

"Bursts with technicolour." Jasbinder Bilan

MAGICALIA

Thief of Shadows



JENNIFER BELL

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For Mum

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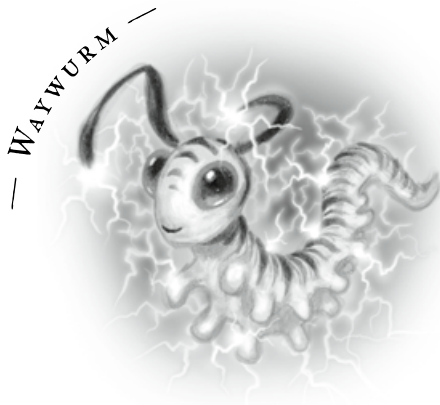
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FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF BITSY WILDER

CONJURING ESSENTIALS:

Magicores - strange creatures with unique powers.

Every species is conjured from a different source emotion that shapes its behaviour, appearance and abilities.

Magicore Type - Species are grouped into six types:



Armourer magicores are red-eyed and have a remarkable physical gift



Clairvoyant magicores are white-eyed and can influence the minds of others



Elemental magicores are blue-eyed and have the ability to control a particular force, energy or element



Metamorph magicores are yellow-eyed and are talented at transformations



Weaver magicores are green-eyed and can craft remarkable objects



Hunter magicores are purple-eyed and skilled in seeking particular things

Farthingstone - a strange meteorite that landed on Earth thousands of years ago. It gives some people the power to conjure magicores.

Energy Level - *Magicore species with more powerful abilities require more energy to conjure. There are five scaling energy levels:*

ALPHA

BETA

GAMMA

DELTA

OMEGA

(Note: Omega-level magicores can only be conjured using Arkwright's Gyrowheel, an ancient magi-woven device crafted by Gilander Arkwright, founder of the Weaver Guild.)

Cosmodynamic - cosmodynamic people can use farthingstone to transform the energy in their bodies into magicores. Most people, however, are cosmotypical. For them, farthingstone is useless.

Conservatoire - a top-secret academy where cosmodynamic children, or initiates, are trained to be conjurors.

Guild - an organization of conjurors who use their skills to benefit humanity in secret. There are six guilds:



ARMOURER GUILD

Guild Colour: Red

Role: Security and transport

Headquarters: Red Citadel

Characteristics: Decisive, brave and proud



CLAIRVOYANT GUILD

Guild Colour: White

Role: Medicine and healing

Headquarters: Cloud Gardens

Characteristics: Thoughtful, kind and sensitive



ELEMENTAL GUILD

Guild Colour: Blue

Role: Science and exploration

Headquarters: Azure Institute

Characteristics: Curious, experimental and imaginative



METAMORPH GUILD

Guild Colour: Yellow

Role: Trade

Headquarters: Golden Palace

Characteristics: Flexible, quick-thinking and perceptive



WEAVER GUILD

Guild Colour: Green

Role: Art and engineering

Headquarters: Emerald Caves

Characteristics: Outgoing, creative and spontaneous



HUNTER GUILD

Guild Colour: Purple

Role: Espionage

Headquarters: Secret Barracks

Characteristics: Strong-willed, ambitious and loyal



1

Bitsy's chair vibrated as a massive hatch opened in the middle of the laboratory floor, revealing a swirling vat of acid-yellow slime. The rest of the class sat in a tense circle around it, eyeing the slime warily.

“To become conjurers, you must learn to concentrate in high-pressure situations. This quiz will test how well you can focus.” At the front of the laboratory, Professor Doyle tightened her fingers around a crescent brooch pinned to her navy overalls. The brooch glowed blue and Bitsy realized it must be made of farthingstone.

“What's she conjuring?” Bitsy's best friend, Kosh, hissed, peering over the tips of his trainers. “And what *is* that stuff?”

Bitsy had a horrible feeling it was some sort of

chemical. She surveyed the other twelve-year-old initiates, all inching back in their chairs. Everyone wore crash helmets and the same black conjuring overalls – like dungarees but made of a unique fireproof, waterproof and non-conductive fabric. “I’m not sure, but I think if we get the wrong answers in this quiz, we might find out.”

Professor Doyle had one pair of safety goggles hanging around her neck and another poking out of her bushy brown hair, which was as wild and tangled as a bird’s nest. Her eyes sparkled excitedly as a cloud of copper particles – *farthingdust* – spurted out of her brooch with a soft crackle. The farthingdust whirled through the air like a flurry of autumn leaves and, within seconds, transformed into a plump, four-legged creature with pinecone-shaped ears. The beast dropped onto the Professor’s desk with a loud *thud*.

Goosebumps prickled along Bitsy’s arms. It didn’t matter how often she saw a magicore being conjured, it never failed to amaze her. This species looked a bit like a raccoon with a broad face, pointed snout and a long tail. Its stripy fur was metallic black and silver, growing in spiky tufts all over its body like a coat of iron filings. Its zigzag whiskers vibrated as it scurried around the Professor’s desk, nosing through her apparatus.

“This is my xenom, Thermo,” Professor Doyle announced, pulling a pencil out of her hair and pointing it

at Thermo's bottom. "Note the distinctive ring markings around his rear end. Xenoms are conjured from curiosity and have a multitude of skills."

Thermo lifted his head, his blue eyes glittering like sapphires. He wiggled his tail ... and vanished into thin air. A moment later, he reappeared with one paw outstretched as if to say, *ta-da!*

A few initiates nervously applauded. As Thermo resumed snooping around the Professor's desk, Bitsy watched his pinecone ears pivoting like satellites probing for new signals. With his radar-like senses and inquisitive nature, she could see how his source emotion was curiosity.

"Question one," Professor Doyle said. "Like all magicores, Thermo can cast an illusion that turns him invisible. What is this illusion called?"

Bitsy confidently raised her hand, eager to answer. To her surprise, she noticed that everyone in the class had followed suit, except for one boy with spiky blond hair seated a few chairs to her left. Professor Doyle pointed to a girl with round glasses.

"It's called a *shade*," the girl said, glancing anxiously at the slime.

"That is correct!" Professor Doyle exclaimed. She waved her pencil like a conductor's baton, and Thermo's nose twitched. With a loud screech, the blond boy's chair

slid towards the hatch, tipped forward and dumped him head-first into the slime. He gave a gurgling cry as he disappeared under the surface.

Gasps and screams filled the room. “What happened to him?” Bitsy cried, tingling with shock.

“I assure you he’s perfectly safe,” the Professor replied with a mischievous grin. “He got slimed because he lacked confidence in his knowledge. In high-pressure situations, there is no room for hesitation. Now, watch carefully: xenoms can also defy gravity and move at incredible speeds.”

With a flick of her pencil, Thermo leaped over the slime vat and gracefully strutted towards the ceiling as if climbing invisible stairs. Then, in a blur of black and silver, he pinballed from one side of the laboratory to the other, returning in a flash to the Professor’s desk.

Everyone’s jaws dropped open. Bitsy blinked and shook her head, feeling a dizzying mix of astonishment and worry. She flashed Kosh a lopsided grin. It was difficult to believe that just three months ago they hadn’t even known *magicores* existed, and now they were training to be conjurers at the European Conservatoire of Conjuring. The conservatoire was only open on evenings, weekends and holidays, and if their other workshops were as thrilling as this, the rest of the summer holidays would be nothing short of amazing.

Professor Doyle tapped her pencil on the edge of her desk. “Every magicore species also has one unique ability. Your next question is: what is a xenom’s unique ability?”

As if on cue, Thermo’s fur bristled. All around the laboratory, objects started to move. A microscope slid across a workbench, a jar of thermometers toppled over, and a stopwatch tumbled off a shelf, clattering onto the floor. Everyone looked around twitchily at each other, desperate to raise their hands but uncertain what the answer was.

“Any idea what Thermo’s doing?” Kosh whispered.

Bitsy watched a paperclip in her reporter’s notebook slide to the edge of the page. “I’m not sure!”

They both jumped as the doors of a cabinet flew open at the back of the laboratory with a loud *bang*. The cabinet rattled and a blizzard of equipment came shooting out. Pipettes, spatulas and tongs went flying around the room. Scissors cartwheeled through the air, and batteries whizzed about like bullets. A few items plopped into the slime and disappeared under the swirling surface.

“Look out!” Kosh yanked on Bitsy’s arm, pulling her out of the path of a speeding Bunsen burner, its rubber hose flailing like a whip.

“Thanks,” she said, her pulse racing. “Hold on to your stuff!”

Initiates cried out as objects struck their helmets, and people started crawling under their chairs to take cover, careful to avoid falling into the slime. Under one chair, a freckly girl with round cheeks raised her hand. “Can xenoms move objects with their minds?” she guessed in a panic. “Like, telekinesis?”

“Good try,” Professor Doyle said, raising her voice above the racket. “But I’m afraid that’s incorrect!”

The girl’s chair suddenly zoomed forward, pulling her with it. She scabbled to hold on to something but wasn’t fast enough, and the chair pushed her over the edge and into the slime. Before she could cry out, she was swallowed under the surface.

Bitsy’s chest tightened, hoping the girl was OK. As she and Kosh took shelter under their chairs, items rocketed from people’s unzipped bags. Mobile phones, stainless steel water bottles, pencil cases – even a Nintendo Switch – zoomed into the air and began spinning around the laboratory in a lethal vortex. Bitsy felt her new watch vibrating on her wrist and clamped her other hand over it so she didn’t lose it. Her dad had only given it to her for her birthday two days ago.

“Oi!” Kosh yelled as a bunch of keys flew out of his pocket. Dangling from them was a photo-keyring of a German shepherd called Elvis, who belonged to Kosh’s great-aunt. “Give those back!”

He scrambled out from under his chair and clambered on top, chasing them higher.

“Careful!” Bitsy cried as he swiped at his keys. “You might fall in!”

Sitting on the Professor’s desk, Thermo was concentrating. His prickly eyebrows were drawn together in a deep V-shape, and a small blue tongue poked out the side of his mouth.

“Everybody, try to focus!” Professor Doyle called. “Pay attention to what is happening!”

Heart thudding, Bitsy studied the objects flying around the room. There were so many of them that it seemed odd they weren’t colliding with each other. Whenever two items got close, they appeared to repel each other like...

Magnets.

That could be the answer! Bitsy didn’t want to risk giving the wrong answer, but she also didn’t want to stay quiet, as both options appeared to get you slimed. She cautiously raised her hand above the workbench, hoping not to get stabbed by a rogue compass.

“Yes?” Professor Doyle asked.

“The objects are behaving a bit like, uh...” Bitsy glanced at the slime, her mouth suddenly dry.

“Go on,” Professor Doyle said, nodding encouragingly. “You can do it. Just apply the science.”

Bitsy clung on to a chair leg just in case. “They’re behaving like magnets. So, perhaps xenoms have the power to control electromagnetic fields?”

Professor Doyle’s eyebrows jumped. For a heart-stopping moment, Bitsy thought she’d said the wrong thing. And then...

“Correct!” Professor Doyle cheered. “Thermo can generate and control energy in the electromagnetic range, allowing him to manipulate objects containing magnetic metals such as iron, nickel or cobalt.”

Bitsy relaxed her grip on the chair leg, sagging with relief. Suddenly, she felt her farthingstone pendant slip out from under the neck of her cardigan. She grabbed it as it levitated past her nose, and it glowed six colours under her touch – red, yellow, purple, blue, green and white – representing the six different types of magicore she could conjure. The pendant had once belonged to her mum, who had passed away when Bitsy was almost five. There was no way she was going to let Thermo take it!

“I won’t slime the rest of you if you all try to answer the next question,” Professor Doyle promised. “What is farthingstone made of?”

The initiates tried lifting their hands out from under their chairs, but it wasn’t easy with so many sharp objects whizzing around. They also struggled to keep hold of their farthingstones. Bitsy spotted one boy wrestling with

a farthingstone padlock, while under the chair beside him another boy juggled a farthingstone knitting needle.

“Gotcha!” Kosh said, finally catching his keys. His chair wobbled as he ducked to avoid a swooping calculator, and Bitsy tensed, worrying he might back-flop into the slime, but he quickly clambered down under his chair. When he saw the other initiates fighting to keep hold of their farthingstones, his face fell, and Bitsy felt a pang of sympathy, remembering he didn’t have a farthingstone yet.

As Professor Doyle’s gaze fell on him, Kosh hastily lifted his hand.

“Yes?” she said.

“Err, farthingstone is a stony-iron meteorite,” he answered, shoving his keys into a Velcro pocket on his rucksack. “That’s why it’s magnetic.”

The Professor smiled and signalled to a girl stretching to catch a farthingstone spanner as it floated out of her pocket. “Can you add anything else?”

The girl swallowed. “Farthingstone is composed of various minerals and metals, including a mysterious celestial element known as X-412, which allows us to conjure magicores.”

Professor Doyle clapped. “Correct! You are showing brilliant focus, class! Do you see how beneficial working in a high-pressure environment can be?”

Bitsy flinched as something hit the seat of her chair. She wasn't sure she agreed with Professor Doyle's teaching methods, although she couldn't deny they were compelling.

A bell rang, making the glassware clink on the laboratory shelves. The walls trembled, and noise erupted in the corridor outside as initiates stampeded out of other laboratories.

"Sadly, that sound signals that our quiz is over!" Professor Doyle declared, winking at Thermo. The magicore's fur bristled, and the hatch in the middle of the floor closed with a long groan. Bitsy's chest relaxed as Professor Doyle hurriedly gathered her belongings and stuffed her pencil in her hair.

"Remember, you must attend my next *four* workshops to earn your *CONJURING THEORY* badge," the Professor said, scooping Thermo into her arms. With a swish of his tail, Thermo hopped onto her shoulder and settled around her neck like a fur shawl. "I have to dash now, so I'd be grateful if you could leave your helmets on your chairs and exit the laboratory swiftly."

As the Professor turned for the door, a small voice called, "What about our things?"

Professor Doyle glanced at the cyclone of flying laboratory equipment and personal effects. "Oh yes, collect your valuables before you go!"

Thermo's fur stood on end, and, as he and Professor

Doyle slipped through the door, every airborne item came crashing down.

Bitsy cowered as objects struck the chair above her head, sounding like a mighty hailstorm. Mobile phones smashed into the floor. Coins bounced off shelves. A screwdriver spun through the air and struck Kosh's trainer, making him yelp.

And then it was all over.

Nervous whispers filled the room.

"Are you OK?" Kosh asked breathlessly.

Bitsy nodded, although her heart was beating so fast she felt like it might explode out of her chest.

Grabbing their bags, they crawled out from under their chairs. The laboratory looked like a hurricane had swept through it. Shattered glass sparkled on the floor. Shelves had collapsed and broken apparatus lay strewn across every surface.

As the rest of the class began emerging from under their chairs, a door opened on one side of the room, and two bedraggled initiates staggered out, covered head-to-toe in yellow gunge. Bitsy recognized the boy with spiky blond hair.

"It's all right," he said with a dopey grin, wiping slime off his face. "It's only custard."

Kosh unbuckled the strap on his helmet. "Come on, let's escape now before this gets any weirder."



2

Outside the laboratory, the corridor buzzed with activity as initiates rushed between workshops, chatting and laughing. Bitsy knew they were speaking different languages, as initiates came here from all over Europe, but conservatoire entrances were magi-woven (crafted by magicores) and once you stepped through one, everything you heard was in your language. She fiddled with the rings on her reporter's notebook in her pocket. She had always wanted to be an investigative journalist like her mum and was itching to write about her experiences of the conservatoire, even if she couldn't share them with anyone cosmotypical.

“You'll get a farthingstone soon,” Bitsy whispered encouragingly as she caught Kosh looking at the

farthingstone pen protruding from someone's pocket. "Dad said when an initiate doesn't inherit a farthingstone, the conservatoire lets them choose from a cache of spares in their first week."

Kosh kept his gaze low. "Still sucks that I'm the only one here without one. It makes me feel like ... like I don't belong. It's bad enough that no one else in my family is a conjuror. At least, no one I can talk to."

Bitsy's stomach twisted, seeing how disappointed he was. Her mum, dad and aunt were all conjurors, but a recent DNA test had revealed that Kosh's closest cosmodynamic relative was his great-grandfather, Tavish Ranasinghe, who had passed away before Kosh was born. Neither of Tavish's children – Kosh's grandfather or great-aunt Ravi – had received positive cosmodynamics tests. The ability must have skipped two generations.

"You can talk to *me*," Bitsy said, wishing she could do something to make him feel better.

"Yeah, I know." Kosh smiled, but it didn't reach his eyes.

Just then, a familiar voice rose above the noise in the corridor.

"Kosh, Bitsy, wait up!" A tall boy with curly dark hair and golden-brown skin weaved through the crowd towards them. He wore a *Stranger Things* T-shirt under his overalls and had a vintage camera slung across his chest.

“Mateo!” Bitsy’s heart lifted seeing their friend.

“How was your first workshop?” Mateo asked, throwing an arm around each of their shoulders. “Did you conjure any magicores?”

Kosh pulled on a beanie with the logo of his favourite football team, Oddingham FC. “No, but Professor Doyle dunked two initiates in custard and conjured a xenom who tried to steal my keys. Oh, and Bitsy almost got a concussion from a flying Bunsen burner, so ... exciting?”

Mateo chuckled as they pushed through a door at the end of the corridor. “Sounds about right. I’ve never had a workshop with Professor Doyle, though. She must be new.”

His voice echoed as they entered the atrium, the stadium-sized hall at the centre of the conservatoire. Its gleaming marble floor and domed glass ceiling reminded Bitsy of the grand ballrooms in royal palaces. Balconies with polished brass railings scaled the walls, each slowly rotating in a different direction like machine cogs. Initiates bustled in and out of doors on every level, using spiral staircases and brass elevators to move between floors. Some were accompanied by magicores floating above their heads or scurrying at their feet.

“Yikes, that looks painful,” Kosh remarked as a girl with long braids hobbled past, holding an ice pack to her head. There was blood dripping down her cheek and a

nasty cut on her lip. A fluffy-haired woman wearing the white overalls of the Clairvoyant Guild, the healers of the conjuring world, escorted her through a door.

“So, how are your timetables looking?” Mateo asked cheerfully. “Bad luck if you’ve got RIDING LUBBERWHARLS on your first day. You’ll be washing the smell out of your overalls for weeks.”

Bitsy pulled a slim ring-bound diary out of her green leather satchel. The European Conservatoire of Conjuring logo – a galleon within a ring of seven silver stars – was printed on the front. She flipped to the second page, where a neatly typed schedule had been pasted. “I’ve got Studying Magicores with Master Ollennu at 1 p.m, followed by a flabberghast demonstration with Miss Wu at 3 p.m. It says: ‘All times are given in SCT’. What does that mean?”

“SCT stands for Standard Conservatoire Time,” Mateo explained. “Conservatoires are accessed via magi-woven entrances hidden in most major cities on the same continent. With people arriving from many different time zones, the conservatoires must operate on their own time so that staff and initiates can coordinate.”

Kosh examined his timetable inside an identical ring-bound diary. “I’ve got something called *Chrysalides* in twenty minutes. It says to go to 3–18–TUNNEL. What does that mean?”

“That’s the navigation code.” Mateo gazed up at the rotating balconies. “The first number denotes the floor – there are thirty altogether. Each floor has twenty-five numbered doors – that’s the second number in the code. The third reference is always a word, but you must determine what that means when you get there.”

“Right...” Kosh rubbed his temples. “There’s so much to remember.”

Mateo smiled and gestured to two colourful badges sewn to the straps of his overalls. “It takes a while to get used to, but just think: once you get these boring badges for SAFE TRAINING and CONJURING THEORY, you can choose the workshops you take. I’m only half a term ahead of you, and next week I’m studying MAGICORE COMBAT, OZOZ RIDING and NARPHIN SURFING!”

Bitsy tingled with excitement, thinking of all the fun training to come. She knew that conjuring had an important purpose: working together as the Alliance, the guilds used magicores to make a positive difference in the cosmotypical world, pulling off daring rescues, pioneering new technologies and treating deadly diseases in secret. Cosmotypical people might not know about cosmodynamic people, but their two worlds had existed harmoniously for nearly four hundred years. Bitsy couldn’t wait to be part of the Alliance, but after hearing Mateo’s

stories about training with his magicores, she was looking forward to her time at the conservatoire even more.

“Right, I’ve got to go,” Mateo said, checking his watch. “Meet you in the canteen for lunch? It’s 10–20–SUN.”

“Sure. We’ll see you then.” As Mateo strode off, Bitsy returned her conservatoire diary to her satchel. “My next workshop isn’t for another two hours. Want me to help you find that chrysalides place?”

Kosh groaned with relief. “Yes, please.”

Given that the navigation code for the chrysalides was 3–18–TUNNEL, and there was a queue to use the elevators, they climbed a spiral staircase to the third floor. Bitsy knew the floor was rotating, but the movement was so smooth she could barely feel it. Brass doors with porthole windows ran along the balcony, and although they were numbered, they weren’t in order, so Bitsy and Kosh set off slowly, checking each door as they passed.

Walking on her tiptoes, Bitsy peered through some of the windows. Behind one, she saw an old-fashioned blacksmith’s forge, flickering with flames; behind another was a dusty pottery studio, and behind another was a high-tech observatory filled with star charts and telescopes.

“No. Way,” Kosh breathed, pressing his nose against the glass of another window.

Bitsy reeled at what appeared to be a nature reserve behind the door. Bullrushes swayed gently beside large

ponds traversed by wooden walkways. Initiates wearing black wetsuits and scuba masks were tramping about as curious forms bobbed in the water. Bitsy spotted a wooden sign near the entrance. “Wetlands,” she read. “Perhaps it’s used for aquatic magicores.”

As they continued along the balcony, a trio of girls brushed past Bitsy, laughing and murmuring. Bitsy squirmed, feeling their stares on the back of her head. “Have you noticed anyone looking at you funny?” she asked Kosh.

Kosh wore a hoodie under his overalls and pulled the sleeves past his wrists. “Once or twice, but it’s probably because everyone knows we fought Riddlejax.”

A chill traced Bitsy’s spine. Riddlejax was an experimental conjuror and all-round evil mastermind who had learned, amongst other things, how to shapeshift and keep himself alive for hundreds of years. He believed cosmodynamic people were superior to cosmotypical people and wanted to rule over them instead of helping them. Bitsy glanced over the railings at a circular desk in the middle of the atrium. Hanging from a rusty chain above it was the gyrowheel – a powerful magi-woven device with a farthingstone ball at its centre. Three months ago, Riddlejax and his followers had attacked the conservatoire to steal it. Only Bitsy, Kosh, Mateo and a handful of conservatoire staff had stood in their way.

“I suppose that might give us a reputation,” she admitted, trying to push Riddlejax to the back of her mind. He’d managed to escape, and even though no one had heard from him since, Bitsy knew he wasn’t the type to stay silent for long...

Kosh paused outside the next door, which was ominously dark. “Number 18. This is it.”

He pulled the door open and they ventured into a dimly lit room about the size of a double garage. The floor was streaked with muddy tracks and an earthy smell hung in the air. An intricately designed wooden sleigh was parked on one side, with the opening to a dark tunnel opposite. The sleigh had to be magi-woven because green shoots were sprouting all over it like it was still growing.

“3-18-TUNNEL...” Kosh fiddled nervously with his cuffs as he stepped inside the tunnel. Soil crumbled down the walls as if it was freshly dug.

Deep inside, something rumbled.

Bitsy hesitated as Kosh peered into the darkness. The noise was getting louder; something was coming closer. “Get back!” she cried, grabbing Kosh’s hood and pulling him away from the tunnel mouth as a six-legged magicore, the size of a hippo, came barrelling out. The creature’s black snout was shaped like a giant shovel, and its round body was covered in grey armoured scales that framed its face. Bitsy and Kosh flattened themselves against the wall,

pulses racing, as the creature's curved claws scratched the floor. But instead of attacking them, it did an about-turn, swinging another wooden sleigh behind it, and settled itself, staring back into the dark tunnel.

A woman with windswept hair and mud-splattered aviator goggles rode in the front of the sleigh, holding a set of reins. Her crimson uniform was emblazoned with the Armourer Guild coat of arms: a red shield with a sword in the centre. "Koshan Ranasinghe?" she asked brusquely.

Kosh gulped and gave a small nod.

"Climb on board now, or else we'll be late," she ordered. The rider pulled a lever, and a gate swung open in the side of the sleigh, revealing two benches.

Bitsy tensed. Armourers were tough, decisive and fiery. It was one of the reasons that the Armourer Guild was responsible for security and transport in the conjuring world, in addition to rescue operations in the cosmotypical world. Still, this armourer's tone was more abrupt than the others they had met, and Kosh flashed Bitsy a panicked look.

"Come on," Bitsy whispered, nudging Kosh through the gate while the rider's back was turned. "I'll come with you."

As they settled beside each other on a bench, the rider called over her shoulder, "You might want to hold on to the safety rail!"

The safety rail was a disconcertingly flimsy bar, covered in cracking paint, fixed to the panel in front. Grabbing it with both hands, Bitsy had a horrible feeling she was about to scream.

The rider shook the reins, and the magicore kicked its six legs. Its scales rumbled like a tractor engine as the sleigh lurched forward, and they launched into the tunnel at breakneck speed.

Bitsy screamed.



*“Thrilling twists
and magical
creatures at
every turn.”*

**Rachel
Chivers Khoo**

In a secret academy,
Bitsy and her best friend,
Kosh, are learning how to
summon **magicores** using
their emotions and magical
shards of **farthingstone**. But

when a vital fragment disappears, Kosh is
accused of theft and the two friends flee – chased
by the sinister **Shadowsmith**. Can they defeat
this powerful enemy, save themselves and the
world around them?



*“Jennifer Bell’s imagination
knows no bounds.”*

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