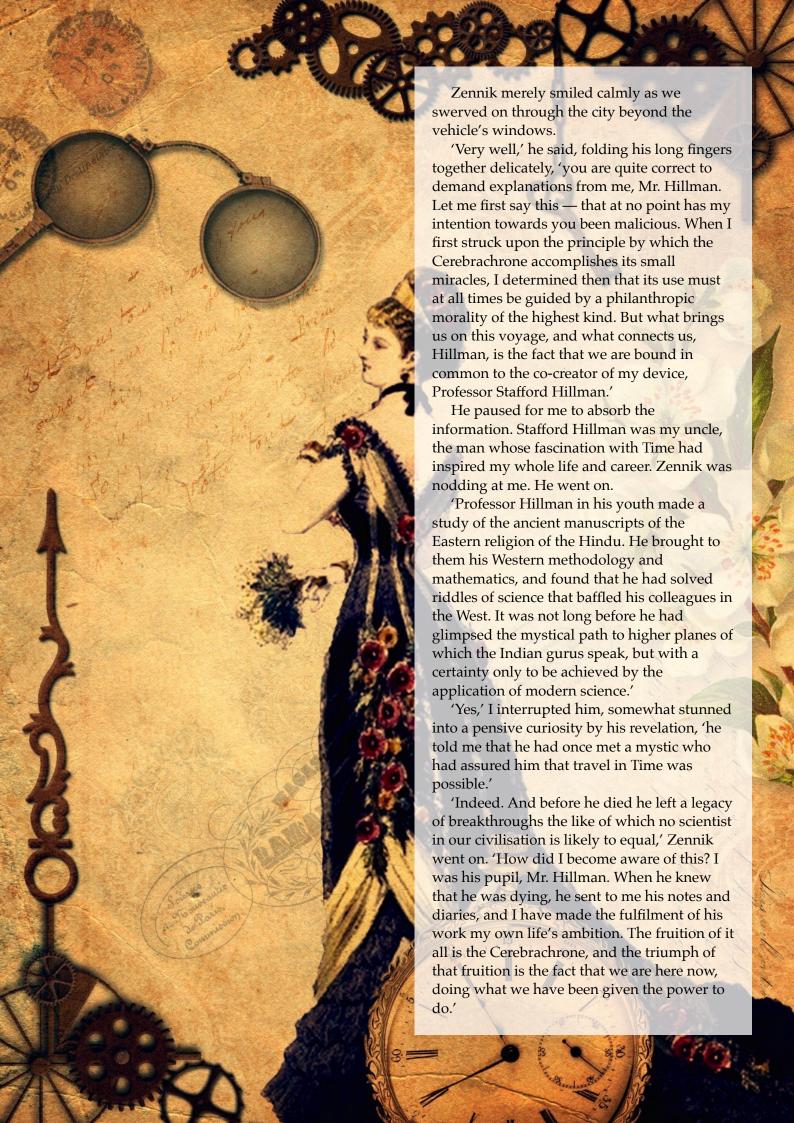
'It was most exhilarating, was it not, Mr. Hillman?' she asked as we sped at alarming velocities through streets crowded with colour and life. I indicated that I was not sure of her meaning.

'The journey through the air — the speed of it, the glory!' she said, and reclined in her seat in a fashion, I felt, designed to subvert my better impulses. 'Did you know, Mr. Hillman,' she went on when my lack of reply revealed my complete ignorance of the experience to which she was alluding, 'that in this century, society's morals have broken down to such a degree that love outside marriage is commonplace? And yet society continues to function in an almost godless state. Perhaps even those things upon which our world bases its entire strength can be questioned, changed. Time's chains, having been broken, may have unfettered us from more than we might at first believe...'

She placed her hand lightly upon mine and I felt a surge of heat rise to my face like a wave of some tropical sea. I drew my hand away, half-reluctantly, remembering the image of her that I had conjured in the chamber in what was now the distant future, and smiled politely at her as I attempted to concentrate my attention on something other than her enticing beauty.

'Zennik, please,' I said, turning to the doctor and unleashing my suppressed frustrations upon him, 'you have brought me on this voyage in a manner nothing short of an abduction — I have been subjected to sudden and alarming phenomena which may well have unhinged my senses — I have been transported, as far as I can understand without any grasp of the mechanics by which it has been achieved, halfway across the world to the Indian sub-continent, and you have made various hints as to some connection between all of this and our own relationship, but I must now insist that you reveal to me your full purposes and plan as my patience is drawing to its end and, despite the fascination I have shared with you on occasion in this last what to me appears as a few hours, I am growing considerably concerned by the continuing state of affairs.'





He brought out the device again and it flashed and glimmered in the racing sunshine in an inanimate unawareness of its own fascination. I absorbed all this as quickly as my overworked mind was able, and quietly slipped my poorer cousin of a pocket watch back into my waistcoat.

'So why are we here? What is the precise purpose of this particular journey, other than to introduce me, his nephew, to the triumphs of his research?' I ventured, after a moment.

At that point the vehicle came to a sudden halt and we emerged from its hot and humid confines into some kind of Calcutta township. We quickly made for the shade of a large awning in front of an even larger and elaborately carved building that looked somewhat like a temple. I was anxious to continue our conversation, but Zennik insisted on first walking some way into the entrance of the temple and finding a cool seat on a stone bench from where he could observe an inner courtyard where coloured cloth basked in the sun.

'This temple,' he went on at last, but apparently commencing with another subject, 'has remained unchanged for centuries. Like most things of any substance in this great land, it has that numinescent quality of already being somewhat outside Time as we normally know it.'

With these words he took the Cerebrachrone and once again adjusted its complex dials and switches. The impression conveyed by the consequent transformation of the environment was that Zennik's fingers controlled the sun, moon and movements of the heavens themselves as the heat and light vanished and we sat in a moonlit courtyard, on the same stone bench, surrounded by identical walls, except that we were, he explained, approximately one hundred years earlier in time.

'The subjectivity of Time,' he further explained, 'means that we do not shift from our seats, even though, as you must have surmised, the entire planet rolls through space and if we were to manifest ourselves in precisely the location we had left we would no doubt appear in the void of darkness and be swallowed up. But by a magic and a mystery, and no doubt also through the complex interrelationships between our etheric fields and the environment, the Cerebrachrone enables us to orientate to the spot we left and experience no more than the flux of Time.'





The effect on the newcomer, alone in a silent courtyard where ancient spirits haunted forgotten corners, and which seemed abandoned by all but the four of us as though a stage and its players had been long prepared and then left for destiny to direct, was not one which my imagination would have painted. Uncle Stafford neither flinched nor cried out, but simply stood still and removed his hat in the presence of Elizabeth, almost as though he was meeting us on Piccadilly for lunch in St. James, but with a certain awe or wonder in his face and eyes that was indescribable. We all stood quietly for some three minutes, neither greeting the other, until he bowed his head and said:

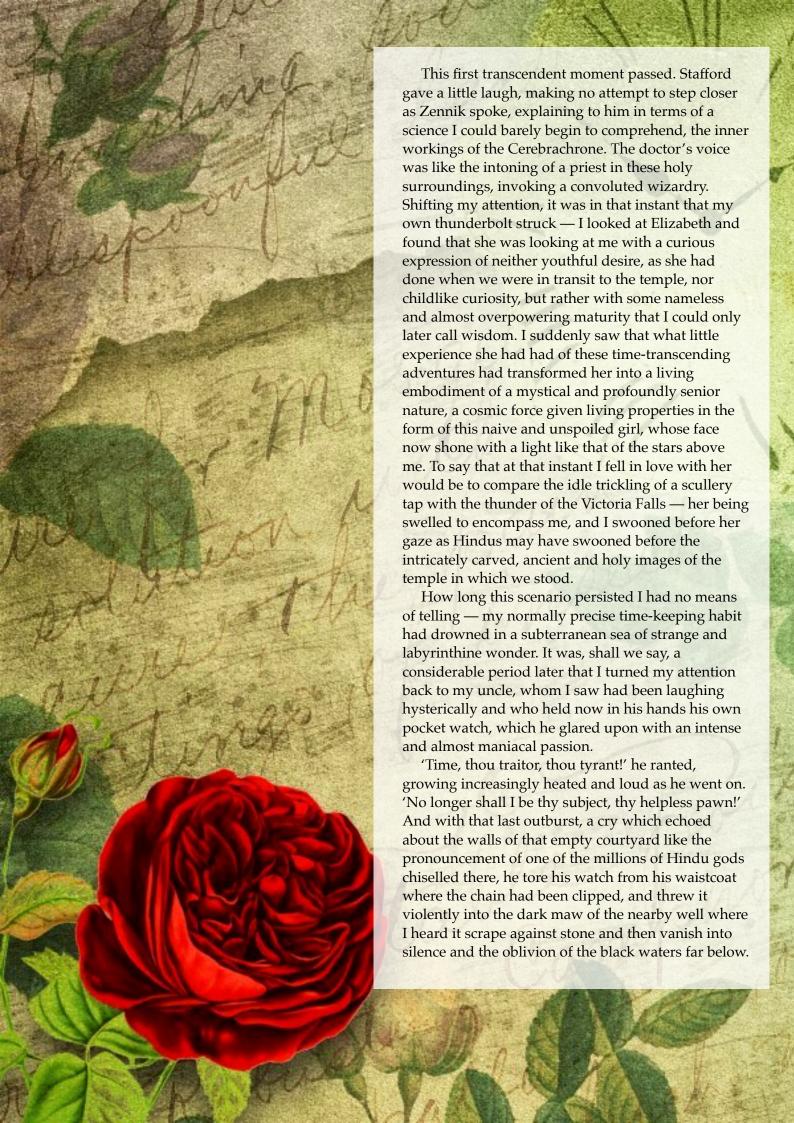
'So, you come again, and I am relieved to find that you are much the same. If I am going insane, then at least my madness has consistency,' he smiled wryly. I felt an impulse to rush forward and take his hand but Zennik, foreseeing this, turned to me and said in a low voice:

'Let us avoid physical contact — we cannot risk too much in this most fragile of circumstances,' and I concurred and held back. Stafford did not recognise me, but then I surmised that this meeting was taking place effectively some years before I had first met him as a young man, so that he would not be able to make any comparisons. Zennik now addressed him directly.

'Indeed, Professor, we return as we said we would, this final time, to let you see that which your work has enabled me to build, and therefore that which has empowered us to journey here.'

The doctor then held up the Cerebrachrone, its silver band still encircling his neck, and its almost globular shape glittered like a tiny moon in the pale light. Uncle Stafford fixed his eyes upon it and squinted in its reflection as though it were both the key and the keyhole to the gates of Paradise, as indeed one might well argue was in fact the case — it slowly spun round in the still night air, unaware of the awe and amazement with which it was beheld. A few timeless moments went by — it was the eye of the spell, in which Stafford looked upon that which his dream had made possible, and which, I realised, his seeing at this time actually was in the same moment engendering that dream. His glimpse of this device now would fire him to spend his life putting down the foundations upon which it could be created — it was a bizarre yet eternally serene moment, and in the same instant I saw destiny naked and unravelled before me, and looked upon the uncle whose fascination with Time would spill over into my life, urging me through the years until, as a member of the Chronophile Club, I would visit Zennik's rooms in Belgravia and wind up here, at the point which was the genesis of my own life-long passion.





Uncle Stafford then paused, having steadied himself against the well's crumbling wall, and tossed his disturbed hair back and into some semblance of order with his fingers, recovering himself and bowing to Elizabeth as he regained his breath.

'I do apologise,' he said to her. 'It is not normally my habit to permit such savage displays of emotion within myself, to say nothing of in such esteemed and admirable company,' he said. Elizabeth acknowledged him gracefully and he looked up at the doctor again. Zennik let the Cerebrachrone fall from where he had maintained it aloft during this exhibition.

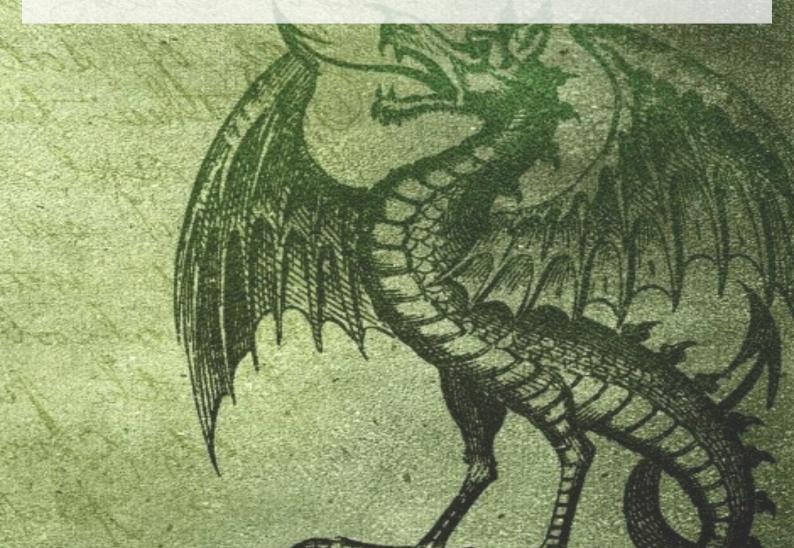
'It is done,' he pronounced, and turned to me. 'You see now why I was so intent to bring you here, my dear Hillman. On my first visit here, I established our identity and arranged this encounter. The opportunity to bring you along clearly presented itself when I realised who you were at the Chronophile Club. I hope that you will forgive any impertinence on my part.' He laid a hand gently on my shoulder, but I was still watching my uncle in some vain hope that he would recognise me. He glanced at me, but was at the same time feeling through his waistcoat pockets for something.

'I am terribly sorry,' he said, smiling at us, 'but I wonder if I could trouble you for the correct time of night? In my folly I appear to have dispensed with a rather valuable and useful watch.'

I stepped away from the doctor's hand and closer to my uncle, and, guided by I scarcely know what impulse, I offered him my own device, the one he himself had given me.

'Here,' I said, 'please take this. Keep it.
Perhaps you will in time find someone who would greatly appreciate it as a gift.' With these nervous words I handed it to him, our fingers touching briefly as he took it and a glance passing between us of something above recognition which words would struggle to capture or convey. He accepted the gift, sensing somehow that it was part of that night's magic, and I stepped back from him.

'Go forward, Professor,' said Zennik, raising his hand in farewell, 'forward to meet us again in your future, in the channel that is called Time, but in different incarnations, as pupil and nephew, and let this moment be consigned to your past. We have performed our midwifery to your destiny as you must now perform yours to ours. May God watch over you!'



His long fingers worked the dials in his hand, and the spectral night, the silence and Uncle Stafford were swallowed up in the sudden sunlight and noise of a much later day.

My mind was neither fully cognisant of, nor particularly inclined to take in the details of our return journey. We had shifted in time again to the twentieth century, where we made our way back to the flying vessel, a glimpse of one of which I this time caught as ours left the ground — but the human mentality has within it a mental muscle, upon which too much incredulity bears down like a weight, straining it beyond further use, and I was in such a state of exhaustion at that point that I could no more conceive of our return flight or the huge vessels in which we were carried as a miracle of human scientific achievement than I could lift a hundredweight boulder with one hand. I fell into a deep sleep while we were in the air, and recall little of our arrival in London or of our time-shift back to what I had once regarded as my own time.

Indeed, it was as I stood once more in the hall of Zennik's rooms in Belgravia that an awareness struck me of my own dispossession — I felt homeless in the universe, cast out from my own nest, flung from on high into a void of possibilities in which I had no wings and no direction. I felt for my watch as a habit, and it occurred to me as part of this realisation what a mystery I had by my own action created — for, if my uncle had in fact received that very device from my own hands, years before he met me, only to later pass it on to me as his heirloom, by whose hand had it originally been made? My watch was trapped in a circle of Time without beginning or end, in which it was neither made nor destroyed but travelled round and round eternally, like a leaf caught in the eddy of a stream.

My tired brain could not cope with the paradox or its ramifications. I shook Zennik's hand, and returned mere pleasantries for his enthusiastic leavetakings. I hardly knew what to say to Elizabeth, whose penetrating glance in the Hindu temple had pinned part of my soul to that moonlit courtyard for eternity. I could barely look her in the eye as I took her hand, but when I did so I saw only the same playfulness and charm I had earlier perceived, the goddess within her having withdrawn for another day, another plane of existence.

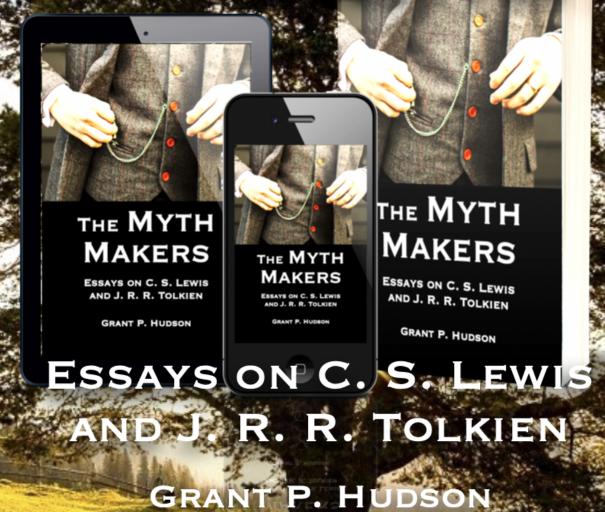
As I stumbled, spiritually inebriated by all that I had been through, down the steps outside Zennik's door, I looked up and saw my own self looking out of the library windows at me, and I realised that I had been brought back a short while before I had left. I clambered aboard a cab, not looking back, hungering for sleep in my own bed, and pondering, as I heard the comforting sound of the horse's hooves on the cobbled streets and felt the slow rocking of the coach, the elusive idea that this was perhaps only the beginning of my adventures with Doctor Zennik and the Cerebrachrone.

The End?





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# A Window into Middle-earth



Most Tolkien fanatics know about Glamdring, the ancient sword wielded by Gandalf during the War of the Ring and seen by most of us in Peter Jackson's *The Lord of the Rings* film trilogy, but only the real devotees would know that the sword originally came from the Hidden City of the Elves, Gondolin, over 6,000 years earlier in the chronicles of Middle Earth, or that its history, like most things in Tolkien's world, is worth pursuing.

'Glamdring' is an Elvish name meaning 'Foe-hammer'. The first element is 'glam'. This word has a long history in Tolkien's mind, but always had something to do with evil. In its earliest appearances, it meant 'fierce hate' later becoming 'shouting, confused noise'. The second element is 'dring', said to mean 'hammer'. It's interesting to relate the word to what the sword actually does throughout its history, which of course is very much how

Tolkien worked imaginatively. Keep in mind the idea of a weapon which 'hammers those who display fierce hate or confused noise' as we explore the sword's story.

Born in the furnaces of the elven forges of the Hidden City, its existence is first hinted at in The Silmarillion when Turgon, Elvish King of Gondolin, 'hewed his way to the side of his brother' in the great battle called Nirnaeth Arnoediad (the Battle of Unnumbered Tears) where the sword would have first encountered the evil Balrogs, demons of the ancient world. The 'sword of Turgon' (not specifically identified as Glamdring) was 'a white and gold sword in a ruelbone (ivory) sheath'. Turgon would have had at least one face-to-face encounter with a Balrog at that time, possibly Gothmog, the High Captain of Angband, who is specifically mentioned in the story of the battle.

When Turgon perished under the Tower of the King, the sword was lost and pure speculation takes over. We don't meet the blade again until it is found and claimed by Gandalf in the troll's hoard as he accompanies the dwarves on their way to the Lonely Mountain in The Hobbit. Here it is imagined that the sword has been found and hoarded by many through the centuries over 6,500 years in fact — until it has wound up in a hillside cave in the Trollshaws of Eriador, many miles further east from Gondolin. Gandalf is appropriately amazed by its appearance; its heritage as an enemy of Balrogs in particular is going to be of great significance for him.

The noble elf Elrond is able to confirm for them that 'This, Gandalf, was Glamdring, Foehammer that the king of Gondolin once wore.' **Grant P. Hudson** takes us on a journey into the past of J. R. R. Tolkien's Middle-earth, following the invented history of a sword.

Its first victim in Gandalf's hands, appropriately, is the Great Goblin (who shouts fierce hate a lot). Other Orcs flee as they recognize the sword as 'Beater', which means that either some of the Orcs were at the Fall of Gondolin thousands of years before, or that they had legends about two glowing swords - Beater and Biter - which had been passed down through the ages.

Gandalf probably wielded Glamdring again during the Battle of the Five Armies and certainly had it by his side when he left Rivendell with the Fellowship of the Ring (which means he may have used it in his earlier encounter with the Nazgûl on Weathertop, though this is not stated anywhere). He used the blade during the Battle of the Chamber of Mazarbul in Moria, and a short time later the sword once again meets one of its old foes, a Balrog, when the wizard and the demon both fall, landing in a subterranean lake. The flames of the Balrog's body go

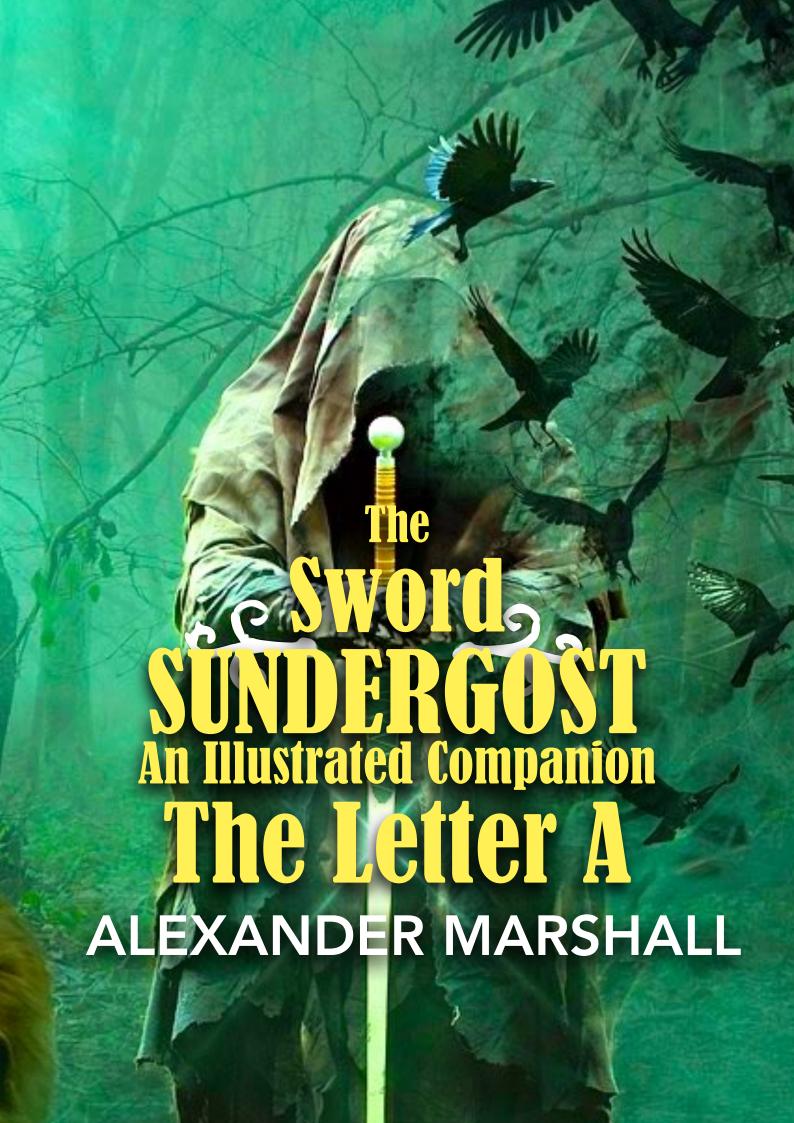
out but it remains 'a thing of slime, stronger than a strangling snake' and they fight in the water, with the Balrog clutching at Gandalf to strangle him, and Gandalf hewing the Balrog with Glamdring - a battle somewhat reminiscent of Beowulf's legendary confrontation with Grendel beneath a cold lake, an encounter with which Tolkien was very familiar - until finally the Balrog flees into ancient tunnels of unknown origin.

The wizard pursues the creature for eight days, until they climb to the peak of Zirakzigil. The Balrog erupts into new flame and they fight on the mountaintop for two days and nights. It's not clear what role Glamdring plays in this final conflict, but in the end, the Balrog is defeated and cast down, breaking the mountainside where it fell 'in ruin'.

Gandalf continues to bear Glamdring throughout the War of the Ring, at the Battle of the Pelennor Fields and later at the Black Gate. He carries it at his side when he, Frodo, Sam, Merry and Pippin arrive at the Prancing Pony in Bree after the War is over.

On September 29, Third Age 3021, Gandalf leaves Middle-earth and sails into the West, but whether or not he takes Glamdring with him is not clear. At that point he had been carrying the sword for over 80 years and it had certainly fulfilled its name as the hammer of things which generated noise and hatred.

Though we have traced the sword's story from the beginning to the end, in Tolkien's imagination it went the other way -from the discovery of a sword in the trolls' cave in *The Hobbit*, to an imagined derivation and history which went right back into the First Age of Tolkien's Middle Earth and made sense, staying true to its derivation and central meaning throughout. The whole history of Middle Earth is like that: woven around words and their meanings.



<u>Ghe Sword Sundergost</u>: from the fertile mind of Alexander (Darshall comes a complex world of Gods, legends, dragons, ancient evil and unlikely heroes...

Ghe Great Worm groaned,
Great will be the deeds
Of this Sword, and it will serve with strength
Ghe sovereignty of men, even thy
Line of long-awaited lords in time—
But its greatest deed will be in the
Service of Dragons...

Ryna is born to greatness, but she doesn't know it. When a giant warrior arrives in the kingdom of Restonia, bringing with him horrifying evil, her life is changed forever. Her destiny leads her all the way to the dark island of Wormstone, and to the Jewel Sterreth, to the peril of all who live in the wide realms of Gandria...

Ghe Children of Gara: Syra the fiery-haired, full of passion but poisoned by evil: and Arime, naive and impulsive, driven by youth. Into their world steps Garazion, a mighty Merald of Raendu, whose dreams made the world. Realms will rise or fall based on the decisions made by these children — and in the East awaits the greatest challenge of all...

On the isle of Wormstone stands the Citadel of the Four Winds, concealing a living darkness which threatens to give Dare-kor, leader of the Morndred, power over the souls of all who dwell in Gandria. The heir to the Migh Throne wanders witless in wild places — but the great Golden Blade, the Sword Sundergost, needs to find its way to the final

confrontation with what lies beneath Wormstone...

And now, The Phantom Sword of Rondar:

Annua Larkswing once studied to be a Ŋerald of Raendu in the Ŋall of Ramsgarden high in the hills of Rondar - but she abandoned the ways of peace and went to fight in the War of the Sword, becoming one of the fabled Crimson Company...

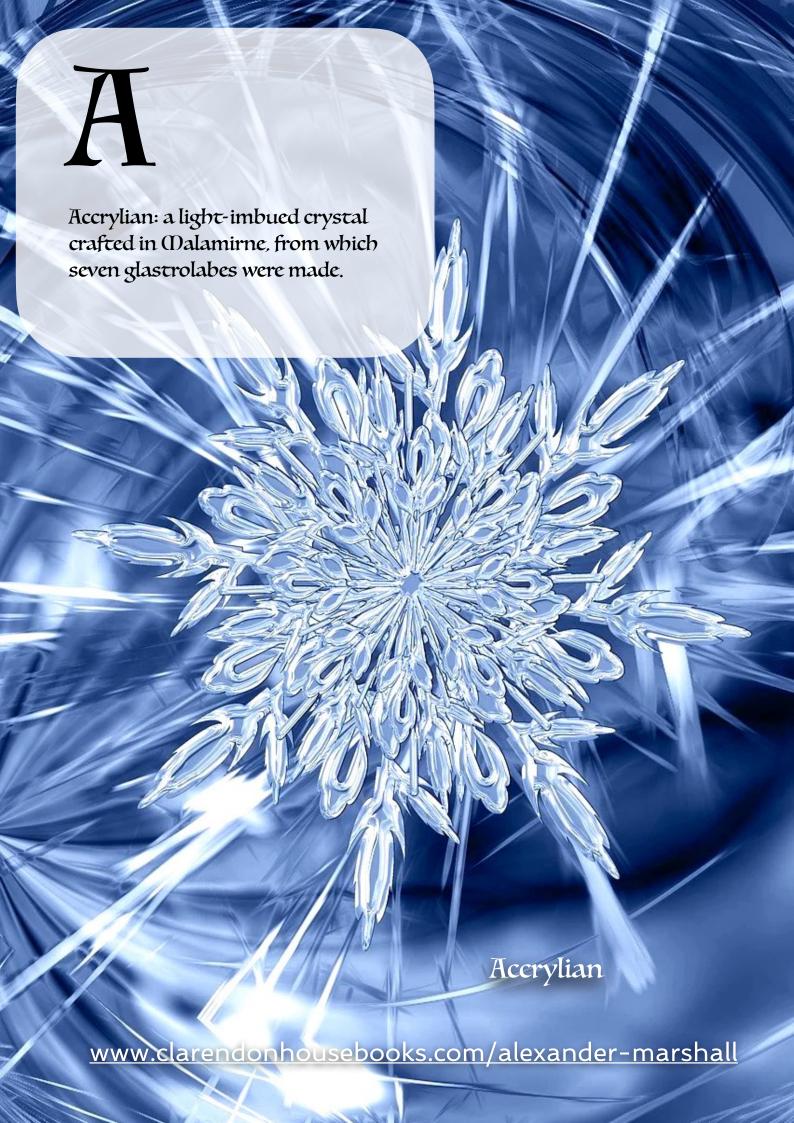
Fearful Fretravorn is home to the Bloodseekers, vicious raiders who seek the downfall of the kingdom of Rondar across the sea: they will stop at nothing to utterly destroy that realm...

When a savage raid upon the coastal village of Gagavorn results in the cruel death of Krisain, Annua's adopted daughter, a wild and vengeful power is unleashed which neither the lord of the Bloodseekers nor the queen of Rondar could have foreseen: it is time for the Phantom Sword of Rondar to strike again...

For lovers of J. R. R. Golkien, C. S. Lewis, Ursula K. Le Guin and epic fantasy on a grand scale, <u>Ghe Sword Sundergost</u> is available in one giant volume for the first time, and <u>Ghe Phantom Sword of Rondar</u> launches the adventures of Annua Larkswing.

Now, we present from the Illustrated Companion, the Letter A.

-Grant P. Ŋudson, editor



Agrator: the greatest of seven fireswords made in the deeps of time by Komishnimar the Firesmith, and borne in war through the ages by the royal houses of Gurgal, its blade is coated with a fine oil which ignites when a spark is struck by it and burns as it fights.

Aladron: Prince of Silverian, who with Valkurn drove out the evil armies from Silverian and the (Diddle Lands and threw down the Serpent Gower, riding before a Crimson Company of knights dedicated to the battle against evil.

Alagar: daughter of the King of Valadria, fell in love with and wedded Lisaean, son of Ravena, in the green hills of (Diria in 1276, who, returning to (Diria from Garthos in Restonia, was waylaid by a mighty force of creatures of the Underdarkness, and, becoming lost and separated, perished soon after giving birth to Ryna.

Agrator



Alathosa: a wide harbour also known as the Port of Gara, above which stand the ħigh ħouses.

Alca: son of Felca II and Gurinshaeal. During the reign of Alca (1034-1060) Gurgal invaded the (Diddle Lands, but was swiftly repelled, largely through Alca's own valiant efforts. Fe disguised himself and travelled throughout the (Diddle Lands, uniting their kingdoms against Gurgal, Alca died soon after the final victory against Gurgal.

Aleria: steed of Cundria.

Alina: companion of Ryna as a child.

Alnacost the Gall: (905-969) king of Restonia and Warden of Shand, father of Bellacost I.

Alun Praiseworthy: son of (Darga of Gagavorn, he was a helper at The Ŋarp tavern in Rondar.

Alween: daughter of Golly, she was the beloved of Bralwain of Sheft, also known as Nawn the Swordbearer.

Amrath: a trader in (Diria, in the region of Remskillieth.

Anar-unin: King of Fretravorn under the auspices of the King of Oiria.

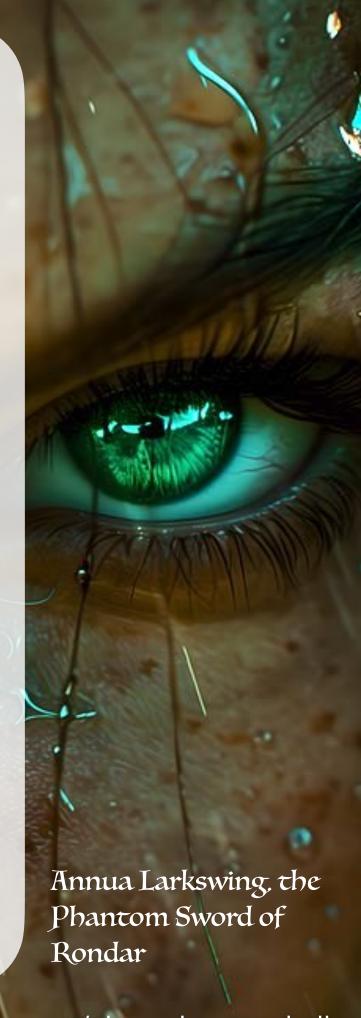
Andracost: King of Restonia (820-850) son of Helca I.

Andracost II: king of Restonia, son of Tielca, (863-871).

Andron: King of Silverian, who, in 442, closed the Eastern Bridge and sealed off his realm, fearing the plague.

Andronathian, The: the chronicle of Andron's House.

Annua Larkswing: student at Ramsgarden, the Third Teraldhall in Rondar, she left to become a member of the Crimson Company during the Great War of the Sword, and had many adventures in Shand, the Middle Lands and Gurgal, including becoming a pirate in the Gwisted Isles. Later she married Castagath of Rondar and became mother to his daughter, Krisain. She saved Rondar's Queen Carren from death at the hands of the Bloodseekers of Fretravorn before returning to a life as a tavernkeeper in Gagavorn.







Aradu: the Shadow, Disturber of the Dream, so-called God of Evil, he who stole a fragment of the Staff of Life and named it the Wand of Winter: he drew dragons to the surface from the Underworld and tried to corrupt the first mortals. He was banished from the world of the Dream, but, clinging onto it, was driven into the Northern Wastes, where he became the father of Uneos and Arata Gonrunin.

Arasha: third wife of Aradu, follower of Nilnie, thrown by Aradu into a frozen dungeon, she eventually bore to him the beautiful child Uneos.

Arata Ashael: Lord of Demons, Gonrunin the Usurper, the Serpent King, brother of Uneos, he betrayed (Dalamirne and poisoned the Redellan, with the aid of Valasne, handmaiden of Kaela. Uneos fought Arata and was thrice wounded and died

Arazon the Golden-handed: forger of Dingost, from which came Sundergost, he also found Sterreth, called the Jewel of Arazon, hidden beneath the earth. The also summoned from the stars the material from which he crafted illuthium.

Argas, (Dinstrel of (Dalamirne: the fabled snowmaker of ancient times, who, wandering the world, sang of stones and water in the footbills of the Guardian (Dountains.

Argath: a Bloodseeker chieftain.

Argin: companion and friend of Annua Larkswing, he was slain during a Bloodseeker raid on Gagavorn.

Arima: the first mortal man, who did battle with Aradu to defend Gerime.

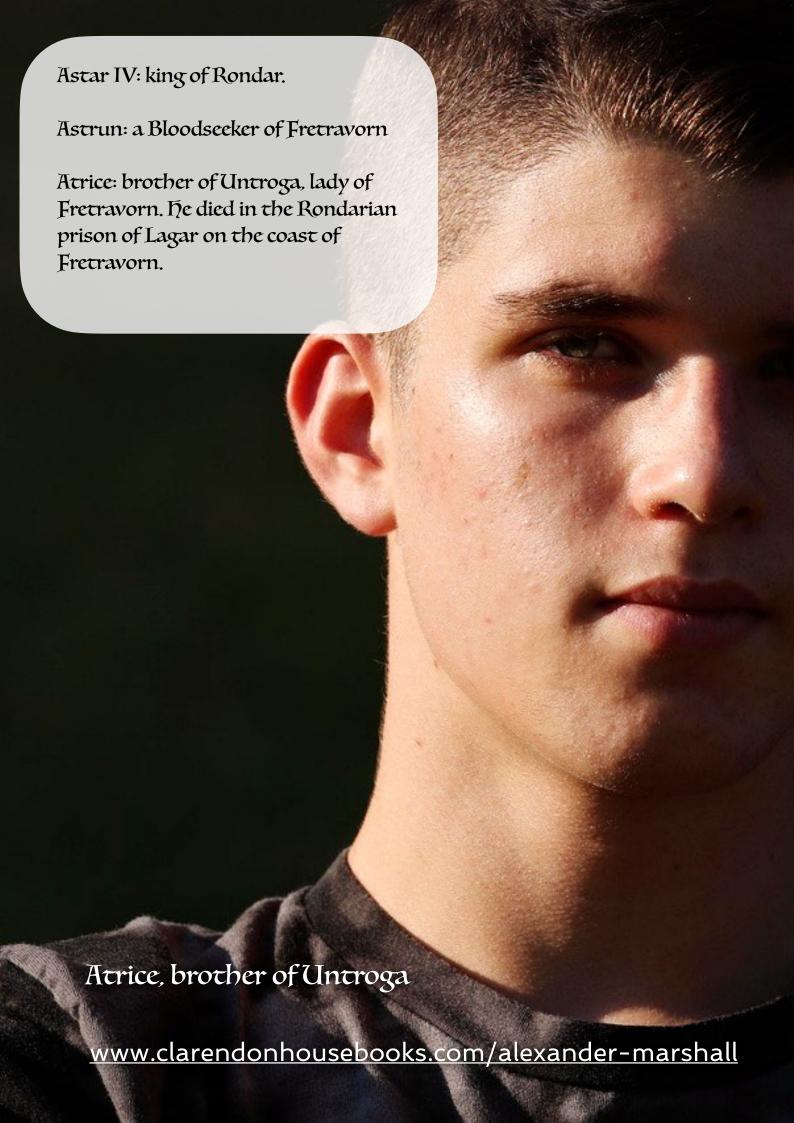
Arime: son of Ryna, (Distress of Gara, he was the heir to the thrones of both Gara and Shand and came through many adventures to his kingship.

Arpathian oils: a blend of oils used to polish armour in preparation for battle, allegedly poisonous on contacting skin.

Arropolon: king of Rondar.

Aspithell: Shadow of the God, also called Ungaelle, and Sha-barcoth, an identity assumed by Lonia when she was under the power of Dare-kor.

Aspithell, Shadow of the God



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