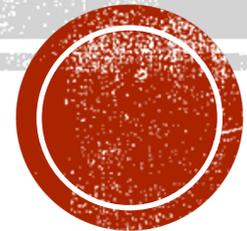


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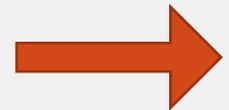


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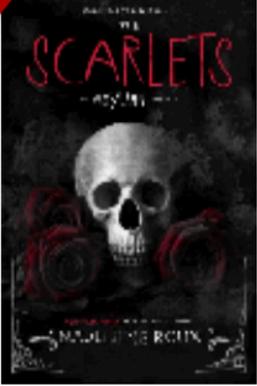
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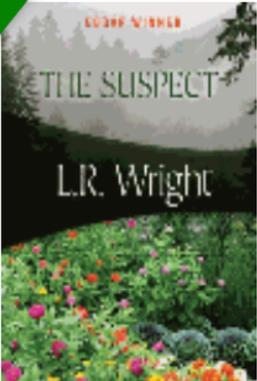
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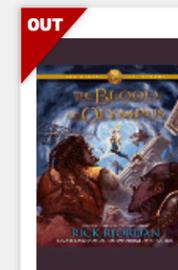
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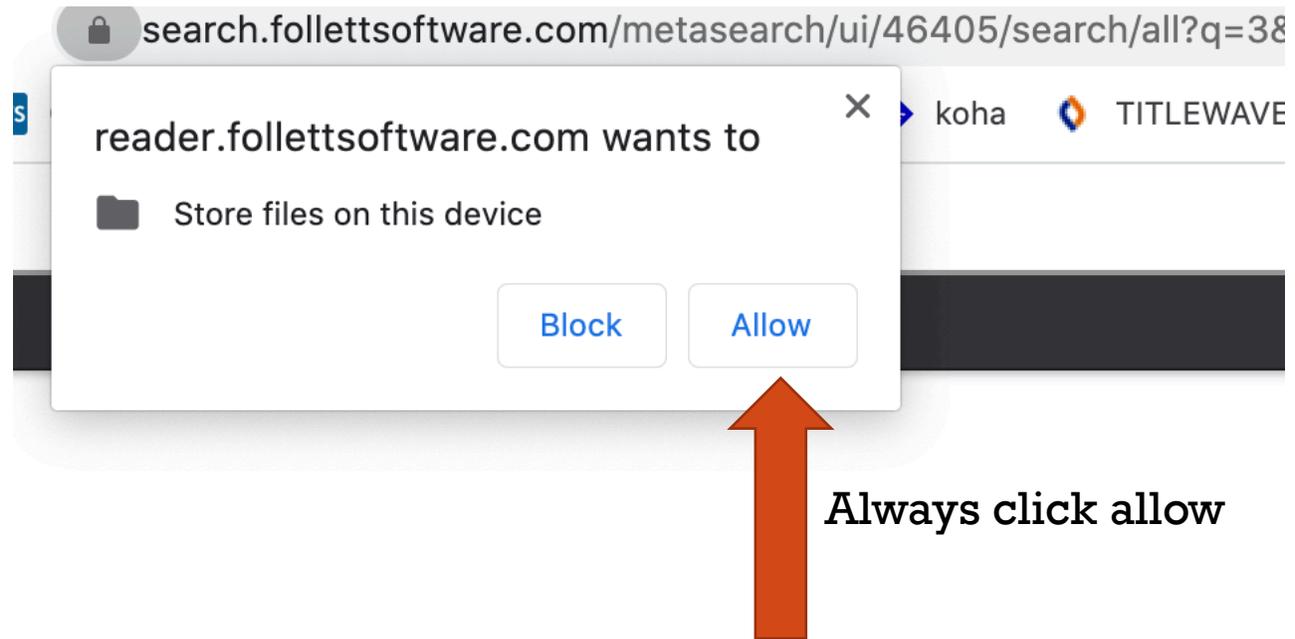
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CHAPTER 1 THE BOOK

Ho Chi Minh City in the summer. Sweltering by anyone's standards. Needless to say, Artemis Fowl would not have been willing to put up with such discomfort if something extremely important had not been at stake. Important to the plan.

Sun did not suit Artemis. He did not look well in it. Long hours indoors in front of a computer screen had bleached the glow from his skin. He was white as a vampire and almost as testy in the light of day.

"I hope this isn't another wild-goose chase, Butler," he said, his voice soft and clipped. "Especially after Cairo."

It was a gentle rebuke. They had traveled to Egypt on the word of Butler's informant.

"No, sir. I'm certain this time. Nguyen is a good man."

"Hmm," droned Artemis, unconvinced.

Passersby would have been amazed to hear the large Eurasian man refer to the boy as *sir*. This was, after all, the third millennium. But this was no ordinary relationship, and these were no ordinary tourists.

They were sitting outside a curbside cafe on Dong Khai Street, watching the local teenagers circle the square on mopeds.

Nguyen was late, and the pathetic patch of shade provided by the umbrella was doing little to improve Artemis's mood. But this was just his daily pessimism. Beneath the sulk was a spark of hope. Could this trip actually yield results? Would they find the Book? It was too much to hope for.

A waiter scurried to their table.

"More tea, sirs?" he asked, head bobbing furiously.

Artemis sighed. "Spare me the theatrics, and sit down."

The waiter turned instinctively to Butler, who was after all, the adult.

"But, sir, I am the waiter."

"Let me fill you in on the weapons status," continued Artemis. "I am in Sauer in his shoulder holster, two shrike-throwing knives in his boots, a de watch, and three stun grenades concealed in various pockets. Anything else?"

"The cosh, sir."

"Oh, yes. A good old ball-bearing cosh stuffed down his shirt."

Nguyen brought the cup trembling to his lips.

"Don't be alarmed, Mister Xuan." Artemis smiled. "The weapons will be here in ten minutes. Nguyen didn't seem reassured."

"No," continued Artemis. "Butler could kill you a hundred different ways, but one would be quite sufficient."

Nguyen was by now thoroughly spooked. Artemis generally had that commanding authority and vocabulary of a powerful adult. Nguyen had heard the name of Artemis senior, not this gaunt individual justice. And the giant, Butler. It was obvious that he had mammoth hands. Nguyen was starting to think that Artemis was a

"And now to business," said Artemis, placing a micro recorder on the table. Nguyen nodded, suddenly praying that his information was accurate.

"Yes, Mister ... Master Fowl. What you're looking for ... I know what you want. "Really? And am I supposed to take your word for this? You could be lying without enemies."

Butler snatched a mosquito out of the air beside his employer's ear.

"No, no," said Nguyen, reaching for his wallet. "Here, look."

Artemis studied the Polaroid. He willed his heart to maintain a calm beat. It seemed promising, but anything could be faked these days with a PC and flatbed scanner. The picture showed a hand reaching from layered shadows. A mottled green hand.

"Hmm," he murmured. "Explain."

"This woman. She is a healer, near Tu Do Street. She works in exchange for rice wine. All the time, drunk."

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THEMES



“They had better be. Or Butler will seal them permanently.”

Nguyen skipped off down the alley, so relieved to be alive that he didn't even bother counting the sheaf of U.S. r's work.

Artemis turned back to the healer.

“Now, madam, you have something that I want.”

The healer's tongue caught a drop of

“Yes, Irish. Sore head. Bad tooth. I

Artemis replaced the night-vision goggles and squatted to her level.

“I am perfectly healthy, madam, apart from a slight dust-mite allergy, and I don't think even you can do anything.

The hag froze. Bright eyes glinted from beneath the shawl.

“Book?” she said cautiously. “I don't know about no book. I am healer. You want book, go to library.”



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1?"

Vine first. Then talk."

drew out a half pint of the finest Irish whiskey. Artemis took the glass. A mottled green hand. There was no doubt.

, Mister Xuan, this is between us. You don't want Butler to come back here permanently."

seemed to be alive that he didn't even bother counting the sheaf of wheat.

want."

smiled at the corner of her mouth.

and squatted to her level.

with a slight dust-mite allergy, and I don't think even you can do anything underneath the shawl.

about no book. I am healer. You want book, go to library."

"You are no healer. You are a sprite, *p'shóg*, fairy, *ka-dalun*. When she spoke, then she threw back the shawl from her forehead. In the green light Her ears were pointed, and the alcohol addiction had melted her face. He said slowly, fighting the numbing effects of the whiskey, "there you are. You are near dead. The rice wine has dulled your senses. Remember this?"

to know are your options."

is?"

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