

The background features a complex network of white nodes and lines, resembling a constellation or a data network. The nodes are of varying sizes and are connected by thin white lines. The overall color scheme is a gradient from dark purple at the top to a bright pink at the bottom. The text is centered and in a clean, white, sans-serif font.

Gideon the Ninth

Written by Tamsyn Muir

Published by griefconvention

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Gideon the Ninth

Gideon the Ninth

By Tamsyn Muir

Gideon The Ninth Review

Gideon the Ninth is the most fun you'll ever have with a skeleton.

Gideon the Ninth

Gideon The Ninth By Tamsyn Muir

The Emperor needs necromancers.

Gideon the Ninth

Gideon The Ninth Goodreads

The Ninth Necromancer needs a swordswoman.

Gideon the Ninth

Gideon The Ninth Release Date

Gideon has a sword, some dirty magazines, and no more time for undead bullshit.

Gideon The Ninth Audiobook

Tamsyn Muir's *Gideon the Ninth* unveils a solar system of swordplay, cut-throat politics, and lesbian necromancers. Her characters leap off the page, as skillfully animated as necromantic skeletons. The result is a heart-pounding epic science fantasy.

Gideon The Ninth Amazon

Brought up by unfriendly, ossifying nuns, ancient retainers, and countless skeletons, Gideon is ready to abandon a life of servitude and an afterlife as a reanimated corpse. She packs up her sword, her shoes, and her dirty magazines, and prepares to launch her daring escape. But her childhood nemesis won't set her free without a service.

Gideon The Ninth Pre Order

Harrowhark Nonagesimus, Reverend Daughter of the Ninth House and bone witch extraordinaire, has been summoned into action. The Emperor has invited the heirs to each of his loyal Houses to a deadly trial of wits and skill. If Harrowhark succeeds she will become an immortal, all-powerful servant of the Resurrection, but no necromancer can ascend without their cavalier. Without Gideon's sword, Harrow will fail, and the Ninth House will die.

Gideon The Ninth Arch

Of course, some things are better left dead.

“What greater debt could be accrued than that of being brought up?” There’s an invisible collar rested around Gideon Nav’s throat, its leash leading back to the Ninth House, the claws of its heir fastened tight in her flesh.

Harrowhark Nonagesimus, the sole daughter and secret ruler of the Ninth (and Gideon Nav’s executioner by increment), wore her destiny like a noose. She kept the frailty of her house guarded, locked-down, putting up a masterly front, but a chance at competing for the prestigious “What greater debt could be accrued than that of being brought up?” There’s an invisible collar rested around Gideon Nav’s throat, its leash leading back to the Ninth House, the claws of its heir fastened tight in her flesh.

Harrowhark Nonagesimus, the sole daughter and secret ruler of the Ninth (and Gideon Nav’s executioner by increment), wore her destiny like a noose. She kept the frailty of her house guarded, locked-down, putting up a masterly front, but a chance at competing for the prestigious role of Lyctor is the only way to save the Ninth from careening into a fearful darkness. It was a last resort, and one the necromancer couldn’t consider without Gideon Nav’s willingness to fill the role of her cavalier.

Freedom stood unshackled in the bloodied light of Harrow’s coercive offer, and Gideon felt its lure like a hook behind her heart. She would serve as Harrow’s bodyguard in the trials, and then flit out the Ninth like a loosed bird. Gideon would no longer waste the years of her life as an outsider, inside; doomed to grim survival in a world that wasn’t her own.

But once summoned to the decaying Canaan House where the trials are held, the heirs of the nine houses find themselves confounded, given only the barest scrapings of information about the competition, tied to a stake and baited before they embarked on the wretched business of being murdered one by one. Gideon and Harrow must fight back against the shadowy machinations of those who wished to sever their existence from the world before the Canaan House becomes a slaughter-yard.

You don’t really know how high your hopes have been until you watch them plummeting earthward, and you grappling around in the wreckage. Gideon the Ninth snagged at my attention, and I was beguiled by the promise of an atmospheric, Gothic-flavored chiller, packed with catacombs and sarcophagi, resurrections and revelations, fantasy and horror. Unfortunately, the novel’s allure faded into the sky unmarked within the first few chapters.

The more you struggle against the Ninth, Nav, the deeper it takes you; the louder you curse it, the louder they’ll have you scream.

Gideon the Ninth gets off to an uneven start. We are immediately faced with thickets of unexplained jargon so dense it was difficult to find the other side, and it was like guttering around in the dark, with ink poured in your eyes. For a while, I waited for the dangling threads and wandering pieces of the story to be shepherded into a straight line, as confidently as Dr. Watson observing the actions of his more prodigious friend, but my continuous attempts at making sense of Gideon the Ninth became blighted, abortive things.

For one, the worldbuilding is thin, and my imagining of it was worn and tattered with holes, like a mouse-chewed cloth. The novel is not particularly cogent, or focused, or informative about the actual setting, and I was confused, as though I'd walked in on the middle of the wrong movie. The explanation of the different planets and the different castes and people who inhabit them is blurred to insignificance. Some micro-flaws in the logic also feel sloppy; there are copious pop-culture references (to Mean Girls and The Office) but, oddly, some characters don't even know what a sink is.

It's not until a little over halfway through—when the many strands of the narrative are held together by the unfolding closed-circle mystery—that my interest begun to stir again, feebly. The whodunit becomes the driving force of the novel, with conflicts coming to a head and silent tensions finally boiling over. What seemed at first to be a random patchwork coalesces into a grander, madder pattern, and I felt like a lost sailor suddenly handed a compass. If Gideon the Ninth had stuck to this relatively straightforward plot from the beginning, it would have made for a solid, winning read. But the plot comes too late, and by then, I was so bored I barely managed to squint the words into focus.

To the author's credit, they write Gideon's inner and outer dialogue with flair, but mostly skimp on showing in favor of telling. Gideon's voice feels conspicuously flat at points, particularly in her stilted banter (or maybe her sense of humor just doesn't jell well with mine), and in her contribution to the book's larger arguments, which are very few. As Gideon and Harrow's journey becomes stranger, so does the novel's voluminous cast of characters, most of whom only show up when most convenient, their personal conflicts relatively slight. Not that these characters aren't arresting enough to warrant books of their own, because they are. Unfortunately, that only underscores how really underdeveloped Gideon is.

What saves the book, however, is the ultimate, bloodcurdling conclusion that is as sickeningly satisfying as it is opportune. I'm also a sucker for the enemies-to-lovers trope, and this book knew just which buttons to push. Harrow and Gideon's relationship is a pickled thing, as though it'd been preserved in vinegar, only to be pulled out to act as garnish to their artfully plated arrangement to be Necromancer and Cavalier. The tension between them is a constantly low-simmering fire—one errant breath of wind could fan it—and I snatched hungrily at those scattered moments between them.

Gideon the Ninth was pitched to me as "queer necromancers in space", giving me a bellyful of false hope. It's not exactly an inaccurate claim—just rather flimsy. There are necromancers, Gideon is most definitely queer, the space part leaves much to be desired—but still I wish I haven't

Gideon the Ninth

rested my expectations upon such a beguiling premise.

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Gideon The Ninth Excerpt

ARC provided by Tor in exchange for an honest review.

“The more you struggle against the Ninth, Nav, the deeper it takes you; the louder you curse it, the louder they’ll have you scream.”

Hi, my name is Melanie, and this was a really hard review to write for many reasons. First, I think I have hyped this book for all of 2019, and I have been very vocal about it being my favorite book of the year, and the best debut I’ve ever had the privilege of reading. Next, how do you write a review on the ARC provided by Tor in exchange for an honest review.

“The more you struggle against the Ninth, Nav, the deeper it takes you; the louder you curse it, the louder they’ll have you scream.”

Hi, my name is Melanie, and this was a really hard review to write for many reasons. First, I think I have hyped this book for all of 2019, and I have been very vocal about it being my favorite book of the year, and the best debut I’ve ever had the privilege of reading. Next, how do you write a review on the book of your heart? The book that feels like it was crafted for you? The book that has lit up the darkest places of your soul? It’s hard, friends. Truly. Lastly, I know nothing I say here will do this book justice. But I suppose I should give it a try regardless, aye?

Gideon the Ninth is a book about a swordfighter named Gideon who is my favorite literary character of all time. Gideon is so witty, so funny, so charming, and such a thorn in Harrowhark’s side. Harrowhark is a necromancer, while also being the main ruler of the Ninth’s planet. Both of these characters are harboring a few secrets of their own, but they are both so unsure of their pasts and their futures for so very many reasons.

That is, until one day the Emperor has invited all eight necromancer heirs, from all eight loyal Houses, to compete in unknown trials to possibly ascend into something that will make them immortal, but the costs of losing can very well be their lives. No necromancer can compete without a skilled cavalier by their side, and Harrowhark has no choice but to get Gideon to help her and save the future of the Ninth House.

“You are the honoured heirs and guardians of the eight Houses. Great duties await you. If you do not find yourself a galaxy, it is not so bad to find yourself a star, nor to have the Emperor know that the both of you attempted this great ordeal.”

But once Gideon and Harrowhark arrive on the Emperor’s planet, they soon realize that the tasks are going to be much more mysterious and much more difficult than anyone could have predicted. Especially when cavaliers and necromancers from the other houses start getting murdered. Gideon is not only tasked to help Harrowhark, she also has to ensure that she keeps breathing herself, while also trying to figure out who is doing the unspeakable things to other competitors.

Tamsyn then leads us on this beautiful adventure, where twist after twist occurs so seamlessly that you

Gideon the Ninth

can't help but feel completely enthralled. The writing is so beautiful, so intelligent, and so very impressive. And the way the entire story is told is so very transportive! I mean, this book has one of the scariest settings I've read all year, but I felt like I was right there battling for my life, with a goofy smile on my face. And the atmosphere and constant chill while reading? It's unparalleled and truly an experience like no other.

“Maybe it's that I find the idea comforting . . . that thousands of years after you're gone . . . is when you really live. That your echo is louder than your voice.”

I love this book for many reasons, but I also love it because it's over the top, and has so many one-liners, and it's painfully romantic, and the girl gets the girl at the end. And it's what I've been waiting my whole reading life for. This is a better, and way more unique, and 100% more impressive version of what straight, white dudes have been publishing in SFF forever. I keep seeing people say that they feel this book is too confusing, the characters too over the top, and the world too complex, but I just don't feel that way at all. This is the story my sapphic loving heart has been searching for in epic fantasy my whole life. Gideon the Ninth is my queer, literary loving heart's anthem, and I plan to play it on repeat forever.

This book has the best enemies to lovers romance I've ever read in all of my years. Yeah, you read that right. In my whole freaking life, this is my favorite. I'm talking OTP for the rest of my days. I didn't exist before this ship sailed in this first book. And this book also has such a central theme of trust, and what it means to put your trust in another. Also, what it means to be trustful, and the privilege of having someone put their trust in you, unconditionally. And this book also has an amazing discussion on power dynamics and imbalances, and how important it is to be aware of these things while putting your trust in yourself and in someone else, simultaneously.

“You are my only friend. I am undone without you.”

Overall, this really just felt like the book I've been waiting my own personal eternity for. This felt like the book of my dreams and my hopes. All I want is ownvoices queer books, with f/f relationships, with cutthroat girls putting themselves first, but allowing themselves to be vulnerable enough to maybe let someone else get to see a softer side of them. Almost like I've been reviewing books for five years now, preparing myself to read and review Gideon the Ninth, even though I know no word combination or sentence structure I could ever come up with could do it justice for this story. Basically, I know this book isn't going to be for everyone, but if you feel like you have similar reading taste to me, then I implore you to give this one a try. I mean, if the tagline “Lesbian Necromancers in Space” isn't going to sell you, hopefully my emotional, bleeding heart self can. This book means everything to me, and I hope you enjoy if you pick it up.

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The quotes above were taken from an ARC and are subject to change upon publication.

Content and Trigger Warnings: graphic violence, gore, murder, mass murder, human sacrifice, many

Gideon the Ninth

conversations about suicide, death, death of children, talk of depression, grief depiction, trauma depiction, loss of a loved one, lots of blood depiction, self-harm to get blood, and mentions of cancer.

Also, I was so blessed, and I was able to meet Tamsyn at BookExpo and she is honestly the sweetest necromancer in the world, and she truly made my entire convention! ðŸ–œš”i.

...more

NOW AVAILABLE!!!

• You want to fight it. •

• Yep. •

• Because it looked a little like swords. •

• Yop. •

okay. so. usually when i write a review, i am writing it for some nameless, faceless reader who is deciding whether or not to read a book and looking for some information to help them make that decision, so iâ€™ll do the whole plot-point, pull-quote thingâ€™”giving an overview of the book so they know what to expect, to know if itâ€™s their kind of thing or not. those are the reviews i find the most helpful to NOW AVAILABLE!!!

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this timeâ€™, just, no.

thereâ€™s no way i can explain the premise of this book. i envy and respect anyone who attempts it, but i canâ€™t be that girl this time.

Gideon the Ninth

this book is a lot. it's got a ton of characters, a complexly-constructed world, and a genre mash made up of space opera, murder mystery, horror, and whatever the literary term is for where it's like a magic-and-science-based scavenger hunt at the olympics, but where some people are expected to die.

i'm not gonna lie, i got lost a couple of times. helpful dramatis personae pages are helpful

but i would also suggest you bookmark the page where the characters gather for the first time, to memory-refresh the personality details of the eighteen competitors, because some of them got blurry for me. there are a lot of working parts here, and the worldbuilding is thick, but like the House of the First itself, it's a little bit ramshackle, with unexplained bits and leftover pieces. but just go with it, plow right into the whole bone-cladded thicket of it,

because it's a romp of a book, and it's propulsive enough to carry you through the story without understanding every little thing. in fact, the lingering mysteries will only add to your appreciation.

it's a ridiculously fun book, sad and funny and irreverent and suspenseful, with all the dramatically satisfying themes of honor and heroism, loyalty and betrayal, piloted by gideon, a snarky firecracker of a heroine who declares "that's what she said," not once, but TWICE, which is "to me" the height of comedy and a phrase certain to win my love.

try it, you'll like it! i'm already hungering for books 2 and 3!

oh, and someone give danny elfman a copy of this book. and, since you're already there, tell him i need an oingo boingo reunion tour.

thank you, i DID!

Gideon the Ninth

okay, let's do this.

my stack of "books i am drooling over and need to read immediately" is the cursiest blessing...

come to my blog! ...more