

KIERAN FANNING



Chicken House

SCHOLASTIC INC. / NEW YORK

Copyright © 2016 by Kieran Fanning

All rights reserved. Published by Chicken House, an imprint of Scholastic Inc., *Publishers since 1920*. SCHOLASTIC, CHICKEN HOUSE, and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

First published in the United Kingdom in 2015 as *The Black Lotus* by Chicken House, 2 Palmer Street, Frome, Somerset BA11 1DS.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.

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 written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, write to Scholastic Inc., Attention: Permissions Department, 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

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

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Fanning, Kieran, author.

Title: *The Black Lotus* : shadow of the ninja / Kieran Fanning.

Description: First American edition. | New York : Chicken House/Scholastic Inc., 2016. | Originally published: Frome, Somerset : Chicken House, 2015. | Summary: Ghost can become invisible, Cormac can run up walls, and Kate can talk to animals—all talents that make them perfect recruits for the Black Lotus, a training school for the ninjas who are sworn to protect the world from the evil Samurai-run Empire and its plot to find the Moon Sword, a dangerous, powerful weapon in sixteenth-century Japan.

Identifiers: LCCN 2016005107 | ISBN 9780545940283 (hardcover : alk. paper) | ISBN 0545940281 (hardcover : alk. paper)

Subjects: LCSH: Ninja—Juvenile fiction. | Samurai—Juvenile fiction. | Time travel—Juvenile fiction. | Swords—Juvenile fiction. | Adventure stories. | Japan—History—16th century—Juvenile fiction. | CYAC: Ninja—Fiction. | Samurai—Fiction. | Time travel—Fiction. | Swords—Fiction. | Adventure and adventurers—Fiction. | Japan—History—16th century—Fiction. | GSAFD: Adventure fiction.

Classification: LCC PZ7.1.F355 B1 2016 | DDC 823.92—dc23

LC record available at <http://lccn.loc.gov/2016005107>

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 16 17 18 19 20

Printed in the U.S.A. 23

First edition, October 2016

Book design by Carol Ly



RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL

Ghost winced with every step. He *hated* wearing shoes! This was his first pair and, according to his friend Squint, they were handmade and had cost a fortune. If all shoes were this uncomfortable, maybe that was why Empire people always looked so snooty when they walked! Mostly they were sons and daughters of the first samurai settlers who'd arrived decades ago, but they walked as if they'd always owned the place. The only people who disgusted Ghost more were the rich Brazilians who'd started dressing, eating, and, indeed, walking like them.

But this morning *he* was supposed to look like one of the Empire people too, and not like some poor Brazilian kid wearing shoes for the first time. The plastic bag in his hand didn't exactly go with his new look, he realized, so he knelt and shoved it under a parked car. Hopefully he wouldn't need what was inside. Standing up, he caught a glimpse of himself in the glass and admired the whiteness of his shirt against his dark skin and his Shiroma suit, all provided by Squint. He stuck his nose in the air and clicked his heels as

he made his way out the side street, trying to ignore his throbbing feet.

Unlike his mates back in the favela, Ghost did jobs only in downtown Rio. Squint thought he was mad, risking being caught by Kyatapira police—or Kats, as they were known—when there were plenty of gas stations and stores close by. But though the risks were high for doing a job downtown, the rewards were even higher.

Avenida Atlântica was something else, he thought as he walked painfully on—high-rise luxury apartments and hotels, with two roads running in opposite directions, divided by palm trees. You could smell the money. Beyond them lay the white sands of Praia de Copacabana. Of course, the Samurai Empire had replaced all signs with Japanese ones, but Ghost and his friends still spoke Portuguese, and Copacabana would always be called Copacabana, whatever President Goda said.

The beach was quiet, but in a few hours the wealthy Empire people would be out sipping cocktails under paper umbrellas. In the Brazilian section, boys would play footvolley to a stereo's samba beat, supervised by the Kats, who made sure the music wasn't too loud, that players were wearing enough clothes, and that all games adhered strictly to the rules and were part of a registered competition. Playing "just for fun" was a sure way to become acquainted with the fists and boots of Kyatapira.

It was only a matter of time, thought Ghost, before samba and footvolley disappeared altogether, like the giant statue of Jesus that had once looked out over the city. Old people

talked about the Rio carnival that had once been so famous but, like the statue, Ghost had never seen it.

A thunderous roar filled the sky, and Ghost stopped and looked up. Six aircraft screamed overhead, two swords crossed in an *X* on the underside of each wing, clearly identifying them as Empire fighter jets. All week, aircraft had been flying over the city, heading north to the US border. The news reports were filled with the imminent war between the Empire and America, one of the few unoccupied countries left.

But today Ghost had more important things to worry about. He had a job to do. Taking up his position on his favorite bench, he trained his eyes on the electric gates of the Nikkou apartments. He didn't have long to wait. As soon as the gates began to open, he started walking.

As Ghost reached step number thirty-one, the sleek nose of a Lexus LFA eased out of the gate. Just as it did every morning at 9:20. The driver of the car—and owner of apartment 729—glanced over the top of his designer sunglasses and then accelerated into the passing traffic. From his weeks of watching, Ghost knew the man wouldn't return until evening. And Ghost had a key to his apartment.

Twenty-one more paces should take him to the gates just as they closed—he'd practiced it enough times. The bit he hadn't practiced was what happened when he stepped inside.

Just as the gates closed, he slipped in and casually continued walking on to the apartments—he was a resident, after all, he told himself.

If that didn't work, plan B was to say he was lost.

Plan C involved the plastic bag under the car. But he hoped it wouldn't come to that.

As on all the other mornings, the security guard was asleep in his bulletproof booth after a long night. Ghost hurried past, catching a glimpse of a semiautomatic pistol in the guard's holster. Private security guards were worse than Kats. Bored and underpaid, they shot first and asked questions later.

Ghost pushed open the doors to the apartment building and stepped onto plush green carpet. He hit the elevator button and watched the Japanese numbers count down. The elevator doors pinged open, and he stepped inside. He pressed button number seven and straightened his tie in the mirror. It was all about attention to detail—that's what had gotten him this far.

A few seconds later the elevator doors pinged open again, and Ghost peered out onto the seventh floor. From the safety of the elevator, he figured out which way the door numbers ran. He needed to look like he knew where he was going. Just before the doors closed, he stepped out into the corridor and turned left.

Blast! An Empire woman with narrow eyes, bright lipstick, and a floral kimono was walking toward him. He continued on, hoping his surprise and panic hadn't shown on his face. He smiled and nodded at her as he passed, but he could have sworn he caught a glimpse of suspicion in her eyes. He also thought her footsteps had suddenly stopped behind him.

Was she watching him? Every instinct screamed at him to turn around and check.

Stay calm and look like you know where you're going.

In his panic he had walked past two doors. If one of them was number 729, he was in trouble. Without moving his head he quickly looked left and right until he found the correct door. He took out his key and pushed it into the lock, praying that Squint's preparations had been as meticulous as always. From the corner of his eye he could see the woman standing at the elevator. Whether she was watching him, he couldn't tell. He twisted the key and hoped there wouldn't be an alarm or roommate inside.

There wasn't. He stepped inside and closed the door, holding his breath as he waited for a knock. None came, and relief hissed out of him like air from a balloon.

Stupid woman! If he hadn't met her, he could have stayed in the apartment for a while: enjoyed it, eaten some posh food, had a soda from the fridge, watched TV. But there was no time for that now. He needed to grab what he could and run.

The apartment was classy, like something he'd seen on TV, with white leather sofas and a view of the ocean. He peeped down over the balcony and saw the Empire woman talking to the security guard, who was now awake and reaching for the phone. *Blast!*

Ghost raced through the place, rifling through drawers, searching cupboards, and upturning mattresses. He found

some cash, the owner's passport, a designer watch, and some gold jewelry. He was stuffing these into his pockets when there was a loud rap on the door, followed by a shout in Japanese: "Keibiin da. Akero!"

Security! Ghost's heart stopped. Plan B was definitely not going to work—no one would believe he was lost in someone's apartment. He was trapped. The only other way out was the balcony, but that was seven floors aboveground.

Time for plan C.

He took off his jacket and spread it out on the floor, then ripped off his tie and shirt and placed those on top. Next he added his shoes, socks, and trousers. He looked down at his briefs, then at the apartment door. He whipped them off and added them to the pile. Using the sleeves of the jacket, he tied up the bundle and stepped out onto the balcony.

His first thought was to throw the bundle down to the ground and collect it later. He cursed when he saw the flashing lights of a Kyatapira squad car coming through the electric gates. In a few minutes the door of the apartment would come crashing down and they'd be upon him, guns blazing. He had to get rid of the bundle a different way. Another balcony lay directly beneath his.

He leaned over the stainless-steel rail and swung the bundle onto the balcony below, just as the squad car pulled up at the front door of the block. Two armed Kats with padded shoulders and wide trousers jumped out and ran, swishing into the building in a blur of black.

Ghost stepped back into the apartment, trying not to

panic. He had only minutes left. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

If ever he had needed the Bleaching to work fast, it was now.

Shutting out the noises around him, he allowed his mind to relax, become blank. His heartbeat slowed, and he released the connection to his body. He breathed out until he had no breath left. He fought the impulse to inhale and, just as the reflex kicked in, he pushed. He pushed into the imaginary wall in front of him and felt the chill that signaled the Bleaching was working. It was like passing through an ice-cold liquid curtain.

Sucking in a badly needed breath, he opened his eyes. Arms stretched out in front of him, he studied his dark skin. It was paling slightly, but too slowly. *Come on!*

“Kyatapira da!” came a shout from the other side of the door. “Akerol!”

Through his skin, his bones appeared, and through them, the carpet. He looked down at his legs, which were also fading.

He moved, but froze halfway across the room when he heard a key rattle in the lock. They were coming in. Ghost looked back at his arms. A faint outline remained. He looked at the door. The handle moved.

The two Kats entered, guns drawn, fingers on triggers. Japanese swords hung from their belts. They were as much for show as anything else, but Ghost had seen enough favela raids to know the Kats weren't afraid to use them. They

scanned the room and nodded toward the open bedroom door.

Ghost stood between them and the bedroom, but he didn't move as they approached. The impressions his feet would make on the carpet, a cracking ankle bone, or any other sound from a moving body might arouse suspicion, enough to cause one of them to swing around wildly and crash into him, or—worse—shoot. So he stayed still and watched them creep closer.

Even without their uniforms and weapons, the men could easily be identified as Kyatapira. Their inner wrists were tattooed with President Goda's crossed swords, the crowns of their heads were shaved, and their remaining long hair was oiled and tied in a knot on top.

Ghost carefully turned sideways to allow them to pass on either side of him. One of them wrinkled his nose as if he'd gotten a whiff of Ghost's sweat.

Kyatapira scum!

When the Kats had passed, he crept toward the door. In the hall, the Brazilian security guard stood on high alert with his weapon drawn. He reeked of cigarettes and cachaça.

Ghost walked past, unnoticed, and headed for the stairs at the end of the corridor. The elevator would be too risky—somebody could easily bump into him. He checked that the coast was clear before opening the stairwell door, then quickly padded down the steps, making sure at each corner that the way ahead was clear.

He reached the ground floor without incident and eased

the outside door open a crack. Using doors when he was in this state was always dodgy. People tended to get a bit suspicious when doors opened on their own. He stepped out into the sun but felt no heat. Cold ran through his veins like liquid ice. It was just one downside of going invisible; another was the pure exhaustion afterward.

The next problem was getting past the electric gates. He stepped through the open door of the security guard's empty booth and pressed a red button. Slowly the gates parted, offering Ghost a reassuring view of the sea and his escape route.

He walked back out onto Avenida Atlântica, aware of the danger of being in a public place. You never knew when some dumb cyclist or jogger was going to go straight into you. Even kicking an empty soda can by mistake could alert somebody's attention. Worst of all were dogs. They always seemed to sense his presence, and their confusion often turned to aggression.

He was about to take off when he noticed an Empire man sitting on "his" bench across the road. He wore a pale linen suit, and a black eye patch covered one eye. The other eye seemed to be staring straight at Ghost. Frantically he checked his body, but he was still invisible. Ghost didn't know what the guy was looking at, and he didn't care. He started walking. The man on the bench followed his movements with his single eye.

Ghost quickened his pace and turned down the side street where he'd hidden the plastic bag. When he reached it, he

looked back over his shoulder. The street was empty. Had anyone been present, they would have witnessed a plastic bag float out from under a car and off into a narrow alley.

In the shadows of the alley, Ghost dropped the bag and leaned against a wall. Shivering with cold, even though it was around ninety degrees, he closed his eyes and relaxed. It always helped if he tried to go to sleep, emptying his mind with slow breathing, drifting into a deep . . . And that's when he felt it: the first traces of warmth entering his body, like sunshine coursing through his veins. He watched the gradual filling-in of his outline with bones, flesh, and hair. Not waiting for the scar on his chest to appear, he opened the plastic bag and pulled out a vest, shorts, and a pair of sandals, and quickly dressed.

"We need to talk," said a voice behind him.

Ghost spun around and found himself face-to-face with the one-eyed man.

"I KNOW WHAT YOU CAN do," said the man, in English. Ghost understood English because that's what most tourists spoke, and if you wanted to pick their pockets you needed to be able to speak their language. But it was strange to hear an Empire man speak English—they usually spoke only Japanese. The man's single eye sparkled like broken glass.

He knows about the Bleaching!

Ghost turned and ran.

"Wait!" the man called after him. "I'm here to help you."

But Ghost didn't stop.

He zigzagged his way through the streets to the bus stop, continually looking over his shoulder. On the ride home he paced the bus, examining the faces of the other passengers and staring out the back window to see if he was being followed.

When he'd gotten off the bus, he ran as fast as he could—his sandals slapping on the cracked mud—until his favela appeared ahead of him, a ramshackle pile of houses and lives stacked on top of one another. Even if the one-eyed man had somehow followed him this far, he'd never follow him into it. An Empire man in a favela? He'd be eaten alive.

In a recent TV address, Goda, president of the Samurai Empire, had said the favelas were a cancerous growth on Rio and plans were afoot to rid the city of these “dens of danger.” But the favelas were home to thousands of Brazilians, and to Ghost, there was nowhere safer. Strangers were spotted from a mile away, and Kats came in only when there was trouble. Sure, the place was full of criminals, but they looked after their own.

Just to be on the safe side, Ghost took a roundabout route through the tangle of alleys. Soon he was lost in the sights and sounds of home: dogs poking about in garbage cans, kids selling bread and pops, gangsters playing pool, women singing sambas, and old men drinking caipirinhas. The smell of fried chicken gizzards and cow-heel soup wafted from windows along the way.

Ghost's hut crouched at the base of a teetering tower

block. Cobbled together with reclaimed breeze blocks and broken bricks, it had a rusted iron roof that kept him dry in the rain—also hot in the summer and cold in the winter. But since his brother, Miguel, had died, it was his home. And the sight of it made him relax.

Until he reached his door. It was ajar.

He always locked the door. Always.

Tentatively he pushed it open.

The man with one eye sat in Ghost's wicker chair. He smiled. "My name is Makoto," he said.

Ghost glanced behind, ready to run again. "How did you get here so fast?"

"I've been here ever since you left."

Ghost pulled the door closed. "You have to leave. If I'm seen with an Empire man in my house . . ."

"I hate Goda and his Empire as much as you do," said the man, standing.

Ghost crossed his arms. "What do you want?"

The man stepped closer. His black hair was streaked with gray and tied in a tight ponytail. From his long, angular face, the single eye shone like a beacon. "I want the same thing as you: to see the Empire burn."

Ghost laughed. "Impossible!" But the thought of the Empire going up in flames piqued his interest enough to keep him listening.

The man shook his head. "Nothing is impossible."

He held out his hand. In his palm was a small black flower.