



THE LOST METAL

A MISTBORN NOVEL



BRANDON SANDERSON



A TOM DOHERTY ASSOCIATES BOOK

NEW YORK

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this novel are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

THE LOST METAL

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Interior illustrations by Isaac Stewart and Ben McSweeney
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A Tor Book
Published by Tom Doherty Associates
120 Broadway
New York, NY 10271

www.tor-forge.com

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Sanderson, Brandon, author.

Title: The lost metal / Brandon Sanderson.

Description: First edition. | New York : Tor, A Tom Doherty Associates Book, 2022. |

Series: The Mistborn Saga ; 7 | Identifiers: LCCN 2022040588 (print) |

LCCN 2022040589 (ebook) | ISBN 9780765391193 (hardcover) |

ISBN 9781250880963 (international, sold outside the U.S.,
subject to rights availability) | ISBN 9780765391209 (ebook)

Classification: LCC PS3619.A533 L67 2022 (print) |

LCC PS3619.A533 (ebook) | DDC 813/.6—dc23

LC record available at <https://lccn.loc.gov/2022040588>

LC ebook record available at <https://lccn.loc.gov/2022040589>

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First U.S. Edition: 2022

First International Edition: 2022

Printed in the United States of America


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**SURVEY OF THE
ELENDEL BASIN
AND
NORTHERN ROUGHS**

BY THE CANTON OF
CARTOGRAPHY

0 miles 25 50 75 100





**CITY OF
ELENDEL**
AND
VICINITY

FROM
AN ACTUAL SURVEY
MADE IN THE YEAR 341
BY THE CANTON OF CARTOGRAPHY

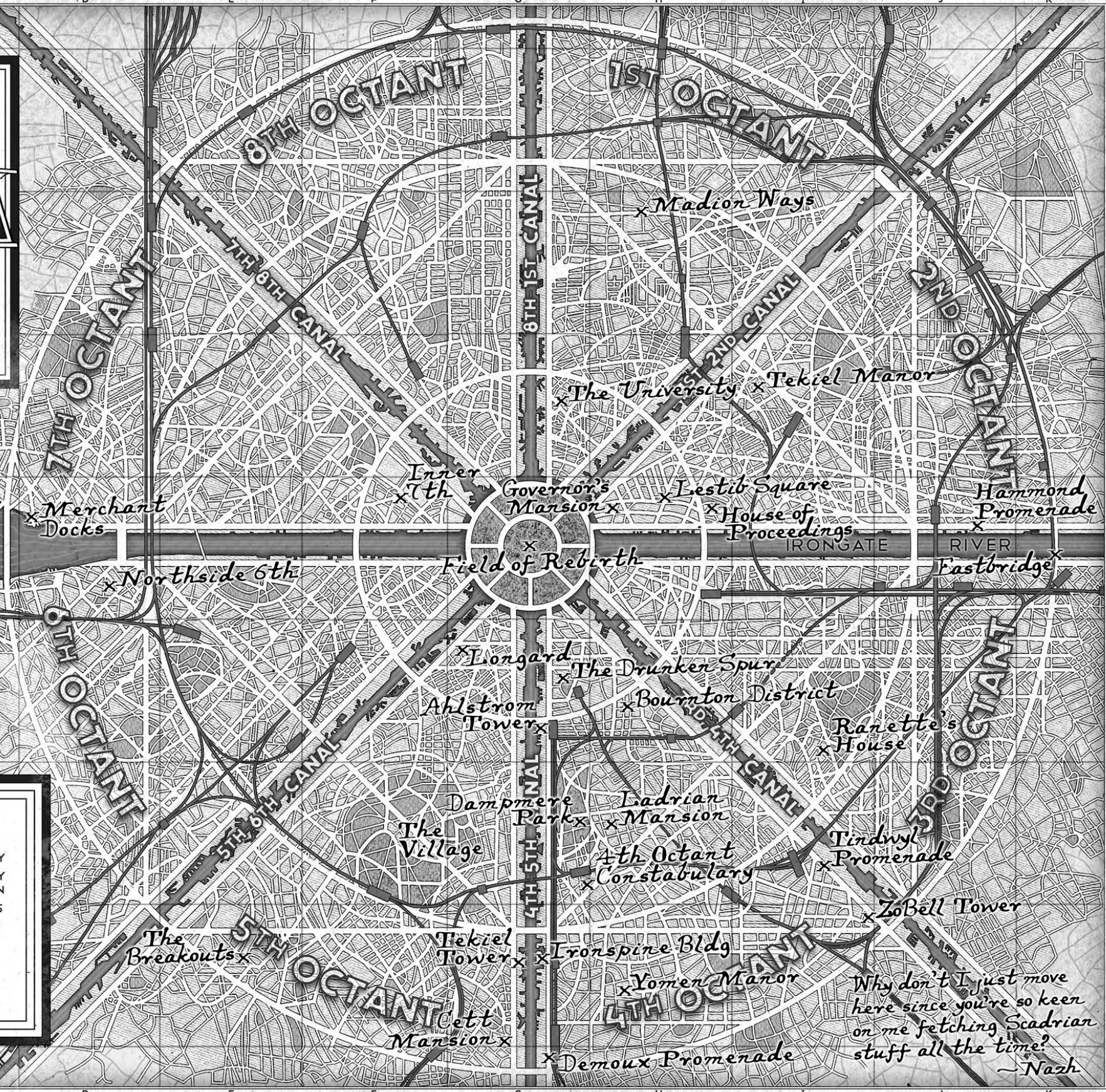
HAMMONDAR BAY

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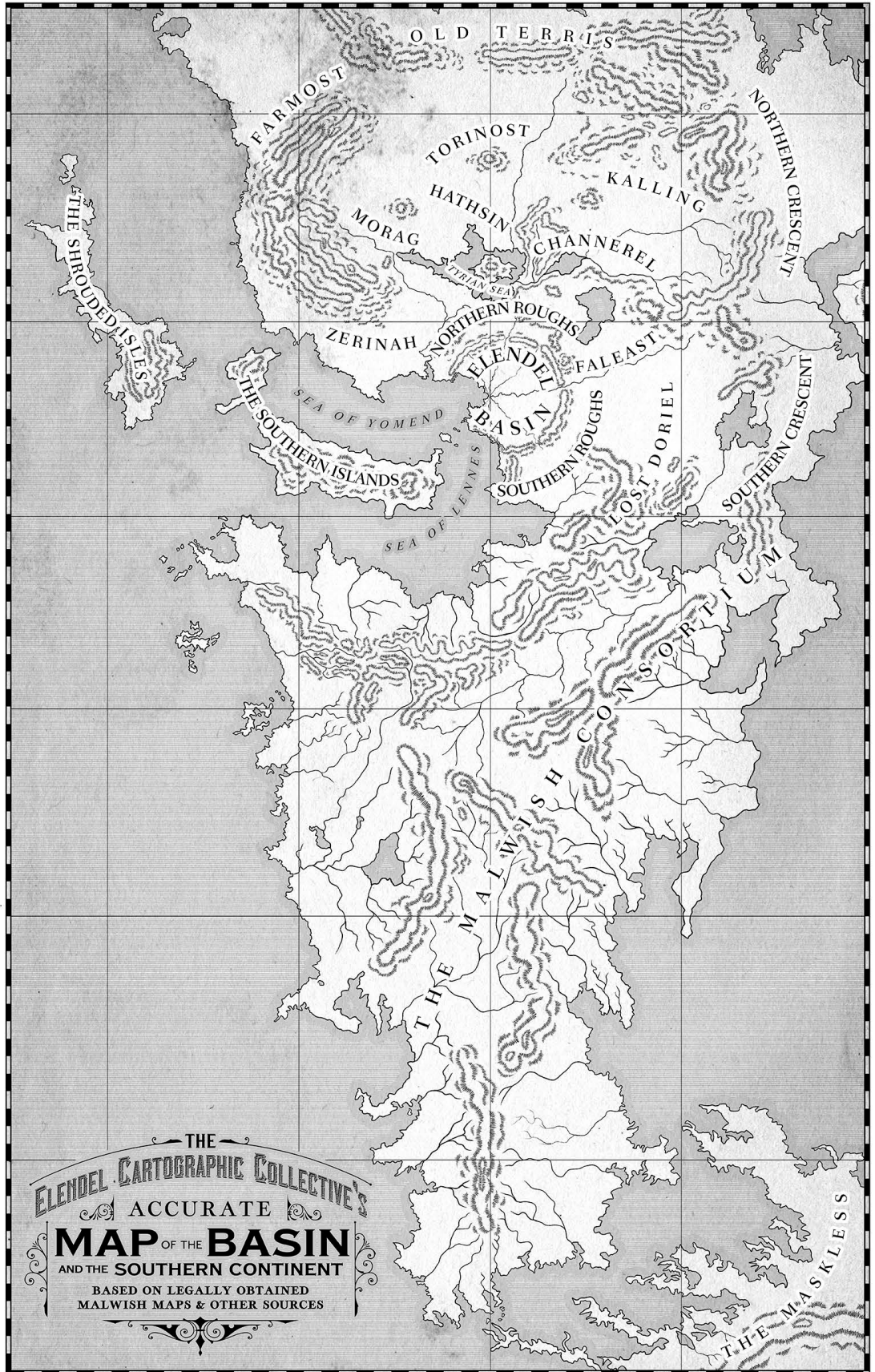
	ROADS		RAILWAY
	UNDERGROUND RAILWAY		RAILWAY STATION
	DOCKS		BLOCKS
	PARKS		FARMS

SCALE OF ONE MILE
0 1/4 1/2 3/4 MILE

THE PLAN IS DIVIDED INTO MILE SQUARES



Why don't I just move here since you're so keen on me fetching Scadrian stuff all the time?
~Nazh



THE
ELENDEL CARTOGRAPHIC COLLECTIVE'S
ACCURATE
MAP OF THE BASIN
AND THE SOUTHERN CONTINENT
BASED ON LEGALLY OBTAINED
MALWISH MAPS & OTHER SOURCES

THE TWO SEASONS

BILMING

"No Two Seasons Are Alike," an Originators Proverb

56

Handerwym Presents NICKI SAVAGE and The COMPASS of Spirits

In my last letter, the Haunted Man, my two Faceless Immortal companions, and I saw the Coinshot Vila Mecant grab the Compass of Spirits and throw herself off a stone outcropping into the mists. The aluminum key that activated it, however, was still with me. Knowing Vila would be back, I entrusted the key to the Haunted Man, who used his hellguns to launch himself to another outcropping, leaving me to convince my faceless friends I had a plan... Which, of course, I did.

Chapter 8: "Flight of the Ornisaur"

KeSun rolled her eyes. "Exactly how do you expect to follow Vila and lure her out?" "The aluminum bones we lifted from the ornisaur quarry," I said, patting Tabaar's giant backpack. He groaned deep within his corpulent body. "Oh no..." "You are incredible at imitation," I said encouragingly. "Remember when you were Human the koloss in *A Hero for All Ages*? You were masterful! You can do this!" "He can't," said KeSun, folding her arms. "Not without me. I'm the one with experience impersonating birds."

then we can carry Miss Sauvage across this abyss." "But the rest of my collection..." he said, the bag of bones shifting on his back. "We'll return for them," said KeSun, with a compassion in her voice she reserved only for Tabaar. "I promise." She raised an eyebrow at me. "Will you kindly look away?" she asked. "We'd rather you not see us when we..." "...merge," said Tabaar. What followed was one of the strangest things I've ever encountered, stranger even than the Beast of Belmont Couture or that time when I was Allomancer Jak's assistant. (Continued below the fold!)

The *Two Seasons* would like to retract our dear editor Kyndlip Ternavyl's comments of two weeks ago, prior to her disappearance, when she compared our beloved mayor to "an irascible boar; no smarter, less attractive, and unable to keep from rolling around in every mire he comes across."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Once again I must object to your continued allowance of ads from Soonie Industries, manufacturers of the "Soonie Pup," who have also ignored my numerous letters regarding their historically egregious depictions of the Ascendant Warrior's companion as a Terris wolfhound, when scholars have repeatedly demonstrated that modern dog breeds were not yet established in the Days of Ash, and that the Ascendant Warrior's Guardian was not a wolfhound, but in actuality a wolf dog.

Grudgingly Yours, Professor Olin Tober University of Elendel

GUEST EDITORIAL

by Gemmes Mills, Interim Editor ENFORCE NOSEBALL BAN! We see them in every unsown field and vacant lot. Vagrants and layabouts, some of them even our own children, congregating in gangs and "playing" the game of Death himself: noseball. These "players" should be going to school or working in factories! Instead, their mal-aimed balls hit unsuspecting motorists and create road debris. The mayor banned this miscreant months ago, yet the conners don't enforce it. R*st and R*in, some of them even join in! Come to a Rally Against Noseball next Steelday afternoon in Tabret's Park, adjacent to the city center, and join a Cause Worth Fighting For!



"BE SURE TO GET MY CHIN RIGHT!"

VISIT THE BANDS OF MOURNING TEMPLE SITE!

Basin Bill Tours now travels to the locale of Dawnshot's famous showdown. Daily re-enactments starring Trevva Cett-Venture and Penelope Portreau. (Additional hot springs day trip packages now available!)



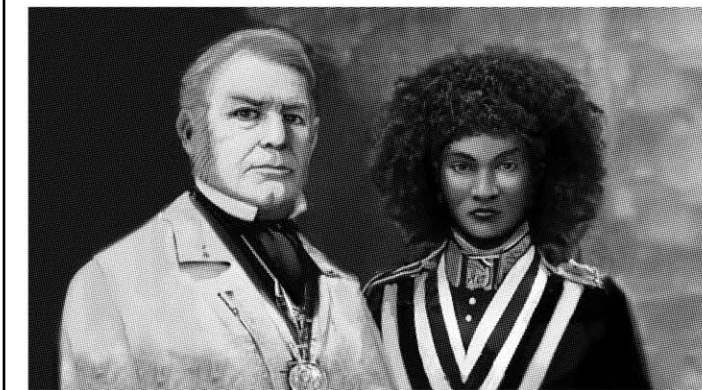
THESE ARE NOT COINS!

They are dangerous Malwish talismans that must be turned in to the authorities for proper disposal. Keep yourself and your loved ones safe from nefarious Malwish witchcraft. Contact N & N at #42 Sixteenth Street for a generous REWARD.

DRINK! DELICIOUS CHOC-O-TONIC PUT A SPARKLE IN YOUR EYE!

ELENDEL SUPREMACY BILL THREATENS BASIN UNITY

UNITY OR DIVISION? PROGRESS OR PERNICIOUSNESS?



The Governor and Vice Governor

In a matter of days, Elendel's Senate will vote on what Bilming's top political mind, Professor Garven Munz, has called "the most monumental change to our government structure since the Words of Founding." Days of speeches, debates, and posturing are planned leading up to the vote, and the eyes of the Outer Cities are focused on the so-called Lawman Senator of the Roughts, whose recent visits north of the Basin have solidified his stance with which many Outer City dwellers concur: Representation Before Supremacy. Governor Varlance and his

BELOVED EDITOR STILL MISSING

It's been eight days since our editor's husband and children tearfully pled for her safe return. Since then, our reporters have combed the city, pestered the mayor, and followed each lead you dear readers have submitted. Until further notice, and barring any urgent information, our daily updates will run on the back. Please continue sending tips to our offices on the corner of 109th and Stratten Way.



Kyndlip Ternavyl

BEWARE! COPYCATS CLAIM TO HAVE FOUND THE SECRET FORMULA... SPARKLE TONIC (Paid for by the Vif Sparkle Co.)

TUNNEL TREMORS STOP... FOR NOW

A sign the city is ready to abandon its underground rail?

It's every Bilming's favorite gripe: when will construction crews finish the underground rail line? Initiated over four years ago with a bloated budget that rusts the metals of every Bilming taxpayer, the subway was to provide relief to the city's traffic problems. While little progress has been seen on the underground rail, in the same amount of time, the Bilming Transportation Authority has added more lines to the raised rail and more lanes to the highways. At this point, do we really need an underground railway, especially when its construction coincides with the small earthquakes that rattle our nerves every few months?

More coverage on back: Owner of Soothing Parlor Grateful for Public Agitation

ALLOMANCER JAK SETTLES WITH SIDEKICK

Allomancer Jak has reached a settlement with his former sidekick, Handerwym Terrisborn, who claims the famous media mogul skimmed Terrisborn's stakes in the company to invest in new media ventures, like the flash-in-the-pan evanoplays of several years ago. While Jak's adventures will continue in *The Sentinel of Truth*, "Handerwym Presents" will now be exclusive to our broadsheet in Bilming. "This was my intention all along," said Jak to a crowd of eager fans, "to train dear Handerwym in the ways of greatness and then cut the apron strings, push him from the nest, and watch him sink or swim. Besides, now that I don't have to pay him, I can focus my time and money on writing my memoirs and exploring promising new forms of storytelling. Let me tell you what's next: vizbooks—they're stories you can read even if you don't know your letters!"

When asked for comment, Terrisborn just closed his eyes and sighed. More details on back: Why the judge let Jak keep the tiger

The Man Who Electrified Time!

The new novel by Bilming-born working man Schrib Welfor. Available now in all fine bookshops!

HELP WANTED—Bendalloy Misting cook for new "quick eats" café. Will pay top boxing plus bonuses and bendalloy stipend for off-work recreation. Great hours! One day off a week plus two days off for Survivor-day or Harmontide each year. Apply in person at Kevron's on the corner of 2nd & Nellis.

FOOD DELIVERY—Order ahead for on-time meal delivery day or night, rain or mist, from any open food establishment. Our trained Steelrunners avoid traffic by knowing all the highways, byways, and throughways. Submit orders to Vema at Steel Kitchen by noon for next-day service.

WEATHER—Chance of fog at Lighthouse Point. Break in thunderstorms, but low mist conditions for two weeks or more. High: 26 Low: 17

ELARIEL'S YEARLY Spring Salon



Come to our flagship store in the City to see our Terris-inspired designs by up-and-comer Ildkwy! Elariel. OPENS BRASSDAY!

CHOC-O-TONIC Are you skeptical of other sparkle tonics and their alleged "secret formulas"? Searching for a sparkle tonic with flavor you can identify without hiring a chemist? Search no longer! We flavor our sparkle tonic with only the finest imported Malwish beans, roasted and condensed into an invigorating beverage. Ask for it by name!

Flight of the Ornisaur

Though I desperately wanted to peek, my regard for my longtime companions compelled me to honor their request, even though the sound of their merging was like an octopus kissing a giant slug. For ten minutes. When I was allowed again to look, the beast before me resembled a featherless version of the paintings of ornisaur with long thin bones and bat-like wings. On either side of the creature's head, where it would normally have had eyes, was KeSun's face on the right and Tabaar's on the left. "You're absolutely beautiful!" I said, clapping my hands. "You are an odd one, Miss Sauvage," said the beast from Tabaar's mouth.

They picked me up in a claw and launched from the cliff, the skin of their wings snapping into place like an umbrella canopy.

Below us, the tops of more stone outcroppings materialized against a gradual, soft mist that made it impossible to see where the mists ended and the outcroppings began. I scanned for signs of Vila. If I were her, I would wait to attack until we entered the mist, so I directed Tabaar-KeSun toward it as I slipped my snake-shaped metal knuckles over my left hand. In my right, I held my umbrella at ready. We entered the mist, and just as I predicted, Vila's form emerged, arcing toward us until we collided. "Where's the key?" Vila said. "Far away from here by now," I replied with a smile. Vila growled, showing her teeth. What followed was a frenzy of punches and kicks while she tried to hold on to the ornisaur leg. That was to my advantage, though, as Tabaar-KeSun's claw grasped me just tightly enough that I could fight without falling into the abyss.

I beat Vila a few times with the end of my closed parasol, and then, when I had her distracted, I landed a punch with the metal knuckles. As the gold snake met Vila's cheek, I burned chromium

and leached her steel reserves. "Give me the compass," I said, "and we'll leave you at the next outcropping."

Vila peered over her shoulder at the approaching stone where the Haunted Man waited. She glanced at me, her eyes wide, no doubt realizing that without any steel, she couldn't Coinshot away. She was trapped. In her surprise, she forgot to hold onto anything but the compass. I had not planned on that. "No!" I screamed, immediately dropping my parasol and reaching for Vila. I serendipitously caught her by the lace of her frilly coat. "You saved me?" she asked. "Don't you want me to fall?" "Harmony no," I said. She clocked me in the face with the compass, which honestly was a bad move on her part. I instinctively let go of her.

As Vila fell, I keeled forward, trying to catch her again, but serendipity is a fickle thing, and my hand missed hers by a hair. Horrified, I watched the mists swallow her. The sudden shifting of my weight, however, threw me from the claw. Suddenly weightless, I feared this might be the end.

Then I felt air pushed by large wings. A claw snatched me and dropped me on the outcropping next to the Haunted Man. I slid to a stop just shy of the edge, my custom Miele Jedon boots sending pebbles clacking over the side. Bless those shoes and their fashionable yet grippy soles. (You can get a pair at Ardenne's on 9th. They're custom, yes, but drop my name, and the clerks there will be keen to help.) Heart thumping, my breath coming in gasps, I searched the top of the outcropping. "The compass...we should scour the cliffs!"

Tabaar-KeSun landed and opened their other claw. The compass rolled out, and I snatched it up. Before I could thank them, the Haunted Man took my hand and stared at me with intense, desperate eyes. Given his usual scowl, this new expression was as foreign on him as cheap perfume would be on me.



"My dearest Nicelle," he said, gifting me a rare smile. "What is it?" I asked, inspecting myself for wounds. Though I'd lost a few buttons from my blouse, at least I hadn't lost the whole shirt, which always happened to Jak at this point in his stories. "I'm fine. I promise."

"You almost fell," he said, cupping my cheek in one of his large, rough hands. Heat boiled up from my heart, and I couldn't help but smile back. How far we had come from our first meeting! "You silly man. You'll never get rid of me that easily," I said. "It's you and me exploring the cosmere together forever. Just like we promised."

I let him pull me close, his familiar scent of hellfire and cedar filling me. With the knuckle of his finger, he lifted my chin so that I looked into his stormy eyes. Was he going to kiss me? Did I want him to? By Harmony, yes. In that moment, I realized I'd wanted this for the last six years, every time he'd appeared and (inevitably) upended my life. "Nicelle..." he said, his voice low and breathy. "Yes?" I rolled up onto my toes and leaned into him. "I am so very sorry." He lifted the Compass of Spirits, inserted the aluminum key, and turned it. The little rings

spun until they flowed with ethereal light, which inverted in on itself with a giant pop I felt in my soul more than heard with my ears.

I fell forward onto my knees, the Haunted Man's presence no longer there to hold me up, though the afterimage of him activating the device hung in the air for a moment until it puffed away like smoke from a burnt match. He had done it. He'd finally entered the ghostly dimension. And he'd done it without me. He'd bloody betrayed me. Rusting used me. I will spare you the ugly details of my following tantrum, though I did yell some of the delicious curses I'd learned in my time with him. At the end of my fit, my immaculate makeup was smeared, my hat and its raven feathers lay in tatters, and Tabaar and KeSun were suddenly there in their human forms. "He's gone!" I shouted. "Along with the only way to finish the job, and now we're

stuck a thousand miles from home in the space between continents!"

I thought he'd cared for me. He knew a betrayal like this would hurt me, and he'd done it anyway. Rust and Ruin, I hope he arrived too late to save the world. He and his bloody employer could burn for all I cared. "He's lucky I can't follow him." I clenched my fist around the metal knuckles until the edges bit into my palm. The two Faceless Immortals shared a glance before KeSun nodded as if deciding something. Then Tabaar spoke. "Actually," he said. "There is another way."

A note from Handerwym: It's been two weeks since Nicelle's last letter. (You know how intermittent her correspondence can be.) I can only assume she succeeded in entering the ghostly realm and, Harmony willing, we'll soon know the end of her adventure. — Continued next week? —

NICKI SAVAGE is sponsored by TOBER'S ACCURATE SOONIE PUP Trade in a historically erroneous Soonie Pup and get a brand new Professor Tober's Accurate Soonie Pup for a mere fivespin!