

THE BEAST OF FARROWFELL

Jude pulled a piece of dark-blue magic from her pocket and popped it into her mouth. It tasted of strawberries . . . A tingling sensation spread through the tips of her fingers as she walked up to the mansion and started to climb. The magic she'd eaten made her hands and feet sticky, so she could scale the wall. She knew Moorley preferred ghost magic, which would have allowed them to simply stroll through the thick walls. But there was something exciting about scaling a building . . .

READERS LOVE THE WORLD OF

FARROWFELL

‘Very exciting. I love the edible magic.’

‘I absolutely adored it.’

‘Highly recommended.’

‘A very entertaining, well plotted
and fast paced story.’

‘The idea of edible magic was
original and inspired.’

‘Hugely imaginative.’

‘Great world-building.’

‘Superb.’

‘Very original.’

‘A big success with the children.’

‘I was hooked. 10/10.’

‘Will appeal to fans of **Eva Ibbotson** and
Katherine Rundell.
School Reading List

‘**Packed full of twists and turns . . .** a fast-paced,
exciting read, with imagination and invention
jumping out of virtually every page.’
Alice Ross, author of *The Nowhere Thief*

‘Darkly humorous, with a myriad of magical
twists and turns, this inventive debut
novel is a **thrilling read.**’
BookTrust

‘**A refreshing page turner.**’
Armadillo Magazine

‘A perfect class read-aloud. Enchanting characters,
unpredictable magic and questionable motives
will leave listeners enthralled.’
Scope for Imagination

‘An **incredible**, inventive fantasy.’
Julie Sykes, author of *Unicorn Academy*

‘**Gripping.**’
Children’s Book Ireland

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RAVENA GURON is a British Indian biochemist turned lawyer turned author, a superb new voice who brings her own captivating brand of energy, wild adventures and joy to the genre. *The Thief of Farrowfell* was the first in the series following Jude Ripon, and was shortlisted for Penguin's WriteNow scheme, as well as being highly commended in the FAB Prize. Ravena also writes YA, including the acclaimed *This Book Kills*. Ravena is a Londoner through and through: born, raised and educated in London, she lives there still.

ALESSIA TRUNFIO was born in southern Italy but grew up in Rome, where she still lives. After graduating with an Animation Degree from the International School of Comics in Rome, Alessia has worked as background artist for some of the most important animation studios in Italy. Fundamentally passionate about cinema, anime, literature, indie music and fried food, Alessia is an eclectic, energetic and inexhaustible illustrator.

To Matt and Alice (again)

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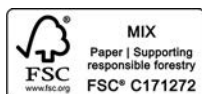
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THE BEAST OF
FARROWFELL

RAVENA GURON

ILLUSTRATED BY ALESSIA TRUNFIO

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Kingdom of
Suithriar

Crying Mountains

The Great
Glacier
Lake

Northern Mountains

The
Palnes
Waterfall

WEST
FARROWFELL

The
Great Dark
River

CENTRAL
FARROWFELL

Sea

Library of
Farrowfell

The
Consortium

Ripon
Headquarters

Ricklewood
School

Weston
Mansion

Mergio
Market

Ripon
Lake

Mergio Mountains

Wild Lands

Kingdom of
Merrybridge





Wild Lands

NORTH
FARROWFELL



Hanowhale
Forest

The Branko Caves



EAST
FARROWFELL

Library
Lake

Whispering Forest

SOUTH
FARROWFELL

The Southern Mountains



Sea

The Little
Canyon

Wild Lands



Chapter One

A Vigilante Mission

Jude Ripon grinned as she admired Hurly Robbincon's high-security mansion. Although there were lots of points of entry – the numerous arched windows with thin panes of glass that could be jimmied open, the front door with its basic lock – she knew from her research that all these were alarmed. A clanging would go off and magic metal bars would spring from the walls, trapping the intruder in a large cage until the Farrowfell Guards arrived.

In short, the mansion would be extremely difficult to break in to.

A warm feeling spread through Jude. *Excellent.* She

loved a challenge, and she'd been looking forward to this one for weeks. In fact, there was a small part of her that *wanted* to be caught by the magic cage, just to see if she could figure a way out.

'Ready?' asked her big sister Moorley, who was standing with her hands on her hips looking up at the thick stone walls. A few lights in the mansion were on, but they were the only illumination; the moon and stars were hidden behind thick clouds. A cold wind whistled, loud in the otherwise complete silence of the countryside; it sounded like someone faintly screaming.

'Of course,' said Jude, pushing the unsettling thought away; they were in an isolated part of North Farrowfell and there were no other houses for at least a mile. She pulled a piece of dark-blue magic shaped like a square from her pocket and popped it into her mouth. It tasted of strawberries, but that was overshadowed by the chewiness; her jaw quickly began to ache. She kept working at it until she'd eaten the whole thing. A tingling sensation spread through the tips of her fingers as she walked up to the mansion and started to climb. The magic she'd eaten made her hands and feet sticky, so she could scale the wall.

They were aiming to climb to a chimney near the back of the house. The owner, Hurly Robbincon, had an excellent security system – with one flaw: he'd never

considered that a determined stranger might decide to crawl down one of his chimneys.

Jude climbed quickly, careful not to look down as the ground got further away. She knew Moorley preferred ghost magic, which would have allowed them to simply stroll through the thick walls. But there was something exciting about scaling a building. Plus, they didn't have such easy access to illegal magic like that any more – not since they'd betrayed their criminal family and allowed their grandfather to be sucked into a star, anyway.

She and Moorley had been living with the Westons, a respected family in Farrowfell, for the past four months. Mr and Mrs Weston were responsible in a way their own parents had never been, making them go to school every day, eat their vegetables and do their homework. Jude was grateful to them for taking her and Moorley in. And she liked living with her friends Fin and Eri, the Westons' children.

But adventure was in her bones – the desire to run and explore and escape using just her wits and a little bit of magic.

Which was why the vigilante missions were so great.

Jude liked that word. *Vigilante*. It meant someone who fought for justice but didn't bother worrying about things like the law. She used technically to be a villain, breaking into other people's homes and stealing. This *V* word felt like a step up and since they had started

their little operation, there had been lots to do. While unravelling their family's illegal dealings with raw magic, Jude and Moorley had discovered a seedy side to the Consortium, which was the government of Farrowfell. It turned out there were several crooked Consortium workers doing deals with criminals, trading in illegal magic – and it was incredibly fun rounding them up.

The Westons were good people but they had strict opinions about what methods were *right*. And from what Jude could tell, those involved a lot of paperwork and arguing with pompous-sounding people who thought they knew better. Being a vigilante was a way Jude could put her unparalleled skills – that she'd previously honed as a thief – to use. As long as she kept it a secret.

Jude reached the top of the wall and hitched herself over, on to the mansion's roof. It sloped up and the chimney they were aiming for was about halfway. Moorley was still climbing, so Jude decided to go ahead and have a look down the chimney.

It was pitch black but they were wearing head torches. The torches featured a strap that went around their heads, with a glass ball at the front that contained a simple piece of magic shaped like a marble. The magic glowed when it rolled around. Jude would have to crawl through the chimney bobbing her head from side to side to keep the light on.

Moorley finally got to the roof, panting as she stood up. ‘We need to find some ghost magic,’ she muttered, her face sweaty and red. ‘I can’t handle this stupid climbing magic any more.’

Jude grinned – unlike Moorley, she had taken well to having to adapt magic for their purposes. Although Jude loved her sister very much, she *had* spent most of her life being told how much better Moorley was than her. It was always nice to have proof her own skills were just as good.

‘I’ll go and you follow me,’ said Jude as she shook her head to activate the head torch. Moorley nodded as Jude went feet first, using her sticky hands to help her make a gradual descent. She’d thought she would simply know when the ground was approaching, but it quickly became clear that wasn’t the case.

It felt like she’d been going forever – and perhaps her magic felt the same way because her left hand slipped on the wall; it was no longer sticky.

‘That’s not good,’ she muttered, dangling with her right hand. Her heart hammered – she had no idea how high up she was.

‘Jude?’ called Moorley from above. ‘Did you say something?’

‘No,’ she called, her voice coming out strangled as she tried to slam her left hand against the wall. Nothing – the magic was completely gone.

Jude’s right arm was becoming sore from having to

hold her up. Maybe she could slide down the chimney carefully . . .

But before she could decide on a plan, her right hand slipped.