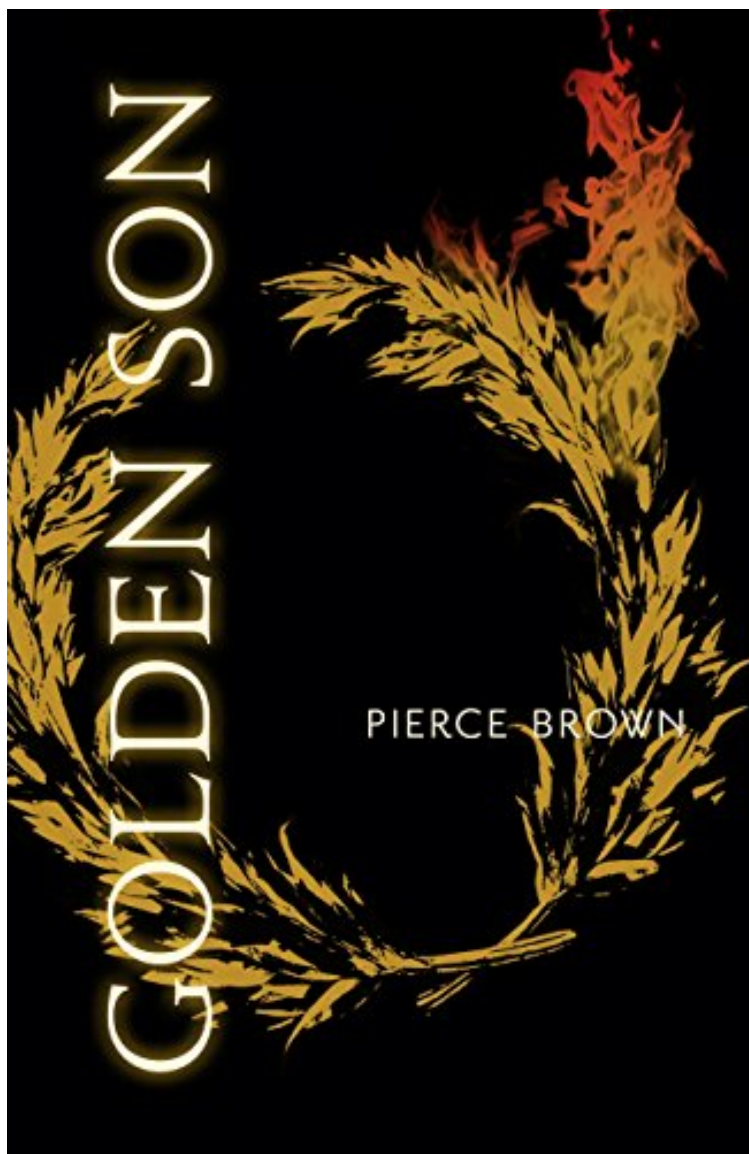


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Golden Son: Red Rising Trilogy 2



Par Pierce Brown
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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurEnder's Game meets The Hunger Games in MORNING STAR , the second in an extraordinary trilogy from the New York Times bestselling author of RED RISING.'I'm still playing games. This is just the deadliest yet.' Darrow is a rebel forged by tragedy. For years he and his fellow Reds worked the mines, toiling to make the surface of Mars inhabitable. They were, they believed, mankind's last hope. Until Darrow discovered that it was all a lie, and that the Red were nothing more than unwitting slaves to an elitist ruling class, the Golds, who had been living on Mars in luxury for generations. In RED RISING, Darrow infiltrated Gold society, to fight in secret for a better future for his people. Now fully embedded amongst the Gold ruling class, Darrow continues his dangerous work to bring them down from within. It's a

journey that will take him further than he's ever been before - but is Darrow truly willing to pay the price that rebellion demands? A life-or-death tale of vengeance with an unforgettable hero at its heart, *Golden Son* guarantees Pierce Brown's continuing status as one of fiction's most exciting new voices.

Extrait 1 Warlords

My silence thunders. I stand on the bridge of my starship, arm broken and held in a gelcast, ion burns still raw on my neck. I'm bloodydamn tired. My razor coils around my good right arm like a cold metal snake. Before me, space opens, vast and terrible. Small fragments of light prick the darkness, and primordial shadows move to block those stars on the fringes of my vision. Asteroids. They float slowly around my man-of-war, *Quietus*, as I search the blackness for my quarry. Win, my master told me. Win as my children cannot, and you will bring honor to the name Augustus. Win at the Academy and you earn yourself a fleet. He likes dramatic repetition. It suits most statesmen. He'd have me win for him, but I'd win for the Red girl with a dream bigger than she ever could be. I'd win so that he dies, and her message burns across the ages.

Small order. I am twenty. Tall and broad in the shoulders. My uniform, all sable, now wrinkled. Hair long and eyes Golden, bloodshot. Mustang once said I have a sharp face, with cheeks and nose seemingly carved from angry marble. I avoid mirrors myself. Better to forget the mask I wear, the mask that bears the angled scar of the Golds who rule the worlds from Mercury to Pluto. I am of the Peerless Scarred. Cruellest and brightest of all humankind. But I miss the kindest of them. The one who asked me to stay as I bid her and Mars goodbye on her balcony almost a year ago. Mustang. I gave her a horse-crested gold ring as a parting gift, and she gave me a razor. Fitting. The taste of her tears grows stale in memory. I have not heard from her since I left Mars. Worse, I have not heard from the Sons of Ares since I won at Marss Institute more than two years ago. Dancer said he would contact me once I graduated, but I have been cast adrift among a sea of Golden faces. This is so far from the future I imagined for myself as a boy. So far from the future I wanted to make for my people when I let the Sons carve me. I thought I would change the worlds. What young fool doesn't? Instead, I have been swallowed by the machine of this vast empire as it rumbles inexorably on. At the Institute, they trained us to survive and conquer. Here at the Academy they taught us war. Now they test our fluency. I lead a fleet of warships against other Golds. We fight with dummy munitions and launch raiding parties from ship to ship in the way of Gold astral combat. No reason to break a ship that costs the gross yearly output of twenty cities when you can send leechcraft packed with Obsidians, Golds, and Grays to seize her vital organs and make her your prize. Amid lessons of astral combat, our teachers hammered in the maxims of their race. Only the strong survive. Only the brilliant rule. And then they left and let us fend for ourselves, jumping asteroid to asteroid, searching for supplies, bases, hunting our fellow students till only two fleets remain. I'm still playing games. This is just the deadliest yet. It's a trap, Roque says from my elbow. His hair is long, like mine, and his face soft as a woman's and placid as a philosopher. Killing in space is different from killing on land. Roque is a prodigy at it. There's poetry to it, he says. Poetry to the motion of the spheres and the ships that sail between. His face fits with the Blues who crew these vessels; airy men and women who drift like wayward spirits through the metal halls, all logic and strict order. But it's not so elegant a trap as Karnus might think, he continues. He knows we're eager to end the game, so he will wait on the other side. Force us into a choke point and release his missiles. Tried and true since the dawn of time. Roque carefully points to the space between two huge asteroids, a narrow corridor we must travel if we wish to continue following Karnus's wounded ship. Everything's a damn trap. Tactus au Rath, rangy and careless, yawns. He leans his dangerous frame against the viewport and shoots a stim up his nose from the ring on his finger. He tosses the spent cartridge to the floor. Karnus knows he's lost. He's just torturing us. Leading us on a little merry chase so we can't sleep. The selfish prick. You're such a little Pixie, always yapping and whining, Victra au Julii sneers from her place against the viewport. Her jagged hair hangs just past ears pierced with jade. Impetuous and cruel, but neither to a fault, she disdains makeup in favor of the scars she's earned through her twenty-seven years. There are many. Her eyes are heavy, deeply set. Her sensual mouth wide, with lips shaped to purr insults. She looks more like her famous mother than her younger half-sister, Antonia; but in her capacity for general mayhem she far outstrips both. Traps mean nothing, she declares. His fleet has been dashed. He has but one ship. We've seven. How about we just bust his mouth? Darrow has seven, Roque reminds her. Your pardon? she asks, annoyed at the correction. Seven of Darrow's ships remain. You called them ours. They are not ours. He is Primus. Pedantic poet strikes again. The point is the same, my goodman. That we should be rash instead of prudent? Roque asks. That it is seven against one. It would be embarrassing to let this drag out any longer. So, let's squish the Bellona thug like a cockroach with our sizable boot, fly back to base, take our just rewards from old Augustus, and go play. She twists her heel for emphasis. Here, here, Tactus agrees. My kingdom for a gram of demon dust. That your

fifth stimshot today, Tactus? Roque asks. Yes! Thank you for noticing, Mommy dearest! But I grow weary of this military crank. I believe I desire Pearl clubs and copious amounts of respectable drugs. You're going to burn out. Tactus slaps his thigh. Live fast. Die young. While you're a boring old raisin, I'll be a glorious memory of finer times and decadent days. Roque shakes his head. One day, my wayward friend, you're going to find someone you love who makes you laugh at the silly person you once were. You'll have children. You'll have an estate. And somehow you'll learn there are more important things than drugs and Pinks. By Jove. Tactus stares at him in utter horror. That sounds resolutely miserable. I peer at the tactical display, ignoring their banter. The quarry we chase is Karnus au Bellona, the older brother of my former friend, Cassius au Bellona, and the boy I killed in the Passage, Julian au Bellona. Of that curly-haired family, Cassius is the favorite son. Julian was the kindest. And Karnus? My broken arm stands testament to the monster they let out of their basement to kill things. Since the Institute, my celebrity has grown. So when news reached the Violet gossip circuit that the ArchGovernor was finally sending me to further my studies, Karnus au Bellona and a few handpicked cousins were dispatched by Cassius's mother to study as well. The family wants my heart on a plate. Quite literally. Only Augustus's badge holds them back. To attack me is to attack him. In the end, I could give a bloody piss about their vendetta or my masters bloodfeud with their house. I want the fleet so I can use it for the Sons of Ares. What a mess I could cause. I've made a study of supply lines, sensor stations, battle groups, data hubs—all the pressure points that might cause the Society to stagger. Darrow ... Roque comes closer. Guard your hubris. Remember Pax. Pride kills. I want it to be a trap, I tell Roque. Let Karnus turn and face us. He tilts his head. You've set your own trap for him. Now, what makes you say that? You might have told us. I could have. Karnus falls today, brother. That is the simple fact of the matter. Of course. I only want to help. You know that. I know. I stifle a yawn and let my eyes sweep the bridge pits behind and below me. Blues of many shades toil there, working the systems that run my ship.

They speak more slowly than any other Color save Obsidian, favoring digital communication. They are older than I, graduates of the Midnight School, all. Beyond them, near the back of the bridge, Gray marines and several Obsidians stand sentinel. I clap Roque on the shoulder. It's time. Sailors, I call to the Blues in the pit. Sharpen your wits. This is the final nail in the Bellona coffin. We put this bastard into the ether and I promise the greatest gift in my power to give a week of solid sleep. Prime? A few of the Grays near the back of the bridge laugh. The Blues just rap their knuckles on their instruments. I'd give half my substantial bank account, compliments of the ArchGovernor, to see one of those pale airbrains crack a smile. Enough delay, I announce. Gunners to positions. Roque, cluster the destroyers. Victra, attend targeting. Tactus, defense deployment. We're ending this now. I look over at my wispy helm Blue. He stands central in the pit beneath my command platform amid fifty others. The snaking digi-Tats that mark the Blues' bald heads and spidery hands glow subtle shades of cerulean and silver as they sync with the ship's computers. Their eyes go distant as optic nerves revert to the digital world. They speak only out of courtesy to us. Helmsman, engines to sixty percent. Aye, dominus. He glances at the tactical display, a globular holo floating above his head, voice like a machine. Mind, the concentration of metal in the asteroids presents difficulty in assessing spectro readings.

Were a mite blind. A fleet could hide on the other side of the asteroids. He doesn't have a fleet. Into the breach, I say. The ship's engines rumble. I nod to Roque and say, *Hic sunt leones*. The words of our master, Nero au Augustus, ArchGovernor of Mars, thirteenth of his name. My warlords echo the phrase. Here be lions. *Revue de presse* Praise for Golden Son Gripping . . . Both author and lead character have cranked up the emotional stakes. . . . With Golden Son, [Pierce] Brown avoids the sophomore slump, charging the novel with the kind of dystopia-toppling action you'd expect in a trilogy ender, not a middle volume. On virtually every level, this is a sequel that hates sequels—a perfect fit for a hero who already defies the tropes. [Grade:]

A *Entertainment Weekly* Stirring . . . Comparisons to *The Hunger Games* and *Game of Thrones* series are inevitable, for this tale has elements of both. Kirkus's Brown writes layered, flawed characters . . . but plot is his most breathtaking strength. . . . Every action seems to flow into the next. NPR: It's a far superior sequel, in fact: one of the rare breed of reads that improves upon its predecessor in every conceivable category. . . . In a

word, Golden Son is stunning. Never mind how little we've seen of 2015: Among science fiction fans, it should be a shoo-in for book of the year. *Tor.com*: Pierce Brown is a prodigy. As great as the first book of the Red Rising Trilogy is, Golden Son is even better. A wild ride full of suspense, intrigue, and serious ass-kicking bravado, it's expertly written and emotionally engaging, with top-notch universe-building that begs for further exploration. I want more! Christopher Golden, *New York Times* bestselling author of *Snowblind*: The stakes are even higher than they were in *Red Rising*, and the twists and turns of the story are every bit as exciting. The jaw-dropper of an ending will leave readers hungry for the conclusion to Brown's wholly

original, completely thrilling saga. Booklist (starred review) Dramatic . . . the rare middle book that loses almost no momentum as it sets up the final installment. Publishers Weekly Praise for Pierce Brown's Red Rising [A] spectacular adventure . . . one heart-pounding ride . . . Pierce Brown's dizzyingly good debut novel evokes The Hunger Games, Lord of the Flies, and Enders Game. . . . [Red Rising] has everything it needs to become meteoric. Entertainment Weekly [A] top-notch debut novel . . . Red Rising ascends above a crowded dystopian field. USA Today Compulsively readable and exceedingly entertaining . . . [a] must for both fans of classic sci-fi and fervent followers of new school dystopian epics. Examiner.com A story of vengeance, warfare and the quest for power . . . reminiscent of The Hunger Games and Game of Thrones. Kirkus's Fast-paced, gripping, well-written the sort of book you cannot put down. Terry Brooks, New York Times bestselling author of The Sword of Shannara Pierce Brown has done an astounding job at delivering a powerful piece of literature that will definitely make a mark in the minds of readers. The Huffington Post