

RISE OF THE
**SHADOW
DRAGONS**

Also by Liz Flanagan:

Legends of the Sky
DRAGON DAUGHTER

EDEN SUMMER

RISE OF THE
**SHADOW
DRAGONS**

LIZ FLANAGAN



FICKLING
d**l**b

David Fickling Books

31 Beaumont Street
Oxford OX1 2NP, UK

Rise of the Shadow Dragons
(Legends of the Sky: Book 2)
is a
DAVID FICKLING BOOK

First published in Great Britain in 2020 by
David Fickling Books,
31 Beaumont Street,
Oxford, OX1 2NP

Text © Liz Flanagan, 2020
Illustrations by Paul Duffield

978-1-78845-144-4

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

The right of Liz Flanagan to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publishers.

Papers used by David Fickling Books are from well-managed forests and other responsible sources.



DAVID FICKLING BOOKS Reg. No. 8340307

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Typeset in 11/16pt Sabon by Falcon Oast Graphic Art Ltd, www.falcon.uk.com
Printed and bound in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, Elcograf S.p.A

For Christoph, of course xx

ARCOSI

and the surrounding seas





PROLOGUE

Two dragons flew in darkness. Their breath came in wheezing gasps. Their wings flapped heavily, straining hard with every beat. Their scaly flanks were streaked with blood.

‘The dragons need to rest,’ Milla yelled, black hair escaping from her blue scarf. Her face was caked in ashy dust. ‘They won’t make it.’

‘They will! They have to,’ Thom cried hoarsely, a grim look on his face. ‘Milla, we’ve got to reach Arcosi, before it’s too late.’

As if to prove his words, a huge jet of hot steam hissed up from the slopes below, narrowly missing his red dragon. She banked sharply, almost losing control.

‘Thom!’ Milla screamed. ‘Are you all right?’ She twisted sideways and urged her blue dragon lower, searching in the gloom.

His voice carried up from the darkness below. ‘See? The

volcano is erupting. Right now! There's no time. We have to try!

Sitting low on their dragons' backs, hunched and tense, both riders faced towards the west, urging their exhausted dragons to one final effort.

Milla whispered a constant stream of encouragement, 'Hurry, Iggy, hurry! If it's the last thing we do, we have to tell them of the danger. We have to tell them what to do.'

Behind them, the sky was streaked with red-gold sparks.

PART ONE - AIR



AIR

FIRE

WATER

EARTH



CHAPTER ONE

Six months earlier

*J*owan Thorsen was dreaming of flying. His hands gripped a purple scaly neck, the wind tugged his hair, the sea sparkled beneath him as his dragon sped through the air . . .

When he woke up, Joe was still smiling. The dream faded and he sat up with a jolt, remembering what day it was. Hatching Day fell on his twelfth birthday. His friends Amina and Conor had said it was lucky. And now a dream of dragons? That must be a good sign. Today was the day his life would change for ever. By that evening, he might have bonded with a newly hatched dragon. He'd be living in the dragonschool of Arcosi. His bag was right there, packed and ready. Excitement bubbled up inside him, and he couldn't sit still any longer.

He leaped out of bed and pulled on yesterday's crumpled shirt and trousers, leaving untouched the new white clothes

that had been laid out for him; they were for the ceremony later. He wanted to run and sing and shout, but it was still early, so he crept downstairs, avoiding the creaky floorboards and jumping the last three steps. No noise came from his parents' room.

Outside, smoke curled from the kitchen chimney, up into a blue sky dappled with pink clouds. He peeked through the crack of the kitchen door. No sign of Matteo the cook, just a large plate of steaming cinnamon rolls on the workbench. His favourite. Joe went in and grabbed two, burning his fingers. He shoved them in his pockets, feeling the heat spread through the worn linen. Then he ducked through the back door, walked quickly through the garden and climbed the high stone wall of the practice yard where he'd spent hours working on his sword skills.

He perched there like a pigeon, looking down over the rooftops of Arcosi, the wind in his face conjuring his dream again. He spread his arms like wings and his heart took flight. He gazed past the ships docked in the harbour far below, and right out to the pale sea which stretched away in every direction. Today, he had his first chance to bond with a dragon. He looked at the sea and imagined flying over it. It was so close, he could taste it. It would be just like his dream.

Just then, everything grew dark as a dragon glided low overhead, sapphire wings spread. It landed just outside the practice yard with a *whoomph* of wings and a crunch of earth.

'Milla!' Joe sprang down from the wall and went to greet his cousin. 'I thought you were too busy to come today?'

'Never too busy for your birthday, Joe!' Milla tumbled

off her dragon and Joe threw himself at her. ‘Dragons’ teeth! I swear you’ve grown in a week.’

It was true. Joe was growing so fast his legs ached each night, and he kept banging into things, not used to this new body. That wasn’t all that was new: strange intense moods blew in like storms. They passed as fast as they came, so he kept quiet and hoped no one noticed.

‘You’re tall enough to swing *me* round.’ She pulled back from the hug, eyes shining, black curls framing her face. ‘Don’t you dare try, or I’ll set Iggie on you.’

He laughed at her mock-serious tone. She might be one of the first dragonriders of Arcosi and almost twenty-five years old now, but she was always ready for mischief and he loved her for it.

Joe reached out for Iggie, his cousin’s huge blue dragon, who greeted him enthusiastically with sparks and grunts, and lots of head-butting that nearly knocked him over. Iggie was at least twice as big as the largest carthorse on the island, and his wings were massive. Joe ran his hands over Iggie’s scaly neck, realising that by sunset he too could have a dragon of his own. Real and breathing, here in his arms. What a birthday gift that would be!

‘I used to sit there too,’ Milla said, gesturing at the wall. ‘Best view in the city. Shall we?’

They climbed back up and sat side by side. There was a shadowy full moon giving way to the rising sun, and the air was still cold.

‘Happy birthday, Joe. This is for you.’ Milla passed him a small leather pouch.

‘Thank you,’ he said, opening its drawstring. He tipped it carefully, and something small and shiny fell into his cupped palm. It looked like a coin and a mass of silver chain.

‘It matches mine,’ Milla said, tapping the medal she always wore round her neck.

Joe lifted up the silver disc. It had a device beaten into it: a circle to represent the full moon, and a dragon in flight beneath it. It was the symbol of their family, the ancient dragonriders of Arcosi. ‘Oh, Milla.’ He struggled for the right words. ‘It’s perfect. I’m going to wear it today, for luck.’

‘Let me help you with that clasp.’ Milla fastened it behind his neck, brushing his wavy black hair aside. ‘There! Just as it’s meant to be.’

He patted it, feeling the cold metal settling into place at his throat. ‘And here’s something for you: breakfast!’ Joe passed her a roll and started ripping his own into shreds.

‘Ooh, hot from the oven. Matteo’s cinnamon rolls are as good as Josi’s,’ she said, nodding her thanks.

‘You better not tell her that.’ Joe grinned at her. Joe’s mother’s temper was as legendary as her cooking. Josi belonged to the island’s highest society these days, recognised as a descendant of the ancient royal family of Arcosi, but when Milla was young, Josi had been the household cook, hiding her true identity.

‘So,’ Milla said next, drawing out the syllable. ‘The big day?’

‘Uh-huh,’ Joe mumbled, mouth full of bread.

‘Ready?’ she asked.

‘I feel ready.’ He hesitated, and he was aware of his heart

beating faster, as he chose to tell her. ‘This morning, I was dreaming of a dragon. A purple one. Did that happen for you, with Iggie . . . ?’

She smiled, remembering. ‘Yes, a few times. I couldn’t see him, not exactly. But I knew he was blue, and I knew we would fly together.’

‘Yes!’ Joe said, relieved. ‘That’s what it felt like for me.’ And with a rush of eagerness, he begged her, ‘Is there a purple egg? How many are there? You’ve seen them, haven’t you? Tell me, Milla, please!’

‘You know I can’t tell you.’ Milla’s brown eyes held his, sparkling with life and humour.

He took that as a yes. There *was* a purple egg! He knew it.

Milla yawned widely, and Joe noticed the shadows under her eyes for the first time. ‘Are you all right?’ he asked.

‘Didn’t sleep much last night,’ she said. ‘Trouble in the lower town. Tarya had to send a few dragonriders to back up her troops.’

‘Trouble from the Brotherhood?’ Joe guessed.

‘Who else?’ Milla grimaced.

After the dragons returned, just before Joe was born, the army of Arcosi was halved in size – the island just didn’t need that many soldiers when it now had dragons to defend it. Half the army had been paid off to leave their jobs, all those years ago. And some of them, the ones who resented it, had banded together and now called themselves the Brotherhood. They loitered around, causing a nuisance and calling out insults, but no one took them too seriously.

‘It’s not Tarya’s fault!’ Joe defended his sister, the island’s general. ‘She was generous to the soldiers who left.’ He’d heard his father saying this many times.

‘She still is. That’s the problem.’ Milla sighed. ‘I understand she can’t ban them, in case that makes them more popular, but—’ She stopped herself.

‘What do you mean?’ He remembered seeing the men, still wearing their old black uniforms, tattered and faded. They gathered on street corners, drinking in the daytime, trying to get people to listen to them. ‘They’re harmless . . . aren’t they?’

‘I’m sorry, Joe.’ Milla put one hand on his shoulder. ‘I shouldn’t talk about my worries, not on your birthday. Don’t let this spoil Hatching Day. Your first time. How are you feeling?’

Joe paused, really considering that question. ‘Excited? A bit nervous.’

‘Don’t worry – all the dragons are healthy now.’

‘Are you sure?’ he asked anxiously.

These were only the second clutch of eggs laid since the Great Loss. Two years ago, a terrible sickness had swept through Arcosi’s dragonhalls, killing more than half its dragons. Joe’s brother, Isak, one of the first dragonriders along with Milla, was the Head Dragonguard of Arcosi, and his hair had turned pure white overnight from the shock.

‘Isak has been so vigilant,’ Milla said now. ‘He’s nurtured these eggs as if they were his own.’

It must be a nervous day for them all too, Joe realised in a rush. When the Great Loss came, no one could save

those dragons: not Milla with all her healing skills; nor Isak with all his wisdom; not Tarya with all her battle skills; nor Duke Vigo in spite of his power. He'd heard the rumours, everyone whispering that it was a sign that these youngsters didn't know what they were doing and that someone else should take charge of ruling the city. So they all needed this to go well.

Just not as much as him.

Joe looked down, and noticed he was gripping his silver medal tightly between his fingers. *Please let it be me today*, he wished. *Please don't let me be a waddler!*

That was a rude word for people who couldn't bond with dragons. Someone stuck on the ground: a *waddler*. Someone who would never fly on dragonback. It was whispered by the children before each ceremony. You weren't supposed to say it. Most people on the island were waddlers. Only a lucky few were dragonriders. It didn't stop every child praying, dreaming, wishing that a dragon would choose them.

Since the dragons returned, every young person in Joe's family had bonded with one. 'Oh, Milla, I hope all the eggs are healthy. Whoever they bond with.'

'It's all right, Joe,' Milla said, her eyes warm and bright with understanding. 'What's meant for you won't pass you by.'

He nodded, reassured.

'Come on, let's go down. It's time to get ready.' She wiggled to the edge of the wall and jumped off, landing lightly on both feet.

Joe followed his cousin, feeling his excitement building again. The air smelled of salt and woodsmoke, and he could

hear the distant calls of the fisherfolk down at the harbour, the sounds of the island city waking up.

Iggie clambered up from where he'd been dozing in the first rays of sunshine. To Joe's surprise, the blue dragon came to him first and placed his huge forehead against his chest.

'He is wishing you good luck,' Milla explained. 'From both of us . . .'

Joe scratched between Iggie's blue ears, grateful for his attention, but knowing that the dragon's heart belonged entirely to his cousin. 'Thanks, Ig,' Joe whispered, so only the dragon could hear. 'Later today, let's hope there'll be a new purple dragon for you to meet.'

Iggie half closed his huge green eyes and growled softly, sending tremors through Joe's whole body.

He relaxed. Today would be all right. Today would be the best birthday ever.

Joe could hear his parents discussing him as he ran up the main staircase of the Yellow House to get changed, the *stomp* and *clack* as his father paced with his walking cane.

'So why isn't he here, then?' his father was saying. 'What could be more important?'

'Nestan, my love,' his mother replied. 'Stop fretting. He won't be late. He's been so excited, he's been counting down the days! Perhaps he just—'

'I'm *here!*' Joe pushed his bedroom door open with a bang. 'Sorry, I lost track of time, talking to Milla.'

His mother swooped on him first. 'Happy birthday, Joe!' She wrapped him in a warm embrace, kissing his cheek

loudly. She was already dressed in her best clothes: a crimson gown, a matching silk scarf over her black hair. 'Here's your gift from us.' She gestured at the bed.

There was a large parcel next to the white clothes for the ceremony.

Joe darted across and seized the package, unwrapping it eagerly. There was a fur-lined hat and long leather gloves, lined in silk, cosy and warm. You could get cold flying – he'd heard Milla say so. He'd be needing these, as soon as his dragon was big enough to carry him. Dragonriders always wore the colours of their dragons. And these ones were . . . *purple!* The same deep dark purple from his dream.

How did they know?

'Thank you,' he whispered, glowing inside with this evidence that they believed in him.

'You can try them on later, *after* . . .' Josi said.

'Happy birthday, Joe,' his father said, hugging him one-handed. 'And there's this, now you're twelve.' He had a large cylinder hanging on a leather strap from one shoulder. He swung it round, caught the strap and handed it to his son.

Joe took the cylinder. Its weight and smoothness seemed familiar. A memory rose up, from the days when he'd followed his father round like a little shadow, asking endless questions and receiving patient answers, all day long.

Standing in his father's study, still so small he could barely see over the desk.

'What's that?' Joe had asked, pointing at a smooth black leather cylinder.

‘That’s my shipwreck kit,’ Nestan had told him. ‘It’s saved my life three times now.’

‘How?’ Joe asked, not understanding.

‘When a ship goes down, you have no time,’ his father explained, reaching for it. ‘Three things saved me: luck, swimming skill, and this.’

‘What’s in it?’

‘Flint and tinder, blade, fishing lines, hooks, oilskin, compass . . .’ Nestan pulled it open and shook the contents out onto his desk. ‘Everything you need to survive.’

And now Joe held his very own shipwreck kit. ‘Wow, thanks, Dad,’ he said, touched. And then he teased, ‘Are you expecting me to need it?’

‘It’s traditional. Ours are sea-people,’ Nestan said, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth, his blue eyes wreathed in laughter lines. ‘Once upon a time, every Norlander child received their own shipwreck kit on their twelfth birthday. You keep it close and hope never to need it.’

‘Well, not today at least?’ Joe put it on the shelf and turned back to the white robes he needed to wear this morning, like a blank sheet of parchment till his purple dragon bonded with him.

‘I think we can be sure of that. Now, if you get changed quickly, we can still be on time.’ Nestan ran one hand rasply over his white beard, while the other leaned on his walking cane. ‘Your brother and sister will be waiting.’ But he didn’t move, not yet.

Joe’s mother slid one arm round Nestan’s waist. His

parents stood there together, both looking at him in a strange way, their smiles slightly wobbly and damp.

‘What?’ He stared back at them. ‘Are we in a rush or not? What’s wrong?’

‘Oh, nothing’s *wrong*, Joe!’ Josi said. ‘We’re just so proud of you.’

That was a new thought for him. ‘I haven’t even done anything yet.’

‘We’re proud of you,’ his father repeated, blinking hard and clearing his throat, ‘whatever happens today.’

Joe’s mother flicked a tear from her cheek. ‘Oh, look at me! I’ll spoil this silk, and it’s not even the ceremony yet.’ She sniffed loudly and wiped her face on her husband’s shirt sleeve.

‘Go on, I’ll be down in a moment. We won’t be late – promise!’ Joe turned away to hide his face as it hit him: if today went well, he would never live under his parents’ roof again. He’d been so busy thinking of his dragon, he’d forgotten that part. With another pang he realised he was ready for it all: ready to grow up and leave his home behind, ready to make his parents really proud, and, most definitely, ready for his dragon.