PRAISE FOR THE FROSTHEART SERIES

'Wild, funny, lavishly illustrated and filled with excitement'
Guardian

'A heart-stopping tale [that] really lives up to the hype'
Sunday Post

'[A] gloriously imagined first novel'
Telegraph

'Littler is an expert at pushing reluctant readers from one chapter to the next'
The Times

‘This exhilarating snowy adventure will have kids reading under the covers long after lights out’
***i* newspaper**

‘[A] rip-roaring action adventure, full of humour, heart and unforgettable characters, all enhanced by Littler’s wonderfully detailed black and white line drawings’
***The Bookseller*,**
Children’s Book of the Month

‘Full of intriguing worldbuilding details, as well as a cast of memorable, enchanting characters, Littler’s saga offers oodles of thrilling moments of danger interspersed with an acute understanding of heartfelt storytelling’
Kirkus Reviews

Jamie Littler is an author-illustrator whose debut middle-grade novel, *Frostheart*, was a number-one bestseller which garnered rave reviews, as well as a shortlist nomination for the prestigious Branford Boase Award. He has also illustrated *Hamish and the WorldStoppers*, which was the bestselling children's debut of 2015, and *Wilf the Mighty Worrier*, which was shortlisted for the Laugh Out Loud Book Awards. His interests are pretty varied, though he does have a soft spot for wild animals and things which go bump in the night. He lives in Brighton.

Books by Jamie Littler

Frostheart

Frostheart 2: Escape from Aurora

Frostheart 3: Rise of the World Eater

Arkspire

JAMIE LITTLER

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For Lil, my partner in ~~crime~~ relic hunting,
without whom this book wouldn't exist.

PROSPERITY IN
THE ARCANE

THE ARCANISTS

What is it to be more than human? To be given unimaginable power? How would you choose to use it?

The five Arcanists of Arkspire are the only people in the world with the power to wield magic, and they choose to use it in the service of others.

When the glorious being known as The Visitor first shared its magic with humans all those centuries ago, it was only the five Arcanists who proved themselves worthy of keeping such a power.

The Arcanists were brave.

They were just.

They were blessed.

They saved us all from the terrible evil of the Betrayers.

Out of the ruins of a world torn apart by misery and war, their ancestors used their gifts to build the great city of Arkspire, a bastion of peace and learning. They

sacrificed their own wants and needs to ensure the people of Arkspire were protected and that the terrible curse of the Betrayers was kept at bay.

They will never abandon us. Not even in death. When an Arcanist's time comes to an end, they choose another to pass their powers on to. A child whose heart is pure enough to accept the gift of magic. A child who proves themselves as worthy as those who came before. A child who swears to defend Arkspire with all that they have until the day comes for them to pass on their powers to another generation.

And so it is that the legacy of the first Arcanists continues to this day, a legacy of compassion in an uncaring world, of magic in the face of despair. Their names are eternal.

The Tempest.

The Maker.

The Watcher.

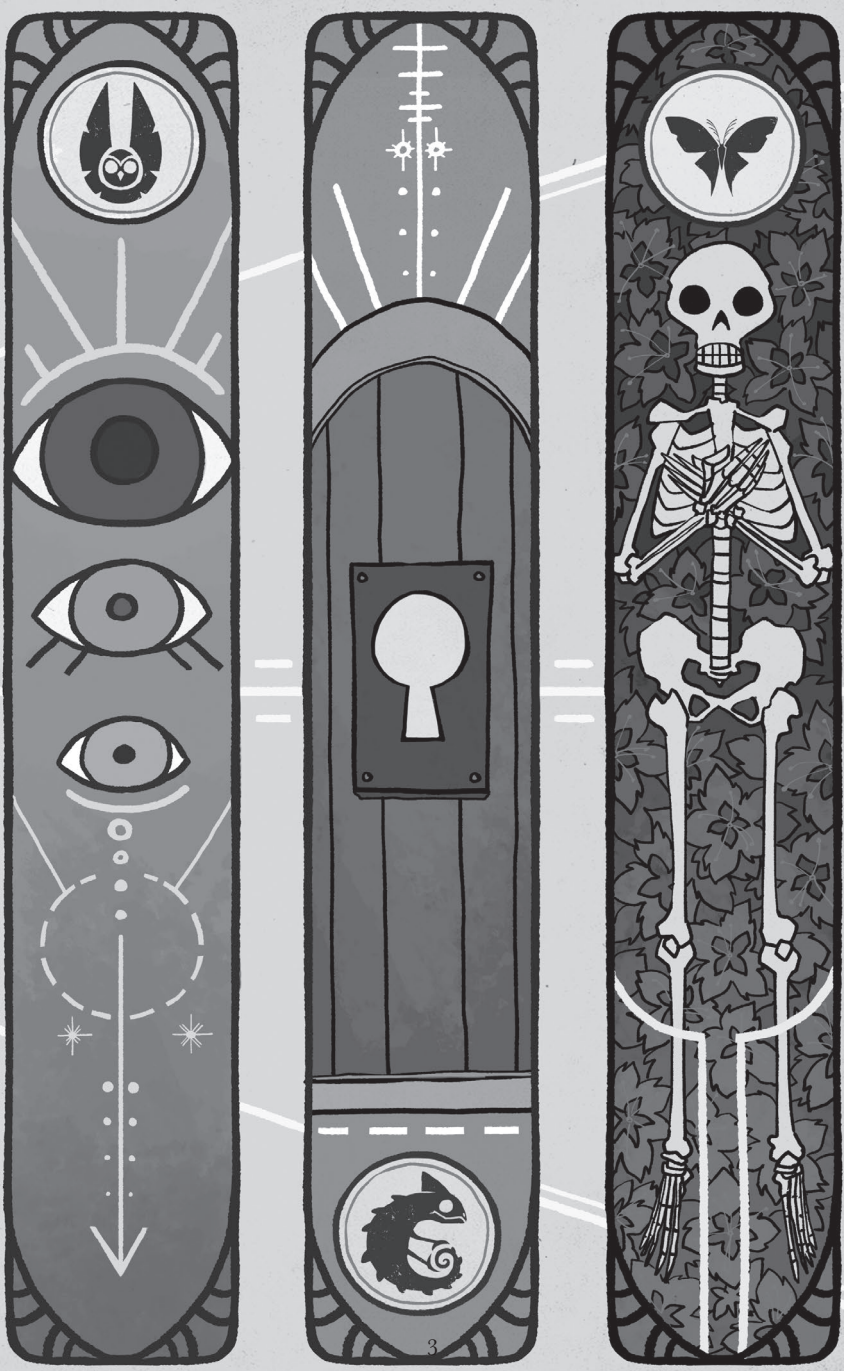
The Enigma.

The Shrouded.

Under the eyes of the five great Arcanists and their illustrious Orders, Arkspire will always stand.

Hail to the Arcanists!

Hail to our saviours!



THE GREAT CITY OF

ARKSPIRE

INVENTION DISTRICT

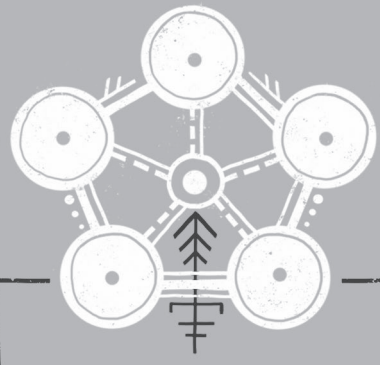
Home of The Maker, leader of the Order of Invention

RADIANT DISTRICT

Home of The Tempest, leader of the Order of Radiance

IRIS DISTRICT

Home of The Watcher, leader of the Order of Iris



THE CRUX

GATEWAY DISTRICT

Home of The Enigma, leader of the Order of Gateways

MIDNIGHT DISTRICT

Home of The Shrouded, leader of the Order of Midnight

PROLOGUE

The alleyway didn't stand a chance. Juniper Bell cleared it with one giant leap, breaking into a roll as she landed.

Her mama smiled with pride. 'Ain't no question you're a daughter of mine.'

Grinning, Juniper turned back, hoping to see her twin sister following close behind. Instead she saw Elodie stranded on the rooftop on the other side of the alley, knees trembling as she peered over the edge.

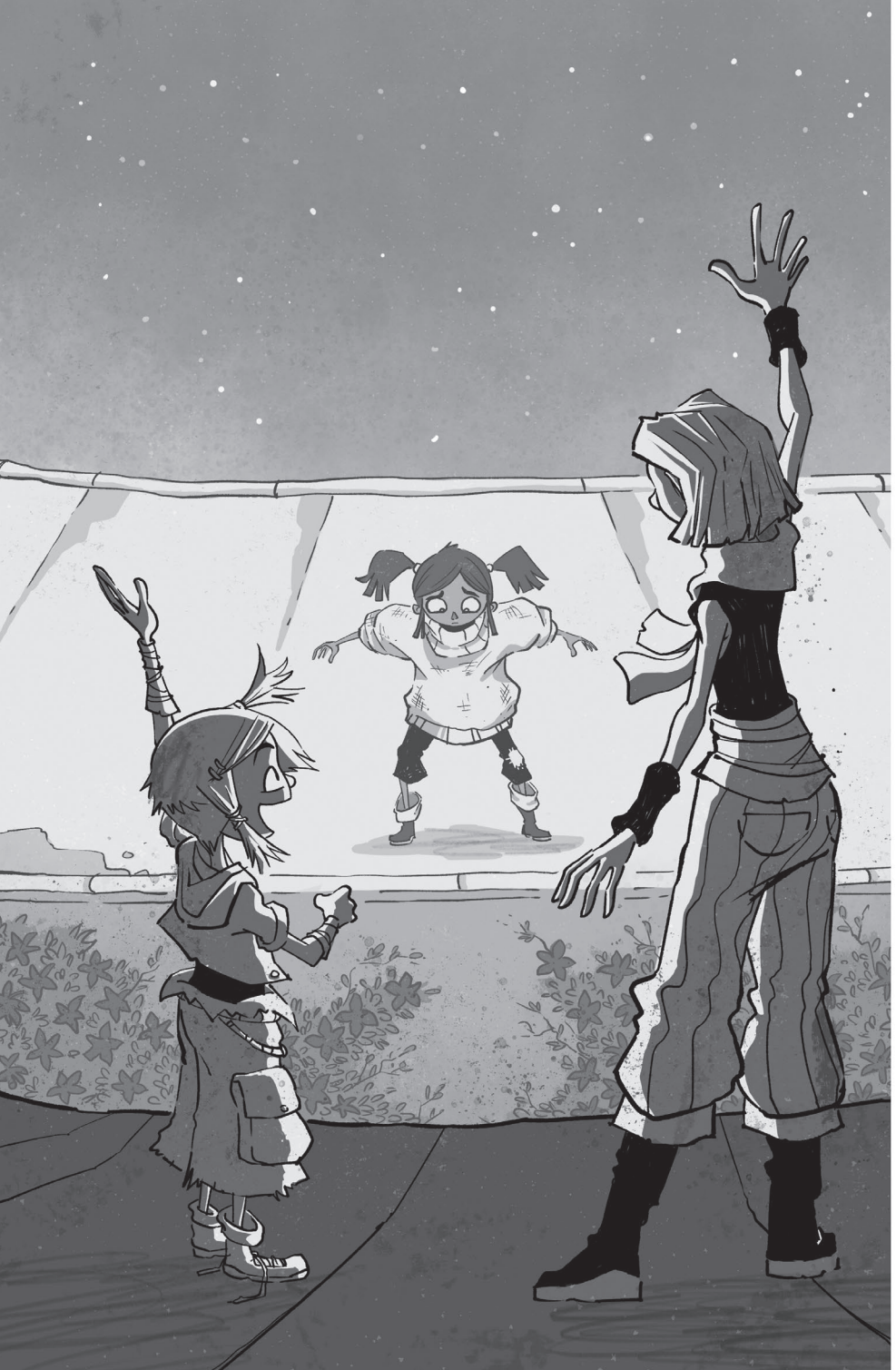
Juniper had been afraid this would happen.

'You've got this, El!' Mama called. 'It's not as far as it looks!'

'I – I don't know if I can . . .' Elodie's eyes watered with frustration.

'You could totally clear that with one leap,' Juniper said encouragingly, 'and you'd need to as well, otherwise you'd fall and die.'

'Juni!' Elodie squealed.



'C'mon! What's the worst that can happen?'

'Erm . . . That I fall and die?! We're not even supposed to be up here! We'll be in so much trouble if we're caught.'

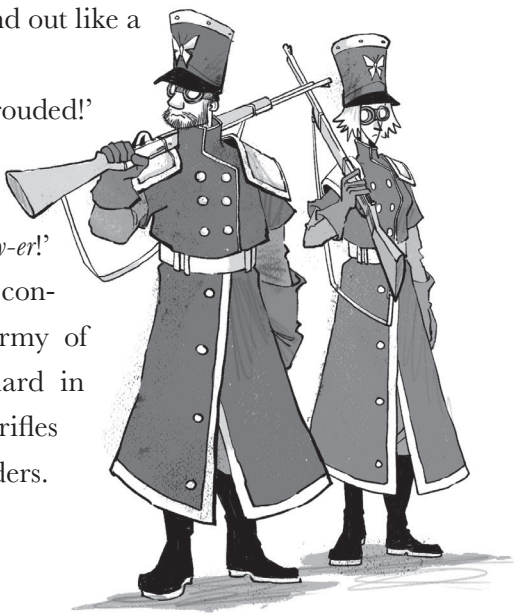
The Bell family were from the Iris District, ruled by the Arcanist known as The Watcher. But they were currently in the neighbouring Midnight District, home to The Shrouded and her Order of Midnight. It wasn't against the rules to cross districts . . . but, on a special night like this, there was no way lower-city Dreggers like them would be welcome to scurry about the Uppers. So what other choice did they have but to sneak across the rooftops? The chance to see an Arcanist in action was worth the risk.

'No one's catchin' us tonight,' Mama reassured Elodie. 'We'll be in and out like a shadow!'

'Just like The Shrouded!' Juniper said.

Mama laughed. 'But even more *shadowy-er*!'

Elodie still wasn't convinced, eyeing the army of wardens standing guard in the streets below, rifles resting on their shoulders.



'I should go back for her . . .' Juniper muttered to her mama.

Juniper had been born a whole fifteen minutes before her twin and took her job as older sister very seriously. The girls shared the same brown skin and dark-coloured hair as their mother. But whereas Juniper's hairstyle looked like it'd been hacked short with blunt scissors (because it had), Elodie's was tidy and neat. Still, Elodie had tried to put her hair into scruffy bunches to look the same as Juniper's. She always wanted to be just like her twin. It could sometimes be a bit much having a copycat follow your every step, but, though she would never admit it, it made Juniper as proud as pie.

'No. She can do this; I know she can,' Mama insisted.

Juniper nodded, deciding to try a different tactic. She wanted to help Elodie, but nothing would change unless Elodie stopped worrying about what might go wrong all the time.

'Look, maybe this was a bad idea,' Juniper called. 'You wait there. We'll go watch the amazin', marvellawesome Arcanist an' we'll tell you *aaaaall* about it when we get back. Shame you'll miss it, though – you'll probably be older 'n Mama next time there's an Inheritance . . .'

'So not *that* old,' Mama added.

Elodie's large eyes grew even wider at the very idea.

'No, please don't leave me! You were right – I can do this!'

Juniper smiled, triumphant. If there was one way to get Elodie to break the rules or make a death-defying leap between rooftops, it was by tempting her with the Arcanists. She was obsessed with them.

Elodie peered over the roof edge only to recoil. 'But what – what if I fall?'

'You won't!' Juniper and Mama insisted in unison.

'You don't know that!'

Juniper perched on the side of the roof and held out her hand. 'I'm here to catch you.'

'And you won't let go?'

'Never.'

Elodie studied her twin for any sign of a lie. 'You promise?'

'Promise.'

Elodie gulped, then stuck her tongue out with concentration. That's how Juniper knew things were about to get serious. Elodie readied her stance. Narrowed her eyes. With a deep breath, she took a run-up . . . and jumped! She cleared the alleyway below – *just* – and Juniper caught hold of her flailing arms and pulled her to safety.

Elodie looked back at the jump she'd just made, almost unable to believe it. 'I . . . I did it? I did it! I did

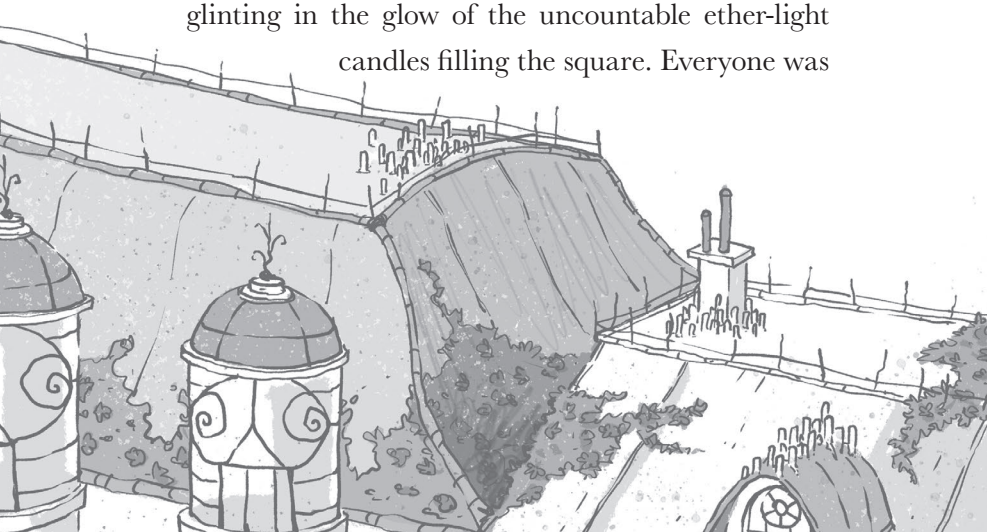
it!' She bounced up and down, Juniper holding her hands tight.

'Ain't nothin' Jelliper can't do when they're workin' together,' Mama said fondly, using the nickname the twins had given themselves. She pulled them into a hug.

'Well, we can't turn back time,' Juniper said.

Elodie pulled a face. 'Why'd we need to do that?'

'Cos at this rate I reckon we might miss the Inheritance.'

Elodie's mouth fell open. 'Visitor beyond, we need to move, move, move!'

The large town square in the Midnight District was fit to bursting. The massive crowd bustled in the sticky evening air. Fancy folk, the lot of them, each wearing more snazzy threads than the last. The men, with their sharp coats and oiled hair, preened themselves; the ladies posed in the most fashionable dresses, their jewels glinting in the glow of the uncountable ether-light candles filling the square. Everyone was