

PRAISE FOR *THE ELEMENTAL DETECTIVES*

“A beautifully written book, bristling with magic, set in an ancient London filled with dragons, ghosts, water spirits, and a mysterious, creeping sleeping-sickness that must be fought by the brave young heroes. I loved it”

**Cressida Cowell, Children’s Laureate & author of
*How to Train Your Dragon***

“*The Elemental Detectives* is a rip roaring magical adventure... Patrice Lawrence has done a marvellous job of building an imaginative and creative mythology which lurks just under the city streets”

Catherine Johnson, author of *Freedom*

“*The Elemental Detectives* is a richly imagined, inventive and immersive fantasy adventure”

E. L. Norry, author of *Son of the Circus*

“I loved reading about a re-imagining of London with so much invention and energy. The world-building is well, ... out of this world. Patrice Lawrence is amongst the greatest voices for young people writing today. I’m honoured to be a peer of hers”

Alex Wheatle, author of *Cane Warriors*

“BRILLIANT ... history and fantasy woven magnificently into a thrilling, magical adventure”

Sophie Anderson, author of *The House with Chicken Legs*

“A fantastic adventure, packed with rich world building and stunning elemental magic”

Peter Bunzl, author of *Cogheart*



PATRICE LAWRENCE was born in Brighton and brought up in an Italian-Trinidadian household in Sussex. Her first novel *ORANGEBOY* was one of the most talked-about YA books of 2016 and won the Waterstones Children's Book Prize for Older Fiction and the *Bookseller* YA Book Prize that year. Ever since, her work has consistently featured on prestigious prize lists and her recent novel *EIGHT PIECES OF SILVA* has won a number of awards including the CrimeFest YA Prize, the inaugural Jhalak Children's and Young Adult's Prize for UK Writers of Colour and the Woman and Home Teen Drama Award. Patrice has been awarded the MBE for services to literature.

BOOKS BY PATRICE LAWRENCE FOR OLDER READERS

Orangeboy

Indigo Donut

Rose, Interrupted

Eight Pieces of Silva

Splinters of Sunshine

Diver's Daughter: a Tudor Story

Needle

Rat

THE ELEMENTAL DETECTIVES



PATRICE LAWRENCE

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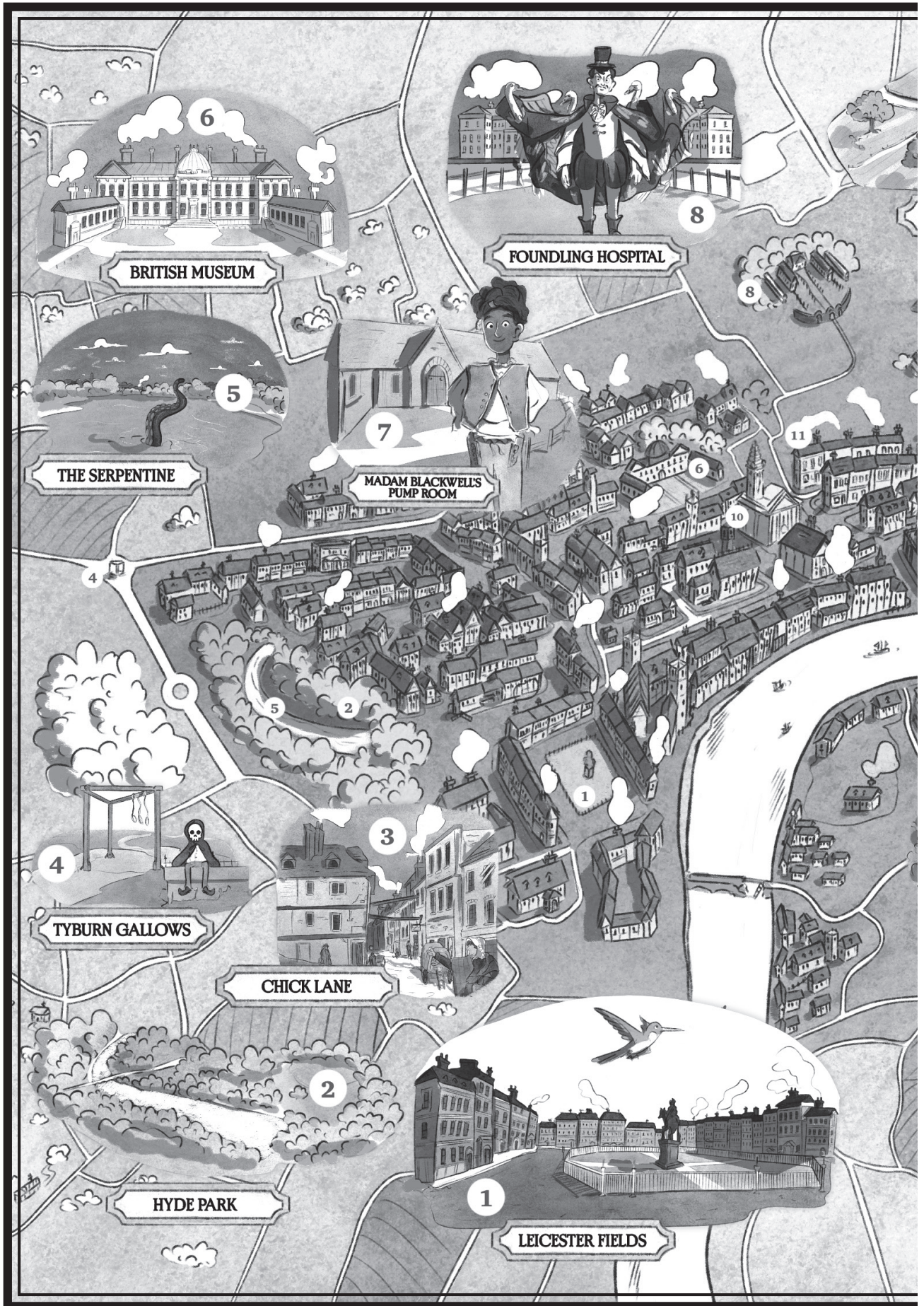
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Answer to the Dragons' riddle: FLEET

TO DREAMERS



6

BRITISH MUSEUM



8

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

5

THE SERPENTINE

7

MADAM BLACKWELL'S PUMP ROOM

8

11

10

6

4

5

2

1

4

TYBURN GALLOWS

3

CHICK LANE

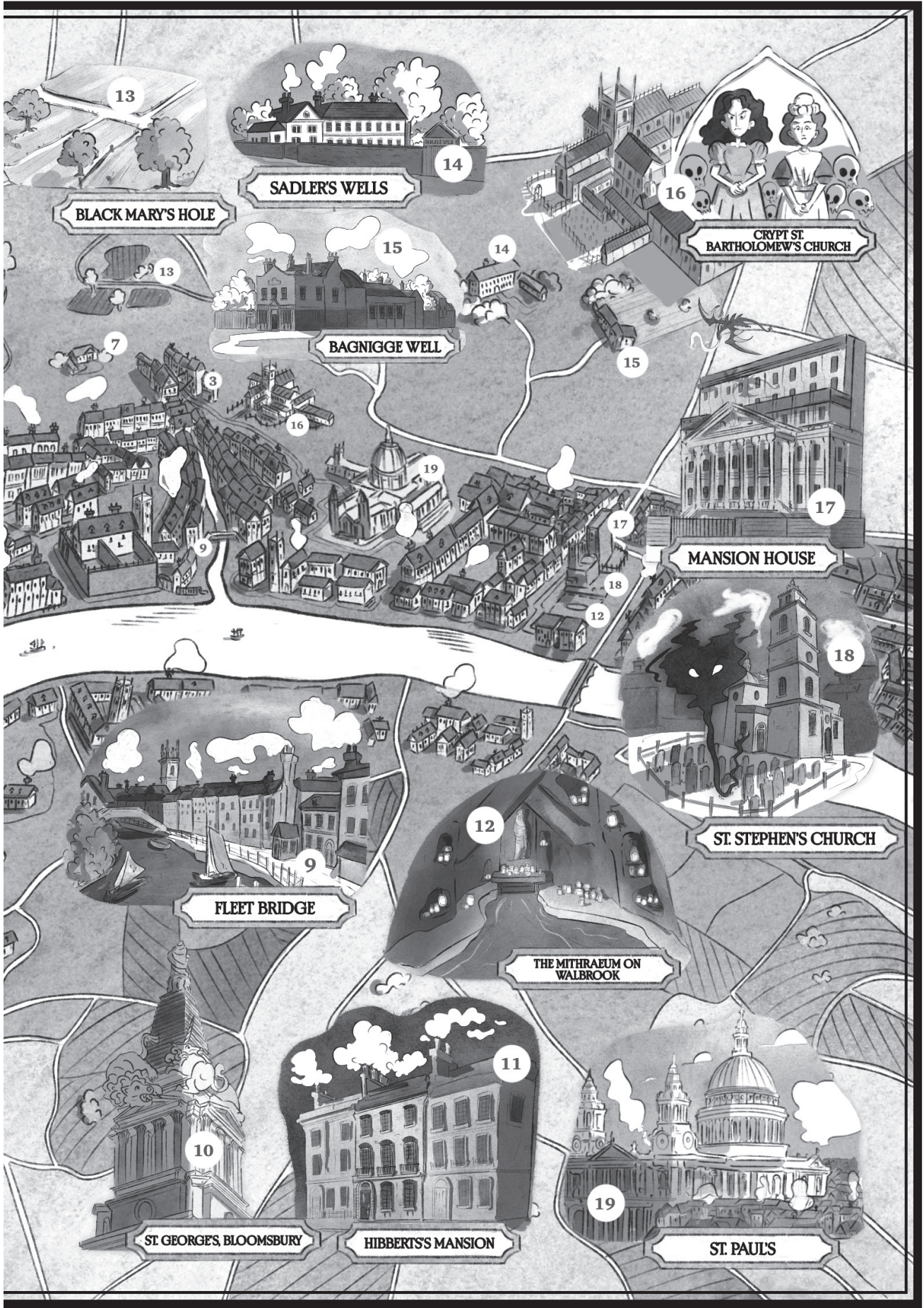
2

HYDE PARK



1

LEICESTER FIELDS



13

BLACK MARY'S HOLE

14

SADLER'S WELLS

15

BAGNIGGE WELL

16

CRYPT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH

14

15

17

MANSION HOUSE

18

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH

12

THE MITHRAEUM ON WALBROOK

11

HIBBERT'S MANSION

19

ST. PAUL'S

FLEET BRIDGE

10

ST. GEORGE'S, BLOOMSBURY





A ROCK DOVE FALLS

The rock dove fell from the sky on Sunday. Its slumbering body lay beneath a hedge, hidden from the carriages clattering by on their way to church. As the sun rose towards midday, a cat slunk past. She had failed to catch a single mouse in Mr Browbridge's grain store – she was too weak and clumsy. But here was food served up and waiting for her.

She nudged the plump bird with her paw. Its heart was beating. It was alive and fresh, even more tasty. The cat batted it again. It rocked sideways but didn't wake.

Enough. She needed to eat now. She bent towards the bird and—

Something was oozing from it: something she couldn't see until it was inside her head. It was a yellow mist, as thick as butter. All her thoughts of hunger disappeared. Instead, she remembered her mother and her brothers and sister. She had not seen them for so long. She closed her eyes and she was there again, curled up in a ball, her whiskers twitching against the comforting warmth of her mother's stomach. Her sister nipped her neck. It wasn't to hurt her, but just to remind her that she was here too. In a moment, they would peel away from safety and play.

A human yelled. A horse snorted. The metal rims of carriage wheels scraped against a stone close to her – too close!

Her eyes snapped open. She was not a kitten; she was old and alone and hungry. She leaped away from the bird. She would search for food elsewhere.

The rock dove slept on. So did many more. Robert Strong cleared two of the birds from the path of Lady Hibbert's carriage as they paraded around Hyde Park on Tuesday. He was quick before the horses' hooves smashed down on the bodies. He had seen the wings twitch and

knew they weren't dead. Even as he scooped them up, they didn't wake. He hoped they'd be safe on the verge where he lay them.

Further north, in Clerkenwell, Marisee Blackwell noticed nothing. The sickness hadn't reached her – yet.

Up above, in the murky London skies, the Fumi air elementals were gathering and whispering. What was bringing this new heaviness to the dirty London air? It was more than just the Solid human folk blasting muck from their chimneys into the sky. This was more powerful. The Fumis could weave the air into a hurricane and blast it away, but they had signed the truce and would not be blamed if London was ruined again.

In the wells and hidden rivers, the Chad water elementals felt it too: a strange, joyful weariness seeping into the streams. They didn't like it. The Solids clogged up the waterways with filth from the abattoirs and manufactories, but this was new and wrong and also a little familiar. They would need to call a full court to discuss it.

The Dragon fire elementals patrolling the City of London took note of the dreaming rock doves, the anxious horses, the merchants complaining of their lazy servants. It would only take one fiery roar to burn this

sickness away, but they were still not forgiven for the unfortunate incident of 1666. They would guard their Guilds and merchants and stay vigilant.

The last of the four elementals, the earthbound Magogs, slumbered in the layers of London earth beneath the Thames. Their agents knew what was at stake here, but they could be patient; everything returned to them in the end.

On Friday, the rock dove still lay under the hedge. Its heart had stopped beating three days before and soon its skin would pull away from its bones. Its last dreams had been happy ones.