
'A fantastically fishy adventure.'
MARIA KUZNIAR, AUTHOR OF THE SHIP OF SHADOWS SERIES
HAARVILLE
JUSTIN DAVIES

HAARVILLE

For Andrew and our greyhound Sally (aka Sally Bally Beebo, aka Noddles) – my very own perpetual sources of silliness, love and zoomies – J.D.

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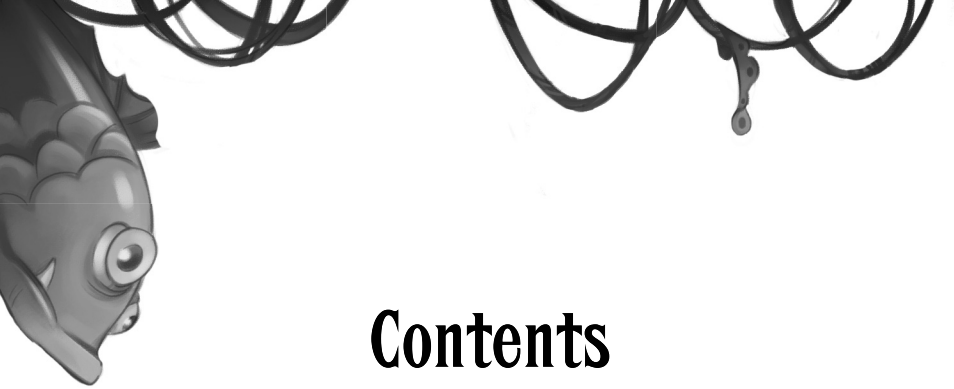
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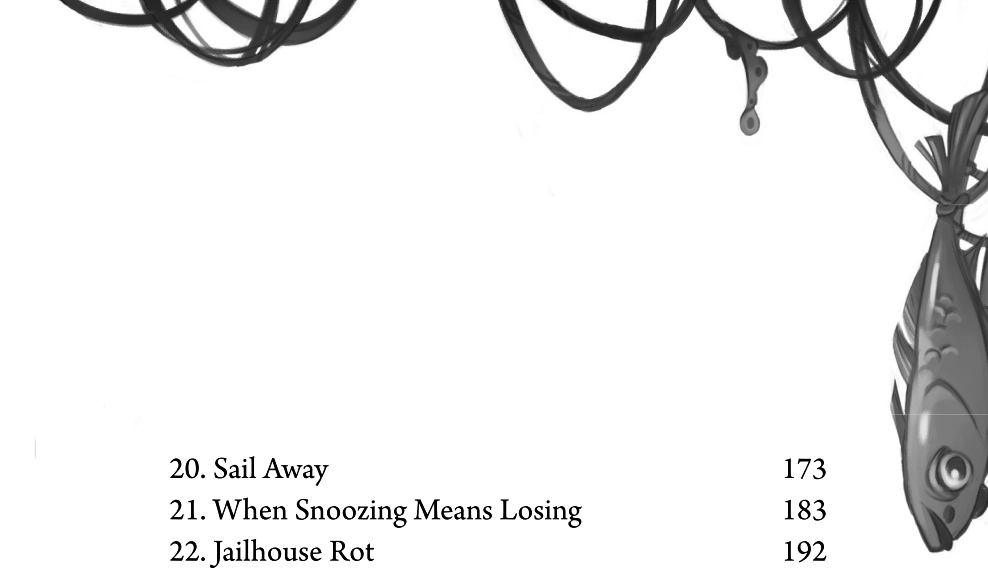

Clam Rock
Razor Reef
HARVILLE
Gushet House
Cannibalised Sailors memorial
Nethergate
Withergate
Academy
Gorse Bank
Bonbeurre's Bakery
Hithergate
The Sinking Teapot
Burgh House
Southergate
Nine Stitches
Fearty's Perpetuals
No-Hope Ness
Library
Kipper Lane
Front Street
Limpet Bay
The Unfortunate Flounder
St Serf's


N
W
E
S
Causeway
The Marshes
Leena Cuddie's cottage
Burn Bridge
The Lange Fluke
Bladder Wrack Quay
Da Silva's Grocers
Ditchwater Burn
Rattish Wynd
Pollock Row
Crab Gulley
PHLEGM TOWN
Lumpsuckers
Light Tower
Wrecker Reef



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1.
Fearty's Perpetuals

The eye stared up at Manx Fearty from his palm. He half expected it to wink at him, but of course it didn't. How could it? It had no lids to blink with.

Manx tossed it into the air, catching it expertly between his thumb and index finger, before rolling it around in his hand. If it had been a real eyeball, there'd have been stringy tendons and gloopy muscly bits hanging from it. And instead of being hard, it would have been soft and slippery, like one of the freshly laid turtle eggs Professor Oliphant had taken him and Fantoosh to examine on one of his "aquatic zoology" classes at the beach.

He dropped the glass eye back into a tall jar, where it made a satisfying *clink* against the shards of wave-washed glass collected over years of beachcombing. The eye rolled to the side, ending up with its seagrass-green iris staring out at Manx. He'd always been fascinated at how his great-granduncle Fabian



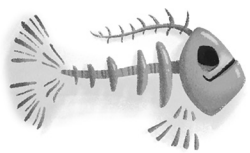
Fearty's glass eye was the same bright green as Manx's own real ones. Apparently, all the Feartys had had the same green eyes, pale pink skin and identical mussel-black hair. And even though Manx had never met any of them, he liked knowing he looked just the same.

"Keeping an *eye* on me as usual are you, Fabian?" said Manx, laughing to himself as he reached for the scent diffuser he'd been busy repairing all afternoon during his shift at his family's shop, Fearty's Perpetuals. It was a finicky job, and a couple of minutes playing with his great-granduncle's false eye often helped to loosen his fingers.

Nimble fingers were definitely required for the next part of this repair job, because fishing out the tiny fragment of golden-hued amberose with a set of miniature tongs, then carefully cleaning it, wasn't easy. One thing was for sure: Mr Pothery, the owner of Haarville's parchment shop, wouldn't be pleased if his mother's diffuser wasn't working when she went to spray her favourite dog rose scent on her one hundred and fourteenth birthday next week.

As he adjusted his grip on the tongs, Manx wondered what his great-granduncle and the rest of his long-deceased relatives would have made of his current repair efforts. Generations of Feartys had earned their living by keeping the town's vast array of perpetual devices in working order. According to his guardian, Father G, none had been as skilled in working with their unusual source of power, amberose, as Manx's mother Matilda, who'd known exactly how much of the sweet-smelling substance every device needed to work perfectly.

Manx's father, Fintan, had also been something of a genius when it came to perpetuals. Or rather, he had been until a perpetual egg poacher exploded in his face only days after Manx was born. That unfortunate accident robbed Manx of one parent, whilst a violent case of fish fever a few days later robbed him of the other. Everyone had begged Matilda not to scoff an entire bowl of pickled herring roe at the wake following her husband's barrel burial, but the inconsolable young mother wasn't for listening, and down the fish eggs went, scoop by vinegary scoop. Until down she went too, sunk for ever by grief and her grumbling guts.



Matilda's death was unique in that it hadn't been amberose-related. The rest of the Fearty clan had perished in a multitude of fiery explosions or other gruesome accidents – untimely deaths were an occupational hazard when working with a dangerous substance such as amberose. Not a single Fearty had lived to celebrate their one hundredth birthday, and in Haarville that was considered very unusual indeed.

"It'll be my turn sometime," whispered Manx, as he put the tongs down to wipe his sweaty hands on his apron. "But not today." He straightened up and admired the tiny piece of yellow-gold amberose (one-sixteenth pebble-weight to be exact) he'd successfully fished out from the diffuser, and liked to think his parents and ancestors would have been proud too.

Manx breathed deeply, savouring the heady, sweet scent of the shop. Decade upon decade of amberose devices gently humming away had left an indelible smell. It had sunk deep into the dark wooden panels lining the walls and the green woollen curtains hanging at the bay window. Even the oak floorboards, salvaged centuries before from a wrecked ship, now gleamed like honey on hot toast, imbued with years of amberose.

Everything Manx wore smelled richly of the substance too, even his favourite yellow oilskin smock, which he'd found washed up in Limpet Bay last year. With a bit of mending it could now fend off the very coldest wind, the absolute wettest rain, and the thickest, most bone-chilling winter fog – but it was no match for fragrant amberose.

And it wasn't just clothes. The substance seeped into hair and skin too, meaning that he and Father G permanently emitted a semi-sweet aroma. It was a handy benefit that they fully embraced, as it saved Father G the bother of procuring perfume and meant Manx could skip bath day occasionally. Well, if he smelled so pleasant already, what was the point?

The perpetual carriage clock hanging near the entrance chimed four times. Manx draped white sheets over the shop's two display cabinets, then flicked the sign in the window to



and locked the door. Where was Father G? Four o'clock on Saturdays meant fresh pastries from Bonbeurre's Bakery, and Manx had already decided he deserved at least two of Madame Bonbeurre's famous rowanberry jam puffs.

If Father G was running late, it meant he'd almost certainly got carried away at Nine Stitches buying up bundles of gull-feather boas and yet more mother-of-pearl fripperies, egged on, no doubt, by Betsy Lugstitch. The shop owner's idea of a perfect Saturday afternoon was to charm Father G into purchasing more accessories than he could possibly need for a year of performances as his glamorous drag queen stage character, Gloria in Excelsis. But as long as he'd remembered to stop at the bakery, Manx didn't mind how many feather boas and necklaces his guardian had bought for his show that night.

The winkle-shell curtain separating the shop from the house jangled in a sudden current of air. Manx darted back behind the counter, through the curtain and into the kitchen in anticipation, but had to swallow down the saliva pooling inside his mouth because Father G was bursting to say something. He'd obviously run all the way back to the shop and was breathing heavily, sweat glistening on his dark brown face and bald head.

"What's going on?" Manx was genuinely concerned that his guardian might pass out, and if he did there was a chance he'd topple forward into the delicious jam-oozing puffs, which would make them really quite difficult to eat. "Here," he said, pulling out a chair, "sit down."

"It-it-it's amazing," stuttered Father G, loosening his

purple silk cravat and unbuttoning his shirt collar as he collapsed into the chair. "It's incredible." He looked up at Manx. "You're never going to believe it!"

"Correct," said Manx. "I'll never believe it if you don't tell me what I'm supposed to never believe."

"I'm sorry, Manx," said Father G, fanning his face with his hand, "it's just that this hasn't happened in Haarville since, well, since *I* happened in Haarville."

Manx's tummy grumbled. Both boy and stomach were in need of a jam puff. And fast.

"Is this one of your guessing games?"

"No," said Father G. "But if you think I'm excited, you should see the rest of town!"

Manx sighed, resigning himself to stale pastries. "Come on! What's going on?"

Father G took a deep breath. "There are strangers in Haarville."

Manx almost toppled over onto the puffs himself.

"Outsiders," said Father G. "Two of them! They came over the causeway."

"The causeway?" repeated Manx.

"Yes, the causeway."

"The causeway that's so dangerous only a deranged squid searching for a lost tentacle would attempt to cross?"

"There's only one causeway, Manx."

Manx felt himself go giddy. He held himself steady against the table.

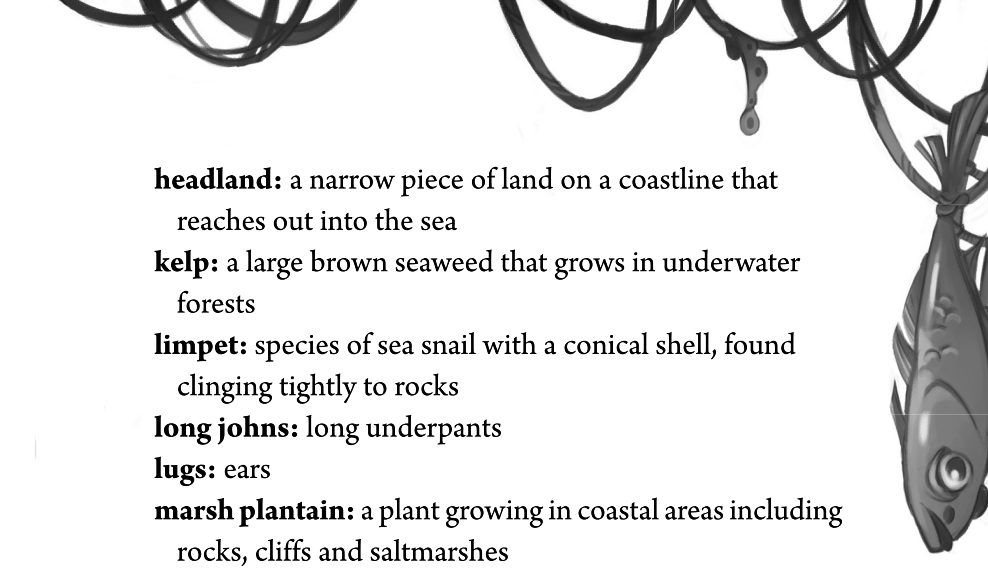
"But… there's been no outsiders in Haarville since…"

"Since I arrived," said Father G. "Forty years ago."



Glossary

aye: yes
bladder wrack: common brown seaweed found on rocky shores, with air-filled pockets or "bladders" to help it float
brae: a steep bank or hill
breeches: trousers
Burgmaster: a mayor or town official
burn: a small stream
causeway: a raised path or track giving access to land cut off by the tide
clam: a type of shellfish that usually lives buried in the sand in shallow waters
clan: a family, or group of related families
dhow: a one- or two-masted ship with slanted triangular sails, traditionally used in the Indian Ocean
fulmar: a grey-and-white seabird
gannet: a large white seabird with black-tipped wings and a long bill
gutweed: a common green seaweed growing in fronds
haar: a chilly, moist sea fog
hawthorn: a hedgerow plant with fragrant white flowers in spring, followed by red fruits, which can be used to make wine or jellies



headland: a narrow piece of land on a coastline that reaches out into the sea

kelp: a large brown seaweed that grows in underwater forests

limpet: species of sea snail with a conical shell, found clinging tightly to rocks

long johns: long underpants

lugs: ears

marsh plantain: a plant growing in coastal areas including rocks, cliffs and saltmarshes

mussel: a bluish-grey shellfish found growing in clumps on rocky shores

oystercatcher: a black-and-white wading bird with a bright orange bill and reddish-pink legs

privy: an outside toilet, often in an outbuilding

reef: a ridge of jagged rock, sand or coral just above or below the sea's surface

samovar: a metal urn used to heat and boil water for tea

samphire: an edible wild plant found on coastlines

scallop: shellfish with a soft body protected by two grooved, hinged shells

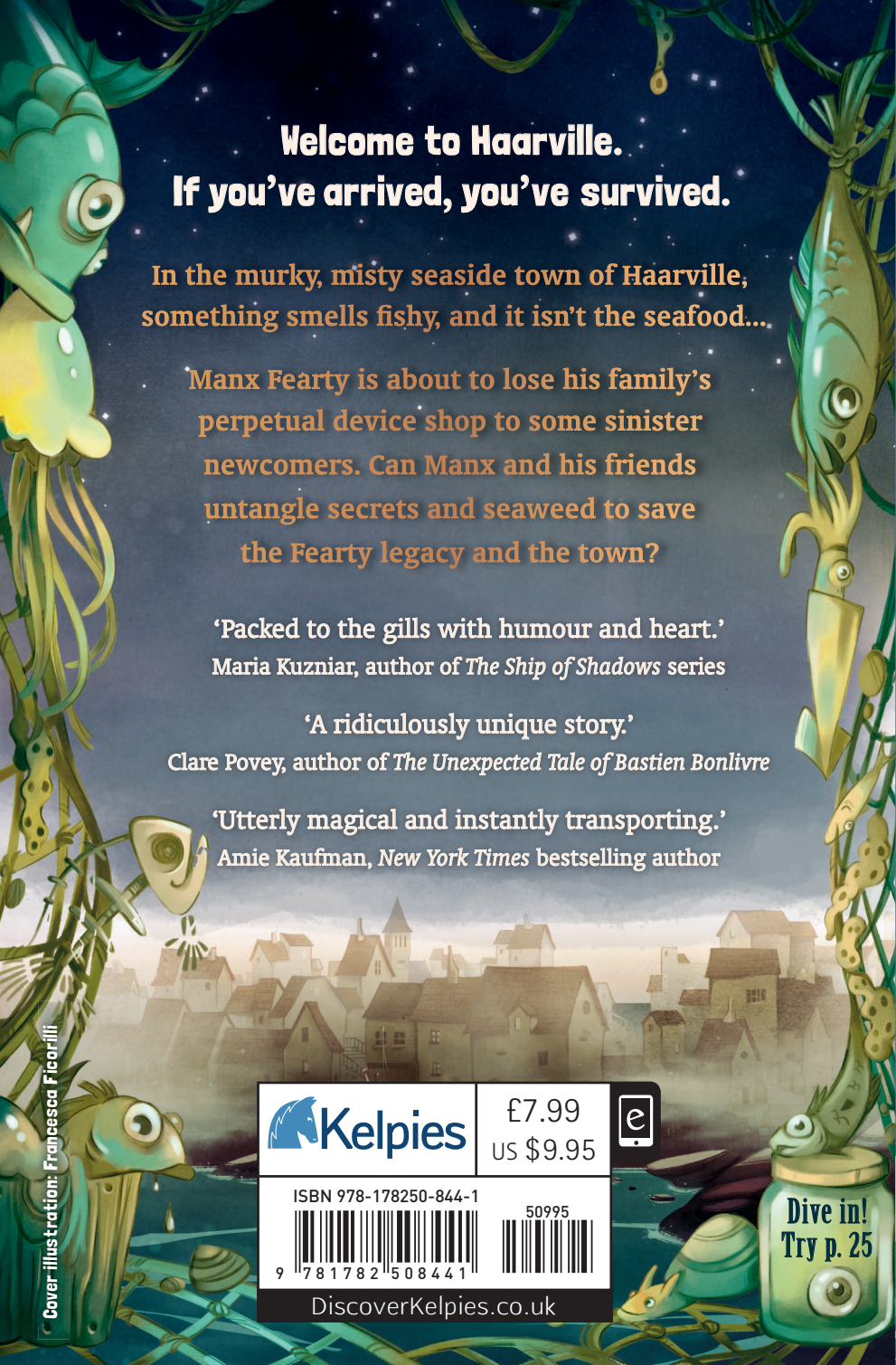
tea caddy: a small container in which tea is kept

tea clipper: a nineteenth-century merchant ship used to carry tea and other traded goods

whelk: a sea snail with a cone-shaped shell – they can grow as big as 10 cm (4 in)!

winkle: species of sea snail with a spiral shell

wynd: a narrow street or alley


Welcome to Haarville.
If you've arrived, you've survived.
In the murky, misty seaside town of Haarville, something smells fishy, and it isn't the seafood...
Manx Fearty is about to lose his family's perpetual device shop to some sinister newcomers. Can Manx and his friends untangle secrets and seaweed to save the Fearty legacy and the town?
'Packed to the gills with humour and heart.'
Maria Kuzniar, author of *The Ship of Shadows* series
'A ridiculously unique story.'
Clare Povey, author of *The Unexpected Tale of Bastien Bonlivre*
'Utterly magical and instantly transporting.'
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