

The Ironside Express

Holden Shearer

People sleep peaceably in their beds at night only because rough men stand ready to do violence on their behalf.

—Richard Grenier

To fight monsters, we created monsters of our own.

—Raleigh, *Pacific Rim*

Part One: The Contract

Even from the beginning, that was the problem. People liked pretty things. People even liked pretty things that wanted to kill and eat them.

—Holly Black, *The Coldest Girl in Coldtown*

THE PROBLEM

—*Comumant, Afternoon.*

Two men in rolled-up shirtsleeves lounged on the roof of the train depot, collars undone in futile hope of relief from the day's smothering heat. Each carried a rifle against his shoulder. They were paid to scan the sky for hellkites, which often winged in on thermals from the prairie that stretched to the north and east as far as the eye could see, but today the sky was a wide and empty electric blue with only a few thin wisps of white far away to the south.

Beneath their feet was the depot's tarpapered roof and beneath that roof was the junction and switching station, where the stationmaster was doing his level best to ignore the man standing next to him. It wasn't easy; Lukas Giles didn't move, hadn't moved or spoken in almost half an hour, but tense impatience radiated from every line of his body. Giles was a figure of imposing contrasts: deep blue vest over flawlessly white shirt over skin black as coal; tall and wide, head thrust forward, scalp shaved with the same meticulous precision as his heavy bulldog jowls.

Giles watched as the Ironside Express pulled into the station, its brakes producing a great pneumatic hiss that made the station's windows shiver. Without turning his head, he asked: "Everything normal?"

As if I'd have sat here and used my thumb for a fart-cork if it weren't, the stationmaster thought. His eyes flicked across the console in front of him. Three green lights indicated that the three sterilizing sprays on the homeward approach had gone off properly, washing loose the contaminated dust of the Exclusion Zone from the train's cladding. His own two eyes could see the train was decelerating at the proper rate, and it had arrived half a minute ahead of schedule. But all he said was: "Aye, everything normal."

Giles forced himself to wait until the Ironside came to a full stop, its wheels chuffing at steadily wider intervals and finally becoming still with a rolling boom as the locomotive's weight settled. Then, as the first passengers began to disembark, he headed down to the train platform.

Normally the comings and goings of the Ironside were of only financial interest to Lukas Giles, and then only because the machine was the property of his employer, Mr. Carthage Baines. But a runner had awoken him before sunrise this morning, dispatched from the station and bearing a letter in the stationmaster's hand: *Your presence requested urgently. Trouble on the Express.* The train's conductor had reported the trouble over the Ironside's wireless set, but neglected to specify its nature. As much as it had left his gut rolling all day, Giles approved of the conductor's discretion. Radio messages could be intercepted.

Giles glanced left and right as he stepped out onto the platform, checking both sides of the doorway out of sheer habit of survival. He didn't even think about it; such reflexes were beaten into everyone living in the Territories. Women in dresses, men in waistcoats, porters in deep blue jackets; nothing out of the ordinary. As a first impression, it went some way toward settling his nerves. Since the passengers weren't pouring out of the train screaming, the trouble wasn't of the worst-case variety. He began to prepare himself to hear that there had been some costly dysfunction of the train's systems, perhaps requiring significant repairs that would delay its next outbound journey to Lith. Then a waving hand caught his eye, and his stomach rolled once again.

The hand belonged to Anders Henge, the Ironside's security coordinator. Henge was even taller than Giles, skin only a shade lighter, with a boxer's frame and the first touches of white threading into his hair at the temples. Henge's hand dropped as soon as Giles spotted him. The man was waiting near the back of the train, where porters were hauling luggage out of stowage.

Giles grimaced, pressing a handkerchief to his mouth as he made his way aft. A heavy chemical reek hung in the air about the Ironside, a reminder of the decontamination showers the train had passed through less than an hour ago. Henge and the porters seemed oblivious to the odor, or at least indifferent thanks to long familiarity.

The security coordinator held out a hand as Giles reached him. "Mr. Giles."

Giles took it. "Mr. Henge." He raised an eyebrow by way of interrogation, and Henge nodded, stepping to the back of the luggage unloading area. There Giles found himself looking at a young woman in the deep-blue livery of the Ironside Express standing next to a long, battered steamer trunk on a rolling cart. He recognized the anonymous-looking trunk as belonging to the rail line itself, used for many years to discreetly load sensitive cargo onto and off of the Ironside, and felt his stomach sink further. This wasn't going to be a mechanical problem. The woman gave a bland smile and began to push the cart. Henge led the way and Giles followed.

A minute later they were at the far end of the depot, having maneuvered the cart through the door of the low-ceilinged breezeblock building used to temporarily detain criminals, spectacularly drunken passengers, and other troublemakers. Henge closed the door, produced a ring of keys, and locked it. Then he stepped past Giles, knelt next to the cart, unlocked the steamer trunk, lifted its lid, and stepped back.

Giles stepped forward and grimaced. A portly man in a dinner coat had been awkwardly dumped into the trunk. He was very dead, as attested by his glassy eyes and ashen-pale skin, which in life had probably been a deep sienna.

"Where are his shoes?" It took Giles a moment to realize the person who asked that perfectly idiotic question had been himself.

The question threw Henge off for a moment, but the woman had an answer ready: "They're with the rest of his effects, in stowage. He wasn't wearing them when we found him in his cabin."

Giles turned to Henge. "Who is this?" It was clear from his tone he didn't mean the corpse in the trunk.

Henge cleared his throat. "Mr. Giles, this is Ms. Coll, the Express's junior guest liaison director. She found the body."

"Thank you, Mr. Henge. Ms. Coll, why am I looking at a dead rail passenger in a trunk?"

The woman hesitated. "It's, well..." Then she took a deep breath, reached down, and turned the body's head to the side. Giles closed his eyes, turned, walked until his hand met the rough breezeblock wall. It didn't matter. He could still see the two neat, bloodless holes in the corpse's throat. Unmistakable.

"Sir," Henge said. "This is the second in as many trips. We don't have a fluke, we have a problem."

Giles turned away from the wall. "What?"

Henge frowned. "Of course. No reason Mr. Baines should have radioed you here in Comumant. You don't know. Okay." He took a deep breath. "We had a passenger die in the same fashion on the trip out to Lith. I brought Mr. Baines in to oversee the investigation personally once we reached the station there. We tore the train apart but couldn't find the creature's hiding place."

"Creature," Giles echoed.

Henge ignored him, went on with his recitation: "Mr. Baines concluded that it had snuck onto the train somehow, probably hiding in a passenger's luggage, used the Express to relocate itself to Lith, and killed a guest along the way when it got hungry. He decided to send the train back to Comumant on schedule. But then we found this—" He indicated the trunk. "Another passenger dead on our second night out toward Comumant."

Giles sighed. "A vampire is using the Ironside Express as its own private larder."

"It seems the most likely scenario, yes sir."

A knock at the door made Ms. Coll jump a bit. Henge simply turned, checked the door's eye slot, and unlocked it, admitting Henshaw Crook. Crook was short, built like a barrel if a barrel had heavy dangling arms, and his shirt was rumpled in a way that suggested it had been slept in, perhaps more than once. He shot a quick glance at the steamer trunk. "Oh, good, you've explained our situation, then."

"Mr. Crook," Giles said. "While I appreciate your concern, I think your energies would be better spent leading your team to go over the train before sundown."

Crook sent back a stare that could have chipped ice. Giles bristled but said nothing; Crook was the head engineer of the Ironside Express, a position that demanded extremely specific talents, and as such was the least replaceable person under Lukas Giles's authority. "Oh, I'll be back there and taking the beast apart as soon as the platform's empty, never you worry. But don't speak to me like a fool, Mr. Giles. We've been tearing the Express apart for the last two days during every hour we had daylight. Checked every single bit of luggage in stowage, even the ladies' bags that couldn't hold an overbred dog. Checked every crack and crevice I could get into while the engine was running that could fit a child, much less a grown man. We'll make the checks again, and sift through every passenger space as well, before the sun's down. But what I want to know is what you're going to do if we don't find anything?"

"I don't appreciate your tone, Mr. Crook."

"And I don't fucking appreciate sticking my head into the water tanks to find out if there's a monster hiding in them, Mr. Giles. It is not a commonly understood engineering task. So I say again, if we don't turn it up, what are you going to do?"

Giles became aware that Mr. Henge and Ms. Coll were both watching him, as keenly interested in his answer as the head engineer. "I've only just been informed of the situation, Mr. Crook. But rest assured, appropriate action will be taken."

"All right, well, let me be clearer, then, Mr. Giles. If that train pulls out for Lith and it still has a vampire on it and nothing done to get rid of it, I'll be waving it fare-well from the station platform."

"Is that a threat, Mr. Crook?"

“It’s honesty, Mr. Giles. I ‘prenticed twenty years for this job, but it ain’t worth two holes in my neck an’ all my blood out, which I reckon are apt to happen if the thing’s smart enough to figure out I’m leadin’ the search for where it sleeps.”

Giles felt his temper rising, and locked it in ice. Carthage Baines paid him for service and solutions, not bluster. Crook was right; vampires were, from what little he knew of them, intelligent monsters. It made the engineer—one of the most valuable components of the locomotive’s operation—a target. And if the engineer was this spooked, then it was sure he wouldn’t be the only one refusing to board the Ironside, and if that happened, there was no hope of keeping this situation from becoming public knowledge.

“Mr. Crook, I was called out of bed by a messenger to have this disaster dumped into my lap. Before you next speak, consider that I am not its architect. I’ll overlook your... nerves, in light of the situation.” He stared into the steamer trunk, at those two bloodless puncture marks. “While going over the train, I want you to discover some mechanical fault necessitating that the next departure to Lith be delayed for at least a day, possibly two.”

It was Henge who spoke then: “What will you be doing in that time, sir?”

Giles grimaced as he mentally tallied up the expense he was facing. But there was no other way around it. “What else, Mr. Henge? I’ll call in an exterminator. If Mr. Crook can’t uncover the monster’s resting place, we’ll need the services of an expert.”

THE EXPERT

—The woods outside Hennic Town, Afternoon

Samara Darrow tilted her head as she regarded the two grotesque effigies. They were bathed in slanting rays of incongruously lovely golden late-afternoon light. The sun was quitting the world for the day, and it would be full dark in less than two hours. The ghost of a smile bent her lips. This was what she'd combed the woods for all day, and here she'd made her discovery with time still to spare.

The effigies had been clapped together on a fractured granite shelf protruding from the gentle slope of a forested hill. Samara's steps made no sound on the carpeting of rotting leaves and loose soil as she circled them, admiring their visceral crudity. Each was half again taller than she was, with no appreciable limbs—merely the crude impression of hulking shoulders flanking a heavy blob of a head. The effigies were made primarily of stone and mud smashed into place by huge, powerful hands. It was the other, minority inclusions that were more troubling. Blood had been mixed with wet earth to cement the effigies together, and here and there bones protruded from amidst dirt and stone, along with red-black pulp that could only be meat—guts, viscera, fly-crawling muscle. Most of it had come from a variety of animals, but Samara could see a human jawbone shoring up one effigy's neck, and a lightly chewed hand smashed between rocks in the midst of the other. The effigy on the right had two crude horns sticking out of its head—one made of a stripped tree branch, the other a deer antler protruding from a clot of gore that made her suspect the rest of the deer's head was probably impacted deeper into the crude idol.

It was the unmistakable work of mountain trolls. And that made her smile widen a bit, because it was mountain trolls she was in search of.

They'd been a growing problem in Hennic Town for months now, ranging down out of the high hills and into the fields around the town. Goats would no longer forage in the high ranges. Sheep disappeared with untenable frequency, and then cattle were found ripped open in the pastures. It had come to a head when a rancher named Macadam had stayed out with his herd after sundown; his neighbors to both the west and the north had taken losses and he had no intention of being next. And sure enough, not long before midnight there came a great groaning and upset among his cattle, and Macadam had seen great hulking shapes leaping over his fence and loping toward the herd. He was armed with an old heat rifle whose cells could still hold at least half a solar charge, and the rack-a-clutter lore of the Territories, which told him that trolls feared fire. So he'd sent a ray of white light lancing out over his herd, and held it against the flank of one of the mountain trolls until smoke and steam boiled out and its stinking pelt began to burn.

It would have been a good plan, had he been facing a pack of river trolls or even a solitary hill troll. But mountain trolls can't be intimidated by anything that isn't both larger and louder than they are, only enraged. The trolls had roared, and tried to bite the solar ray, and then spotted Macadam, and that was the end of the matter. He hadn't covered even a third of the distance back to his house before the first of the trolls was on him. And from Macadam, the trolls learned that humans were both slow and tasty. Things escalated from missing sheep and chewed cattle-bones to houses cracked open and entire families gone missing. Traps had been set, all miserable failures; unless killed outright in a single stroke—a tall order—a troll could recover from nearly any injury in a matter of days.

In the end, of course, the mayor of Hennic Town did what he should have done from the outset. He sent folks to the nearest chapterhouse of the Darrow school, and they in turn sent in a dhampir to take care of the problem.

“Well,” Samara said, stepping back from the effigies, “that’s why they’ve been ranging so actively, then.” Mountain trolls were sexless. Like many abominations brought forth by the witch-kings of old, they reproduced through crude ritual, driven by wordless instinct. Given another two, perhaps three days of work, these troll-effigies would be ready to be washed in blood and piss and saliva, and then at some point mud and stone and gore would become flesh and bone and teeth and two new trolls would lumber forth to join the pack. Such was the nature of troll-magic.

That, at least, Samara could prevent.

She glanced up-slope, where a cave opening gaped beneath the roots of an old dead tree. It looked like a shallow depression, maybe fit at best for a bear’s hibernation, but it was the trolls’ lair, of that there could be no mistake. She could smell their heavy, goatish reek even from her position a good hundred feet away. The cave must widen and branch out, stretching to unguessed depths of the earth. She set her back to the cave and skidded down the forested slope, eyes set on a long, broken hunk of wood. She was in no particular hurry, and moved with no particular trepidation; the trolls couldn’t venture outside into the daylight, not without reverting back to the mud and stone they’d been born from. And she had no intention of heading in after them. Face trolls with no room to maneuver? No thank you.

There. On closer inspection it wasn’t a limb after all, but rather a young tree that had been knocked over from just above the roots, probably by one of the trolls. Though it was longer than she was tall, Samara tucked it under one arm and carried it back up to the effigies with no difficulty.

She grimaced as she drew close, and pulled the collar of her shirt up over her mouth and nose. It didn’t help much; she still felt she was walking into a gelid wall of rotting-meat-stink. Bracing the tree against her hip, she grasped it with both hands and drove it into the effigy’s hip. Mud and stones parted with a reluctant squelch, admitting the tip of the makeshift pole, and from there it was a matter of simple leverage to start prying the effigy apart. Samara leaned left and right, then got beneath the tree and lifted with her knees, and that finally did it: the effigy split and fell apart into three uneven chunks in an eruption of stringy viscera and dirt-clods. She staggered back, dragging the tree with her. It smelled even worse once pried apart than it had before.

She took a moment to glance up and down the slope again. The whole area reeked of troll-piss, making her fairly certain that no beast or monster with the slightest ounce of self-preservation was going to sneak up on her while she was working, but there were of course plenty of horrors roaming the Territories that didn’t, couldn’t, know fear. It was always good to be careful. But in this case, as she’d expected, she was still alone.

For the second effigy, Samara settled on just banging the end of her young tree into the thing’s chest until it finally toppled over. That done, she tossed the tree aside and let it go rolling and crashing back down-slope. There. Now even if something went wrong with the rest of the job, at least her replacement would only have the three trolls to deal with, and not five.

The sun was lower now, gold giving way to shades of pink and lavender. It was a beautiful sight, and also a reminder to stay focused.

Samara stretched, dusted bits of bark from her hands, and looked about, but in truth she'd already spotted the tree she wanted as soon as she arrived. The hilly slopes above the town were liberally dotted with fir, spruce, and pine, and it was a mature limber pine she selected, a bit down-slope and off to the right of the trolls' cave mouth. She walked up to the base of the tree, stretched her hands up, and found her fingertips waving just a few inches short of the lowest branch.

Most dhampirs grew up tall and looming, but Samara was of merely average height, to her present irritation. She found herself wishing for a moment that she could simply collapse the cave entrance—not that she'd brought any dynamite along with her—and begin making her way back to Hennic Town, but of course that would have been pointless. Mountain trolls were earthling monsters. You could drown them. You could probably even strangle them, though she'd never seen or even heard of it being done. But you couldn't smother or crush them with a cave-in. They'd just dig themselves out eventually, hungry and madder than hell.

"Up we go," she muttered, taking a few steps back and then running up against the tree. That got her enough elevation to catch her desired branch, and she began pulling herself up, using the scaly ridges of the tree's bark as much as she could, careful not to put too much weight on any particular branch. She wasn't that heavy herself, but she was carrying plenty of kit: steel-shod boots, a twinkling gunbelt on one hip, heavy-bladed dagger on the other, a grossly oversized blade in a magnetic holster on her back, and a supply satchel slung over her shoulder.

Settling into what felt like a stable fork between two branches, Samara adjusted herself until she was as close to comfortable as she expected to get. She was about 25 feet off the ground now, well-obscured among the tree's dense array of blue-green needles. She drew in a deep breath. She could still smell the cloying, goatish, blood-tinged reek of the trolls, but also now the sharp-sour tang of sap, and the fresh bright spark of the pines. It was nice, she thought. People didn't go in the woods any more, not if they didn't have to. It was the same for her, really, but Samara had learned to cultivate moments.

As the quality of the light fell from pink to violet to the first overtures of umber, Samara found herself thinking that a hot drink would go well with this vigil—coffee, or tea if coffee couldn't be had. Or warmed milk with chocolate—she'd had that once, while working in Imbetigo. The mayor there thought they had a ghoulish problem, but it turned out the man who owned the hostel had gone crazy and was eating people. That had been awkward.

Alas, she didn't have any coffee, or tea, or milk, or even brandy. She hung her satchel on another branch, then snapped open its heavily-padded front compartment. Three shock-resistant crystal vials stared back at her. One contained a clear amber liquid. One contained a cloudy amber liquid. And the last was full of what looked like curdled milk. She hadn't quite decided what approach to use against the trolls when she set out that morning, so she'd left herself three options, and now it was time to pick. Ironhide mixture? Getimian accelerant? Or numbing potion? She tapped a fingernail across each of the three, before finally drawing out the clear amber fluid. Accelerant. Against mountain trolls, it was best to not take any hits in the first place.

Of the three alchemical concoctions, the accelerant was the most fleeting. Its benefits would only last for perhaps half an hour. So she waited, shifting the vial from palm to palm.

A rim of golden flames spread across the horizon. Goodbye, sun. The trolls would waken soon.

Samara checked her rig yet again. The dagger on her right hip was well-secured, snap-fastened; it would be of no use against something as big as a troll, and so her only concern was that it didn't fall out during the fight. The pistol rode easy on her left hip, loose in its holster, a gunpowder-loaded six-banger with a simple revolving mechanism. It couldn't bring down a troll either, but it could get one's attention. Most hunters who bothered carrying guns liked something bigger, faster, or fancier, but Samara had two simple philosophies she applied to her vocation. The first was that anything that wasn't inclined to lay down and die with six bullets in it probably wouldn't change its ways for 11 or 16, either. The second, deeper belief was that simplicity was reliability, and reliability was the most important virtue of a weapon. Her pistol had never jammed, not after being dragged through swamps and rain or even making the brief acquaintance of a demigorgon's digestive tract. That was what she most required from a gun: for it to send a bullet where she wanted it to go, when she wanted it to go there.

And then there was her sword. Samara shifted, leaning against the tree to free herself to reach the weapon's hilt where it protruded over her shoulder.

She couldn't draw it from there, of course. Shoulder-draws were awkward even with a short blade, and hers was nothing of the sort. But then, her holster wasn't exactly a sheath—rather it was a magnetic harness clamping the weapon in place, distributing its weight across her shoulders and ribs. She pushed a knuckle into the button on the rig's clasp at her collarbone, and there was a small click as the holster demagnetized and its clamps sprang open. Samara pulled the weapon free, bringing it around her body rather than over her shoulder.

The blade was shaped like a single-edged sword, but not any sort of sword a normal human being would be able to wield. It weighed over twenty pounds, with over four feet of blade and a foot of hilt. The spine was nearly a quarter-inch thick, the blade three inches wide at the base, and it tapered *out* toward its point rather than *in* toward the hilt—the thing eventually swelled out to five inches from spine to edge before finally plunging back to an abrupt, angled tip. As a result it was grossly top-heavy, its point of balance more like a war-ax than a sword. It was like a child's drawing of a two-handed sword. An ordinary man, even a strong one, couldn't do much more than lift it and drop it toward an opponent.

Even in Samara's hands, the weight distribution robbed her swordsmanship of grace or fluidity. She didn't mind. The weapon suited her. It was big, simple, devoid of moving parts. Her vocation didn't require civilized dueling. She wasn't a fencer. Her opponents rarely carried any weapons that weren't part of their anatomy. It was heavy enough that, backed by the uncanny strength of a dhampir, it could cleave apart a troll's skull. That was all she really needed. She laid the weapon across two stout branches, close to hand.

The forest had been swallowed by a palette of soft blues and merging shadows. The horizon held only a rumor of pink. This was the time where vision became treacherous and began to fail for those away from the lights of hearth and home, but not for Samara. Her eyes were not human eyes, and they distinguished subtle shades of darkness without the slightest difficulty.

She drew out the cork from the vial in her hand and tipped its contents down her throat. She shuddered as lightning sizzled across her nerves, slammed through her brain. Her heart beat faster. Adrenaline flooded her body. She corked the empty vial, secured the satchel. The shakes were already going out of her hands. They were becoming steady enough to thread a needle on the first try. Her body was

assimilating the potion. It was sharpening her reflexes to a razor edge. Within a minute, she'd be able to catch a passing fly out of the air, and select which wing to seize it by.

She concentrated on her breathing, on bringing her body into equilibrium with the alchemy coursing through it. It was another thing only a body like hers could accomplish. No human being could survive the getimian accelerant. It would grant its gift of speed and heightened reflexes and dilated sense of time, for a certainty, but the quiddity that was the base of all greater alchemy would overwhelm the flesh. Nerves would pulse and crackle until they burned out. A series of massive strokes were an inevitability. Even for Samara, it had taken years of progressive exposure to weakened elixirs and decoctions to condition her body to survive the school's potions, and she dared not imbibe more than one at a time.

She could feel her body gaining control of the mixture. She had twenty, perhaps thirty minutes before her body's recuperative abilities would destroy its efficacy. But that was plenty of time, because as she focused on her breathing, she noticed that the bloody, goatish smell around the cave was swelling. The trolls were making their way up from the depths of their lair.

That was fine. Samara had one more trick, one known only to the hunters of the Darrow school. She closed her eyes, stretched her senses out into the blooming night around her. With the world shut out, reduced to the sigh of the wind in the pines and the reek of approaching monsters, she could feel the weight of gathering shadows, emboldened by the sun's retreat. She could feel the layers of night: the dark, the cold, the union of shadows. She could feel those things because they were part of her. Darkness pooled within her own quickening anatomy. The chill of night condensed along the fine hairs on the back of her arms. This, she suspected, was the clarion that called vampires back up from death with each sunset.

She tried not to like it too much.

Samara exhaled, and a soft mist poured out between her lips. It spilled down into her lap, divided, and dripped down the bark of the pine. It made her teeth tingle, a sensation that soon spread out: across her forehead, the nape of her neck, down to her belly, her hands, her feet. She breathed, and each breath was a thickening fog that leaked out of her, from her lips, and then as well her nostrils, her tear ducts. It condensed from her pores and gushed out into the woods, unfolding questing tendrils from the base of her tree. Samara breathed, and soon the hillside breathed with her, buried in soft layers of creeping, muffling fog.

Samara opened her eyes. Everything was a sea of gentle gray, and yet, she was perfectly aware of everything within it. She couldn't see through the mist, but didn't need to. It was part of her. She could feel three hulking forms pushing their way through the mist—could hear them, too, snuffling, suspicious. It was early for a night-fog.

She drew her pistol, waited. They'd be drawn to the effigies, to inspect their nascent troll-craft, and then—

The newborn night was shattered by a roar of pure, splitting fury. Samara thumbed back the hammer of her revolver, the *click* lost in the cacophony—and likewise the crash of her first shot. She let her ears aim through the fog, fanned off five more quick shots and then holstered the gun. There'd be no time to reload.

She hadn't aimed very carefully, but then, the thing that came powering out of the mist was so big it had been hard to miss. Twice the height of a man, even in its loping run, the mountain troll was covered in red-brown hair, its broad face distorted around a vast screaming mouth full of teeth like broken stones. Seething green eyes glared from beneath two curling ram horns. It had seen the muzzle-flashes but the fog distorted their exact location, and the thing hit a tree just to the left of Samara's perch, its great dangling arms pushing the old fir tree's roots halfway out of the stony earth.

Samara took up her sword and kicked off from her perch. The troll's eye flickered as it caught motion in the fog above it—its peripheral vision was incredibly sensitive to movement—but Samara was coming in too fast. It swung an arm up at her but she was already on top of it, bringing her sword down with both hands. The weapon sheared through the troll's arm and dug a furrow down its chest. Hot blood sprayed and the monster shrieked, but Samara was already moving, well aware the troll's wound was not fatal and that numbers would be against her momentarily. She rolled as she landed, bringing the sword in side-arm as hard as she could, and felt a shock run up her arms as the weapon ripped through muscle and bone, severing one of the troll's thick, tree-stump legs. The thing toppled forward onto its belly, and she reversed course, kicking off the ground again. Samara spun, dragging the blade behind her, and sent its heavy tip into the back of the troll's neck. She felt the shock of steel on granite as the weapon powered through muscle, vertebrae, and topsoil. Only a thin strip of meat held the troll's head on. That was enough. Even a mountain troll couldn't heal back from a mostly severed head.

The mist before her exploded into a second troll, arms spread wide, howling. Its hands were tipped with jagged nails anchored directly to its finger bones, hard as rock. Instinct told her to spring back, but the alchemical lightning racing through her body afforded her what felt like several gleaming moments of clarity to consider the situation. To gauge the troll's momentum, and her own options.

Instead of backing away, Samara leaped straight up. Her body was still being pulled around, up and to the right by the weight of her sword's backswing. She let it until the sword was high above her right shoulder. Her legs were powerful enough to propel her better than ten feet up from a crouching start, bringing her to just above the troll's face. It had been aiming to grab something on the ground, but now its elephantine feet slammed into the dirt and it leaned back, trying to adjust, trying to pluck Samara from the air.

She brought the sword down, overhead, and it crunched between the troll's eyes in a fan of blood. The thing's arms waved and jerked for a moment before it toppled backwards. Samara rode down with it, bracing a foot against its collarbone as she jerked her sword free. Splitting the brain in half, that would also serve to down a troll. She wondered if she'd have time to slip into the mist and stage an ambush against the final member of the pack.

She didn't. It was coming up toward her from down-slope, from where the destroyed effigies lay. She felt a swell of fog pushed ahead of it and turned, sword ready down by her hip; such was its weight that her only real options were full-body swings vertically, horizontally, or diagonally, and this attack she intended to aim up into the thing's throat, if she could.

The troll pierced the fog, leading with one outstretched hand, and Samara smiled. The sword flashed out and up—she'd go through its fingers and terminate the strike in its neck. But the troll was already stopping. Her eyes caught up with her motion a moment too late; she saw the wild dangling gray mustaches adorning the monster's face, the thick crazy white eyebrows, and realized this was a battle-

scarred silverback she was facing, probably older than she was, wily and mean. Her sword sliced off four of its fingers but never got anywhere near its throat. The troll grunted and brought its other arm around, and Samara, caught in the follow-through of her swing, had just a moment of bitter clarity to see that it was wielding a bark-stripped river log as a cudgel. The weapon was nearly as big as she was.

It smashed into her shoulder and sent her pinwheeling down the slope. There was a wet snap and a feeling like boiling water gushing through every vein and hollow of her body. The pain nearly lifted the top of her head off.

Up, Samara commanded herself as she slid through the dirt, screaming in her head and maybe also out loud through the agony, she wasn't sure. *Up, up up up up up up up!* Her boots scrabbled in the leaf mold. Had she managed to keep hold of her sword? She had, somehow, with just her left hand. She couldn't see the condition of her right arm, it was covered in her traveling jacket, but she could feel hot blood slicking her ribs and pooling around her belt, so the damage had to be pretty bad. Fire pulsed down the arm, which was unresponsive, and slammed through her torso with each heartbeat. The getimian potion strung the moments out like brittle jewels, each affording her the clarity to fully experience the rotten, sickening pain radiating out from where the troll had hit her. It also gave her the chance to hear its footfalls eagerly chasing her down-slope.

I cut off most of its hand, but that'll grow back. No problem for a troll. It pulverized my shoulder, that's more of a problem. Round two. I have one good arm.

Samara waited. The troll came hurtling out of the fog, both feet off the ground, leaping, cudgel swinging high overhead, jaws locked in a wild rictus smile. Yes, it was old, and clever. Samara felt a moment's pleasure amidst the rotten aching agony. *The farmers would never have brought this thing down on their own.*

Samara wasn't a fencer by profession, but she could certainly out-finesse a troll, even with her huge blade and just one arm. Her legs were working fine, and with the potion in her system, she was at least as fast as the troll was strong. She stepped in underneath its swing, pivoted from the hip, swung her sword up as hard as she could with her left arm. It sheared the troll's arm off through the bicep. Samara kept spinning, letting the momentum carry her, and kicked off the ground just as she came all the way around. The weapon's brutal tip punched through the troll's flank, between two of its ribs. It powered through a layer of dense fat, muscles like hardened rubber, and finally bisected the monster's heart. Blood exploded down the blade, drenched Samara's hand. She let go of the weapon, fell heavily to the ground, and crab-scrabbled away as the troll staggered three steps, face marked with an expression of pure shock, and then fell down.

Samara's howl shivered between the trees as she struggled out of her jacket. Her shirt was torn badly enough to guess at the extent of the damage: pulverized meat peeked out of rent cloth, and she could see the dull wink of a knob of bone. A dhampir could heal even faster than a troll—as attested by the way the bleeding had already slowed to a trickle—but *this* kind of damage? She was lucky the arm was still even notionally attached. She was going to need a boost.

Samara squeezed her eyes shut and fumbled in a pouch secured just below her holster. There were three ampoules inside, and her fingertips reported that their impact-resistant glass had survived the battle. Grunting with relief, she dug one out and took a moment to examine it. No cracks. Full of

sloshing red fluid. The brass needle at its tip was unbent. Plastic plunger at the other end unharmed. Good enough. Samara stabbed the ampoule into her thigh, depressed the plunger.

Relief wasn't the word—bliss, deliverance, they were closer, and instantaneous. As always, the blood cocktail cured her of an ailment whose crushing teeth she'd been unaware of until they were pried apart. Her arm, shoulder, they sizzled, a hundred seething white-hot hornets crawling through every wound, humming away in every splintering of bone, but even this darting agony was its own kind of ecstasy. Fog, or maybe steam, gushed from the wound, tinged vermilion, as the pain hit a crescendo and receded. Samara lifted her arm experimentally, and it obeyed readily. She lifted up the collar of her shirt, peered at her right shoulder. Other than a crust of dried blood, it seemed good as new. She flexed her fingers. They waggled, five soldiers reporting for duty.

"All right then," the dhampir said, replacing the empty ampoule and then flopping down among the fallen leaves. Three mountain trolls down, and two blood ampoules still unused. It could have been worse.

The first stars were beginning to peek out as her summoned fog thinned and vanished. The folk of Hennic Town would continue to avoid these woods whenever they could—and with good reason—but there was, at least now, one less threat living in them. Three fewer monsters in the world. Samara let her right arm roll to and fro, savoring the last remnants of that primordial heat lingering in the repaired bones, the mended muscles and skin. She closed her eyes and took in a sharp breath. Goat-stink. Blood. The acrid smell of gunpowder. The heavy wet smell of leaves. An empty moment here in the world, all for her, hers and hers alone.

"For the restoration of mankind," she whispered. The wind spread its rumors through the pines and the firs. Samara sat up.

She waited a minute to see if any other nocturnal predators would be drawn in by the smell of blood or the sounds of fighting. Once she was sure she was alone, she cleaned and then carefully seated her sword back in its holster and re-engaged the magnetic clamps. Now it was just a matter of routine: retrieving her satchel from the tree, using her heavy-bladed dagger to carve off one horn from each of the trolls as proof of the job's completion, and of course surviving a trip back through the nighttime forest to Hennic Town.

Samara got to work.