



COLLEEN HOOVER

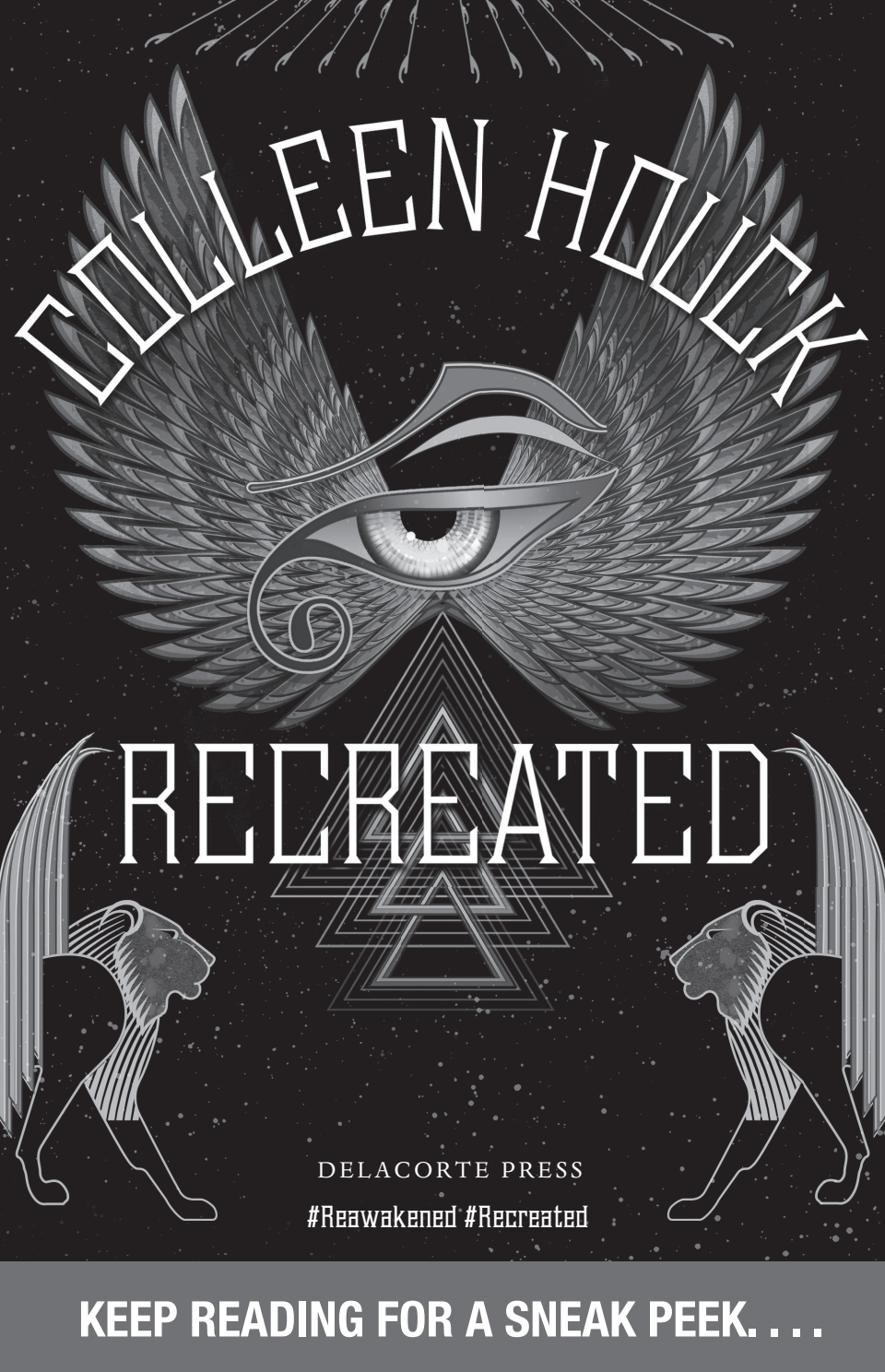
INCLUDES AN
EGYPTIAN PHARAOH
NAME GENERATOR

RECREATED

THE SEQUEL TO
THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

REAWAKENED

SNEAK PEEK



COLLEEN HOUCK

RECREATED

DELACORTE PRESS

#Reawakened #Recreated

KEEP READING FOR A SNEAK PEEK...

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Text copyright © 2016 by Colleen Houck
Jacket art copyright © 2016 by Chris Saunders

All rights reserved. Published in the United States by Delacorte Press,
an imprint of Random House Children's Books, a division of
Penguin Random House LLC, New York.

Delacorte Press is a registered trademark and
the colophon is a trademark of Penguin Random House LLC.

Visit us on the Web! randomhouseteens.com

Educators and librarians, for a variety of teaching tools,
visit us at RHTeachersLibrarians.com

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Houck, Colleen.

Recreated / Colleen Houck. — First edition.
pages cm. — (Reawakened ; 2)

Summary: "Lily must go into the Afterlife to save Amon and protect the world from
being overthrown by the deadly Devourer of the Underworld"—Provided by publisher.

ISBN 978-0-385-37660-0 (hc) — ISBN 978-0-385-37661-7 (glb) —

ISBN 978-0-385-37662-4 (ebook)

1. Amon (Egyptian deity)—Juvenile fiction. [1. Amon (Egyptian deity)—Fiction.
2. Gods, Egyptian—Fiction. 3. Supernatural—Fiction. 4. Love—Fiction.] I. Title.

PZ7.H81143Ref 2016

[Fic]—dc23

2015015060

The text of this book is set in 10.75-point Dante.
Interior design by Heather Kelly

Printed in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

First Edition

Random House Children's Books supports the First Amendment
and celebrates the right to read.

ATTENTION, READER:
THIS IS AN UNCORRECTED ADVANCE EXCERPT

PROLOGUE

Lost

How could I have done something so foolish? Amon thought. Leaving the safety of the afterlife for the uncertainty of the netherworld had been a bad decision, a dangerous one. But Amon had felt as if there were no other option. Besides, death was what he sought, though admittedly he would have preferred a gentler one.

As he wandered the stone path leading to, he hoped, a temporary refuge, Amon wondered what form death would take. Would he be swallowed up by a monster that would slowly digest him over centuries? Would he be flayed alive by a creature whose expertise was in making a man suffer? The best case he could think of would be death by venom. The netherworld was full of venomous creatures bent on the destruction of those who wandered into their nests.

Even though Amon courted death, he didn't wish to succumb to it just yet. Lily had only recently returned to her mortal life, and it would be years before there was even a remote chance that he could be with her again. Amon had promised to meet her in the afterlife. Exactly how he would accomplish that now he didn't know, but he had decades to figure something out. The truth was, even if he hadn't met Lily and fallen in love with her, he still would have given up his calling. It had

been so many years. Too many. And death wasn't the worst thing he could imagine.

His brief sojourns into the realm of mortals were no longer enough. If he had reunited with his brothers before the judging, they would have known what he was up to, would have talked him out of it. That was why he leapt before he saw them again. He wanted more. He needed more than just a pale shadow of a life.

So he had forsaken his duty. Forsaken his brothers. And now he'd forsaken the gods themselves. There would be a reckoning, but he didn't care. Lily was the only remaining tether linking him to the path he walked. The only reason he didn't give himself over to the next plane of existence. Wherever that might be. So, he fought to bide his time as he waited.

As the days passed, he tore asunder every gnarled and frightening beast of the netherworld that challenged him. Some came at him because he was reckless. Some, he suspected, were sent as punishment from the gods. Others were drawn to his melancholy state. The brief moments of respite he earned were too short. No matter where he went or how evasive he was, the demons always found him.

Though he'd left his mortal body behind, his wandering soul still felt the pangs of the flesh. Fortunately his needs were markedly less than they were in the human world. When Amon thirsted, he begged the spirits who lived in the trees for gifts. When Amon hungered, he stole provisions from the stores of the creatures he slaughtered, and, occasionally, if nothing could be found and the pains of his empty stomach became overwhelming, he roasted the bodies of the beasts he'd slain.

When he was utterly exhausted from the terrors he'd brought upon himself, and he was relatively safe, Amon slept. It was always brief. Always fitful. Dreaming was the only happiness he felt in his otherwise horrifying existence.

The worst part about wandering the netherworld wasn't the endless barrage of monsters or dangers that threatened a second and permanent death. It wasn't the separation from his brothers, his constant

companions for thousands of years. It wasn't even the loss of purpose he felt, the absence of self-assurance he'd always possessed, or the knowledge that he had a place in the cosmos, one he was if not satisfied with, then one he accepted.

No. The worst part was also the best part.

He could feel her.

Lily was in another place, another world, and yet, he could allow himself to be with her. When he was certain that no attack was imminent, and he let his tired body rest, he'd close his eyes and see her. That was the part Amon loved. He could hover near her like a ghost. He couldn't speak to her or touch her, and she didn't know that he was there, at least not consciously. Her subconscious mind, though, could sense he was near, that he was watching over her, much like a guardian angel. This was a tremendous blessing. But it was also a curse.

Amon knew a connection as powerful as theirs went two ways. He had hoped that they might simply meet in their dreams. That their bond had been brief enough that their minds would brush gently against each other as they slept. But the link between them proved stronger than that. As Amon walked with Lily through New York, he knew she also journeyed with him through his land of nightmares.

His decision to leave paradise had caused terrible consequences for the girl he loved, and now that he was in the netherworld, there was no getting out. The gods would not help; he'd abandoned their cause. Death would be his only reprieve, and yet every time he thought he'd hurt her enough and would give up, give in to whatever dark creature was currently seeking his demise, he'd feel her, an unconscious appeal to keep trying. To hold on a little longer.

Amon sought answers to his dilemma by peering through the Eye of Horus, but the things he saw confused him. Sometimes it teased him with glimpses of a possible future. A way out. If he could just last long enough, survive in the form in which he currently existed until Lily's natural, mortal death, there was a chance he could find her. That their bond would draw them together once more.

Other times, he saw Lily as a different person, a different creature altogether from the girl he knew. He envisaged himself tortured and abused. His brothers jealous and angry. The gods at war with Chaos. These visions made no sense. Chaos was being held at bay for another millennium. The gods getting together for a meal wasn't even likely, let alone a war.

The uncertainty Amon felt was normal. He was used to the strange shadows of the future and past mingling together. The Eye saw all, and yet nothing it revealed ever made sense. Events were never in the proper order. It took a tremendous amount of focus and energy to direct the Eye to show him any one particular thing. To prevent himself from going crazy, Amon spent much of his time trying to ignore the visions that rattled his brain. Since he'd entered the netherworld, though, the Eye had gone into overdrive.

Still, the Eye's energy drain was worth it when he asked to see Lily's future. The things he saw gave him hope. Hope that they might be together again, that there was a possible future where he could again hold her in his arms.

There were moments when he saw himself cupping her face in his hands, tenderly kissing each of her closed eyelids, tasting the salt from the tears that slowly trickled down her cheeks. These blissful flashes were all he needed to know. The rest he'd let the universe worry about. Perhaps it was selfish of him to maintain their connection, but he just couldn't let Lily go. Not yet. Not when there was a chance.

Though Amon knew that she likely walked the netherworld with him in her dreams, there were times, however brief, when they both slept. During those occasions, it was possible to communicate with her, but Lily's mind always blocked him out, her body so exhausted from the trials of their connection that her consciousness shut down and she slept deeply.

When this happened, he didn't push. She needed to rest, and as badly as he wanted to talk to her, there was no point. He'd doomed the both of them to this fate because he was weak. If he had only loved her

enough in the beginning to leave her alone or had sent her away earlier, maybe none of this would have happened.

Of course, without Lily, it was quite possible that he and his brothers would be dead and the world overrun by Chaos. Still, if he'd been a little more vigilant regarding his emotions, then she wouldn't be suffering now. She'd be just another human girl, one of billions in the world. No one of any importance, and certainly no one the gods would be paying any attention to. No one except him.

Amon sighed. The truth was that as long as Lily held his heart, Amon would fight. He was beholden to her; if she wanted him to press on, he would find a way.



Reprieve

“Amon!” I jerked awake, my pulse racing as the nightmare slowly ebbed. I’d taken to keeping a night-light on near my bed ever since the horrors that took over my dreams still haunted my dark room when I woke. Some terrible creature had cornered him. It had screeched in a satisfied way, its putrid breath stinging my nose as its tongue darted out to lick the blood from a gash on Amon’s shoulder. It all felt so real.

Shivering, I wrapped my arms around my body and slid from the bed as I headed to my favorite spot on the balcony overlooking Central Park. Once there, I rubbed my hand over the head of the falcon statue perched on the railing.

The bird reminded me of Amon’s golden falcon form, and when the sun warmed it, the heat stored in the metal carving seemed to linger, even in the late hours of the evening when I paced my room unable to sleep. It soothed me when I touched it and I could picture Amon as I’d last left him and not as the bruised and pain-filled man he was in my dreams.

He was lost to me. I knew that. I acknowledged that I should try to move on, maybe try to date someone else, but the memory of my Egyptian sun prince come to life was a hard one to beat. Amon wasn’t perfect, but he was pretty darn close. Even now I could easily picture

him standing near me—his golden skin warmed by the sun, the glint in his hazel eyes, and that secretive smile hiding behind his defined and very kissable lips.

Sighing, I leaned on the railing and looked out at the park. I was in love with a guy who was centuries old and currently moldering away in an elaborately decorated sarcophagus fashioned by Anubis himself. His spirit half, the half that was supposed to be in paradise while he waited for the next time he was needed, haunted my dreams.

Either he was in grave trouble or something was seriously wrong with me since I'd returned from Egypt. Still, the creatures I saw in my dreams were much more horrifying than any I could have made up. I wasn't that creative. Even worse than my suspicions that Amon was in danger was the problem that I couldn't tell anyone about it. Nobody even knew he'd existed.

Well, that wasn't exactly true. Dr. Hassan knew, but he lived on the other side of the world. I'd written to him when I got home, and his elated response made me smile even though I'm sure he'd figured it out when he couldn't find my body on the pyramid after Amon and his brothers had saved the world. I was more than a little proud to be a part of the whole thing, even though fooling Amon into siphoning off my energy had nearly killed me.

It took a month to get a reply from Dr. Hassan, though I'd fanatically checked the PO box I'd leased for our secret correspondence every day. He'd told me not to worry, that Amon had the protection of the gods, that he'd hidden the brothers well, and that I should be proud of the sacrifices I'd made to keep the world safe.

That was pretty much the extent of his letters. They got progressively shorter as time went on. It was as if he, too, wanted me to just forget everything that had happened and move on with my life. But how could I? Amon haunted my dreams. Not that I wasn't happy to see him. I was. But the horrors he faced were enough to send any girl, even one who had seen the things I'd seen, running for the nearest mental institution.

My parents were worried. My lack of sleep was starting to show, though I tried to act as though my life was simply business as usual. They had no idea that I'd nearly died, fallen in love with a drop-dead (no pun intended) gorgeous mummy come to life, and spent an extended spring break in Egypt. The fact that I'd actually made it through to the end of the school year without my grades falling was a major accomplishment.

They didn't know about my experience with Amon in Egypt and how much it had transformed me. I myself didn't know how much I'd changed until I got home. I thought it would show on my face, all the emotion, all the trauma, all the . . . death, but my parents only noticed my hair. My brown, no-nonsense straight hair was now riddled with random sun-kissed highlights of different shades. They didn't like it.

The first thing my mother said was, "What were you thinking?" Immediately she picked up the phone and lectured our hairstylist, who didn't have anything to do with it but who cleared his schedule instantly to repair the "damage." I told her quietly but sternly that I was rather fond of it and that my intention was to keep it. To say they were shocked at my little act of rebellion was an understatement.

As much as they protested my decision to keep my new highlights, they outright refused my request that they call me Lily instead of Lilliana. As a result, I began to feel like a stranger in my own home. To keep the peace, I told them I'd go to the college they wanted as long as I was allowed to spend the summer at my nana's farm in Spring Lake, Iowa. I figured it didn't matter anymore where I went, and the compromise went a long way toward assuaging the fears my new hairdo ignited.

Once I got the acceptance letter, they backed off and left me to my own devices, which meant I could mourn the loss of Amon without anyone taking notice. One month after another went by, and then graduation was upon me.

As I gazed in the mirror the morning of graduation, I was dismayed to see that my golden highlights, the last tangible proof I had of Amon's touch, were fading. At this rate, they'd be gone by Christmas. I indulged

in a good cry before showering and dressing for my graduation ceremony.

If my mother noticed my too-bright eyes, she probably chalked it up to my being emotional about leaving high school. The truth was, I didn't care about high school. I didn't care about college or boys. I didn't care about much of anything anymore.

The time soon came for me to depart for the summer, and I was surprised that my parents wanted to drop me off at the airport. Maybe they noticed more than I thought they did, or perhaps they were just feeling nostalgic about me growing up and leaving the nest. Either way, the drive felt a bit awkward.

I stared at my reflection in the window.

My eyes were large and dull; my hair was wound in a perfect, tight bun at the nape of my neck; and my lips were stretched in a thin, unforgiving line, as rigid as a ruler. In fact, that was what I looked like: a schoolmarm. A smirk lifted the corner of my mouth as I imagined how much Amon would hate my hair like this. He preferred it wild and unbound.

After a few quiet goodbyes and some stiff hugs, my parents relinquished me to the chaos of the airport. Inside, a range of emotions hit me all at once. I remembered being there with Amon a few short months earlier, and how with the wave of his hand and a charming smile, he could wrap anyone around his finger.

I boarded the plane and strapped in, remembering how even the most mundane actions like buckling a seat belt were completely new and foreign for Amon. Though I actually did try not to think of him, it seemed that was all I could do, and when I shut my eyes, rocked to sleep by the plane, I found myself in Amon's world once again.

He wasn't fighting a monster, which was a relief, but he had a wicked wound on his thigh that was seeping blood onto his leggings. Sucking in a breath, he tore away the fabric around it and wrapped it in the bandages he'd created from the sand. Some kind of armor lay discarded next to him, and Amon shrugged out of a tunic before dipping it in a small, natural basin of water and

scrubbing his arms and neck. I hoped the precious drops trickling down the side of a boulder were enough to both quench his thirst and clean his wound. The area was very desolate and dry.

Though the sight of his bare chest was distracting, I was more absorbed by the expression on his face. He was exhausted and hurting, and not just physically. I wondered if he missed me as much as I did him.

"Amon?" I whispered involuntarily.

In my dream he froze and looked around, eyes shining with an iridescent green light in the darkness. Though he'd never been able to hear me before, I still tried. One day he might. After a moment, the tenseness in Amon's shoulders relaxed, and he settled down with his back against a rock and closed his eyes. His bare chest rose and fell in a rhythm that slowed as the minutes passed and then something changed.

As his body continued to sleep, a gentle pressure wrapped around me.

"Lily?" I heard his familiar voice and squelched a sob.

"Amon? Can you hear me?" I asked the ethereal darkness.

"Yes. I can hear you, Nehabet."

"Is this real?"

He didn't answer right away but then eventually said, "I wish it were not."

"What's happening to you?" I asked desperately. "Why are you suffering? I thought you were in the afterlife. I thought you were at peace. Why are you tormented night after night?"

"I am no longer under the protection of the gods. I have relinquished my station."

"I don't understand. What does that mean?"

"It means that I would rather suffer than continue to do their bidding."

"But if you don't save the world, who will?"

"They will find another to replace me."

"I still don't understand. Are they punishing you?"

I felt his sigh as much as I heard it. "They did not choose this for me. I am the one who decided to walk this path."

"It's a pretty difficult path, Amon. Can't your brothers help you?"

"We are separated. There is nothing they can do for me now."

"I hate seeing you like this."

"I know. I am sorry for causing you pain. I didn't think our connection would be this strong." He paused for a moment before adding, "You are in pain, too, Young Lily."

Bitterly, I said in a shaky voice, "Not like you."

"No. Not like me. But you are hurting nonetheless. It is my fault. My loneliness has caused this."

"Your desire for human connection didn't cause this. The gods did. They don't understand. Everyone needs to be loved. It's completely natural."

He laughed sardonically. "I was human, Lily, once. But I am something altogether different now. I gave my humanity up for the greater good."

Thunder boomed in the sky above Amon's still form, roiling clouds shifting like a churning ocean. Lightning struck and his body jerked awake. I felt the loss of his presence, as if a warm blanket had been ripped away from me. As the ground shook, he staggered tiredly to his feet and summoned his armor made of sand to strap onto his form. Amon lifted his face to the wind as he closed his eyes and said, "I love you, Lily. But it is time for you to wake up."

He raced into the darkness to face whatever beast awaited him as his words echoed in my mind. "I love you, too," I whispered, even though I knew he could no longer hear me.

I felt a nudge on my shoulder as someone said, "Wake up, miss. We've landed."



Spirit Lake

The flight attendant gave me a strange look before moving on. I scrubbed my palms over my eyes, hoping my conversation with Amon had taken place only in my mind and I hadn't been talking in my sleep.

Making my way to the baggage claim, I couldn't have missed the gray-haired woman waving a handmade sign back and forth that said LILYPAD, my nana's pet name for me.

"Hey, Nana." I smiled as she dropped her sign and wrapped her arms around me. She was a robust woman, a rancher's wife, and her arms were strong and solid. As she squeezed me tightly, I felt the tension in my shoulders melt like a pat of butter in a cast-iron skillet.

"I missed you, Lilypad. It's been too long."

"I missed you, too."

Gripping my shoulders, she stepped away and gave me one of her scrutinizing looks. "Hmm. You're too skinny. Well, we'll take care of that." Smiling, she put her arm around me and we turned to watch the rotating baggage carousel. "I can't tell you how happy you made me when you asked to stay with me this summer."

"I'm just glad you said yes."

"Of course I would say yes. You know how badly I've wanted you to come for an extended visit."

I shrugged. "There was just never a good time."

Nana harrumphed. "Never a good time for your parents, you mean. To think, my own son is too busy to remember what's most important in life."

"You know they love you, Nana."

"If love looks like too-busy-to-call-your-own-mother, then yes. I'm sure they do in their own way."

I spotted my bag and yanked it off the spinning carousel, with Nana helping me to get it upright.

"Are you hungry?" she asked as we headed out to her car.

"Famished," I admitted with a smile. And I was. Surprisingly, my appetite had returned. I wasn't sure if it was a result of being with my nana or having recently spoken with Amon or if it was just suddenly feeling more like myself, but I was hungry enough to eat an entire cow, which wasn't too far off from the realm of possibility on my nana's farm.



After we stopped at a diner, we were back on the road and found that we both had a hankering to listen to Elvis. Since her old car didn't have satellite radio and most of the roads we were driving on were too far from any normal stations, we sang. Fortunately, Elvis recorded so many songs that we never had to repeat any. I looked up the lyrics on my phone and we sang our hearts out the entire drive to the farm.

There was something freeing about being on the road. I felt more like myself than I had in months, and I knew that was because I was embracing the same things Amon loved—laughing, feasting, and being with people who cared about you.

By the time Nana pulled up to the farm, it was getting late. She introduced me to her new dog, Winston, named after Winston

Churchill, who she swore looked just like him. I didn't see the resemblance. Winston got up from his sleeping spot on the porch, tail wagging, and sniffed my hand. Nana went to check on the other animals while I wrestled my bag into the house. I knew she'd be tired when she got back. Nana was an early-to-bed, early-to-rise kind of gal.

Still, instead of going directly to her room, she made me a cup of chamomile tea, sweetening it the way I liked with cream and honey and adding a little shortbread cookie on the side. Then she headed to the living room, as if sensing I needed to talk. I set my bags in the guest room, grabbed an old quilt, and cozied into a worn recliner while she took to her favorite rocking chair.

As she sipped her tea and rocked, her twinkling eyes studied me in the dim room. "What's bothering you, Lilypad?" she asked.

A stream of words crossed my tongue but melted away like chocolate over a flame. "I . . . It's hard to talk about," I said finally.

"Is it your parents? College?"

"No."

"Ah . . . it's a young man, then." I grimaced and then nodded once. "Tell me about him," she encouraged.

Could I? If anyone would understand or believe me, it would be her. Anubis hadn't said I couldn't tell anyone. He probably just assumed that no one would accept what I said anyway and it wasn't like sharing my story could change anything.

"Did he have a strong chin?" she asked, interrupting my thoughts.

"A . . . a what?" I replied.

"A strong chin. You can always tell a good man by the cut of his chin."

I couldn't help it. I laughed. "Nana, what are you talking about?"

"No, I mean it. A weak-chinned man is a man you walk away from." She slashed her hand in front of her as if karate chopping the man down.

"Are you sure you aren't talking about horses or cows?" I teased.

Nana leaned forward. "Your grandpa, rest his soul, had a rugged chin. He was a strong man. A good one. Never seen the like of him since."

I folded my arms across my chest and regarded her with a smile. "Is that how you picked him? Based on his chin?"

"Well, there was that and the steamed windows."

"Steamed windows?"

"Every time we got to kissing, we steamed up the windows."

I choked on my tea and set down the cup. "I did *not* need to know that about Grandpa."

"You didn't answer my question."

A little embarrassed, I shrugged slightly and admitted, "There might have been a few steamy windows and he does have a rather rugged chin now that I think about it."

"Aha!" Nana's eyes gleamed. "Now we're getting somewhere."

When I didn't volunteer any further information, she prodded again gently. "Did he break your heart, Lilypad?"

I rubbed my hands together and despite a valiant effort to control myself, tears spilled onto my cheeks. "Well, my heart is broken but it wasn't his fault."

"What do you mean?"

"He . . . he died, Nana."

"Oh. Oh my dear. I'm so sorry." Nana rocked herself forward and moved to the couch, holding out her arms for me. Without even thinking, I got up and collapsed against her, letting the tears flow down my face in a torrent as she rubbed my back and murmured, "It's okay to cry, honey," and "You just let it all out now." After a moment, she added, "Your parents don't know?"

I shook my head. "They wouldn't have approved."

She nodded and squeezed me tighter. Despite knowing that Amon was alive in some way, acknowledging that he was beyond my reach for the rest of my mortal life sat heavily in my heart. The grief was hot and packed into my chest like a too-full suitcase. Sitting with Nana, allow-

ing my emotions to flow in such a free, open way, helped. The sadness ebbed out of me slowly, deflating until I felt spent.

We sat quietly for several minutes, her hand softly patting my shoulder until I finally lifted my tearstained face. "How did you get over it, Nana? With Grandpa, I mean."

She let out a heavy sigh as her hands moved to my hair and stroked it lightly. "You don't. Not really. I know that's not the thing most of your friends would tell you but it's the truth in my experience. Other people don't really want to hear about it either, so prepare for that. Oh, they leave you alone for a while. Give you a certain amount of time, but then they expect you to pull yourself together and move on."

"So, you're not over him?"

"I don't think I'll ever be. Your granddad was an integral part of my life. Don't misunderstand me. The grief changes over time. You keep busy. Sometimes your mind even forgets the pain for a little while. But when someone you love dies, there will always be a hurt inside you, like a splinter, and when you give yourself over to thinking on it, the ache comes back."

My lip trembled as I considered that the splinter in my heart was more like a jagged tree trunk.

"Aw, honey. I hope I haven't made it worse."

"I'm not sure it could be."

"I know it seems like there's nothing left. That life won't go on without him, but it does. As much as you allow it to, anyway. I like to think that he's not gone forever, that he's just in a place I can't be yet. I've thought about death a lot since the day he departed this world, and I've decided that it's like a long business trip. It's a separation that neither of us wants but it's a normal part of life. And someday, I'm not sure when, that business trip will be over and we'll be together again."

"You really think you'll see Grandpa again?"

"I don't think it. I know it."

"I never took you for such a romantic, Nana."

"Never underestimate the power of the heart, Lilypad."

I blew out a long breath. "So what do I do? Until we can be together again?"

"Keep busy. Work. Laugh. Learn. Love your family. Enjoy your life the best way you can."

"I think he'd agree with you, Nana."

She smiled. "You'll have to tell me more about him tomorrow. He must have been very special to have made such an impact on you."

"He was." Sniffing, I said, "I think I'd like to sleep now."

"Of course. Let me just get you another quilt."

As she rummaged in the closet and I moved to the guest room, I turned and said, "Sometimes I have nightmares. I don't want you to worry if you hear anything."

She pressed the thick quilt she'd made into my arms. "Don't you worry about that. I'm a deep sleeper. Besides, Bossy will be bawling to be milked before the sun comes up, so neither of us will be getting much sleep tonight."

"Okay." She turned to head up the stairs to her room. "Nana?" I added.

"Yes, honey?"

"I'm glad I'm here."

"So am I, Lilypad. So am I."



The bang of pots and pans in the kitchen woke me up way earlier than my body would have woken naturally. I wrapped a worn robe Nana kept for me in the closet around my body and headed into the kitchen. Nana was already dressed and wore a sturdy pair of work boots. "Would you rather make breakfast or milk Bossy?" she asked without turning around.

"I'll take Bossy," I answered with a yawn.

"All right. The pail is hanging on a hook by the door. Give her a good amount of hay. It distracts her while she's being milked."

"Sounds good." I quickly pulled on the work clothes she kept for me at her house. If I'd ever tried to take them home, my parents would have burned them immediately. Also my nana insisted that my regular clothes were entirely too "froufrou" to work on a farm, so she'd bought several pairs of sturdy pants and thick, long-sleeved shirts that were stored in the guest bedroom drawer. They should have been a little tight on me by now, since the last time I visited was my sophomore year in high school. The pants *were* too short, but I'd lost weight in the last few months, so the clothes still fit passably well.

Stifling another yawn, I made my way out to the barn and groped in the darkness for the hanging chain to switch on the light. "Hey, Bossy," I responded when the cow mooed in my direction. "Hold your horses."

After filling her trough with fresh-cut hay, tying her to the stall, and positioning the pail and stool, I washed my hands and then sank down next to the cow. Pressing my cheek against her soft side, I steadied the bucket, hoping I remembered the right technique. After an irritated bawl and a few mistaken attempts, I figured it out and got into a comfortable rhythm.

Half an hour later, my fingers felt a bit stiff but I had two and a half gallons of milk and a happy cow. I patted her back, fed the horses, gathered the eggs, and headed toward the house with my prizes. After I set the pail and basket of eggs on the counter, Nana grunted her thanks and pointed her spatula to the table. "Hope you're hungry," she said. "I did the fancy one you like."

"Crème brûlée French toast?" I asked, my mouth turning up in a hopeful grin.

"Of course. You've also got cheesy eggs and bacon, so eat up."

There was something to be said about a hearty breakfast after manual labor. I managed to wolf down three pieces of French toast, a giant portion of eggs, a full glass of frothy, fresh milk, and four slices of bacon before I groaned and pushed away from the table.

We washed the dishes together, and when I asked what was on the agenda, Nana handed me one of her famous lists. I was a list maker, too,

and while perusing hers, I wondered if I'd picked up the habit from her or if there was something in our genes that made us feel a sense of satisfaction when we checked off the little boxes for the day.

Nana's list included weeding the garden; harvesting the tomatoes and zucchini; bathing the dog; exercising the horses; making a cake for her brother Melvin's birthday; and visiting Grandpa's grave.

When the farm chores were complete, we made Melvin's cake. He preferred strawberry and Nana not only made his cake from scratch but she also filled it with her own homemade strawberry jam. Somehow she thought it would be a good idea to kill two birds with one stone and ride the horses over to deliver the cake.

When I asked her why we were making a cake for Melvin and not both Melvin and Marvin, she said that when the twins were younger, they insisted that their parents celebrate their birthdays separately just in case they got any wild ideas about combining birthday presents. Marvin's favorite cake, a lemon treat so sour nearly no one could stand it but him, had been dropped off the week before.

Nana inexplicably determined that I, the less experienced rider, should be the one to hold the confection on the trip. Though the cake was pretty much bombproof, tucked safely into her old-school plastic, hand-me-down cake container from the 1950s, I still worried that I'd, at best, mess up her frosting or, at worst, drop it in a pile of cow patties.

Somehow I managed to keep my hands on both the reins and the cake and we made it all the way out to Melvin's house on the far edge of the property without incident. After the inevitable hour-long visit with Melvin's family, the polite inquiries about his kids and grandkids, Nana's proud displaying of her newly graduated granddaughter, and the exchange of various seedlings and return of a few salad bowls, we were finally on our way home.

When I asked Nana if she wanted to go directly to Grandfather's grave, which was close enough to the house on horseback, she shook her head. "He likes it when I get dolled up," she said.

We headed home and returned the horses to their stalls and since it had been a hot, sweaty, dog-bathing kind of day, I headed to the shower when I got back, too.



After saying my hellos to Grandpa and replacing the dead blooms with the new ones we'd cut that day, I left her alone and stood under the shade of a nearby tree to wait. Once in a while I caught the sound of her quiet voice in the breeze as she spoke with her late husband. I wondered what she was talking to him about. Was she sharing what had happened in her life since she last visited? Was she telling him how much she missed him? Or just that she loved him?

I ran through the things I'd said to Amon and regretted that he hadn't heard me say I loved him. He should have. It should have been the first thing I'd said. Instead I'd just asked if what I was seeing was real. What a waste. I'd squandered an opportunity to really talk to him and instead I'd just pestered him with questions. What was happening and why it was happening wasn't as important as telling him how I felt. Next time, if there ever was a next time, I'd tell him I loved him first.



As I climbed into bed, I knew that Nana was right. Living your life as best you can and working hard could help numb the sting of losing a loved one. I dug the heart scarab Amon left me out from my bag and rubbed my fingertips over it. The green stone twinkled as the light from my lamp reflected off it. It was warm and there was a slight pulse, like the faint beat of a heart, emanating from within. I pressed my lips against the stone, wishing it were Amon's golden skin instead, and then placed it over my heart, the position Anubis would have left it on when preparing Amon's mummy.

Yanking the covers up to my chin, the bottom tucked in tight, I

folded both arms across my chest, palm over the precious jeweled piece, and wondered if this is what it felt like to be mummified. Despite my morbid thinking, it wasn't long before I drifted asleep, fingers clutching the scarab, but instead of meeting Amon in my dreams as I hoped, I was startled awake by a bright light and a deep, resonating voice. "It is time for you to arise, Lilliana Young."



Heart Scarab

Jerking awake, the scarab still clenched in my fingers, I scooted all the way back against the headboard and scanned the room. With the black-out curtains drawn, it was darker than the inside of a sarcophagus. I couldn't see the intruder but I felt his presence as surely as I felt my heart slamming inside my rib cage.

"Who's there?" I hissed in an alarmed whisper, knocking the book I'd been reading before bed off the nightstand.

"Have you forgotten me already?" The man chuckled quietly.

As I groped for the light switch, I heard a dog's whine and froze. If I hadn't already guessed who was in my room, the dog would have given him away. Winston did not sound at all like this dog. Actually, there was only one dog I'd ever met who had a reverberating sort of power behind his woof.

My trembling fingers finally managed to switch on the light, and there, standing before me in all his godlike glory, yet still looking like he fit in at a farmhouse in Iowa, was the Egyptian god of mummification, Anubis. In the museum, he'd worn a modern business suit. This time he was dressed in a fitted pair of jeans, a white button-down shirt that was

perfectly tailored to his broad shoulders, a pair of dark cowboy boots, and a denim jacket.

He looked like GQ gone country. He even had a very appealing dark shadow of stubble on his face. Anubis appeared to be a man's man who could toss a bale of hay, ride a bucking bronco, hang with the guys at a grill, and still knock every farm girl from eighteen to eighty off her feet without breaking a sweat. I wondered if that was something uniquely Anubis or if it was a sort of godlike power to blend in and yet command attention at the same time.

Though he was still as undeniably handsome as the last time I'd seen him, there was something in his eyes, something grave, that belied his casual, devil-may-care expression. Whatever his reason for visiting me, I was sure it wasn't a social call.

Clutching my covers to my neck and sliding Amon's scarab under my pillow as inconspicuously as possible, I tried to look a little more regal and in control than a mortal girl could hope to look wrapped up in her nana's country quilt with thick mismatched socks peeking out from under the covers and a pair of dusty overalls hanging on a hook by the door.

"Anubis. Why are you here?" I asked, distrusting but somehow hopeful at the same time. "Did something go wrong with the ceremony? Did you decide to do a memory wipe on me after all? Are you here to make me a mummy, too?"

The places my mind went to were a little scary, but at the same time, the knowledge that this man had the power to allow me to see Amon again trumped every frightening scenario. I didn't dare ask the question I really wanted to know. The inquiry burning on the tip of my tongue was related to Amon's safety, and I was fearful that in asking, I'd be giving too much information away.

Anubis gave me a bemused look that diminished the solemnity in his eyes as he folded his arms across his wide chest. "It is only on very rare and very special occasions that I am called upon to do actual mummification, Lilliana Young. And as you are not dead, it would seem you're

supposition is unreasoned. Nothing went wrong with the ceremony. Seth is safely contained for the foreseeable future. And the last thing I want to do is take away your memory. If that were my intention, you wouldn't be seeing me now."

"Okay. Then what are you doing in my bedroom in the middle of the night?" The black dog nudged my hand and I reached out to stroke his head. When the dog hopped up beside me and wriggled his head under my arm so I could scratch his back, Anubis moved closer and took a seat at the foot of my bed. He regarded me with a mixture of curiosity and bewilderment.

Finally, he said, "I . . . we . . . need your help."

I sputtered, "Y-you, as in the Egyptian gods, need *me*, a powerless human girl, to help you? What could I possibly help you with?"

Anubis glanced at his dog when he thumped him with his tail, licking my arm. "He does not usually enjoy being around mortals."

"He seems to like me well enough."

"Yes. He does."

"What's his name?" I asked.

"Abutiu."

"Huh. That's an interesting name for a dog."

"Abutiu is not *a* dog—he's *the* dog."

"Is that the same kind of thing as *the* horse, as in Nebu, the golden stallion found by Horus?"

"They are the same in that they both have power beyond that of a mortal animal, but Abutiu was the first of his kind, whereas *horse* is much too simple a concept to apply to Nebu."

"So Abutiu's like the original dog?"

"Something like that."

Anubis shifted away from me on the bed and continued. "We need you to find Amon."

"Find him? What do you mean find him? You lost him?" I folded my arms. "Does this have something to do with Amon quitting the mummy business?"

The dark eyes of the god of mummification pierced me, rooting me in place. I swallowed, suddenly uneasy, and berated myself for showing my cards. *Nice one, Lily.*

"So. You know," he said. "I must admit I'm not surprised. How often have you seen him?"

At that point I wasn't sure I should be saying anything more. I gave him a noncommittal shrug and zipped my lips.

"It does not matter if you tell me or not. I know that your connection is still viable. In fact, I'm counting on it being so."

"What difference does it make either way? He's not going back."

Anubis caught my wrist and squeezed it slightly. "He must, Lilliana Young." Startled, I gently pulled away from his grip. He looked down at his hand as if surprised that he had touched me in the first place and then rose and walked the length of my room, pushing the curtains aside to look out my window at the moonlit night.

"Why do you need him so badly?" I asked. "Isn't there someone else you could charm into serving Egypt for a few eons?"

Still facing the window, he shook his head. "The three Sons of Egypt are bonded. To break that bond is to render the three of them powerless. Without all of them, the cosmos is vulnerable."

"So you're saying Seth could possibly find a way to get back in."

"Yes."

"Well, why didn't you share this information with Amon before? He thinks you can just find someone else to take his place."

Anubis turned, and a scowl flashed across his handsome face. "He never had an issue with his work, never wavered before. We only tell the Sons of Egypt enough so that they may do their duty. Frankly, I thought if any of them would give over their immortality for a woman it would be Asten."

"No. Asten would never abandon his brothers. Not even for a woman."

Frowning and running a hand through his hair, Anubis said, "It's worse than I feared. You've bonded with all three of them."

"Wh-what?" I sputtered incredulously. "I'll have you know I'm not that kind of a girl."

He waved a hand in front of himself, showing his irritation. "I am not speaking of the physical, although there are manifestations of the bond on the physical plane." He peered at me in the dim room. "Isis was right. You are unique, Lilliana Young. It's fortunate for you that you are. It gives me hope that you might survive the journey."

"Journey? What are you talking about?"

"The journey you must make into the netherworld to rescue Amon and bring him back to the afterlife."

"Aren't the netherworld and the afterlife the same thing?"

"I really don't have the time to explain this."

"I think you'd better make the time if you expect me to help you."

He peered at me, eyes narrowed, for a moment before giving in. "Very well, but you will get the abbreviated version."

"Fine."

"I govern the afterlife. It is a type of staging area where the hearts of the dead are judged."

"Okay."

"Part of it is a paradise where those with good hearts live out eternity in a state of bliss and happiness."

"Right. So it's heaven."

"Yes. Of a sort."

"So then that would make the netherworld . . ."

"The closest thing you might compare it to is hell or purgatory."

"I see. And this is where Amon is trapped?"

"Yes."

"Well, why didn't he go to the afterlife instead? Didn't you judge his heart worthy?"

Anubis turned away and fingered a straw hat hanging from one of my hooks. "The Sons of Egypt were not supposed to be judged. Not until their duties were complete."

"I take it something else happened, then."

"The goddess Ma'at decided that his bond with a human warranted a"—he seemed to search for the right word—"a checkup."

"She wanted to weigh his heart."

"Correct. Amon was asked to place his heart upon the Scale of Truth and Justice. Instead, he leapt to another realm. As you know, he is in possession of the Eye of Horus and he used its power to gain entrance to the netherworld."

"Was there any risk that his heart would be found . . . uh . . . evil?"

"There is a certain amount of darkness in every human heart. What is weighed is the balance of a person's life. If they have learned from their mistakes and have more frequently given heed to what is right, then they are judged worthy."

"Then that shouldn't have been a problem for Amon."

Tilting his head, Anubis considered me. "Your assumption is not incorrect."

"Then why did he run?"

"I suspect he ran because he was no longer in *possession* of his heart."

My body went cold, and though I tried to channel a poker face, I was sure Anubis could see right through me. Swallowing nervously, I said, "I don't understand. I mean, how could he live?"

"He doesn't. Not in the way you are thinking. He has no need for a physical heart. You might believe that a heart is merely an organ, used to circulate the blood and to beat quickly when one feels love for another, but in truth a heart is much more than that. It is the place where memory and intelligence are stored. It holds that which is most sacred—the true name of its owner."

"Um, I'm pretty sure you're talking about a brain, not a heart."

"No. I am talking about the essence of a person, what makes an individual unique. You can call it a soul, a heart, a brain, or any number of things. In Egypt we call a fully united soul bearing his true name an Akh. Without his heart, Amon cannot merge the different aspects of

himself. Each part that defines him drifts apart like a broken boat out at sea. It makes him . . . vulnerable. In the afterlife, such a thing might have gone unnoticed if he had not been asked to produce his heart, but in the netherworld . . .”

“It puts him in danger.”

“Yes. To the point where he might experience a second and final death. Something we cannot allow to happen.”

“A second death?”

“Amon died his first death many centuries ago. He was granted a sort of immortality because he was willing to serve the gods, but heading into the netherworld without his heart was the most dangerous thing he could do. It would seem he courts an end to his existence. If he dies a second death, he is lost to us forever.”

I remembered then how tired, how weary Amon looked in our dream. Maybe Anubis was right and Amon didn’t want to live any longer. I knew for sure he didn’t want to serve the gods, but giving up his life? What was worse was a part of me knew his dissatisfaction with the status quo was my fault. Distracted, I asked, “So Amon is now . . . what, exactly?”

“A wandering shadow. A facet of his former self. And without uniting the shadow with his true name, I am afraid he will be lost.”

“I thought you said it was no big deal if he was missing his heart scarab jewel when you mummified him.”

“It isn’t. The amulet only leads his Akh back to his body, which he will not need for another thousand years. With the Eye of Horus in his possession, he will be able to find it on his own, but a shadow cannot return to the mortal realm.” Anubis paused, then rubbed his fingers together, looking at them instead of me. “Do you want to know my theory?”

I swallowed and said weakly, “Sure.”

“I believe . . . Amon left his heart containing his true name with you. Such a thing has only happened once before, and Amon would

well know that using magic of that kind is strictly forbidden. In truth the knowledge of it has been hidden from all but the gods. Of course, in Amon's case, having access to the Eye of Horus, he would be privy to such spells."

"A sp-spell?" I stammered, a cold sweat spreading across my skin.

"It was used once before by Isis and Osiris. Isis enacted a spell so that she and her husband could never wholly be separated. Even death could not keep them apart."

"But Seth killed Osiris."

"He did. Since death is natural and Isis used unnatural means to enact the spell, there were, shall we say . . . complications. A terrible price was paid, and the balance of the cosmos needed to be adjusted. Such a thing has been prohibited since that time."

"It worked, though. Didn't it? I mean the two of them are still together. Amon told me about how she tricked Amun-Ra so she could visit her husband."

"Yes. It worked," he admitted.

"Even so, I don't see what all that has to do with me and Amon. We broke the bond, remember? I had to kill him."

"You did. But if such a spell linked you prior to Amon's death, it would still be in effect upon your separation."

"Well, he didn't do a spell that I recall," I hedged.

"I have not come to judge either one of you. What has happened, has happened. My purpose is to rectify the important issue at hand."

"Finding Amon," I murmured thoughtfully. He bowed his head in affirmation and I said, "I get it. I do. But I'm afraid you don't understand. Amon doesn't *want* to pick up where he left off. He wants to quit his job."

"No, Lilliana. It is you who doesn't understand. Amon *must* be rescued. If you will not do it to save the cosmos from the worst kind of darkness and evil you can imagine, and if you will not do it to save the lives of Asten and Ahmose, who will die a permanent death the same

instant that Amon does, then perhaps you will do it to save Amon from endless torture and pain, for that is what he experiences right now.

"What I fear the most is not his death or knowing that he suffers. It is that he will be found by the Devourer of the Dead, who resides in the netherworld. She seeks out those lost souls who wander the Paths of Desolation and sates her endless appetite by consuming them. If she gets her hands on him, Amon's suffering will be eternal, for she can feed off of him continually.

"His connection to you will make him especially desirable to her. It is not often that she has the opportunity to feast upon a heart like Amon's, a heart that is filled with love. The blackened souls we send to her are never satisfying enough and any remaining energies they retain are consumed too quickly. Her power is held in check simply because we starve her. A juicy heart such as Amon's, fueled by your bond, would grant her enough energy to escape the confines of the netherworld."

"I thought you said his heart was missing."

"That is my . . . theory."

"Then how can she eat it?"

Anubis sighed. "The link between Amon and his brothers and between the two of you makes all four of you susceptible, for she can sense you through him. Whatever piece of Amon's heart remains, whether it's his memory or his soul, it will be as enticing to her as fresh blood is to a shark."

Holy Egyptian heaven. My hands shook. I wasn't sure if I actually understood everything Anubis was explaining, but I couldn't deny the seriousness of the situation. "Assuming all of this is true, and I believed it and wanted to do something about it, why couldn't I just use our vision connection to tell him to get out?"

"Because even if you were able to tell him, the netherworld is designed to trap a person once they enter."

"Then what's to prevent me from being trapped along with him?"

"We will tether you to the afterlife. The tether will only work with

one still living. Once you locate Amon, the tether will become active and you will follow it to an exit point where we will wait to retrieve you.”

“We?”

“Yes, the five of us—Isis, Osiris, myself, Nephthys, and Ma’at.”

“And Asten and Ahmose?”

“They are busy performing their assigned duties.”

“Okay, then what about Amun-Ra or Horus? Don’t they care about what’s going on?”

“Because Amon is imbued with the power of both Horus and Amun-Ra, they cannot intervene directly. To use their power in Amon’s retrieval would alert the Devourer to his presence. Also, Amun-Ra was not fully convinced that the Sons of Egypt were necessary in the first place. It was only with great reluctance that he agreed to share his power. I imagine he considers Amon’s betrayal of their gifts as confirmation that he was correct regarding his original position and likely blames me for selecting a faulty vessel.”

“Good for you. Well, at least the gods won’t throw any thorns in my path, right?” Anubis looked suddenly uncomfortable. “They wouldn’t, *right?*” I encouraged him to answer.

“All I can tell you is that to enter the afterlife, which is the place you’ll need to begin, you must convince Amun-Ra to allow you to ride his celestial barque.”

“You mean the same one that Isis rode on when she tricked him?”

“Yes. And he’s not likely to fall for the same trick twice.”

“And he won’t just give me permission outright?”

“No. Like I said, he doesn’t see things in the same way we do.”

“How generous of him. So to sum everything up, I need to convince or trick the most powerful god of Egypt to give me a seat in his boat, head into the netherworld with a rope tied around my waist, and fight various monsters and demons, including one that wants to eat my heart, all in the hope that I can navigate a world of traps, locate Amon, and convince him to come back and resume the work he hates without either of us dying a permanent death. Is that about right?”

"The rope is figurative." I folded my arms across my chest. He winced. "It is a crude, yet not imprecise, summation."

"And why exactly aren't you doing all of this yourself?"

"His heart speaks only to you, Lilliana Young. If I were to enter the netherworld, I could spend an eternity seeking him. Then who would fulfill my duties in the centuries it would take to find him? I'd have to cast light upon every bottomless crevice, every dank hole, and every monster-filled bog in the place. The netherworld is so vast, so . . . distracting . . . that the likelihood of me finding him before the Devourer does is slim. You, my dear, with a direct line to Amon's heart, will save us time. You are our best chance."

I sighed, rubbing my temples. "What if . . ." I paused. "What if I find him and he doesn't want to come back?"

Anubis came around the bed and placed his hands on my shoulders. "You will explain it to him."

"But—"

"Lilliana, Amon left the afterlife for you. And for you, he will return."

Would he? How could I do this? I was no Egyptian heroine. I could barely wield a knife against an apple, let alone a sword, against a monster, assuming I was even given a sword. Considering the folded-arms-wait-and-see approach Horus and Amun-Ra were taking, I wasn't guaranteed to make it into the afterlife in the first place, let alone the netherworld. Even if I did, how would I figure out where Amon was holed up?

"How am I supposed to find him?"

"Your heart will lead you to him," Anubis answered quietly.

There were so many questions. Too many. *Even if I knew where the netherworld was, wouldn't I have to die to get there?* I guess my decision boiled down to my level of trust in Anubis. Did I believe what he was telling me?

My gut told me yes. I tried to reason it out logically, but logic in this situation failed me. When dealing with a world of gods and goddesses,

figurative hearts and spells, supernatural powers and monstrous creatures, you didn't follow your brain; you followed your heart. And my heart whispered that Amon needed me. If I was honest with myself, I'd admit that I'd known that fact for a while.

If everything Anubis said was true, then the consequences of my failing were more than I could comprehend. I'd lose everything and Chaos would destroy the world. No matter what, I couldn't stand back and let this tragedy unfold. If, for some reason, Anubis was misleading me and he was using me only to keep Amon in line, then I'd deal with that later.

Moonlight filtered in through the window and slanted across the god of the afterlife's face. The night was quiet. I couldn't hear the crickets chirping outside or even my nana's snoring and I wondered briefly if Anubis had wrapped us in one of his time bubbles where the outside world ceased to exist.

Energy and anticipation thrummed through my limbs, and my mind was soon able to focus on only one thing. I wasn't thinking about the danger, the uncertainty, the million questions I had, Seth, the gods, or even the Devourer. The only idea that I could reflect on was the possibility that I'd be able to see Amon again. A steely determination filled me.

Anubis seemed to sense this and searched my face hopefully. "Will you go, Lilliana?" he asked.

Hesitating for a single heartbeat, I answered quietly. "Yes."

Anubis gifted me with a rare, heartfelt smile. "You are truly a brave girl. I can understand why Amon has such affection for you. But, Lilliana, there is one thing you must do first. If you cannot accomplish this task, then you will not be permitted entry to Amun-Ra's realm at all, let alone ride his celestial barque or enter the afterlife."

I frowned, uncertainty flooding over me. "What is it?" I asked.

"You must transform yourself."

Choking back my fear, I posed, "Do you mean I have to die first?"

Anubis shook his head. "Not die. No. For the tether to work, you

will need to be alive. But your mortality will be altered somewhat. It's an inevitable thing with this type of transformation. And you must understand that once this is done, you will never be just Lilliana Young again. You will be something altogether different."

"What do I have to do?" I asked, terrified of his answer.

"You'll have to become . . . a sphinx."

A	Anubis
B	Bastet
C	Cleopatra
D	Darius
E	Echnaton
F	Florianus
G	Geb
H	Hapy
I	Inyotef
J	Jacob-Baal
K	Khufu
L	Licinius
M	Mentuhotep
N	Nun
O	Osiris
P	Pami
Q	Qar
R	Ramses
S	Shu
T	Tao
U	Unas
V	Valerianus
W	Wasa
X	Xerxes
Y	Yakbam
Z	Zoser

DISCOVER YOUR EGYPTIAN PHARAOH NAME

Take the first letter of
your first name,
the first letter of
your last name, and
combine to find out
who you are the
god or goddess of!

A	Snakes and War
B	Baboons
C	Dwarves
D	The Earth
E	The Nile
F	Love
G	Frogs
H	War, Sky, and Falcons
I	Perfection
J	Magic
K	Scarab Beetles
L	The Moon
M	Justice, Truth, and Order
N	Vultures
O	Sky and Stars
P	The Underworld
Q	The Sun
R	Creation
S	Scorpions
T	Writing
U	Fire and Vengeance
V	Wind and Air
W	Protection
X	Wisdom
Y	Crocodiles
Z	Deserts and Storms

Write your Egyptian pharaoh name here:



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Colleen Houck is the five-time *New York Times* bestselling author of the Tiger's Curse series and *Reawakened*. She lives in Salem, Oregon, with her husband.

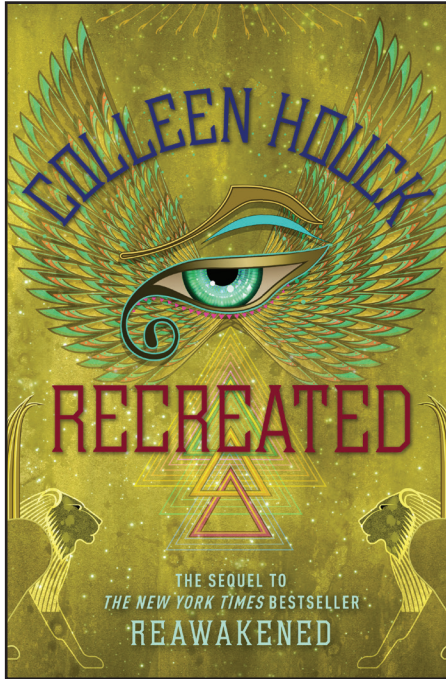
Follow Colleen



Order your copy of

RECREATED

by Colleen Houck



from one of the below retailers:

amazonkindle

Download on
iBooks

nook
by Barnes & Noble

BAM!
BOOKS • TOYS • TECH • MORE



Google play

kobo

amazon.com

BARNES & NOBLE

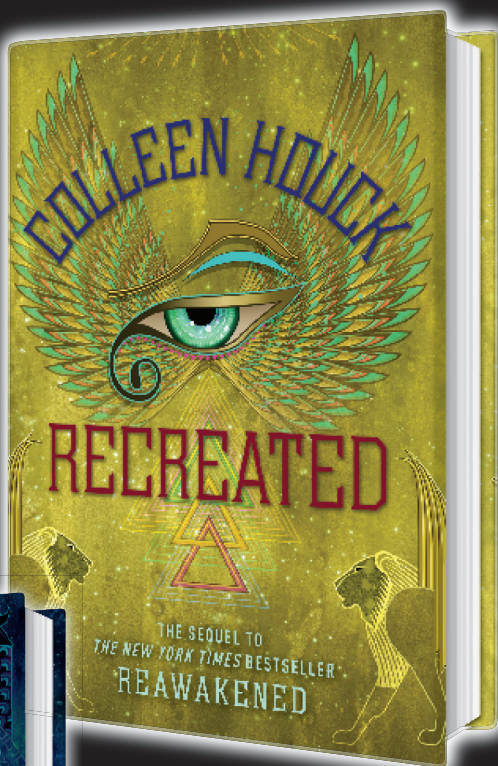
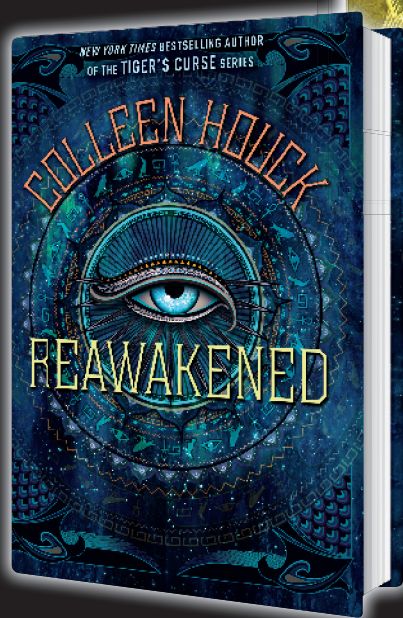
Powell's
Books

Walmart

INDIE
BOUND.org

For more online accounts, click [here](#).

A
MODERN
GIRL
AND AN
ANCIENT



UNITED
BY LOVE.
DIVIDED BY
DESTINY.

#Reawakened #Recreated

