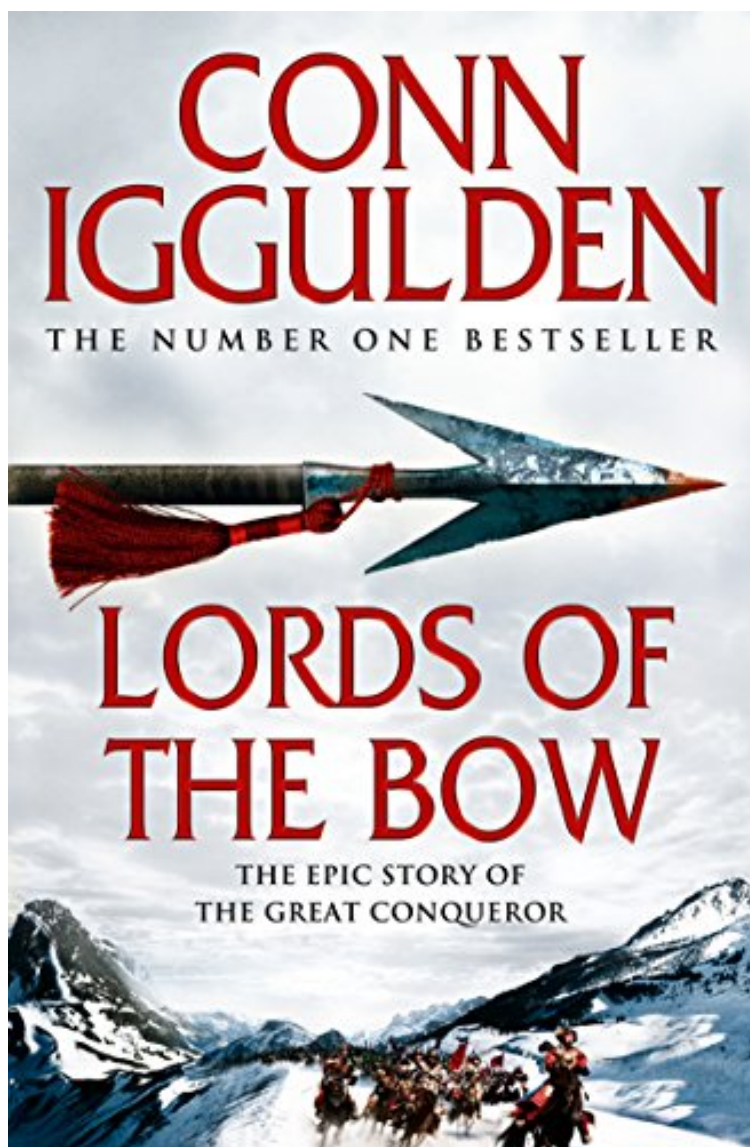


[Mobile ebook] File size: 50.Mb

Lords of the Bow (Conqueror, Book 2)



Par Conn Iggulden

*DOC / *audiobook / ebooks / Download*

PDF / ePub

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #121561 dans eBooksPubli le: 2008-09-04Sorti le: 2008-09-04Format: Ebook Kindle

[Mobile ebook] Lords of the Bow (Conqueror, Book 2)

Par Conn Iggulden : Lords of the Bow (Conqueror, Book 2) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Lords of the Bow (Conqueror, Book 2):

 Download

 Read Online

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurThe second in the bestselling new Conqueror series on Genghis Khan, it is a wonderful, epic story which Conn Iggulden brings brilliantly to life.The gathering of the tribes of the Mongols has been a long time in coming but finally, triumphantly, Temujin of the Wolves, Genghis Khan, is given the full accolade of the overall leader and their oaths. Now he can begin to meld all the previously warring people into one army, one nation. But the task Genghis has set himself and them is formidable. He is determined to travel to the land of the long-time enemy, the Chin and attack them there. The distances and terrain-the wide deserts, the impenetrable mountains-make it a difficult venture even for the legendary Mongolian speed of movement, but the greatest problem is that of the complex fortifications, a way of

fighting wars of a settled urban population which the nomadic Mongolians had never come across. Finding ways to tackle that and keeping his tribes together in a strange environment presents another new and exciting challenge for Genghis Khan. Not only must Genghis succeed in this incredible campaign, but he must also reconcile the restless factions among his own generals, mediate between his ambitious brothers and cope with his own reactions to his growing sons. The young warrior has become a notable and victorious military commander of thousands: he must now learn to become a great leader of peoples of many different races and religions. Lords of the Bow is a deeply satisfying novel. It is epic in scope, convincing, and fascinating in the narration of an extraordinary story. Above all Genghis Khan continues to dominate the scene as he matures from the young boy of Wolf of the Plains to the great Conqueror.

Chapter One

In the summer dusk, the encampment of the Mongols stretched for miles in every direction, the great gathering still dwarfed by the plain in the shadow of the black mountain. Ger tents speckled the landscape as far as the eye could see, and around them thousands of cooking fires lit the ground. Beyond those, herds of ponies, goats, sheep, and yaks stripped the ground of grass in their constant hunger. Each dawn saw them driven away to the river and good grazing before returning to the gers. Though Genghis guaranteed the peace, tension and suspicion grew each day. None there had seen such a host before, and it was easy to feel hemmed in by the numbers. Insults imaginary and real were exchanged as all felt the pressure of living too close to warriors they did not know. In the evenings, there were many fights between the young men, despite the prohibition. Each dawn found one or two bodies of those who had tried to settle an old score or grudge. The tribes muttered among themselves while they waited to hear why they had been brought so far from their own lands. In the center of the army of tents and carts stood the ger of Genghis himself, unlike anything seen before on the plains. Half as high again as the others, it was twice the width and built of stronger materials than the wicker lattice of the gers around it. The construction had proved too heavy to dismantle easily and was mounted on a wheeled cart drawn by eight oxen. As the night came, many hundreds of warriors directed their feet toward it, just to confirm what they had heard and marvel. Inside, the great ger was lit with mutton-oil lamps, casting a warm light over the inhabitants and making the air thick. The walls were hung with silk war banners, but Genghis disdained any show of wealth and sat on a rough wooden bench. His brothers lay sprawled on piled horse blankets and saddles, drinking and chatting idly. Before Genghis sat a nervous young warrior, still sweating from the long ride that had brought him amongst such a host. The men around the khan did not seem to be paying attention, but the messenger was aware that their hands were never far from their weapons. They did not seem tense or worried at his presence, and he considered that their hands might always be near a blade. His people had made their decision and he hoped the elder khans knew what they were doing. "If you have finished your tea, I will hear the message," Genghis said. The messenger nodded, placing the shallow cup back on the floor at his feet. He swallowed his last gulp as he closed his eyes and recited, "These are the words of Barchuk, who is khan to the Uighurs." The conversations and laughter around him died away as he spoke, and he knew they were all listening. His nervousness grew. "It is with joy that I learned of your glory, my lord Genghis Khan. We had grown weary waiting for our people to know one another and rise. The sun has risen. The river is freed of ice. You are the gurkan, the one who will lead us all. I will dedicate my strength and knowledge to you." The messenger stopped and wiped sweat from his brow. When he opened his eyes, he saw that Genghis was looking at him quizzically and his stomach tightened in fear. "The words are very fine," Genghis said, "but where are the Uighurs? They have had a year to reach this place. If I have to fetch them . . ." He left the threat dangling. The messenger spoke quickly. "My lord, it took months just to build the carts to travel. We have not moved from our lands in many generations. Five great temples had to be taken apart, stone by stone, each one numbered so that it could be built again. Our store of scrolls took a dozen carts by itself and cannot move quickly." "You have writing?" Genghis asked, sitting forward with interest. The messenger nodded without pride. "For many years now, lord. We have collected the writings of nations in the west, whenever they have allowed us to trade for them. Our khan is a man of great learning and has even copied works of the Chin and the Xi Xia." "So I am to welcome scholars and teachers to this place?" Genghis said. "Will you fight with scrolls?" The messenger colored as the men in the ger chuckled. "There are four thousand warriors also, my lord. They will follow Barchuk wherever he leads them." "They will follow me, or they will be left as flesh on the grass," Genghis replied. For a moment, the messenger could only stare, but then he dropped his eyes to the polished wooden floor and remained silent. Genghis stifled his irritation. "You have not said when they will come, these Uighur scholars," he said. "They could be only days behind me, lord. I left three moons ago and they were almost ready to leave. It cannot be long now, if you will have patience." "For four

thousand, I will wait," Genghis said softly, thinking. "You know the Chin writing?" "I do not have my letters, lord. My khan can read their words." "Do these scrolls say how to take a city made of stone?" The messenger hesitated as he felt the sharp interest of the men around him. "I have not heard of anything like that, lord. The Chin write about philosophy, the words of the Buddha, Confucius, and Lao Tzu. They do not write of war, or if they do, they have not allowed us to see those scrolls." "Then they are of no use to me," Genghis snapped. "Get yourself a meal and be careful not to start a fight with your boasting. I will judge the Uighurs when they finally arrive." The messenger bowed low before leaving the ger, taking a relieved breath as soon as he was out of the smoky atmosphere. Once more he wondered if his khan understood what he had promised with his words. The Uighur ruled themselves no longer. Looking around at the vast encampment, the messenger saw twinkling lights for miles. At a word from the man he had met, they could be sent in any direction. Perhaps the khan of the Uighurs had not had a choice. Hoelun dipped her cloth into a bucket and laid it on her son's brow. Temuge had always been weaker than his brothers, and it seemed an added burden that he fell sick more than Khasar or Kachiun, or Temujin himself. She smiled wryly at the thought that she must now call her son "Genghis." It meant the ocean and was a beautiful word twisted beyond its usual meaning by his ambition. He who had never seen the sea in his twenty-six years of life. Not that she had herself, of course. Temuge stirred in his sleep, wincing as she probed his stomach with her fingers. "He is quiet now. Perhaps I will leave for a time," Borte said. Hoelun glanced coldly at the woman Temujin had taken as a wife. Borte had given him four perfect sons and for a time Hoelun had thought they would be as sisters, or at least friends. The younger woman had once been full of life and excitement, but events had twisted her somewhere deep, where it could not be seen. Hoelun knew the way Temujin looked at the eldest boy. He did not play with little Jochi and all but ignored him. Borte had fought against the mistrust, but it had grown between them like an iron wedge into strong wood. It did not help that his three other boys had all inherited the yellow eyes of his line. Jochi's were a dark brown, as black as his hair in dim light. While Temujin doted on the others, it was Jochi who ran to his mother, unable to understand the coldness in his father's face when he looked at him. Hoelun saw the young woman glance at the door to the ger, no doubt thinking of her sons. "You have servants to put them to bed," Hoelun chided. "If Temuge wakes, I will need you here." As she spoke her fingers drifted over a dark knot under the skin of her son's belly, just a few fingerbreadths above the dark hair of his groin. She had seen such an injury before, when men lifted weights too heavy for them. The pain was crippling, but most of them recovered. Temuge did not have that kind of luck, and never had. He looked less like a warrior than ever as he had grown to manhood. When he slept, he had the face of a poet, and she loved him for that. Perhaps because his father would have rejoiced to see the men the others had become, she had always found a special tenderness for Temuge. He had not grown ruthless, though he had endured as much as they. She sighed to herself and felt Borte's eyes on her in the gloom. "Perhaps he will recover," Borte said. Hoelun winced. Her son blistered under the sun and rarely carried a blade bigger than an eating knife. She had not minded as he began to learn the histories of the tribes, taking them in with such speed that the older men were amazed at his recall. Not everyone could be skilled with weapons and horses, she told herself. She knew he hated the sneers and gibes that followed him in his work, though there were few who dared risk Genghis hearing of them. Temuge refused to mention the insults and that was a form of courage all its own. None of her sons lacked spirit. Both women looked up as the small door of the ger opened. Hoelun frowned as she saw Kokchu enter and bow his head to them. His fierce eyes darted over the supine figure of her son, and she fought not to show her dislike, not even understanding her own reaction. There was something about the shaman that set her teeth on edge, and she had ignored the messengers he had sent. For a moment, she drew herself up, struggling between indignation and weariness. "I did not ask for you," she said coldly. Kokchu seemed oblivious to the tone. "I sent a slave to beg a moment with you, mother to khans. Perhaps he has not yet arrived. The whole camp is talking of your son's illness." Hoelun felt the shaman's gaze fasten on her, waiting to be formally welcomed as she looked at T...
Revue de presse A triumph of historical fiction. Publishers Weekly (starred review) Iggulden is in a class of his own when it comes to epic, historical fiction. Daily Mirror (UK) Readers who enjoy well-researched tales of historical adventure with an emphasis on political intrigue, exotic settings, and military conflict will enjoy the ride. Library Journal From the Trade Paperback edition.